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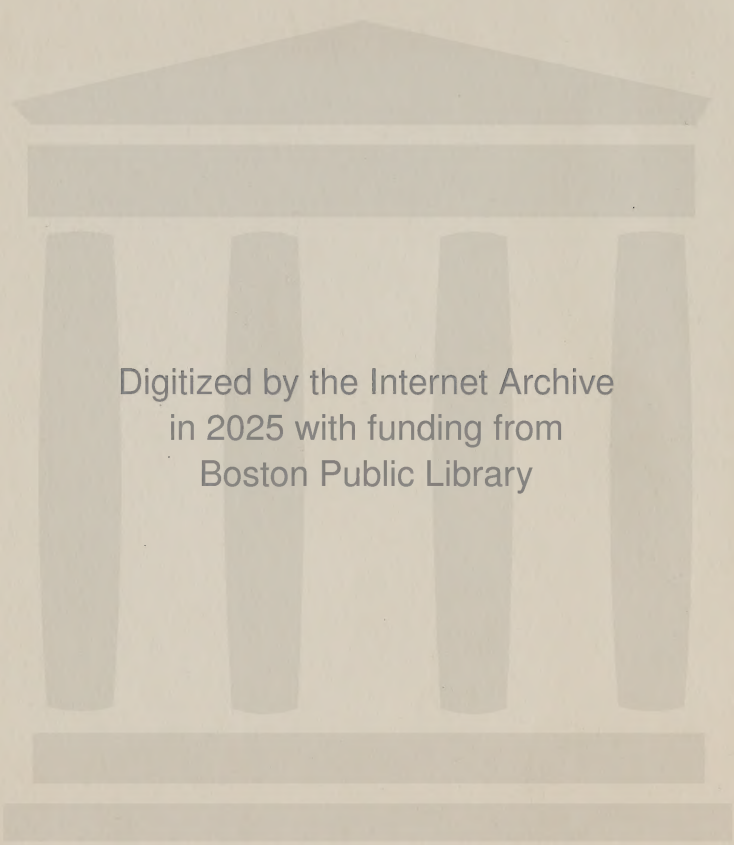
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AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1895, TO DECEMBER, 1895.

VOLUME XXXIV

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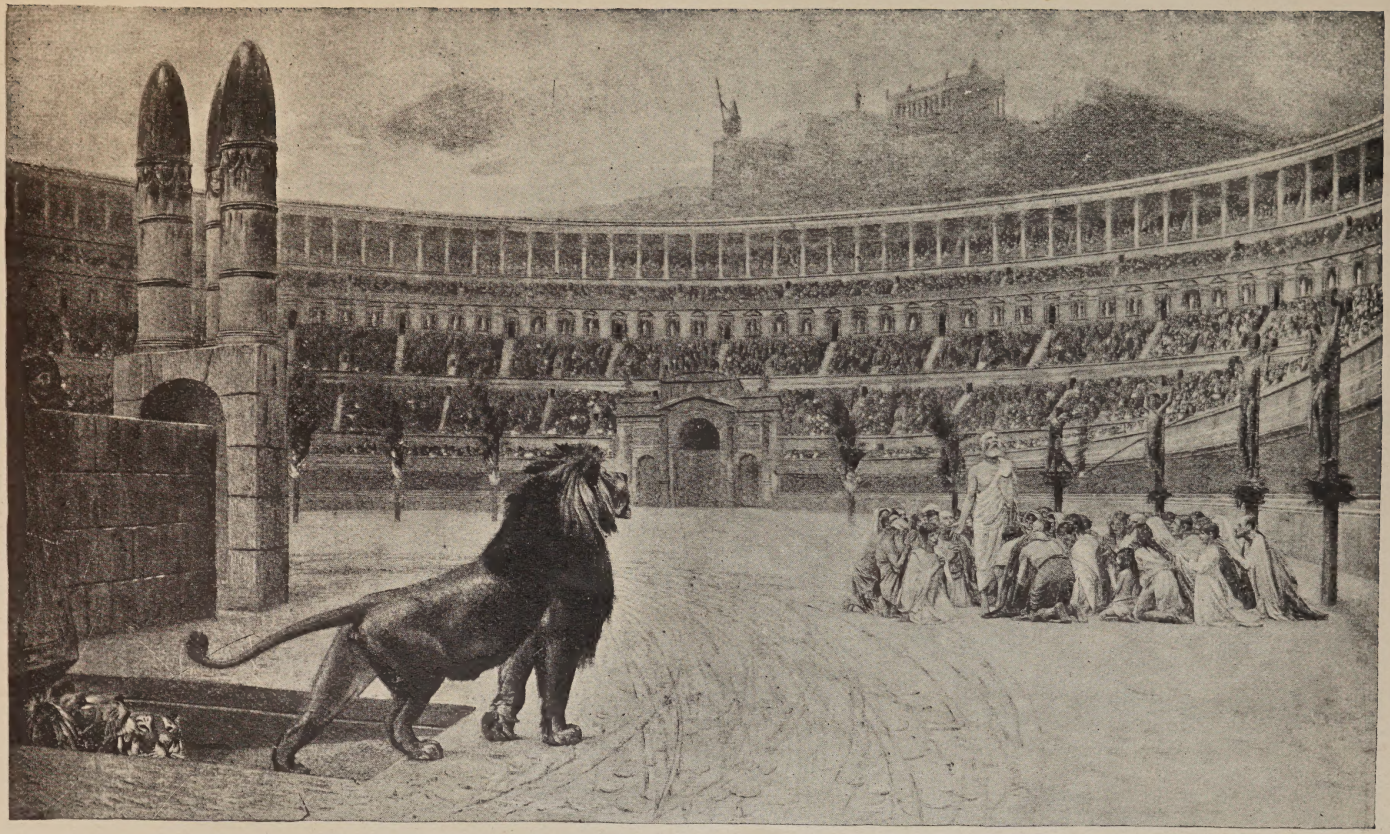

WHAT APAISM IS TRYING TO REVIVE.

A SUMMER REVERIE.

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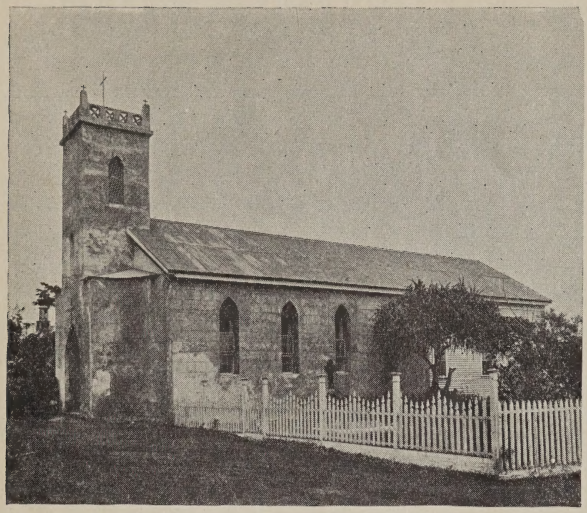
Bird's Eye View of Molokai.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FATHER DAMIEN.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

THE leper mission at Molokai is and will continue to be, so long as the human heart is capable of a generous impulse, the object alike of the interest, the sympathy, and the admiration of Christendom. In this distant island of the Pacific, the supreme self-sacrifice exemplified by the apostolic Father Damien and the heroism manifested by his devoted successors stand out in such sharp and glorious contrast to the cold, calculating materialism of the age, that the world is moved by the spectacle, and the heart of humanity quickens with responsive appreciation. Well may the grandeur of Christian character shown in this consecration of life to the services of the unfortunate, emphasize the fact that the same spirit which animated a St. Charles Borromeo in behalf of the plague-stricken Milanese is abroad to-day, exercising its benign influence wherever the need exists for its ministrations, and in no



The church at Kalawao, showing the tree under which Father Damien is buried.

quarter of the globe with more single-hearted devotion than in the leper villages of Kalaupapa and Kalawao, in the northern portion of the island of Molokai, the district set apart in 1866 by the Hawaiian government for the segregation of the sufferers.

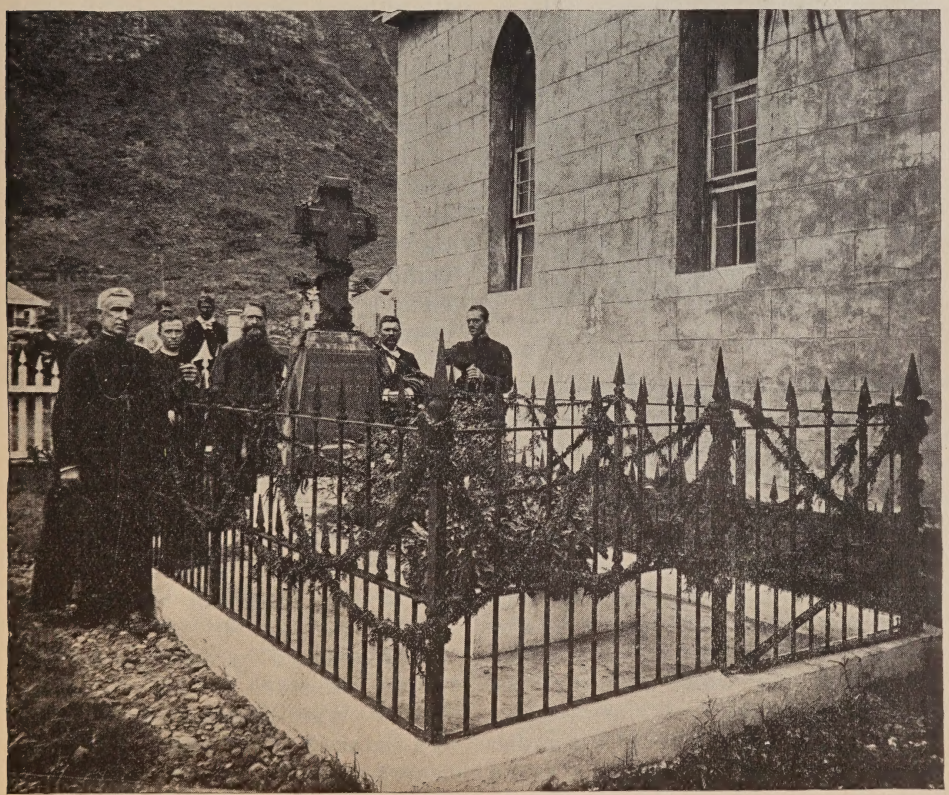
The leper district of Molokai contains in all about 5,000 acres. It is separated from the southern portion of the island by a ridge which rises to a height of 1,000 feet, and the descent of which on the northern side is precipitous. In the centre of the portion assigned to the lepers is the crater of an extinct volcano, on the easterly side of which is the village of Kalawao, and on the western slope that of Kalaupapa, the latter containing about two-thirds of the 1,200 lepers, the number at present estimated in the settlement. At each of these villages is a home — one for girls and for such women as are separated from their husbands, at Kalaupapa, and at Kalawao one for men and boys, the latter founded by Father Damien and in later years rebuilt largely through the generosity of Mr. Baldwin, a sugar planter on the island of Maui, who donated $5,000 for the purpose. Hon. C. R. Bishop, a former banker of Honolulu, gave a similar amount to secure the completion of the home at Kalaupapa. These institutions have each about 100 inmates, and in each village is a neat church.

The name of the devoted Father Damien will forever be associated with this leper mission, where he labored for 16 years, sacrificing life itself as a victim to the dread disease. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to dwell at length upon the labors of this great missionary martyr, for the story of his heroism is familiar to the world. Rather is it intended to deal with Molokai as it is to-day, in the possession of the fruits of Father Damien's life-work and the accession of benefactions won by his devoted successors, Fathers Wendelin and Conrardy, assisted by the good Franciscan Sisters, and Brother Joseph Dutton, formerly an American army officer, who, becoming a convert to the Catholic faith, volunteered his services as a helper in this noble mission, and has for years been one of its most valued acquisitions.

A sketch of Molokai would, however, be sadly deficient, that did not set forth the main facts in the career of him whose memory is so interwoven with the story of this settlement, and whose venerated re-

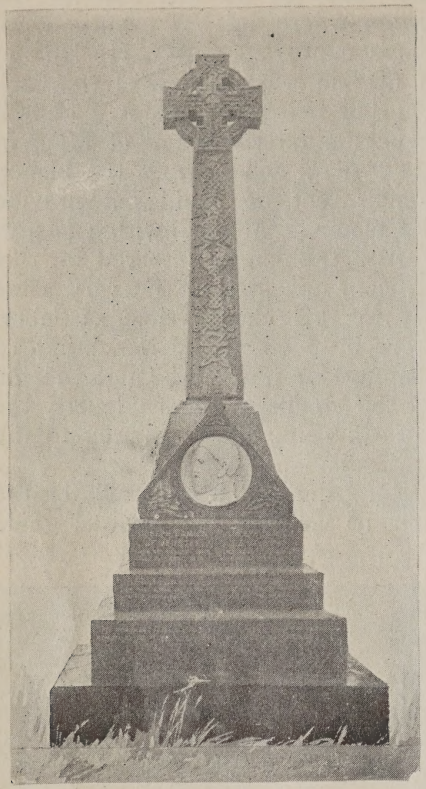
mains have rested for six years under the puhalla tree that afforded his only nightly shelter on first taking up his abode upon the island. Father Joseph Damien de Veuster was born near Louvain, Belgium, Jan. 3, 1841, where his brother, a priest, still lives. At the age of 19 he entered the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and began his preparations for the priesthood; but before his studies were completed, his brother, who was bent on missionary service in the south seas and for whom arrangements had been made accordingly, was stricken with fever and deprived of the privilege. Father Damien begged to go in his brother's place, was accepted, and thus his lot was cast in the region where he was eventually to win a martyr's crown. He labored at first in other islands of the Pacific; but being present at a church dedication on the island of Maui in May, 1873, and hearing the bishop lament that he could not provide the lepers at Molokai with a pastor, Father Damien volunteered for this mission, and started the very same day for his chosen field of labor. Here he devoted the remaining 16 years of his life to the amelioration of the condition of the lepers, the last six years himself a prey to the dread disease.

Single-handed he labored for the first 10 years as the spiritual guide



Father Damien's grave at Kalawao.

Bishop Ropert of Honolulu. Father Conrardy, centre of group. Father Wendelin at the extreme right.



Monument to Father Damien at Kalaupapa. Built by subscription headed by the Prince of Wales, and placed by the Hawaiian government near the seashore, where it can be seen from the decks of passing vessels.

and devoted helper of the unfortunates, soothing them in their affliction with the grace and comfort of religion, preparing them for an edifying passage to the grave, secure in the belief of a blessed immortality, and with his own hands assisting in their consignment to their last resting-place. For that decade he was practically their only resident friend and the only white man on the island.

In 1883 there came to his assistance, as nurses for the afflicted people, the first of the Franciscan Sisters of Syracuse, N. Y., for whose support the government had made provision and who were secured for this mission by Father Leonor, who visited the United States for this purpose, at the instance of the late Bishop Herman. It was about this time that Father Damien first felt the premonitory symptoms that told him the infection was asserting its presence in his blood, and that his days were numbered. To him the knowledge carried not the terror it would bring to a less unselfish mind. His only regret was that the disease would shorten the term of his usefulness. In volunteering for this mission, he did so with a full realization of the difficult task that lay before him, and of the fate his self-sacrifice invited; and he accepted the burden of disease rather with thanksgiving than with sorrow, praying that the offering of his life might be the means of conferring greater benefits upon the mission.

His prayers were abundantly answered. Large numbers of the lepers who had hitherto been beyond the reach of his salutary influence could not longer look with indifference upon the priest who had become stricken like themselves in their behalf, nor upon the religion that was capable of producing such a man. So, too, the story of the devoted leper priest went abroad; the heart of the world was touched, and material evidences of its appreciation found their way to Molokai to soothe as well as they might the lot of the Christian hero and his afflicted people. In 1888 his heart was gladdened by the appointment of an assistant priest, the Rev. Father Wendelin, to the mission, and later in the same year there came as a volunteer, to still further supplement the work of the dying martyr, the Rev. Louis Conrardy,

a secular priest from Oregon, while two devoted lay helpers in the persons of Brother James, a stalwart son of the Emerald Isle, and Brother Joseph Dutton, were also added to those whose glory it was to aid the work for which he had done so much.

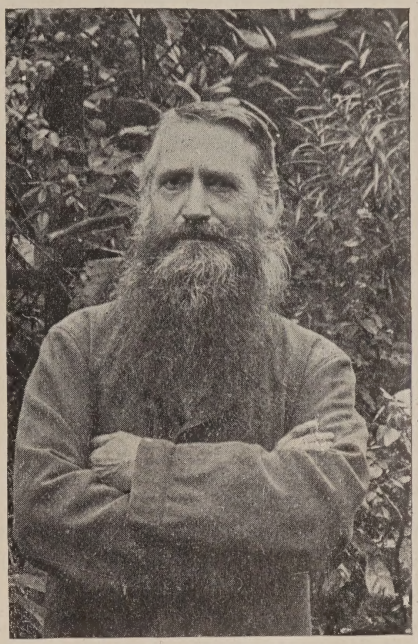
The dearest wish of Father Damien's heart was now satisfied, inasmuch as the mission had priests to carry on his noble work. His death occurred on April 15, 1889, and thus ended a career the nobility of which called forth the admiration of the world ; and a soul as pure and glorious as that of an angel passed to its heavenly abode.

To Fathers Wendelin and Conrardy fell the task of continuing the noble work of the mission, Father Wendelin being made superior, and continuing to look after the settlement at Kalaupapa, and Father Conrardy, his assistant, making his residence and his field of missionary labor in the district of Kalawao.

Father Wendelin, whose full name is Rev. Wendelin Moeller, is a German priest who, prior to coming to this mission, had labored long and earnestly in the islands of the Marquesas group, leaving that field when these islands passed under the jurisdiction of France, and attaching himself to the Hawaiian mission, volunteering for service at Molokai.

Rev. Louis Conrardy is, as has been stated, a secular priest who is well known in the archdiocese of Oregon, where he labored for years among the Indians. He was later pastor of a church in Portland in that archdiocese ; but on learning of Father Damien's dying condition and his need for priestly assistance, he resigned his pastorate, took leave of his ecclesiastical superior, his brother priests, and his beloved people, and started immediately for Honolulu to offer himself to the bishop of those islands for duty in Molokai, an offering of which that prelate gladly availed himself.

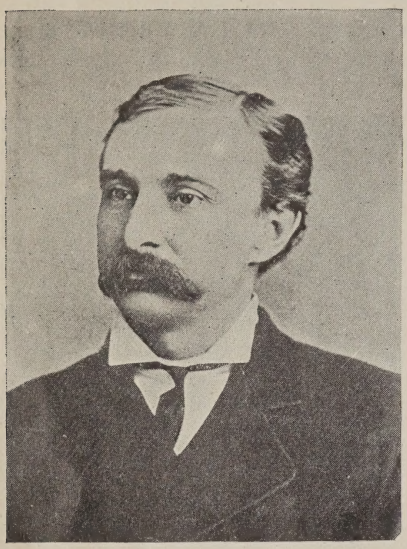
These two priests have but a single thought, the doing of all in their power for the afflicted lepers, making their lives as comfortable



Father Conrardy.

and happy as is consistent with a people so sorely tried, and brightening their passages to the grave with the hope of a blessed immortality. With what good purpose they have labored together, both before and since the death of Father Damien, is materially shown in the advancement the mission has enjoyed in the way of increased provision for the care of the lepers and the improved social aspects of the two settlements. Only the tablets of the recording angel can reveal what they have accomplished for the souls of those to whom they minister.

Reference has already been made to Brother Joseph Dutton, and the nobility of the life he has consecrated to this mission. The same



Brother Joseph Dutton.

big Christian heart that beat so warmly for Father Damien, the same earnest brain that was ever at work devising means of being additionally useful to the priestly martyr and the people for whom he made the sacrifice of his life, the same helpful hands that ever strove to uphold the failing strength of Molokai's world-renowned apostle — these are to-day as freely, as loyally, and as devotedly given to assisting the work of Fathers Wendelin and Conrardy. Memphis, Tenn., whose dark day of trial, when the yellow fever so bitterly afflicted the city, was glorified by many examples of the noblest Christian fortitude and self-sacrifice, may well feel proud of this son of hers, who in Molokai, true to his native city's traditions of the loftiest manhood, is giving the remaining years of his life to this heroic mission of mercy.

Rev. Mother Superior Marianne, who with the first six Sisters of her order of St. Francis came to the Sandwich Islands in 1883, has seen the number of her devoted helpers increased to 12, six of whom are laboring with herself at Molokai, three at the receiving station near Honolulu, and three at the hospital at Wailuku. At the receiving station, of which Sister Benedicta is the superior, suspects are kept until the doctors either pronounce them lepers and send them to Molokai, or, the disease failing to develop, they are allowed to return to their homes. The girls whose parents have died of leprosy or are confined to Molokai, are kept at this receiving station, where they are taught the rudiments of an English education and are instructed in plain and fancy needle work, particular attention being paid to teaching them to make their own dresses.

Mother Marianne resides at the Kalaupapa home, and devotes herself chiefly to the supervision of the work of the Sisters here and at Kalawao. The Sisters are doing their work in that quiet but effective manner characteristic of the Catholic sisterhoods, and the lepers of Molokai have reason to bless the day that saw the advent of these angels of mercy among them. "Mother Marianne," to quote Edward Clifford, an English gentleman and a Protestant, who visited Molokai a short time before Father Damien's death, "is a very gentle, sweet woman with considerable organizing power, and a taste for art and beauty which can find little scope" among her leper surroundings.

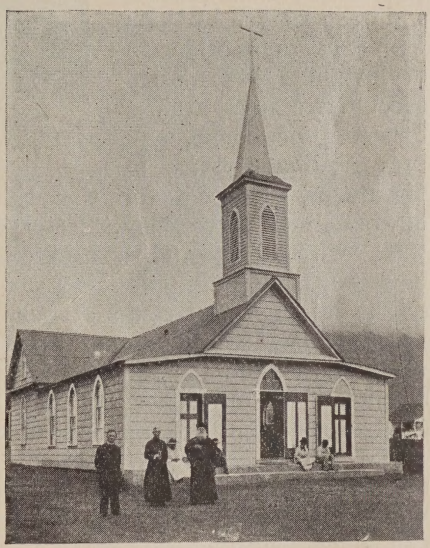
The churches of Kalaupapa and

Kalawao were partly built by Father Damien's own hands. That at Kalawao was not fully finished when the beloved priest passed away; and in it are the stations of the cross, of which Mr. Clifford was the bearer from England in 1889. Incorporated as a transept of this church in Kalawao is the small structure that served as the first church in Molokai, and by its side is the puhalla tree whose branches afforded Father Damien his first roof on the island, and now shades his hallowed grave.

The lepers not inmates of the homes at Kalaupapa and Kalawao have comfortable houses, provided by the government, which also furnishes them with rations, consisting of the native dish, poi, bread or rice, beef or fish, with the necessities, such as oil, soap, and some clothing. General provisions are supplied to the homes, the receiving station, and the hospital, the annual cost to the government for Molokai alone being about $100,000.

Here in this sea-girt asylum of people afflicted with the most dreaded of known diseases, from which there is no escape but through the portals of death, is presented one of the noblest and brightest pictures of the glory of Christianity, with its marvels of self-sacrifice amid surroundings and under circumstances the most depressing. These poor victims, doomed to the ravages of a disease that completes its deadly work in an average of four or five years, the progress of which is marked with the most significant and destructive precision, can alone appreciate at its true worth the Christian heroism of those who are laboring among them, following in the footsteps of the venerated Father Damien, and ready as he was to accept, if needs be, the burden of the disease itself in their behalf. And yet unhappiness does not chill the air of Molokai. Death has lost its terror by reason of its very familiarity, and by the silver lining their faith has limned behind the cloud. The Hawaiians are naturally a light-hearted people, and even the shadow of leprosy cannot suppress for long their buoyant temperament.

In Molokai the lepers may be found engaged in pleasant pastimes, and among them one may hear the light and cheerful word of greeting and see the sunny smile. Horse-racing, which is a favorite national sport, is indulged in frequently. Nor are these



Father Wendelin's church at Kalaupapa.

lepers idlers; far from it. They work, while able, in the cultivation of the ground and in other ways, and altogether lead a far pleasanter and more contented life than might be supposed. This improvement of their condition, as compared with what it was when Father Damien took up his residence on the island, in 1873, has been chiefly brought

about by the influence he inspired. The grace of Christian faith has removed that sense of utter hopelessness that was their earlier inheritance, and the government, too, has done so much in the way of making their isolated life easier and more endurable, that their sad lot has been much alleviated.

The present bishop of these islands, Right Rev. Gulstan Roper, accorded to the lepers of Molokai the distinction of the first pastoral visit made by him in the vicariate to which he had been called, and was received by them with every demonstration of love and joy. They erected triumphal arches, formed processions, and presented addresses in his honor, seeming, for the time he remained with them, to forget their own sad fate and to think only how they could make his stay among them enjoyable. Bishop Roper is now in Rome, seeking additional religious helpers for this leper mission, and for other portions of his charge, the Catholic population of which is over 40,000, possessing a spacious cathedral at Honolulu and many other churches and chapels on the islands, with educational institutions, hospitals, and all the other evidences of Catholic devotion.

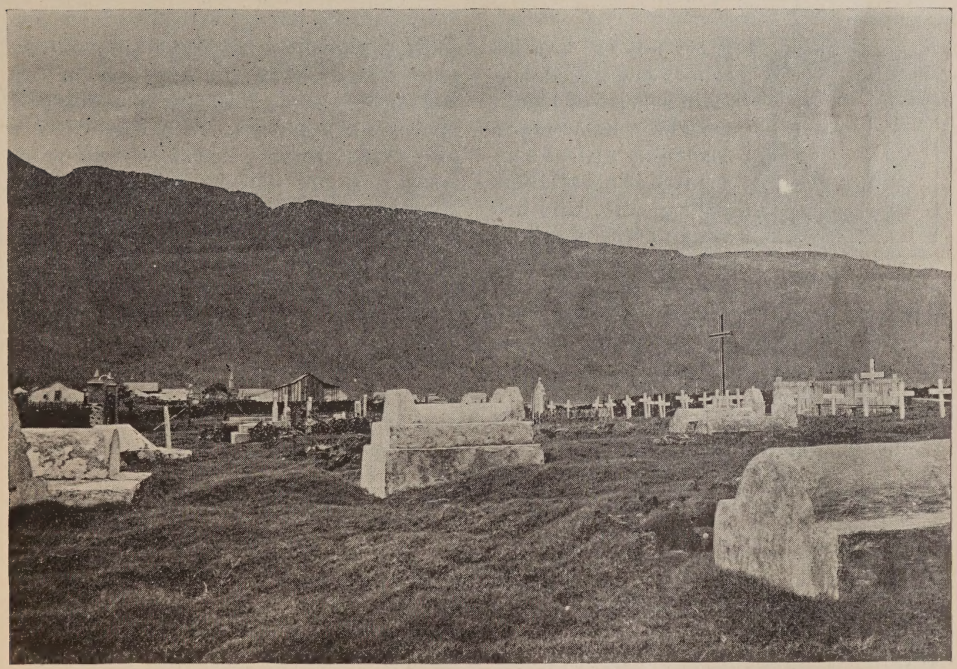
The cross first planted in these islands in 1828 has taken deep and abiding root. Its beneficence is evident on every side, but in no place with such world-moving force as in the leper mission of Molokai, where Father Damien first brought its message of hope, where he lived to see the mental and spiritual regeneration of the sorely stricken community, and where, his work completed and the future of the mission in thoroughly capable hands, like the good shepherd that he was, he laid down his life for his flock. The splendid monuments that embalm his memory in his native Belgian town and on the shore of Kalaupapa are noble memorials; but Father Damien's name and inspiration have been more gloriously perpetuated within the Church itself.

Interior of the church at Kalaupapa.

The Damien Institute at Aerschot, Belgium, was founded in the same year in which he passed away, for the education of missionaries for the lepers of Oceania. At present there are between 80 and 90 students at the college, and several candidates have been admitted into the Congregation of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. Aerschot has now an annex in Germany, at Simpleveld, near Aix la Chapelle; and another annex is being opened in Holland, at Graves. A large establishment is being built at Courtrai, as a central novitiate, and an English branch has just been opened at Hadzor. Five in six years — not bad work for the Father Superior, Very Rev.

Maurice Raepsaet, who, single-handed, has started the work and still continues to be, under God's providence, its sole director.

The English branch was inaugurated on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, December 3 of last year, and sanctioned by the apostolic blessing of the Holy Father. Singularly enough, Hadzor was once a lepers' settlement, and to this day there can be seen in the walls of Hadzor church a hole, through which the lepers could see to assist at divine service. Thus the influence of the holy man, who voluntarily became an outcast among the most repulsive outcasts of the earth, has germinated and fructified into blessed results to mankind; and devoted successors are continuing his philanthropic work, while he calmly sleeps beneath the shade of his favorite palm tree.



The cemetery at Molokai.

ONE DAY IN VENICE.

BY J. M. S. M.

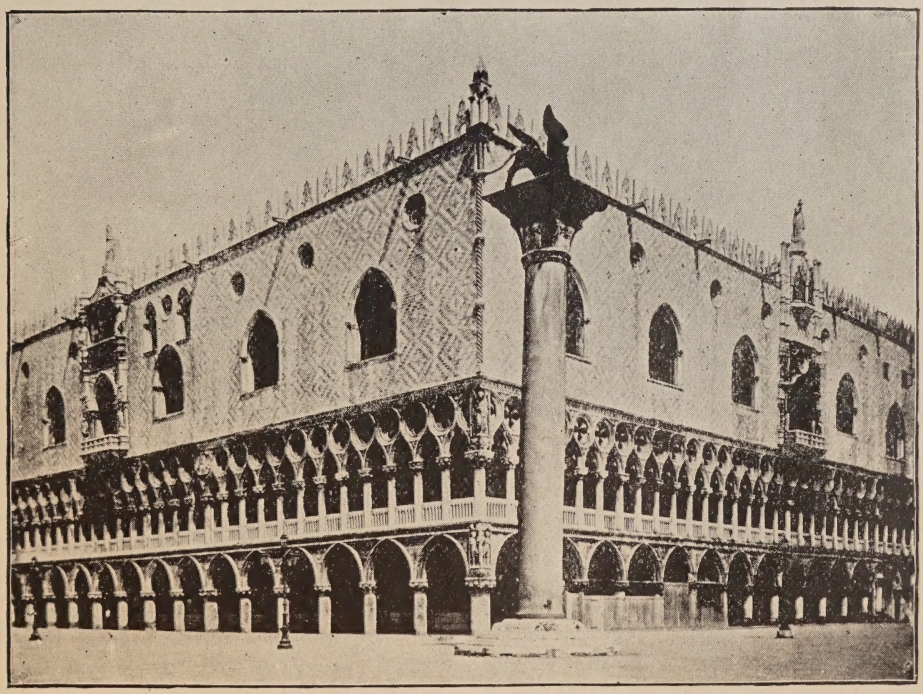
DOES not a tourist who has entered the hard service of Cook, — who has made Baedeker's closely printed itineraries his rule of life, who has thoughtlessly asked his friends before starting, "What ought I to see?" and dare not face them again until he has obeyed their so lightly uttered, "Go there; do this; be sure to see that"— does not such a one, by all that is fatiguing, deserve a holiday? Who shall condemn him if for once he plays truant, shuts the guide-book with as deep a sigh of relief as erstwhile the day-book, and leaves undone, wittingly, much that reason and conscience assure him he ought to have done?

Thus we, hard-wrought tourists, have taken a holiday; partly in bravado, defying the bondage of sight-seeing, partly in despair at finding our task beyond us. "Venice," says the methodical Baedeker, "may be seen in three or four days"; and forthwith he allots to each day its share of churches and pictures and points of view. Have we not plodded after him, book in hand, day after day? Have we not cricked our necks agonizingly in the study of ceiling paintings, climbed towers, explored *pozzi*, with the best will in the world, only to find ourselves at the end of a week hopelessly in arrears? We play truant to-day, therefore, half from weariness, and half with the hardened conscience of the boy who knows if he did go to school it would only be to sit at the bottom of the class — in conspicuous failure.

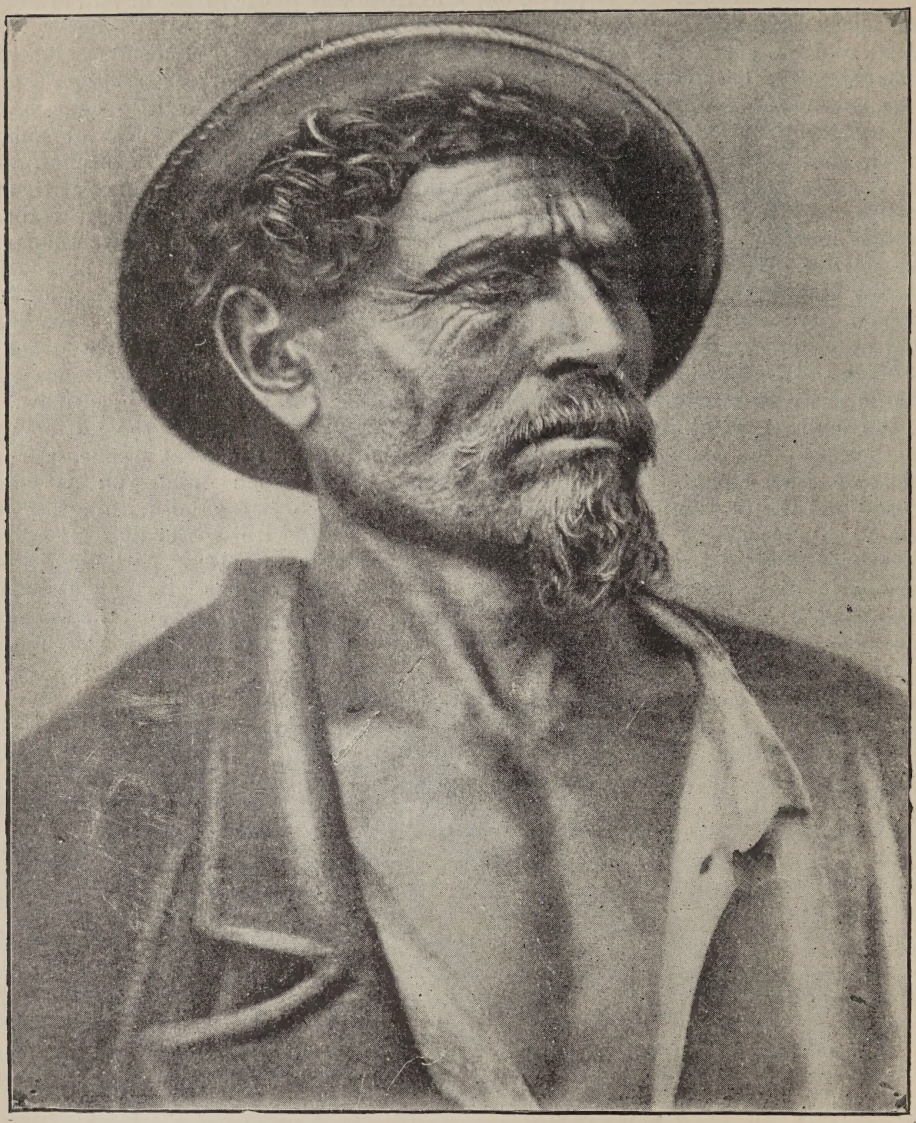
Baedeker left at home, and our minds clear alike of cant and Ruskin, we wander forth with an unwonted air of leisure, to enjoy such humors of life as we may chance upon. It is a brilliant morning, in a course of fitful weather. Last night's rain lies still in the hollows of the pavement, and is baled out by gondoliers as they make their boats smart for the day's custom. One turns his cushions, revealing their orange-striped, fair-weather sides; another wreathes the prow of his boat with flowers; a third spreads the gayest of carpets for his patron's feet. But we do not succumb to these lures, for, to tell the truth courageously, we find the swaying motion of a gondola anything but pleasant, and immensely prefer the penny steamer. So, with a half-formed purpose of ultimately taking a steamer up the Grand Canal, we drift with the general tide of humanity towards the

square of San Marco. It is early, but the shops are open and fascinating as usual, and we glance as we pass at the long array of windows stored with trinkets, pictures, photographs, lamps of wrought-iron, necklaces of coral and pearl, mosaics, and a thousand trifles of Venetian glass. Reaching a street corner, we are stayed by a gathering crowd, and find, emerging from one of the narrow *callés* or lanes between the closely built, tall houses, a funeral procession, preceded by the most perfunctory of hired mourners, whose insignia of office, tall four-wicked candles, carried indifferently at all angles, flare smokily in the sunlight, and bespatter with wax as they pass the people and the pavement on either hand. Then follow the clergy and the bier and the real mourners, all slowly making for the adjacent church of San Moïse, where the long service is to be performed. As they disappear within its great doors, the spectators disperse, most resuming with us their way to the square of San Marco, the heart of Venice. As we enter the square, a man mutely offers infant turtles for sale, creatures no bigger than garden snails, each in a little open box with a supply of green meat of some sort, net cost probably 10 centimes, although the vendor, as we glance at them speculatively, suggests half a franc. Next comes a dealer in sweetmeats, holding forth long wooden pins — I should say skewers, did that not suggest cat's meat — on which are threaded pieces of orange, or two or three figs, or shelled walnuts, each cluster encased in caramel and valued at 15 centimes.

At every doorway of the glittering shops all round the great arcade, ingratiating tradesmen greet you as you pass with cordial good-mornings, and entreat you, with spider-like friendliness, to walk into their parlors. Out-at-elbow loafers make for you as you leave the importunities of the arcade for the open square, and thrust upon



The Ducal Palace.



A Venetian gondolier.

you brown paper cones of pease, wherewith to feed the numberless pigeons circling overhead and pecking about, more tame than winter robins, at your feet. As you come near the glorious façade of St. Mark's, fain to stand and look to your heart's content at the rich glow of these mosaic pictures filling the arches, and the oriental beauty of the clustered domes beyond them, a flight of greasy touts surround you, and clamor for the privilege of showing you the Campanile, the Baptistery, the church itself.

There is no peace, no holiday, you perceive, for the tourist among these birds of prey, and you turn off at random out of the square into one of the narrow *callés* on your left. Narrow alleys are these streets, as a rule scarce

Street scene in Venice. The Fish Market.

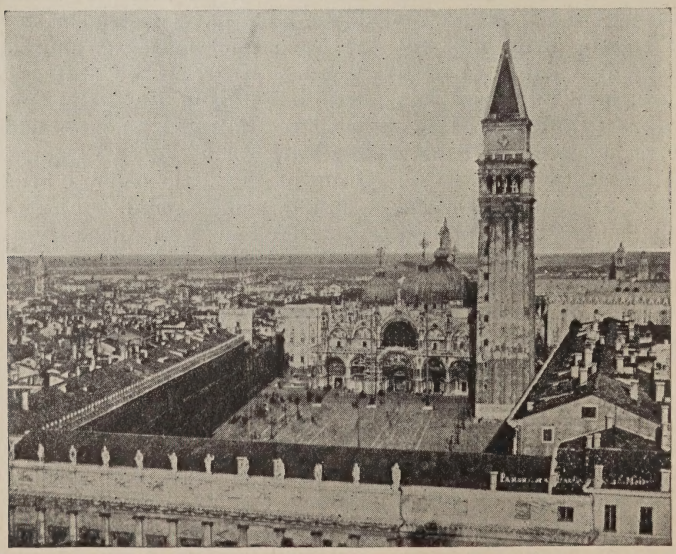
more than three feet wide; and the light which reaches the little shops and ground-floor dwellings of the tall houses on either hand cannot even in mid-summer be more than twilight. Yet all sorts of trades are carried on briskly in these obscure regions; milliners, bakers, smiths, jewellers, poulterers, display their wares in the dusky recesses on either hand; rows of poultry in the last instance ingeniously proclaiming their original nature by means of a few ruffled duck, or turkey, or ordinary hens' tail feathers still decorating their otherwise plucked and trussed carcases. A calf's head, ghastly in its pallor, is faintly visible from the *chiaroscuro* of a butcher's shop; and at the adjacent barber's you find yourself literally face to face with and within a few inches of the belathered customer upon whom he operates. You emerge upon the open paved *campo*, originally the burying-ground of the little island parish you happen to be traversing. It is Saint's Day in this parish, and some little boys have dressed a tiny shrine in the corner near the church, an old wooden chair, whose seat is covered with handfuls of grass stuck with half-withered flowers; among them a floating wick in a saucer of oil burns in front of the little colored print, representing some sacred subject, propped up like an altar-piece against the broken back of the chair. The boys dart at you with saucers, clamoring for donation towards expenses; and before you can cross the *campo*, the church doors open, and out streams a procession of the Host, a larger representation of the devotion which you have just seen. Tonsured, and glorious in stiffly flowered brocade, they parade under a golden canopy, preceded by acolytes, swinging empty censers, and bearing outshone candles in the face of the sun. Some dozen of the crowd stopped per-

force to make way for them, kneel, and uncover as the Host passes; most glance indifferently, and press on as soon as the way is clear.

The next *campo* we cross is almost deserted, except for a flower and vegetable market in one corner, and in the centre a Venetian baby, taking a walking lesson. I do not know whether the means of instruction used is peculiar to Venice; in any case, it is worth description. The little one-year-old was put, standing, in a sort of crinoline of wicker-work very wide at the base, and at the top fitting under the baby's arms. The mother stood some way off, the child stretching its hands to her, and at every step of the little dancing feet the light framework slid forward, while it could not upset. The self-satisfaction of the baby with the random progress it found itself making was evident in its happy face and crowing laughter.

We found ourselves by this time again in the neighborhood of San Moïse. We are waiting for a steamer to the Lido, that long island which lies, a protecting barrier, between Venice and the sea. The Lido is a sort of Cockney pleasure resort for Venetians, and there we may wander at will on the long sandy shores of the island, may sit on the grassy banks, where, here and there, storms and high tides have left a tangled wreath of seaweed to mark their farthest claim. And here we may, and we do, fleet the time, basking in the sunlight, and breathing in the drowsy balm of the soft sea-wind, as we watch the coming in of the tide from the wide Adriatic, whose waters, so wonderfully blue, break in iridescent foam at our feet, each bubble rainbow-hued, like the fairy-haunted foam-bells of Sir Noel Paton's pictures.

Our holiday was over. We returned to Venice and our hotel, with its electric-lit table-d'hôte; and although in the general jabber of exchanged confidences there we could not say we had "done" a tithe of the sights our fellow-travellers could boast of since we parted at breakfast, yet, on soul and conscience, we thought, and incline to think still, that we had secured a holiday well worth remembering.



Square of St. Mark and Campanile.

LARGE FORTUNES AND LOW WAGES.

BY EDWARD MCGLYNN D.D.

THE people of the United States may be considered up to this date as a prosperous people. The very crowds that flock to the country from Europe are a witness to the fact, even if this indirect testimony should only mean that conditions here are a shade better than in the older countries. Immigration has not yet ceased, though it has shrunk somewhat, and its character has changed with the years. Numbers of immigrants have returned to Europe since the recent hard times began; but these things are mere accidents, and the strength of immigration will return when present conditions have given place to better. Our country is still so undeveloped, so rich in natural opportunities, that foreign capital, withdrawn for a few years, will seek our shores again, and with it will come the immigrants in even threatening numbers. There will be many a season of the most cheering prosperity before the country will fall into the evil conditions of Italy, or of Germany, or of many parts of the British dominion. The industrial serf has made his appearance here, indeed, but he is recognized at once, and his fellow-laborers refuse to let him continue in serfdom, or to let his masters hold him long a slave. I refer to the sweat shops, and the shocking conditions in the mines of Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It is only by degrees that the people of the country could sink to the low levels occupied by European laborers — imperceptible degrees, which would hide the descent and its causes from the eyes of freemen.

We are, however, passing through one of these degrees. We have reached that state in which it is possible for the most ordinary of men to secure and to hold fortunes which only the unscrupulous despots of the ancient world could gather into their treasuries, and at the same time there is felt everywhere the unmistakable tendency of wages to fall to the lowest point consistent with the making of wages at all. The contrast between low wages and enormous fortunes, as exhibited in democratic America, is too violent for the social philosopher as well as for the worker; hence the spirit of controversy among the thinkers and lawmakers, and the spirit of revolt among the men who made the Carnegie, Gould, and Vanderbilt millions. No one, I believe, pretends to deny that wages in this country have diminished in 20 years, are still diminishing, and require the tenderest nursing on the part of labor societies and political leaders to keep them up to the point of decency. All sorts of causes are daily discovered for this condition and tendency. The holders of immense fortunes are often denounced as robbers, but accusations of this kind are too general to be easily proven. No doubt such fortunes as the Standard Oil Co. has made for its leaders are the result of crimes too numerous to be described here — crimes against individuals, against smaller corporations, against the state in violations of the law, against the people in the buying of judges and legislatures.

Apart from such instances, however, it is possible for men to make honestly, as the world holds business honesty at present, fortunes such as the Vanderbilts possess, or the Astors, which run into the hundreds of millions. It is not because these people are dishonest that their fortunes grow, but that the leaders of the people are either ignorant or indifferent in watching the channels through which wealth flows from the individual laborer into the common treasury. It is the machinery of dis-

tribution which is at fault. When, therefore, labor has made its daily contribution to the world's support, if the processes of that contribution are carefully studied, from the moment the laborer touches the raw material which he is to convert into wealth until the finished product is placed in the hands of its user, it will be seen that the makers of colossal fortunes have taken possession of every important point in the process, under cover of law and custom, and are turning the wealth, which should fall into the treasuries of the millions, into their own.

It is unnecessary to formulate special theories in dealing with these important matters, and then force all facts to bear that complexion which the exigencies of theory demand. A little common sense, a good understanding of the sources of wealth to any community, an honest desire to see justice done without regard to prejudices, are enough to enable us to comprehend the situation. It would be impossible in the limits of this article to name in detail the complex reasons which account for the violent contrasts between large fortunes and low wages in this community. Therefore I confine myself to the consideration of three principal matters, which have all to do with the increase of wealth in society as at present constituted. These are the natural bounties upon which man constantly exercises his faculties, and everything which enables him to use them to better advantage; the means of transporting the products of his labor to all parts of the earth with ease and cheapness; and the medium which facilitates exchange of commodities between men — money. The study of these three principal sources of wealth to a community will reveal two facts: that the people have been as indifferent to them as the money-makers have been attentive; and that while the indifference of the one accounts for their ever-diminishing wages, the attention of the other accounts for their immense fortunes.

It is from the natural bounties that all the wealth of any community springs. The land and its resources, the forest and its riches, the rivers, seas, and oceans with their teeming life are the first and only sources of real wealth, and upon them depend the artificial values which society gives to the things it needs for development. There is no other source of real wealth, and these natural bounties become valuable only when man makes use of them. The richest land, the noblest forest, the most populous sea, are no more than the sandy desert until the vivifying touch of man wakes them for his own uses. The laborer is the beginning of all social wealth. He is the unit of value. It is his exertion which creates all values, and the object of his exertions is the support of his own life, the accomplishment of his own destiny here and hereafter as his Creator ordained. The natural bounties must always, therefore, be open to him in every society, no matter how complex its organization. This necessity of reaching the natural bounties in order to live and labor is easily perceived by all men, but its bearings are not so easily understood in their full extent. The necessity implies a right — the right of getting at the natural bounties with ease and without serious hindrance; the right of using these bounties without tax to any power save society, directly or to its agents. Now, at this point we get our first glimpse of the manner in which enormous fortunes are made.

To take possession of these natural bounties, to monopolize them under cover of law and custom, and to make all men who would use them pay beforehand for the privilege, have been the aim of the money-makers since time began. It is an easy matter to run up a fortune of one hundred millions when you can tax for two or three decades the millions who must buy bread and meat, timber and coal, cotton and wool, which all come from the land. This is what has been done directly in European countries, where, as in the British nation and in Ireland, millions of acres have been seized by the few under cover of the law, and the people have

been compelled to pay first for permission to get at the land, then for permission to continue their labor on it.

The same thing happened indirectly in this country when millions of acres were given to the great railroads, and capitalists were permitted to get hold of millions more by various subterfuges, all to be held with a tight grip until the tide of immigration had swelled these properties to untold values, when they were sold off at rates that made millionnaires as common in this country and in Europe as knights in England. The readers of newspapers are well acquainted with the career and the methods of the coal barons of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, who got hold of the great coal-producing districts under cover of law, and for 40 years have levied tribute on consumers and miners alike by every device that human ingenuity could invent without regard to justice. The prices paid for coal in New York City have been as unjust as the wages paid to the men who mined the coal; the coal barons have made millions year after year; and they will continue to make immense fortunes until society comes to its senses. The Standard Oil Co. is another example of the same kind, in which a purely natural product becomes the property of the few, and the whole world must pay tax to the owners after having been driven away from all opportunity of digging oil wells for themselves.

Thus by getting hold of the natural bounties, which really belong to the community, and should never leave its jurisdiction except in the most prudent fashion, and then only to revert regularly to the same community, the builders of great fortunes have been able to enrich themselves at pleasure without any labor worthy of the immense prizes they win.

In the same way, fortunes are made out of the artificial values created by the mere existence of society. The Astors, for instance, have grown to be millionnaires of the first class by simply holding on to lands in New York City. They did nothing to add to the value of these lands, they could do nothing; men gathered in the neighborhood, business grew to enormous proportions, and the land, which was bought from the Indians for a few pounds of tobacco, or from the laborer for a few hundred dollars, by the mere existence of the community, sells in the market for millions. The increase in value really belonged to the city, but the money went into the Astor treasury, which is not to be blamed for its swelling hoards since society has permitted such things to take place and continue. In the matter of inventions which develop the resources of the country and make it easier for man to earn his bread, the same story of fatuity and injustice can be told. What millions have been made by the telegraph, telephone, steam-engine, sewing-machine, and other monopolies, although in this case there is a recognized limit to the money which the inventor can make, since in time the invention reverts to the community, but not until after two-score years, not until the community has been taxed a few hundred millions, which have gone to swell the purses of the few, and to injure rather than to benefit the commonwealth.

The inventor is surely entitled to financial reward for his idea; but if the government paid him a million for his idea at the start, he would have been fully recompensed, and the community would have not only the millions made by it, but additional millions from the general use of it during those years in which it is now protected by patent.

What I have thus far written is sufficient to show how fortunes are made so rapidly by the men who place themselves between man and the natural bounties, and with the consent of society tax him outrageously for permission to use that which should be practically free of access; which should be so controlled by the community that no monopoly unless that of the state could dictate to the users.

I am steering clear of all theories on these matters. The facts are so patent as to need no theories to bolster them

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Just as the few get control, almost absolute control, of the natural bounties, so they also get control of the means of transportation in a country. What this means is best comprehended by the statement that society makes no advance without a proper exchange of commodities; for civilization to improve on every side, men must have the greatest facilities for exchanging the work of their hands. This leads to that subdivision of labor on which all highly civilized communities depend for a cultured existence; for one man can devote himself to studies, another to art, a third to engineering, and a fourth to farming; and to the farmer the student brings his book, the artist his picture, the engineer his improved plough, getting in return such eatables as they need. If each man had to be his own farmer, painter, and engineer, society would remain rude and primitive. Hence the origin of roads, and the immense development in modern times of means of transportation, of railroads, steamships, and conveyances, until a system of transportation has been built up which leaves the teas of China daily on our tables and sends the cotton cloths of New England into the remotest isles. Ease of transportation is, therefore, as vitally necessary to the laborer as ease in getting at the natural bounties; and as all men are laborers in the true sense of the word, the few who have placed themselves in charge of the transportation facilities of a nation get incredibly rich in the briefest time, because they tax more thoroughly and absolutely every human being in their jurisdiction than does the government itself.

The Vanderbilts are worth perhaps a third of a billion to-day. How did they get it? By hard labor? No. By using the privileges foolishly granted them by the foolish people: the right of way over the state of New York; the right to fix what rates of freight and passage the citizens of the community must pay to use their own roads; the right to hold immense domains of the state as the creation of their own hands. Hence the terrific gambling in railroad properties, of which the late Secretary Gresham in his day gave a good illustration. When judge of an Illinois court, he appointed a receiver for that portion of the Wabash railroad which ran through his state. The road had been running behind for years, its taxes and the interest on its bonds were unpaid; yet in two years the piece which crossed Illinois, in the hands of an honest receiver, made $4,000,000! I have no theories as to whether state or corporation should own the railroads. I only maintain that no individual or corporation should be allowed to amass billions out of these public properties; that the state or the people should get the profits; and that transportation should be as easy to use as the natural bounties to be got at by man.

The same may be said of the medium of exchange — money. Here again the world seems to be all at sea as to the elementary principles of this problem; the money-lenders alone have fixed and profitable principles, which enable them to tax every human being who uses money, for the use, and for the continuance of the favor to use it. They have placed themselves between men and the medium of exchange, just as others have placed themselves between men and the natural bounties, between men and the facilities of transporting goods to market. How can they help getting millions together as the Rothschilds have done; millions, again, that should be in greater part passing into the treasury of the community.

The limits of this article forbid me going further into details; but in conclusion it may be said, that if we are to make any real and rapid progress in the settlement of the labor and other social questions, if we are to save society from the wildcat theories of the professional anarchists and their kind, we cannot turn too soon to the study of the three important matters I have briefly touched. Organization is good to keep up the price of labor, to secure sound

legislation, to force employers to house their workers well, landlords to provide good tenements, and so on; but the root of all our difficulties, the explanation of our unequal social conditions, the cause of our large fortunes and low wages, is to be found in the common indifference to the three necessities of social and civilized life.

Before we can raise wages permanently, and make the Vanderbilt and the Carnegie fortunes as impossible as they are unnecessary, we must learn how to keep the natural bounties, the means of exchange, and the medium of exchange free from the speculator's tax, his interference, his tyranny. No matter how they are to be controlled, the practical point is to see that neither state, corporation, nor individual makes more money out of them than is fair to the community to which they belong.

The condensation required by space necessarily makes this article a very imperfect account of my views on this subject, and I hope at a later date to make more specific application of the principles here described in bare outlines.

MUSINGS.

BY WM. D. FORREST.

CONCEIT is the wrong opinion we have of ourselves.

It is always the man who is coming down the ladder who tells you that there is plenty of room at the top.

"Honesty is the best policy;" but has not policy come to mean that which is not honest?

If you are a really "good" man it will be unnecessary to remind others of the fact.

Those who travel too fast on the road to success are likely to pass it on the way.

"There are others," is a recent popular phrase which some people do not seem to have heard.

It is obvious that the man who said "Only fools and children tell the truth" was neither.

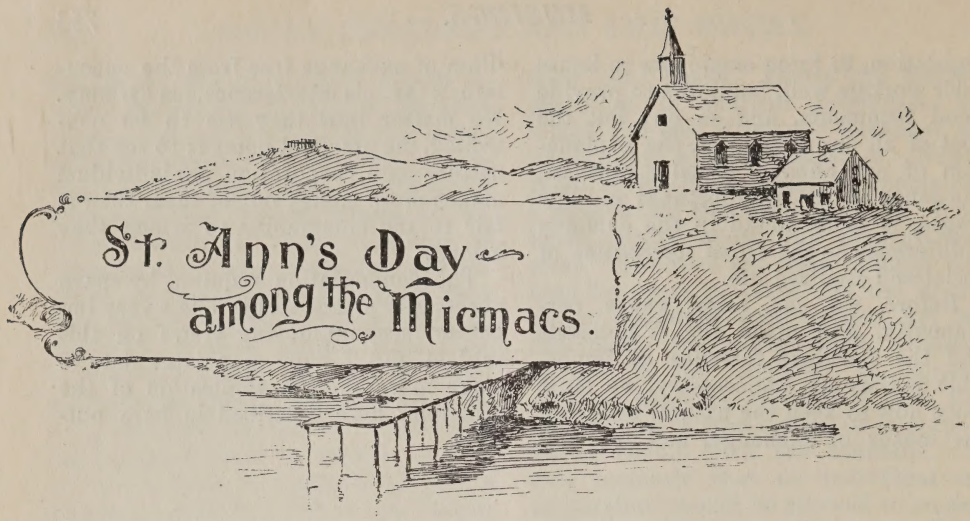
Does the worm enjoy the song of the nightingale?

You may be a genius, but it is wise to try to earn a living at something else.

How much wiser we would be if we could get next year's experience in advance.

In politics it requires a keen-headed man to tell the truth — when he sees it.

A great many people are generous to a fault who are not generous to anything else.



St. Ann's Day among the Micmacs.

BY JOHN H. WILSON.

IN the beautiful Bras d'Or, whose placid waters and picturesque coast form the chief charm of Cape Breton, lies Chapel or Indian Island; and to the tourists who pass up and down the lake during the last days of July each year, there is presented a sight whose novelty and picturesqueness will long linger in the memory. The island under ordinary aspects possesses little of interest. It covers but a few acres of barren land, and its only signs of life are found in the presence of a white-steepled church surmounted by a gold cross, denoting it to be of the Catholic faith, and a low one-and-a-half-story house close by. For a week or more at this season of the year, however, the island swarms with life and activity. Temporary habitations, in the shape of wigwams, have arisen almost in a night, and have been taken possession of by the 200 or more swarthy Micmacs — braves, squaws, and pappooses — who have repaired to the island for the purpose of celebrating the annual festival of St. Ann, which occurs on July 26.

Years ago, when the mere mention of an Indian struck terror to the hearts of the whites, the eastern portion of our continent was occupied largely by two great Indian nations — the Algonquins and the Iroquois. Of the former, the Micmacs form an important division; and although they have adopted many of the customs and habits of their more civilized brethren, in many instances merely as a matter of policy, they still cling to the primitive custom of dwelling in rudely constructed wigwams. They dislike to engage in any of the more modern forms of manual labor, preferring to acquire their means of sustenance through fishing, hunting, and basket-making, though many, unfortunately, have fallen into ways of indolence and are not averse to begging. This element, however, is looked upon with marked disfavor by the more thrifty members of the tribe.

Chapel Island is part of an Indian reservation granted by the provincial government in 1792 to a couple of

chiefs, Bask and Somma, to be used solely by that portion of the tribe living in and about Cape Breton. The first chapel erected there antedates the grant some 50 years, and was built by Father Maillard, who had come thither from Canada as a missionary to the Indians. In 1758 this chapel was destroyed, and the one now standing is the fourth in the history of the island.

The annual mission is eagerly anticipated by the Micmacs. Sunday being the great "show" day of the festival, the tribe resorts to all sorts of schemes to prolong the occasion so as to include a second Sabbath, for the purpose of deriving the increased revenue which results from the large crowds in attendance. The scene which earliest enlists the attention of the visitor, prior to the opening of the festival, is the arrival of the various families, many of whom come from distant parts of Nova Scotia. Old-fashioned whaleboats are very much in evidence. As they approach the strip of wharf to which they are subsequently moored, one is filled with amazement at their capacity, as out of each emerge several families of five and six members, together with their dogs, cats, and feathered fowl. There are, besides the coverings and poles for their wigwams, cooking utensils and some few personal belongings, though the latter are scarcely worth mentioning, since an Indian possesses little more than the scanty clothing which covers him. The families, finally settled, some fourscore cabins can be counted, varying as much in hue as in the material of which they are constructed, and presenting from a distance the appearance of diminutive volcanoes with smoke curling through the apertures in the

It is easy enough to single out Chief Dennis (pronounced Denny) because of the lordly air he assumes over his people and the obeisance which he in turn receives. He has dictated the policy of the tribe for a number of years, as did his father before him; and since he has thus far proved satisfactory, there is little danger that he will be deposed from his proud position, which is for life, dependent only on good behavior and the possession of executive ability. Under him are seven captains, with whom he occasionally consults on matters pertaining to the welfare of the tribe.

The presence of the clergy is absolutely essential on these annual occasions, as the various functions are largely of a religious nature. Father Chisholm, who has a parish at St. Peter's, a few miles away, is both missionary and commissioner to the tribe. In the former capacity he ministers to their spiritual needs; while in the latter, which is a provincial appointment, he looks after their more material wants. He is exceedingly popular with the tribe; and the writer, who spent some time in his company, found him a genial, hospitable, and whole-souled companion. The Micmacs always consider the occasion of sufficient importance to warrant the presence of as many priests as can be prevailed upon to attend. At the last mission there were three besides Father Chisholm: Father McAdam, a professor at St. Xavier's College, Antigonish; Father McInnis, of Red Island, and Father McPherson, of Loardoise.

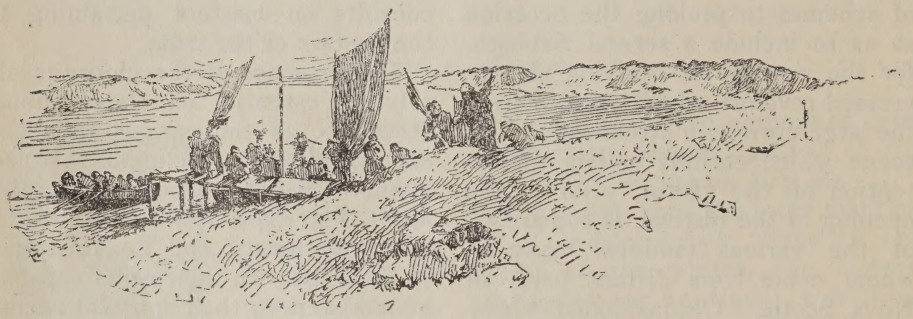
During the early days of the festival the priests are busily occupied in hearing confessions and otherwise preparing the faithful for the sacrament, which they are to receive at the

celebration of Mass on the following Sunday. This ceremony is looked forward to with much interest, at least by the female portion of the tribe; for so far as the braves are concerned, it must be admitted that their chief attention is centred in the council, which is attended by the chief, the captains, and the priests. Then it is that all complaints are heard, all grievances and disputes settled for another 12 months. The occasion is invested with the greatest dignity and solemnity. Chief Dennis insists that the proceedings be carried out with due regard for all the ancient customs and formalities of the tribe; and a glance at the eager, thoughtful faces of the braves clearly shows that each has a keen appreciation of the gravity of the occasion. Usually the chief has sole jurisdiction in matters brought to the attention of the council; but it often happens that when a case is involved in perplexing circumstances it is referred to the clergy for settlement.

Sunday, as already intimated, is the day of days. All the finery which the women have gathered together since the preceding festival is brought forth for the occasion. Gaudy it must be and plenteous, but the quality is of little concern. Visitors flock to the island in large numbers, and the little Indian boys gather in a harvest of pennies by ferrying them across the narrow stretch of water.

The altar in the little chapel presents a curiously kaleidoscopic appearance, with its multi-colored decorations of artificial flowers, laces, and ribbons, arranged by the girls, whose deep and earnest religious nature here finds a visible means of expression. Crude as is the result of their handiwork, it stands emblematic of their love, devotion, and enduring faith, and serves its purpose in teaching a modest lesson to the more thoughtful and serious minded. An early Mass is celebrated for the special benefit of the tribe; and the statue of St. Ann, gazing down upon the upturned faces from its prominent vantage point beside the altar, seems to smile a mute acquiescence to the tearful appeals of the rude assemblage. A couple of Indian youths, who have been schooled in the several duties, serve as acolytes of the Mass, and perform their offices with modest mien albeit with somewhat awkward movements.

The service over, the women retire to their humble abodes; while the men go to make ready for the



Arriving at Chapel Island for the celebration.

afternoon ceremony, in which they take an important part, conspicuous for its clatter and din. At the later Mass a sermon is preached. From this service the Micmacs shrewdly keep away, knowing full well that the greater the number of visitors who can find accommodation in the chapel, the larger will be the collection, which is used to defray the expenses of the mission. It is perfectly apparent that this arrangement is an understood thing, since the discourse which is delivered would be incomprehensible to Micmac ears.

Early in the afternoon the tribe begins to gather for the principal event of the day, in fact, the most notable feature of the whole festival, the procession of St. Ann. The gayly bedecked shrine, containing the image, so reverenced by the pious Micmacs that the toes of the statue have been well-nigh worn away by frequent kissing, is borne by four solemn-faced maidens arrayed in white. Following these is a like number of young men, selected because of their good voices, and who are depended on to take the lead in the musical part of the exercises, consisting principally of the responses, the intoning of psalms, and a few of the Church's chants.

Their voices are rich and flexible, and were the singers left to themselves they would be heard to good advantage; but they are subjected to the annoying interference of their more excitable brethren, who, carried away with the religious fervor incident to the occasion, insist on adding their discordant notes, quite as much out of time as out of tune. Just in front of the quartette, and walking backward, is another of the tribe who holds before him an open music book. The day is hot and the volume heavy, but he flinches not from his task, in spite of the beads of perspiration which chase each other down his copper-colored cheeks. In line are also the black cassocked priests and the women of the tribe, all in gala attire.

Having passed out of the sacred edifice and once around it, the procession proceeds to an elevation some 100 feet distant. During its progress, the line is flanked on either side by the elder braves, who keep up an incessant firing. As the shrine passes between each pair of men, bang! bang! go their rifles, while those whom it has already passed have hastily reloaded and taken their places farther forward, awaiting their turn to discharge another volley. Thus the shrine is between two fires all the way. The fusillade that is kept up, with its accompanying cloud of smoke, floating languidly across the peaceful waters of the Bras d'Or, would lead a distant observer to imagine a genuine fight in progress. To add to the din a small cannon has also been booming away at intervals from another part of the island.

This part of the festival, more perhaps than any other, displays these primitive people in their more natural condition. Reserve and dignity are set aside, and one sees instead an excited, intense race, all bent on accomplishing their praiseworthy purpose of banishing the evil one. It is no play, but a real and mighty work which they have in hand; and if the braves make the most noise, their wives and daughters are equally zealous in their soulful entreaties and supplications.

Arriving at the objective point, the shrine is lowered and due obeisance paid it. All silently press forward, and with an inaudible prayer

The procession.

deposit their simple votive offerings. While the assemblage is on its knees engaging in fervent devotions, the male voices ring out clear and strong in the strains of the *Kyrie Eleison*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, and the *Agnus Dei*. With the benediction by the priest, the interesting and picturesque ceremonial is brought to a close.

By the gourmands of the tribe, the big feast which ensues is a much anticipated event. It is distinctly a gander party, and, as might be expected, lacks many of the appointments of a more civilized repast. When it is announced that the viands are ready, the odor of which has meanwhile permeated every corner of the island, the braves squat on the ground in a circle and await the coming of the priest; for so particular are these Micmacs, they would not touch one mouthful until the grace before meat has been pronounced. The greatest dignity is preserved during the feast, and a couple of hours are occupied in consuming the boiled pork, and bread and tea, of which enormous quantities are provided, and of which little remains by the time the pipe of peace is passed around. Later, the women are thoughtfully considered, the head of each family carrying to his cabin meagre portions of the cold food.

The end of the mission usually sees the weddings, between which and the betrothal only a few days elapse. With the visitors the forthcoming matrimonial alliances are the one subject on which the Micmacs maintain a marked silence. To discuss the affianced parties is considered unbecoming in themselves and an offence against the couple; any one, therefore, who persists in gossiping along this line is soon put to silence.

The festival over, the priests are the first to bid farewell to the island, and their departure is accompanied with the cannon's roar. The Indians themselves take their time about leaving, and it is more than a week before the last family has gone and the island is once more left to its desolation.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOLS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IT is certain that the Catholic summer school located on Lake Champlain will attract more attention this year than at any session since the opening in New London, three years ago. This increase in public interest will be due less to the school itself than to its duplicate in Wisconsin, where a second Catholic summer school, under the name Columbian, will hold its first session, and, under the presidency of a modern bishop, a true man of his times, unafraid of new ideas, perhaps rather in love with them, will emphasize the spirit which brought into practical existence the experiment at New London.

It is instructive and amusing to contrast the circumstances in which these two sisters came into the world. The Champlain Summer School seemed to be a leap into the dark, unexpected and desperate. The experimenters had hopes, and observers had suspicions. A few enthusiastic men formed themselves into a committee, coaxed and wheedled their learned friends to deliver lectures, made out a programme, took up a collection, selected New London as the place of execution, and went ahead. The interested and the cynical held their breaths to hear more distinctly the dull thud which too often follows a doubtful enterprise; instead, the applause of a cheerful multitude, pleased that their own should so much as make the attempt at a school, filled the silence. The experiment showed vitality, although not a name of eminence and authority had risked a passing cloud in giving it official sanction. This vitality attracted the attention of an enterprising business man, interested in the success of his own town, and within a year he had secured for the summer school a valuable tract of land, and handed it over to the officers in fee simple, with the usual conditions of residence and improvement. Thus began the Champlain Summer School, which opens this year for a six weeks' session, illumined by the rose hues of prosperity and success, attended by hundreds of students, and honored by the visits of the most distinguished prelates of the country.

On the other hand, the Columbian Summer School, at Madison, Wis., appears before the public at its first session as completely armed and honorably fathered as Minerva before the Olympian court. Bishop Messmer is its president, whose energy and "up to dateness" are witnessed by the fact of his accepting the office. The highest prelates of the land will honor it with their presence during the sessions, and the staff of lecturers is made up of the ablest men in their specialties of which the Catholic body can boast. The significance of this second school is that the first has entirely succeeded, so far as the intelligent Catholic public is concerned. It is no longer an experiment, but one of the facts of our social existence. When two or three more schools have been founded in convenient

localities, we shall have ceased to discuss the necessity or the utility of summer schools.

At present, however, there is much room for explanation and discussion. So long have we moved forward on the old lines, that new things meet more critics than friends, more sneers than compliments or appreciation. How dearly the old generation loves to annoy the new by buckling its comfortable shoes on our more fashionable feet! And so it cries out:—What is the use of summer schools, and why should we go a-training with the Methodists? The innocent take up this cry, until, in self-defence, the supporters of the summer school must rise up in meeting and explain. The success of Chautauqua doubtless turned the attention of the Catholic leaders to the possible advantages of the summer school.

It is an idea which developed naturally. Americans would go summering, having not yet gotten over the hereditary instinct for the woods, though now the Indians are wanting. Groups of the summerers in a few places listened to lecturers who had been caught alive in the wilderness, and persuaded to say something for the general good; the camp-meeting was then popular; there was made a combination of new ideas and old practices, and the summer school was born. Let it be observed that the idea followed the lines of actual circumstance. There was no importing of foreign soil, root, and gardener; the people and the teachers were summering away from the cities; the religious souls had their combination of recreation and prayer in the camp-meeting; it was necessary, therefore, only to present to the people and the teachers the idea of a combination of recreation and instruction, to bring into lawful existence the summer school, a native root developed by a native gardener.

No matter what its beginning, the summer school became with cultivation very popular, and the leaders of the M. E. Church turned it into an engine of immense power in spreading their influence. By degrees it came to be seen that this idea had many possibilities for greater good within its bosom. A large number of the students were workers who had neither time nor means to attend college, yet who wished to advance in culture the year round. To meet their wants, a plan was formed by which the study, begun in the summer, could be continued until the next session, and, with years, a workman could secure an education not so much below an average university training.

At this point the horizon of the summer school enlarged with startling suddenness. In England the idea of university extension, as it is called, had attracted the notice of educators. Experiments had been made of a character resembling the Chautauqua idea of continuous study in connection with its summer school. University extension meant the bringing of the universities close to the mass of students, since the mass could not get near them. Lectures on important subjects of study were to be given in many cities of England by competent professors, and the whole course so systematized that an energetic student could attain heights of learning hitherto beyond his power. This idea is developing still in England; in America it has become the object of deep interest to educators, and if it achieves any importance whatever, it will come, without doubt, through

the summer schools. Thus these schools will become aids in university extension, and thousands of men and women whose days of study were thought ended, will be enabled to rise higher in personal perfection and in social comfort and distinction.

The effect on the great institutions of learning produced by the summer schools has already begun to attract attention. The circulars of the summer schools for this year contain the names of the most eminent professors of the country, who will conduct courses for the summer students. Up to this time, these eminent men lectured to the limited audiences of the university lecture rooms, and the general reader and student heard of very few of them through the magazines and reviews. In the summer school the same student meets them face to face. The professor finds before him an audience of hundreds who can never get in touch with him in any other way. His reputation is increased tenfold, his influence is extended, his value to the current literature of the day becomes greater, and his university gets a good share of the popular esteem. He is no longer confined to the lecture room and the review; his clientèle may reach from Maine to the Golden Gate and farther.

What will be the end of this growing influence of the great colleges, is not easy to say. It is evident that the benefits of a university training are to be extended to a great number, and that only the ordinary human limitations stand between the colleges and the acquiring of immense power. Thus, to sum up for the benefit of the uninformed or prejudiced, the summer school has proved itself a valuable engine of popular education of the higher sort. It has sprung up naturally on the soil; it has responded vigorously to cultivation; it is now an ally of the university extension scheme; it is deeply placed in the affection of thousands, and for the Methodist Episcopal sect it has secured through Chautauqua an immense influence in this land.

These statements are not arguments in favor of Catholic summer schools; they are offered as mere evidence that the market for summer schools is good, and that investment in a well-founded school will return 100 per cent. in a short time. And since the average summer school is useful, popular, and remunerative, there is nothing singular in the desire of certain Catholics to have a school of their own; nothing that would give their brethren a reason for ridiculing them, or for mounting the hills of superior righteousness to sneer at lecturer and student on their way to the wilderness.

It was not money-making, however, which led Catholics into the ways of the new idea, but a sincere conviction that bread, as well as butter, could be got out of it for the brethren.

Almost without knowing it, we have lived apart from one another in this country for a full century. The bishops have been more or less acquainted, and the priests had met in seminary days; but the mass of Catholics had little intercourse with the different divisions of the Catholic community, and no means of building up an intercourse. Catholic current literature does not exist in our society, and the press we call Catholic is unable to perform duties which demand high cultivation and great physical endurance. The

faithful were burning to see and hear one another face to face; hence the enthusiasm and success of the two congresses held in 1889 and 1893; over which the cautious and the timid shook their heads and trembled, as if the meeting of the tribes meant schism and heresy.

The founders of the Catholic summer schools see in these institutions one method of bringing the brethren together; they see in them all the advantages which are visible to the supporters of the idea; they are convinced that the regular intercourse of intelligent Catholics at the schools will result in strengthening the faith and the bond of unity. It is this conviction which led them to face all risks in founding the school. The results of three years have strengthened their conviction. Not only has the main purpose of the school been carried out, the instruction of the students attending, but effects, unforeseen at first, perhaps, have been attained. The non-Catholic world has been impressed, the Catholic body has felt a new vigor in the consciousness of surplus strength, and lecturers, teachers, thinkers, writers of ability, hitherto confined to an obscure corner of the earth, have been made known to their brethren, and have enjoyed the stimulus of deserved appreciation.

How much this last statement signifies, can be understood by all who know that for these Catholic thinkers and writers there is no channel by which their work can be brought before the public. We have neither press nor publishers worthy of the name. In the secular press all men appear as nothingarians, and never touch the subject of religion. The press of the land is largely conducted by men of Catholic faith, but in the crowd they are undistinguishable. There is no stage on which they can appear as Catholics. Our publishers, for the most part, print no new books unless the author bears all risk and expense; with a few honorable exceptions, they are mere profit-seekers without ideas, originality, or enterprise; they will print anything in the trash line at the author's expense, and would refuse *Callista* tomorrow if its author asked a price. Thus with all natural avenues closed to them, Catholic teachers of men were like deaf mutes in the world, able only to make signs to those nearest them. The summer schools are the first to give them a decent and necessary opportunity, long denied them by the crass indifference of their people.

To conclude, it may not be immaterial to state that the writer of this article has no brief in behalf of the summer school, with which he has never had official or even advisory relations, never has lectured for it, or been invited to lecture, nor has invested in its stock for so little as one share. He simply gives here the sum of his observations and the statement of his convictions with regard to the summer school idea, and its present expressions in the Champlain and Columbian institutions, as a protest against that malignant spirit of distrust which haunts every new enterprise in behalf of truth, belittles its promoters, and would have Catholics turned into pillars of salt with looking backward.

A new work needs sympathy as well as healthy criticism; hence no attention need be paid to the useless sneers at the place, methods, results, and personages pertaining to the Catholic summer schools. The schools are young, and for five years

nothing more need be done by them to merit the highest praise than to walk, talk, get over the bottled-milk and the weaning and teething period without injury, as do other healthy infants. Methods must be experimental for years; personages may be inferior or indifferent, but as they are doing the work, idle observers may condescend to silence without losing their superiority.

It is said that the Madison school has a charming and convenient situation; the writer vouches for the surpassing beauty of the site chosen by the Champlain school. It is one of the neglected and unknown paradises of the world. Of late years the tourists are beating its wild paths into bicycle roads. Its air is a tonic clearer than crystal and stronger than wine, and carries the perfume of the Adirondack pine deep into the body of breathers. It is a night's journey from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Toronto. The best railroads travel in its direction. The Adirondacks and the Green Mountains stand around; and Lake Champlain, historic and sublime, is its waterway. It is an ideal spot; to see it is to forget controversy; to live in it a month is to forget death; to study in it gives the mind the alertness of genius; to sleep in that mountain air for a Christian means soothing visions; for a Buddhist a taste of Nirvana; for a poet madness, and a fool paresis; in fact, fools and poets should avoid it, and so far they have, as the school has no records of mania or paresis.

Up to the present time the summer school remains a distinctively American idea. The attempt to introduce it into England failed for reasons peculiar to England; but it is safe to say that once the idea is as well understood by Europeans as by interested Americans, it will easily secure adoption anywhere. At all events, some hundred thousand persons are convinced that it is an American institution which has come to stay.

MANHOOD.

BY RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

To manhood is strength born of battle and nourished by pain;
  And Patience doth teach by her wonderful speech,
Distilled on the spirit like rain;
  Sorrow talks, face to face, unto manhood, and wise is her voice;
Who has gazed in her eyes, he only is wise,
  He only can mourn or rejoice.

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

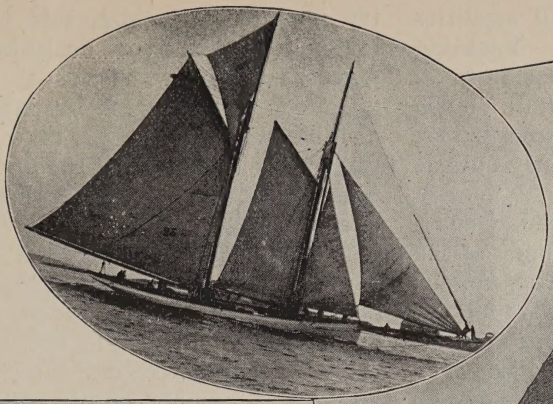
PLEASURE craft of all descriptions and in great multitude swarm over the lakes, rivers, and harbors of the populous parts of our country, but time was when sailing, purely for recreation, was an amusement indulged in only by kings, nobles, and rich civilians. The sport originated in the mild climate and on the smooth waters of the Mediterranean sea, and the rowing galleys of Egypt, Greece, and Rome led the way.

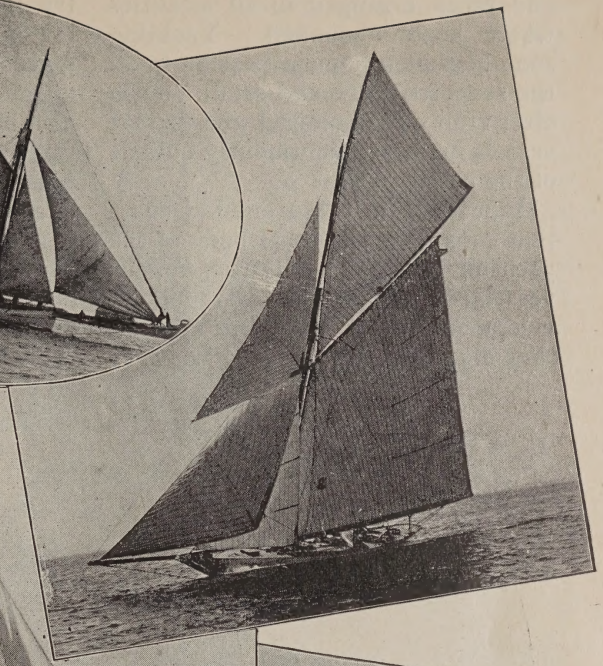
It was in England, nearly 300 years ago, that yachting first took a distinct form as an organized amusement. The name came from the Netherlands. The old Dutch "jagt" was, as its name implies, a swift vessel for the chase of pirates and smugglers; and although the bluff-bowed, round-bottomed, single-masted vessel of those times would be slow now, the "jagt" was fast in comparison with other vessels. The Dutch were then masters of the sea, and not only covered it with their fishing boats, but traded to every part of the known world and explored the parts unknown. From the Dutch, the English gentlemen bought yachts and used them for pleasure sailing. In 1660 the Dutch presented to the English King, Charles II., one of their fine yachts; and the first race on record is that between Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, on the Thames, in 1661.

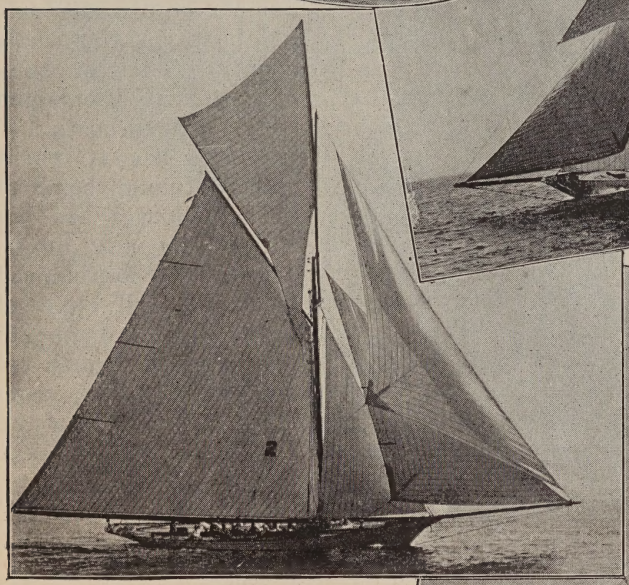
The first organized club was formed by a number of men at Cork, Ireland, in 1720, under the title of "The Cork Harbor Water Club." Ninety years later a similar club was formed by the English at Cowes. From this time yachting grew in popularity, and clubs increased rapidly in membership and were joined by many noblemen. In 1818 naval officers became eligible to be chosen honorary members of "The Yacht Club" of London, and this made a national affair of the club. Two years later George IV. became its patron, and the name was changed to "The Royal Yacht Club." In 1828 there were 117 regular members and 334 honorary, and 96 yachts aggregating 6,721 tons.

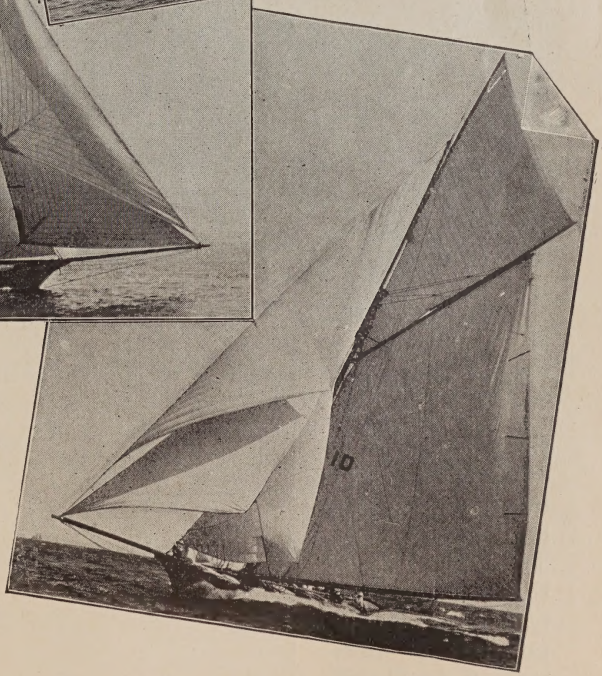
The object from the start was to obtain the highest degree of excellence in the construction, rig, and model of these vessels of which they were capable. Soon after Victoria ascended the throne of England she became the patroness of the club, and she has continued the plate of 100 guineas for the annual regatta at Cowes to the present day, excepting only one year, when the Prince Consort died.

It was not until after the close of









The Mayflower.
The Sayonara.

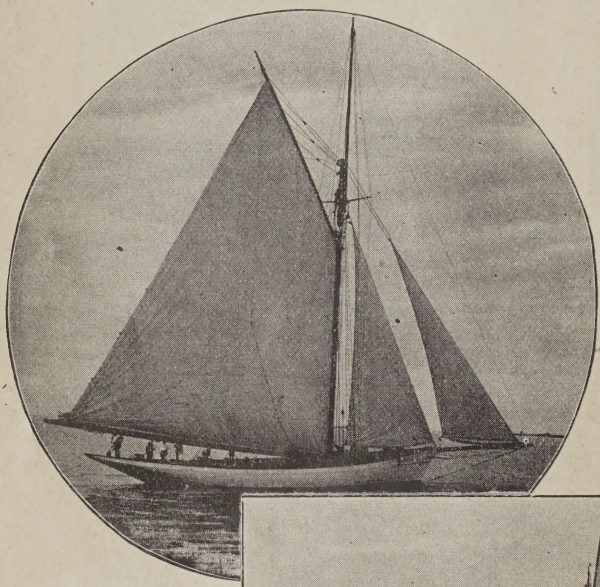
The Gloriana.
The Oweene.

the war in 1865 that yachting became a popular pastime in America. Great prosperity prevailed at the North, and the spirit of adventure engendered among the young men by the excitement of the war now sought an outlet in sports, as in business enterprises. Yachting felt the influence of the new state of things, and the lakes and rivers and harbors began to show a great increase in the number of pleasure boats. New clubs were organized,

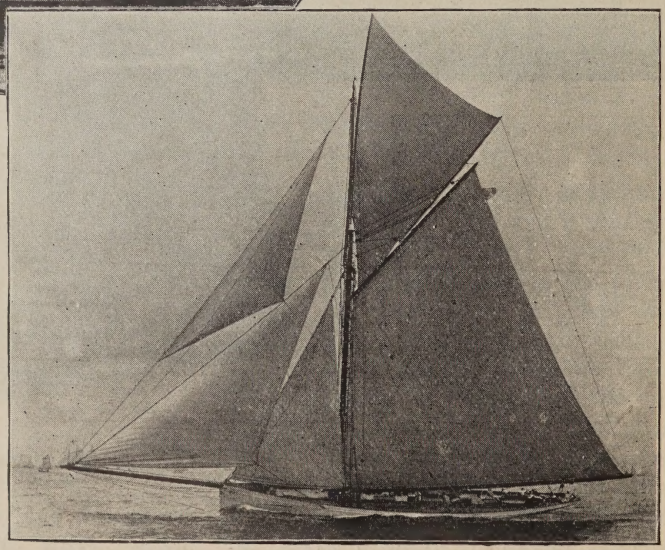
and races arranged in all localities where boats abounded. Yachting soon became a popular passion in all the seaports, large and small. Club after club was organized, and private vessels increased enormously outside of the clubs.

Indeed, it is these outside boats that constitute the great body of the yachting world. The large, famous vessels represent the extreme development of the maritime art, and they stand for the yachting world, as the mounted field officers of a regiment do for the regiment itself. The great body of the pleasure fleet of America is composed of a multitude of small sailing boats, which swarm in and navigate the bays, lakes, rivers, and sounds of the country — moderate in size, safe in rig, low in cost, and giving healthful recreation to a hundred times as many people as do the big representatives of the fleet. Nearly 1,000 small yachts are owned along the coast of Massachusetts alone, while there are seldom more than 20 or 30 vessels engaged in any of her regattas. And while the great racers in all America do not probably exceed 200, there are more than 1,870 in the official yachting list, and several times that number of pleasure sailing boats in the whole country. The great body of practical yachtsmen own the small boats.

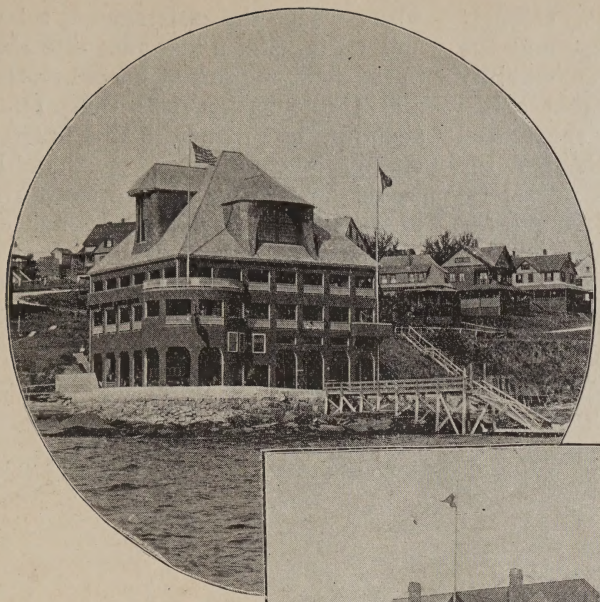
Boston has 10 yacht clubs, although some of the clubhouses are not within the city limits. Those at Marblehead Neck and Hull Pier and City Point are fine buildings, with handsome appointments. The combined membership of the 10 clubs is nearly 3,000.



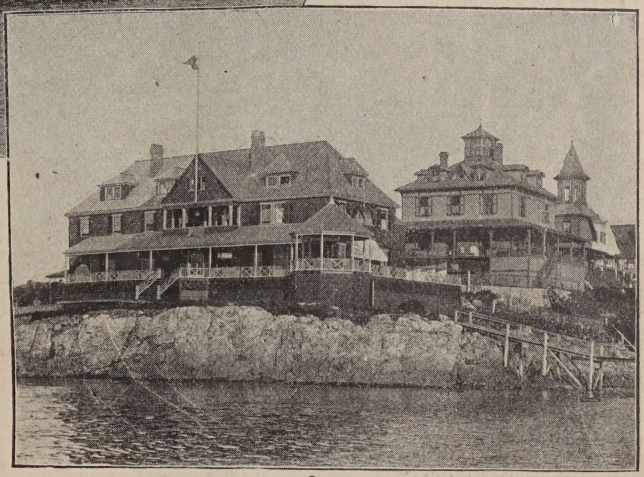
The Volunteer on her Trial Trip.



The Puritan.



Hull Yacht Clubhouse, Hull, Mass.

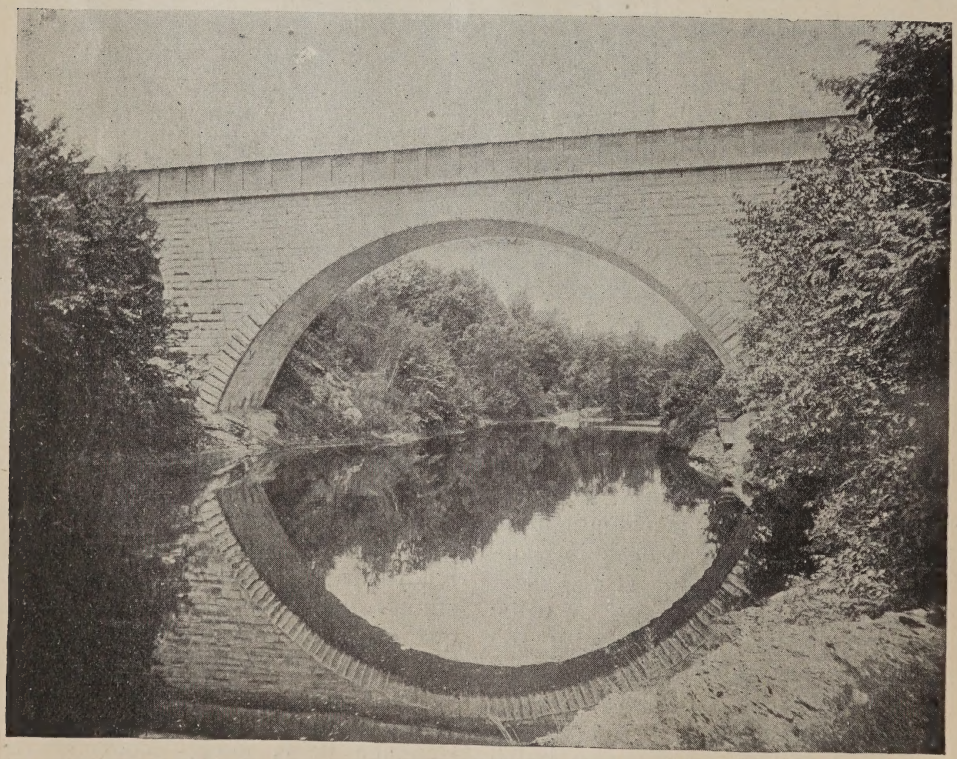


Corinthian Yacht Clubhouse, Marblehead Neck.

There is a keen sensitiveness on the part of many people to the supposed dangers of yachting; but if properly conducted, there is no more risk in sailing than in travelling in a railway car or in gunning, swimming, or riding. Almost all accidents are the direct result of carelessness on the part of inexperienced persons. If the helmsman attends to his business, he is not liable to meet with accidents more frequently than a man does in walking down town to his store. The experienced sailor may appear to be nonchalant, but his eyes scan the water constantly and return immediately to the luff of his sail. He is never taken by surprise, and he refuses to allow the party on board to distract his attention from the business he has in hand. If there is trouble brewing, his coolness never deserts him; he knows the trouble is coming before it arrives, and he meets it in the ready, sure, safe manner which experience has taught him will defy the squall or impending collision, and set the danger at naught. Still, it is always well for the yachtsman to learn to swim, and to have plenty of life-preservers on board. Neither of these precautions will bring danger. The men who have made their wills live just as long. And he should always see that his boat is in order, everything ready for use, and all the fittings stanch and strong. With these qualifications yachting becomes as safe as it is delightful and wholesome.

To enjoy yachting with all its romance it is never necessary to have a large and costly vessel; but one must have a good boat, sound

in planking and timbers, strongly fitted, the sails well hung, and the model and canvas giving stability and an easy helm. All that a real yachtsman needs is a substantial and handy boat, the cheaper the better, within the limits of safety, in which he can knock around the harbors, lakes, and rivers, skimming over the shallows, threading the most intricate channels, minding the helm, sheet, and halliards himself, with perhaps the assistance of a boy, and taking storm and sunshine alike in the solid comfort of his old clothes and the consciousness that he is spending less money in this bracing, manly, instructive sport than he would have to in many other forms of amusement ashore. It matters little whether his boat is a sloop or yawl, sharpie or catboat, so long as it is well made and properly rigged.

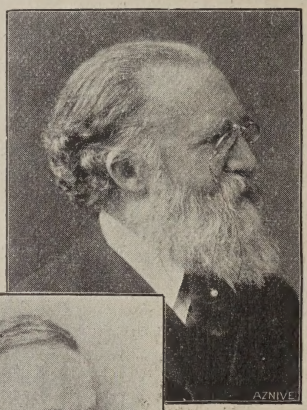


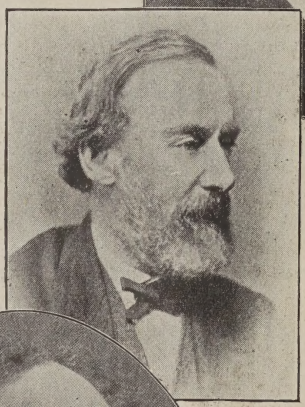
ON THE SEASHORE.

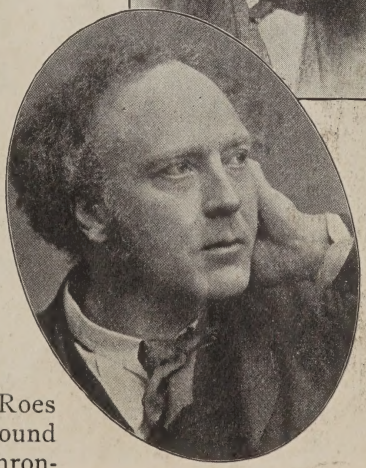
THE PRESENT IRISH LITERARY MOVEMENT.

BY D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

FOR many years it has been one of the keenest desires of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to see inaugurated a scheme of publication by which Irish literature would be popularized in the world at large, and made to serve that even more useful purpose—the extension of a knowledge of our history among the Irish people themselves. Such has been the deplorable neglect of our literary treasures, that the frequent assertions of Ireland's absolute lack of literature, though utterly unfounded, have been rendered exceedingly difficult of refutation. In many respects we do indeed lack what other nations possess. Had some of our great writers or historic personages been of any other nationality, from Norwegian to Japanese, they would have found plenty of biographers, and it would not be startling to find an Irishman among these. As it is, our Sarsfields and our Owen Roes have never found the devoted chroniclers they should.





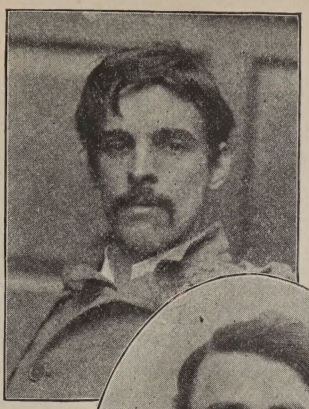


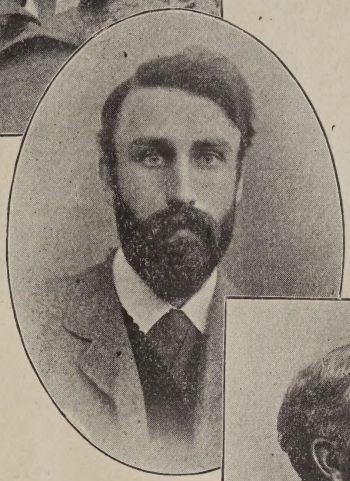
Justin McCarthy.
Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M. A.

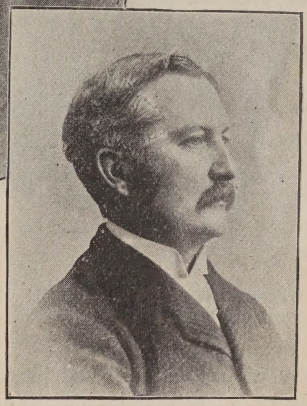
Irish themes have lain derelict, while Irish authors have journeyed from China to Peru in search of fitting subjects of literary and historical study. There is consequently an irresistible opportunity for a well-managed project which would help in the propagation of exact knowledge about Irish men and movements; and the project initiated by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has been most warmly taken up in London and Dublin, where there are vigorous societies formed mainly for the purpose of assisting in this work.

Whatever else may happen, Irishmen may rest assured that within the next 12 months some really much-needed works, dealing with the history and literature of their country, will be placed within the reach of everybody. Before this article is printed, the first volume of the projected series, a history of the much-maligned Catholic Parliament of

James II., written by Thomas Davis and edited by Duffy, will be out, and other volumes will appear at regular intervals until the demand is fully supplied. These volumes will be published at the price of one shilling each by Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, and all of them are substantial books — not mere pamphlets — of between 200 and 300 pages. Other contributors to the series will be Dr. Todhunter with a *Life of Sarsfield*, Mr. Standish O'Grady with a collection of tales of Elizabethan times in Ireland, Mr. Martin McDermott with a continuation of the *Spirit of the Nation*, Mr. Michael MacDonagh with a life of the great Dr. Doyle (J. K. L), Mr. J. F. Taylor with a life of John Keogh, the predecessor of O'Connell as a Catholic leader, Mr. John McGrath with a history of Ulster nationalism, and other volumes by Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Barry O'Brien, Mr. W. P. Ryan, D. J. O'Donoghue, and others.







W. B. Yeats.
T. W. Rolleston.
A. Percival Graves

Doubtless the Irish in America have heard something of the societies which have helped to make this work possible; but as there is much misunderstanding as to the origin of the movement, I propose, as one connected with the London society from the earliest moment of its conception, to sketch its history and describe its *personnel* for the benefit of those Irishmen in America to whom this movement is a matter of concern. I intend to deal only with the London society, which was first in the field. Dublin has an active literary society, with branches throughout the country, and will undoubtedly form a great factor in the distribution of the publications. Its leading members are well known to Irish readers, and some of the books most anxiously expected will be written by them. But in dealing with the history of the plan, London necessarily demands a larger share of attention on account of its being the place of inception and also the place where the most striking results have been already witnessed.

The germ of the present organization was the well-known body called the Southwark Irish Literary Club, a small *coterie* which, for nine or 10 years, met weekly in South London, and which was almost exclusively formed of young men and women scattered over different parts of the metropolis. Its success was chiefly due to the great exertions of men

Francis A. Fahy, ("Dreolin")
Emily H. Hickey

Frank Mathew.
Katharine Tynan.

Barry O'Brien.
D. J. O'Donoghue.

like Francis A. Fahy and John T. Kelly ("Hy-Many"), who endeavored during most trying times, when Irishmen were not very comfortable in London, to bring them together for the study of the national literature. By concerts, lectures, "Gaelic nights," and other methods, they undoubtedly served the cause of Irish literature, for more than one Irish writer of the present day owes his enthusiasm for it to that little body meeting in a back street in Southwark. Several notable Irishmen attended its meetings and addressed its members, including Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Dr. Todhunter, and W. B. Yeats, while in John Augustus O'Shea, the brilliant "Irish Bohemian," they had at all times a stanch friend and helper.

The members were encouraged to write on Irish themes, and nights were set apart for the reading of these compositions; and when it is mentioned that many of Mr. Fahy's most admirable lyrics were the result of that custom, it is not an exaggeration to say that Irish literature benefited by the institution of these "original nights." When the present writer joined the club at the end

of 1885, it had earned a reputation in Ireland and even farther afield.

It was felt more and more, as time went by, that the idea was too limited to survive for a great number of years, and that the time would inevitably arrive, while it remained in one corner of London, when its membership would become stationary and then slowly decrease. Its name was too aggressively local and its habitation too far from the centre of London to attract more than a very few from distant districts. Still the club proceeded with its work, and, while it lost various apathetic members, gained some good recruits who have taken an active part in the present society — especially J. G. O'Keeffe, W. P. Ryan, and Michael McDonagh.

At length, it was clear that it had served its purpose locally, and it was decided in 1889 to discontinue the meetings. The departure of Mr. Kelly, its indefatigable secretary, for Dublin, though it occurred some time after their actual cessation, was not without its anticipatory effects. It was decided by those who were its most active spirits to continue to meet informally; and Messrs. Kelly, Fahy, O'Keeffe, Ryan, and the present writer formed that group, into which several others were afterwards introduced. It was this small group that put itself into communication with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and discussed with him the necessity of a central Irish literary society in London; and he then announced to them his intention of supporting the proposal, and confided to them a desire which had possessed him for many years — to attempt a revival of the study of Irish literature by means of a series of books somewhat after the style of the famous *Library of Ireland*, brought out nearly 50 years before. With Duffy's promise of support, we immediately set to work; and as I often met Mr. W. B. Yeats at the British Museum at that date, I informed him of the project and put him in communication with Mr. O'Keeffe, our secretary. Mr. Yeats proved a most valuable recruit; and at Christmas 1891, we held a meeting at his house in Chiswick, where the details of the formation of a society were first gone into. Mr. Kelly had then gone to Dublin, but the other members of the group were present, and Mr. T. W. Rolleston and Dr. Todhunter attended on the invitation of their friend Yeats.

The best service rendered us by Yeats proved to be the introduction of Mr. Rolleston. The latter's enthusiasm was aroused, and he consented to become first secretary of the organization. It is utterly impossible to describe adequately the work he accomplished. He labored night and day in order to establish the society, and in an incredibly short space of time — less than three months — the society had a large number of promises of influential support. Sir C. G. Duffy not only consented to become president, but, as is his wont when good work has to be done, gave us generous financial aid at the outset, and has since that date much further increased our obligations to him. Mr. Rolleston pressed all his large circle of friends, mostly Irishmen engaged in literary work in London, into the society, and in March, 1892, we held our first general meeting. It was from the first clearly understood that the society was to be utterly non-political (in the party sense) and non-sectarian, and few living Irish writers of note refused the invitation to join. As time went on, they hardly needed inviting, so great

was the desire to take part in the movement. The primary aim of the society was to form a centre of Irish literary discussion, to bring Irish men and women of literary tastes together. Now the society has not only a long list of members, but comfortable rooms in Bloomsbury, where they can meet, and a library, exclusively Irish in character, for their use. It has members in America and one in Burmah, while one of the most pleasurable incidents in the whole affair was a gift of £100 towards the publication scheme from an Irish exile in far-off Bangkok in Siam.

The first idea respecting the publication scheme was to form a limited liability company, and many people agreed to take shares; but after much discussion it was decided to secure a publisher with the necessary experience, and arrangements were entered into with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster square. At this moment everything is settled — the works are to come out periodically, and will be on sale all over the United Kingdom, while special arrangements are being made for America and Australia. They will be distributed through Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales by means of the colportage system, — so well known in America, — through the ordinary channels, and by means of the literary societies. The very greatest interest is being taken in the matter by the Irish in England, where the books are very badly wanted, and at the time of writing everything seems to point to a triumphant success.

Having said so much of the history and position of the movement, I wish to occupy the space remaining to me with a few interesting personal details about the principal members of the society. It is surely necessary to dwell upon the remarkable career of our famous president. In spite of his 77 years, he has lost not one atom of the enthusiasm for Irish literature which led to the foundation of the *Nation* in 1842, and the inauguration of the *Library of Ireland.* It must not be supposed that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has merely contented himself with giving us the assistance of his name and generous subscriptions. He has made long visits to London, and has taken his share of work in the movement with a vigor that many a young man might well imitate. Unfortunately, his sight has been very weak for a long time, and his voice has almost deserted him; yet he has delivered two most brilliant addresses to the members, full of wisdom, eloquence, and humor.

Next to Sir Charles in the esteem and affection of the members, comes Mr. Rolleston. This is not the place to dwell upon the personal regard in which he is held. Let me rather refer to his scholarly writings. He is a graduate of Dublin University, and was born in King's County, 37 years ago. He has translated Walt Whitman into German, and has given the literary world admirable versions of Epictetus and Plato. He is also well known as the biographer of Lessing and as a poet and critic of great refinement. But the most notable critic in the whole movement and in many respects our most valuable recruit is Mr. Stopford Brooke, whose writings are considered of the highest importance to English literature. He has taken a warm and patriotic interest in the society and its publication scheme, and as the foremost of living English critics his support has been of the greatest use to us. He is a native of County

Donegal, is a graduate of Trinity College, like Rolleston, and his poems are among the best that have appeared within the last few years. Moreover, he is one of the most eloquent speakers in England. It is to be hoped that his newly developed interest in Irish literature will result in a work on the subject.

Among other notable men who have given a great deal of time to the affairs of the society are Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Barry O'Brien, and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Graves is also a Trinity College man, and is known to fame as the author of *Father O'Flynn* and numerous other charming songs and ballads. His command of humor is considerable, and he is indeed our nearest counterpart to Lover in that respect, but he possesses also what Lover did not — a fund of pathos, without which the true humorist is not fully equipped. Mr. Graves holds the important post of government inspector of schools, and devotes a great deal of his leisure to forwarding the interests of the society. Mr. Barry O'Brien is a singularly able man, author of some valuable historical works, and a distinguished literary journalist. He is a lawyer by profession and is a native of Clare. He has acted as our chairman of committees from the first, and a more ideal holder of that position it would be difficult to find. Mr. O'Brien is now seeing through the press a most important edition of Wolfe Tone's autobiography, and it is sure to be worthy of his high reputation as an editor.

Mr. Yeats is looked upon already as the most promising of living Irish poets; and seeing his youth, (he is only about 28), it is not an exaggeration to call him the Irish poet of the immediate future. The two volumes he has published are marvellously poetical, and the interest excited by each new book of his is understood and justified by his previous record as a writer. Dr. Todhunter is another of our distinguished living poets. He was born in Dublin, like Messrs. Graves and Yeats, and graduated at Trinity College. He practised as a physician for some years, meanwhile producing some very fine poetical work. His latest collection of poems is Irish in subject, and received the highest praise on its appearance.

The only Irish poet whose name can well be bracketed with that of Mr. Graves for humor and pathos is Francis A. Fahy, a native of County Galway, and about 10 years younger than the former (who was born in 1846). For many years Mr. Fahy has been a leading figure in different Irish movements, and his delightful songs have served to enliven many an Irish gathering. Mr. Fahy's themes are mostly of the inner and home life of the people, while Mr. Graves' subjects are almost always pastoral and out of door. Mr. Graves' songs, set to ancient airs by Stanford and others, are of course more popular.

Special mention must be made of two or three of the other younger writers connected with the society. Mr. Frank Mathew, a grand-nephew of the "Apostle of Temperance," has recently brought out a very clever volume of Irish stories entitled *At the Rising of the Moon*, which met with a cordial welcome from the press. It is an admirable collection, and is written in an excellent style. Mr. Mathew's next work, to judge by the promise of this one, will be even more eagerly read. This rising writer is a solicitor in London, and is still a good way on the right side of 30.

Perhaps the name of Mr. Lionel Johnson is not as yet familiar to Irish people, but there can be no doubt that the time is rapidly approaching when it will be. He has written some remarkably fine poems, and, young as he is (he was born in 1867), is considered one of the most accomplished critics in London. He is the member of a Protestant family settled in Ireland for centuries, is a graduate of Oxford, and in 1891 became a Catholic. Before leaving the writers of the latest schools, a word or two must be said about Miss Katherine Tynan and Miss Emily Hickey. The former's name is thoroughly well known to Irish people by her intensely patriotic and often truly exquisite poems, and she is gradually equalling her poetical reputation by her touching Irish prose sketches. Miss Hickey is better known in England than in Ireland as a poet of grace and occasional power. She is a Wexford lady, with a tendency to dramatic poetry. Her writings entitle her to a high place among recent Irish poets. Miss Tynan (or rather Mrs. Hinkson, for she has recently married) is nothing if not lyrical, and her poems are passionately Irish in feeling, as a rule, as well as in subject, though at times rather English in style.

The Irish Literary Society was fortunate in securing the adhesion of such famous writers as Mr. Justin McCarthy, Lady Wilde, and T. D. Sullivan. Apart from the lack of space, it would be superfluous on such an occasion as this to speak of their writings. They are deeply interested in the work the society is trying to perform. A large number of other names among our members occur to me as impossible to overlook, seeing their distinction or their helpfulness. These are Mrs. Bryant, Doctor of Science, author of *Celtic Ireland;* John Augustus O'Shea, already noticed; Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of William Smith O'Brien, and a poet of much merit; Edmund Downey, the popular novelist and humorist; Richard Dowling, another well-known novelist; J. F. Hogan, author of *The Irish in Australia;* Fitzgerald Molloy; Miss D'Esterre Keeling, and above all, Dr. Hyde and Standish O'Grady, two writers to whom Irishmen are immensely indebted for a knowledge of the real Ireland of the past. I have not referred to them at length because they are more strictly concerned with the society in Dublin.

I think I have shown that the Irish literary societies are destined to do most important work in the future. With such support as they have received and are bound to receive as they grow older, there is hardly any good office for Irish literature which they cannot undertake and carry through to a successful issue. Even though they do nothing beyond filling up the more conspicuous gaps in that literature, they will have earned the thanks of the literary public, and will have properly responded to the wishes of the veteran writer and statesman to whose initiative the whole scheme owes its existence.

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April Number.)

XVI.

A few minutes later Charles Garnier got into a carriage and gave orders to be driven to Paris to the Carmelite Monastery. Then throwing himself back in the carriage, he pulled his hat over his eyes.

Half an hour later the carriage stopped at the Rue Vaugirard, before a time-worn edifice of imposing appearance, surrounded by high walls.

Charles sprang out and crossed a circular narrow porch which led to a round court.

The mid-day sun illumed the old convent walls. Above the principal door, in a marble niche, there was a statue of Mary, who seemed to be smiling a welcome to all comers.

"Hail, Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God," murmured the young man, baring his head before the sacred image.

He pushed open a heavy oaken door and asked of the brother who came forward whether he could see Father Henry of St. Joseph.

"Certainly, sir; be so kind as to come in," said the porter.

There was no one in the parlor; and instead of taking one of the chairs that were ranged against the wall on each side of the room, Charles paced up and down.

A picture of St. Teresa hung on the whitewashed wall. Charles had often seen this picture without particularly noticing it, but that day a strong ray of sunlight found its way through the half-open window and fell full on the saint's face, almost imparting life to it. Charles stopped to look more closely, and it seemed to him as if the face were gazing at him with an expression of sympathy, and that the saint were repeating to him her favorite aspiration, "To suffer or to die."

Father Henry came in all joyous; but on perceiving his brother's face, the smile died away, and, taking Charles by the shoulders and looking at him fixedly, he said, "What has gone wrong?"

Charles' only answer was to fall on his brother's neck and weep; but soon recovering himself he raised his head and said, "Henry, I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy!" replied his brother gently. "Can you no longer await events calmly? Is not God's good pleasure the best of all?"

"My position is no longer bearable," said Charles; "I am indeed very unhappy;" and he related all that had passed.

The young religious listened with profound attention; and as he did not immediately reply, his brother continued: "What am I to do? I feel so weak with regard to her. When the poor child fell and I saw her as pale as death, my strength nearly forsook me. Every proof she had ever given me of her affection, even the very slightest, rushed to my mind. I looked on myself as half mad, as cruel and barbarous."

"My dear brother," said the religious gravely but feelingly, "you should thank God. There are hours in life on which our vocation and sanctification depend — occasionally even our salvation. Again I say, give thanks to God. Of all things, I entreat you not to pity yourself. There should be no self-pity when we are responding to a call from God. No, there must be none of it even when the heart is bleeding from the efforts it has made."

"If it were but myself — but Gizella — it is so terrible to know that I am making her unhappy. Henry, when the death of her parents threw her among us she was very young and yet she was already able to suffer deeply.

It was my task then to console her." He paused and hid his face in his hands.

The Carmelite looked at him with some uneasiness, and, wishing to put him to the proof, said: "Charles, as you well know, mistakes are sometimes made, and a vocation is a very difficult matter to decide upon. You might do a great deal of good in the world, and Providence would seem to have disposed of events for your happiness."

These words calmed the youth as if by magic. "No," said he, raising his tear-stained face; "my desire is to go to God by the shortest road. In Him alone I place my happiness, my love. If He has bestowed so many good things on me, it is in order that I may have more to sacrifice to Him, and blessed be His name for all!

"What had I better do? My father looks on my vocation as a mental malady. He has absolutely forbidden me ever to speak to him of it again, and accuses me of unreal exaltation of feeling as well as of ingratitude. My mother's grief breaks my heart."

"Come, come," said the religious, "what God protects is well protected. Have confidence and pray fervently."

XVII.

On returning to his cell, the religious remained plunged in thought before the old yellow-leaved folios which were open on the plain wooden table before him. For several days this preoccupation lasted till, one evening, the young Carmelite knocked at his superior's door and asked permission to go and see his family. The permission being given, he set out on foot the next morning and took the road to Auteuil.

The thought had occurred to him of interesting Mlle. Méliand herself in his brother's behalf.

Up to that time every influence that had been brought to bear had signally failed. But surely his father would never be able to resist Mlle. Méliand's entreaties. It seemed to him that this would be impossible, since the young girl herself was a greater loser than he, and was wounded in a still more vulnerable part of her being. He therefore thought that she might succeed in persuading the magistrate to yield to an impulse of Christian generosity.

Would she consent to make the effort, however?

These thoughts so engrossed his mind that before he perceived it he had reached the last turning of the avenue at Bois Belle. Yellow autumn leaves were already sprinkling the rich verdure, but enough of summer magnificence was left to throw a halo round the silent-looking house.

The religious felt his eyes fill with tears, and he paused a few moments, taking in at a glance the whole of the familiar and beloved locality.

Many years had elapsed since the blessed though painful day when he had abandoned his family to obey the voice of God; but even the slightest details of that separation came back to his mind, and his heart grew sorrowful at the thought that God was asking of his parents the sacrifice of their only remaining child.

Overcoming his emotion, he opened the grated gate and crossed the courtyard. A door of the house was standing open, and the religious entered without announcing himself, directing his steps to the room where his mother generally passed her time.

She was alone there, seated before her work table, her head leaning on her hand. Her thoughts evidently were absorbing, and the Carmelite, whose sandals made but little noise on the floor, came close to her without her having heard him. "Mother," he said.

She raised her head, and, overpowered by surprise and delight, threw herself into his arms.

Her joy soon died away, however, and, laying her head on her son's shoulder, her tears flowing down on his white habit, she told him how peace had fled from the house, that Gizella was ill with grief, and that Charles' obstinacy was driving them all to despair.

The religious did not attempt to

offer her any consolation except kind words; but when she had grown calmer he said, "Charles, too, is very unhappy."

"I know he is; he suffers much and uselessly. As for myself I would refuse him nothing, but he will never gain his father's consent; of this he may rest assured."

The magistrate and Charles came in, and the somewhat constrained conversation turned only on indifferent subjects.

"Shall I not see Gizella?" said the religious suddenly. At this most natural request Charles was visibly disconcerted, while his father gave him an angry look. Mme. Garnier, not daring to say a word, sent to announce the priest's visit to the young girl.

The servant returned and brought a message from Mlle. Méliand, who excused herself for not coming down on account of her indisposition, but asked Father Henry to go upstairs and see her.

Since her conversation with Charles in the garden she had been quite unfit for rejoining the family circle. She had not left her room, and Mme. Garnier herself could hardly have a few words with her.

Father Henry was painfully struck with the alteration in her appearance and her state of dejection, so that the ordinary words of encouragement did not rise to his lips. It was plain to him that the poor child had no longer anything to look forward to in life, and yet she was only on its threshold, and was endowed with every attraction.

After having placed a chair beside the sofa on which the young girl was reclining, Mme. Garnier left the room.

"I am very glad you have allowed me to see you," said the religious, seating himself, "for I wanted very much to talk to you."

She bowed her thanks, but did not speak.

"You have suffered very much," he continued with angelic sweetness, "and the first days of sorrow are hard to bear, for all seems dark around us; but be certain that light will come, and then you will bless God, who is desirous of having Charles entirely His."

She looked at him in such a terribly distressed, heart-broken way that he felt the tears come to his eyes.

"Poor child!" he murmured, "I know that the sacrifice you have to make is a terrible one. I know that he is your all on earth."

"Yes," she replied, in a weak tone of voice, "and life may be very long."

"What we call life is but a small matter, a shade that passes, a vapor. Years flit like moments, Gizella, and ere long the world will disappear from our sight."

"Ah," she said, as if speaking to herself, "how sad it is to have nothing but death to look forward to!" and covering her face with her hands, she wept silently.

"My child," said the religious presently, "listen to me. Would you wish to take from him the happiness and glory of his religious vocation?"

As she continued weeping without making any reply, he went on: —

"Rest assured that he really has a religious vocation. Were he not possessed of that divine strength, which is indeed the grace of vocation, he never could have resisted. Tell me, my child, have you ever thought of the young man in the Gospel whom Jesus Christ called and who refused to follow Him? Would you have Charles do likewise?"

"No," said she, raising herself up with sudden energy, "I do not wish for his unhappiness. If Jesus Christ is calling him, let him obey the call, let him abandon me, tread me under foot, I consent to all." And falling back on the sofa, she hid her face in the cushions and sobbed convulsively.

The religious looked at her, his heart filled with a great pity. When she was somewhat calmer he resumed: —

"You have a generous soul, Gizella, and that is what encourages me to speak. Loving some one means that we desire that person's happiness, does it not? Well, if you would make the effort, I believe you would succeed in winning

from my father that consent which Charles has so often pleaded for in vain.

"Therein, my child, would be the greatest and most noble proof of affection for Charles that you could ever give him, and I wished to tell you this."

XVIII.

Gizella loved Charles Garnier with a love which it is not given to every one to know — so deep was it, so ardent, so exclusive.

For her there was nothing more to look for in life. Earth for her would henceforth be a pitiless solitude. She realized this, but by the next sunrise her resolution had been taken.

Overcoming her weakness by a great effort, she asked that her guardian should visit her in her room. He came at once and found her half reclining on a folding chair. Her rigid, calm attitude impressed him painfully; but without betraying his emotion, he kissed her on the forehead and seated himself beside her.

"You wish to speak to me, dear child?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, "I have something to ask of you."

"What is it?" he said quietly, turning his head away, however, since the expression of her face pained him.

"I want to go back to Port Royal," said Gizella slowly.

"You wish to return to Port Royal!" exclaimed the magistrate, leaning over her as if he had not caught her meaning.

"Yes," said she with firmness. "Since I am a source of division and suffering in the family, through your wishing to force your son to marry me, I cannot stay with you any longer, and I now await your permission to return to Port Royal, for where else could I go?"

Mons. Garnier's features worked painfully. His eyes flashed angrily, and rising abruptly he crossed to the window. His temples were throbbing violently, and his heart seemed to be torn asunder by conflicting emotions. Her face hidden in her pillows, Mlle. Méliand silently awaited his answer.

At length approaching her couch, he said bitterly: "Gizella, we might have been so happy. I should so have loved to call you my daughter."

"I will be a daughter to you," she said, throwing herself into his arms, where she wept a long while, her head leaning against his shoulder. Then, raising her face, to which grief had imparted a sublime expression, she murmured, "You will leave him free to do as he wishes? You will promise me to do so?"

"Yes," replied he, sobbing unconsciously. "Yes, I promise you this. It is not for nothing that you have given me such a noble example of generosity and renunciation. Poor child! it is on you that the blow falls the hardest. We are advanced in years, but your life lies entirely before you."

XIX.

DETACHED LEAVES FROM GIZELLA'S DIARY.

"It is now three weeks since Charles left us! Three weeks since he entered the Jesuit novitiate! One fine morning he left the house with his father and made no adieux. On his table he had left two letters — one for his mother and one for me.

"'My blessing be with you, dear friend, dear sister. My father has not hidden from me how much I am indebted to you. Gizella, let it be your task to console him, to console my poor mother; and for yourself let me ask that there may be no sadness, no despondency. Raise your heart to Heaven. Life is but such a little space of time! Until the last hour of my life I will pray for you.'

"Yes, indeed, Charles, pray for me; I need prayers now. I am somewhat stronger, and do not weep continually. Is this because I keep living over again that hour which I shall never forget? Is it because, with a heart overflowing with life, I have to live in a world where all is void around me? Often and often I seem to hear again the sad, despairing accents of his voice when

we stood on the seashore. I am constantly finding myself listening for those words. This strange state of feeling which has become habitual with me makes me feel uneasy. I must try and write more, for writing calms my mind and does me good. Music produces quite a contrary effect.

"My God! it is true, then, that he has left! that he will never return to this house, where everything recalls him, where everything speaks of him to me! What beloved and yet what agonizing recollections! If I could give way to my sorrow, I might perhaps die of it, but he asked me to console his parents, and what he has asked must be done; therefore will I give them my life, out of love for him. Day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, all shall be theirs.

"His mother is quite broken down. She who is naturally so active passes whole days in weeping. I am obliged to see to a great many things, and it is painful enough having to occupy one's self about the details of life when one looks forward to nothing, hopes nothing, and sees nothing but a void. Every morning after having said my prayers, I read his letter over again and ask God to give me the courage to live.

. . . . . .

"To-day, for the first time, I have been into his room, which I wish to look upon now as a sanctuary, and where I hope to inhale the perfume of his piety. My tears, which had fallen less frequently these last few days, began to flow anew.

"I seated myself on the balcony, just on the spot which he loved the best, and I stayed there a long time. The garden is already putting on its autumn garb, and there are more leaves on the ground than on the trees. Whither have spring and summer fled? I asked myself. Ah, if I could only believe, truly believe, in the nothingness of all here below, as Charles has so often taught me to believe! Somewhat fortified by these thoughts, I returned to his room, where everything is just as he left it. The last bouquet I had made for him was still there on the table, all faded. The ink had dried up in his inkstand, which was standing open on the desk; a few leaves of paper were scattered about. The paper — like that on which he had written his farewell letters — was rumpled, and appeared to be stained with drops of water that had dried on them. I fancied he must have wept, with his forehead leaning against the desk. A bright sunbeam lighted up the beautiful head of St. Ignatius contemplating the heavens. I gazed long at this picture which Charles loved so well.

"This divine attraction, this heavenly nostalgia, remains a profound mystery to my sorrowful heart. If I could but believe — believe that life is nothing.

. . . . . .

"His mother proposed that I should go with her to see him. I could not refuse this painful happiness, and we set out. It was the first time I had ever entered the Jesuits' house.

"I had called to my aid all the courage I could muster, preparing for my interview with him; but when I found myself in the parlor, my firmness gave way and I went out, telling his mother that I would soon return. As I could hardly be seen crying in the street, I entered the church, which I found quite empty. In the sanctuary were two novices who were covering the high altar in black. The thought of death was beneficial to me, and after praying fervently I returned to the parlor.

"Charles was there with his mother, and when I opened the door rose quickly and came to meet me.

"He took my hand, and a feeling of sweetness and strength seemed to steal over me. We all three sat down at a little table in the corner of the parlor.

"He has grown thinner, somewhat paler, and his beautiful fair curls have been cut off. The religious habit becomes him well; and though I cannot say why, on looking at him I no longer felt utterly desolate. 'Do you think,'

he said, 'that I had nothing to suffer in leaving you? On the contrary, never did I feel my heart so filled with anguish, never did I experience such poignant grief.'

"He spoke calmly, but his eyelids betrayed that he had difficulty in repressing his tears.

"We chatted together; that is to say, he alone spoke, for his mother and I could not articulate a word.

"The hour having elapsed, he immediately rose; and after tenderly embracing his mother, he made the sign of the cross on my forehead and disappeared into a dark corridor, where a lamp was burning before a picture of the Blessed Virgin.

. . . . . .

"I seem better for having seen him once more, and I feel a sort of satisfaction in recalling his words and his looks. His manner towards me had none of that coldness, that exaggerated reserve, which had marked our intercourse latterly.

"I am sure he loves me very much, but with the love of a superior being, as saints in heaven might love. His pity for my sufferings recalls the tender, serene pity bestowed, they say, by the Blessed.

"He told me to pray much, for prayer would strengthen me, would raise me to those heights whence earthly things are beheld in their true light. How I would like the hour to arrive which would snatch me from the present and make me forget that future which awaits me! Ah, as he said to me, how much suffering we might spare ourselves if we could only look on things in their true light, if we could but understand that we are not placed on the earth in order to seek happiness. I seem to understand this, as also how necessary suffering is to us here on earth. But is not rejoicing also necessary for us? Of what use would be rain were there no vivifying rays from the sun? and what could be looked for from a life of nothing but sadness?

"My youth, which seems as if suddenly departed, has no more hope, and my heart sinks at the thought of the life which is before me; for I feel that all real happiness is ended for me forever. Deciding on making a sacrifice is not the most difficult portion of it; but the persevering in that sacrifice, the renewals of it, are what prove so painful to nature. I experience the truth of this every moment, and how is it with him? He possesses that divine fervor of which I am not worthy, and he also has heroic powers of will. Mad, indeed, was I ever to have entertained any hopes, as I now perceive. If in some unfortunate moment he had listened to the dictates of his heart, and allowed a vision of earthly happiness to take possession of his soul, he would have been humiliated all his life. Now the remembrance of that hour of supreme temptation can be no longer aught but dust and ashes to him, and that dust and ashes he casts on his sacrifice to diminish its lustre."

XX.

Four years have passed away, and the winter of 1629 was arriving. Mons. de Champlain had not been seen again in France; Reginald de Brunand had perished at the siege of La Rochelle; Charles Garnier was a religious. Gizella had been present when he pronounced his awful vows; she had seen him stretched on the floor of the sanctuary, receiving the sacred unction which made him a priest to all eternity.

Strongly tempted to enter the cloister herself, she had put the idea far from her, so as not to drive to despair her parents of adoption, whose tenderness for her was little short of worship. At first Mons. and Mme. Garnier had thought that time would conquer her regrets, that calm would succeed resignation, and that there might even be a possibility of happiness for her. At length they had to acknowledge that they had been mistaken.

"It is for you that I have remained in the world," she replied, when they spoke to her of marriage. "If I survive you, I shall enter a convent, so

let the question about the future be at rest." In spite of this declaration, however, neither the magistrate nor his wife would consent to her desire of leading a retired life.

Mlle. Méliand therefore went often into society, where she felt solitary amid the most brilliant *fêtes*.

The success, the homage, she met with, which would have turned many a head, left her calm and cold. No ball had any attraction for her, for there, even more than elsewhere, the thought of Charles recurred to her as a sacred remembrance. Her love for him had been transformed, but it still dwelt in her heart; and as a woman always adopts the ideas of the one she loves, she despised these vain pleasures, these frivolous joys, which he had despised; and acting thus, this cost her no effort and was no particular exercise of virtue.

No one could ever replace him with her — of this she was fully aware. But in the depths of her heart, and beneath the calm exterior which her strong will enabled her to preserve, lay hidden all the tender aspirations of her age. The long stretching desert that lay before her, in this time of her youth, seemed interminable.

Having surmounted the first effects of their separation, she had applied herself assiduously to the cultivation of her musical talents, and, to the delight of those about her, she often gave expression to her sadness in the sweet tones of music.

Music, however, only intensifies feeling, and therefore it had not rendered her much service. Real consolation had to come to her from on high, as Gizella knew. She called upon God, and He was not deaf to her cry for aid to enable her to fill the immense and unbearable void that had been created in her young being by the late events. Thanks to persevering prayer, she felt daily that she was becoming calmer and that her soul was attaining serenity.

"I will try to mount to those heights which he has attained," she would say to herself.

Mlle. Méliand had contracted no intimacy with any young girl of her own age, but there existed a solid friendship between her and Mme. de Champlain. One fine morning in November, 1629, she bent her steps towards her friend's house, escorted by her maid. According to the custom of the day, a black velvet *loup*, or half mask, covered the upper half of her face, and she walked slowly, taking no heed of the passers-by. Having arrived in the street St. Germain l'Auxerrois, she stopped before an old-looking house with a wrought-iron balcony and large windows.

"I think there is some news of Mons. de Champlain," said the old servant who opened the door to her.

Taking off her velvet mask, Gizella, her heart beating fast, mounted the wide staircase, with its oaken balustrade, leading to the large gloomy landing, on which opened the little drawing-room where Mme. de Champlain usually received her friends. The door was standing wide open, and Gizella perceived her friend, leaning on the back of an armchair, listening with rapt attention to some one who was speaking with great animation. Mlle. Méliand could not see who it was; but the sound of that manly, sweet voice sent a thrill through her, for it recalled to her mind a long past hour which she would ever have in remembrance.

"Come in, Gizella," cried Mme. de Champlain, perceiving the young girl. "Come in and you will see a missionary whom you cannot have forgotten, Father de Brébœuf."

"I am glad to meet with you again," said the Jesuit, "for your 'Traveller's Song' has often come back to me. You see I have not had the honor of martyrdom."

Father Brébœuf had aged a great deal during the four years which had elapsed since Gizella had seen him. He was still, however, the very type of an athlete destined for combat.

"And Mons. de Champlain?" asked Mlle. Méliand, after having courtesied respectfully to the Jesuit.

"Mons. de Champlain will soon be

here, for we crossed the ocean together. I left him at Plymouth, on his way to London, where he will do his utmost to regain Quebec. Peace had been concluded when the brothers Kertk, Huguenots in the English service, took possession of that city."

"Quebec in the power of the English!" exclaimed Gizella. "How terrible for Mons. de Champlain! Do tell me, Father, how that can have happened."

"For three years Quebec had received neither provisions nor ammunition. Mons. de Roquemont's fleet had been intercepted and partly destroyed by the English. Last summer the Kertk brothers, anchored at Tadousac, sent to Mons. de Champlain, summoning him to yield the port to them. Mons. de Champlain received the messenger courteously and answered, 'If the English wish to attack us they would do better to approach us than to menace us from such a distance.' Deceived by this show of assurance, the English did not dare risk an attack just then. However, anything in the shape of resistance was out of the question. The French had hardly 50 pounds of powder left, and a few days previous two of the towers in the fort had given way. Hunger, also, was beginning to make itself felt in Quebec. 'It is not forbidden to put a good face on the matter,' said Mons. de Champlain. He took all possible means of relieving his people, and succeeded in getting them through the winter without their dying of hunger. Mons. de Champlain had cheerfully contented himself with the common rations — seven ounces of pease daily.

"In the month of May the pease were all consumed, and for a long time there had been neither powder nor shot. The women and children spent their days in the woods in searching for acorns and roots — those of the *Solomon's seal* being the favorites. They all suffered so much from hunger that when the English arrived in the spring, they were welcomed as deliverers."

Mme. de Champlain had covered her face with her hands, and her tears were flowing freely.

"Madame," said the Jesuit gently, "he suffered everything heroically, and you have reason to be proud of him. Besides, the terms of capitulation were most honorable, and the Kertks had every consideration for Mons. de Champlain. They would not disturb him in his quarters, and even allowed him to have Mass said in them."

"Have Fathers Masse and Lallemant returned also?" said Mlle. Méliand.

"They were obliged to do so. The Huguenot gentlemen could not have endured that any Jesuits should remain," said Father de Brébœuf cheerfully. "When Commander Kertk came to *Our Lady of Angels*, his first words were to express his regret at not having been able to commence operations by firing at our house and destroying it. However, towards every one else the Kertks behaved well. It is hard, however, to see St. George's cross waving in place of the white flag."

"Was Mons. de Champlain very much depressed?" asked the two ladies.

"He seemed very sad after the capitulation had been signed, and asked to be taken to Tadousac, whither I also accompanied him, and on board the same vessel. The Héberts, the Couillards, all who remained in Quebec, saw him off. 'I will come back, I will come back, I promise you,' he said; and I think he was nearly shedding tears. At Tadousac he did not seem so dejected and often went out shooting larks with the English admiral. He is one of those whom it is no easy task to discourage," said Father de Brébœuf, rising to take his leave.

"Father," said Gizella, "did you find missionary life very terrible? Had you much to suffer from the savages?"

The Jesuit's worn face lighted up with a happy look: "*Jesu dulcis memoria*," said he. "What you sang to me on the eve of my departure, I have experienced; and, like Mons. de Champlain, I hope soon to return to Canada."

XXI.

After much negotiation, Quebec was restored to France; and on March 23, 1633, Samuel de Champlain embarked at Dieppe to return and take possession of the colony.

During the interval, Gizella had seen him often and had profited much from her intimacy with him. She had been strengthened by coming in contact with this great and thoroughly disinterested man, who was so regardless of self. He had taught her to rise above personal sorrows.

On his side, Mons. de Champlain loved to converse with this serious, earnest young girl, and he particularly delighted in listening to her singing. Her lovely voice aroused all that was poetic within him; it raised him from tiresome, painful realities, and awoke in him the most enchanting dreams. He forgot for awhile that old age was approaching; bitter experience, sad thoughts, were forgotten. He felt once more young and ardent, as at that well-remembered hour when his heart had been captivated by the beauty of Quebec as he first beheld it.

What pain he had felt when he had been obliged to abandon his work! But thanks to the Blessed Virgin he was now about to retake possession of New France. Under that Blessed Virgin's protection he had placed all the measures he had taken to regain Quebec, and it was to her that he attributed his success. He loved to speak of the chapel he had vowed to build at Quebec in her honor. Many a time Gizella would see him of an evening, his pencil in his hand, reposing after his day's fatigue, by drawing the plan of his chapel. "I will call it," he would say, "Our Lady of Recovery."

After his departure, the little drawing-room in Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois appeared very dull to her, and very empty. But ere long another and far more painful void was made in her surroundings.

The summer of 1634 was drawing to a close, and the foliage of the beautiful trees at Bois Belle was becoming tinted with autumn yellow.

Mons. and Mme. Garnier were returning in a carriage from Paris, where they had been to visit their son, now a professor in the college of Clermont.

Gizella, who had accompanied them, seemed pensive and preoccupied.

The *Relations concerning New France* were commencing to appear. The number for 1633 had just been issued, and Father Garnier had given a copy of it to Gizella. As he put the book into her hand, he also slipped a letter into it, saying, with evident emotion, "I hope you are still interested in the missions."

Mlle. Méliand was thinking over what he had said, while she mechanically turned over the leaves of the pamphlet and wondering what there could be in the letter.

On alighting from the carriage she hurried to her room and locked herself in, some secret warning telling her that she was about to suffer anew.

For a few moments she remained standing and turning the letter over and over. Then, kneeling before her crucifix, she resolutely opened the missive.

Hardly had she read the first lines when she let fall the paper, and rising exclaimed, in desperation: "No, my God, not that! Never! never!"

Before her eyes was the image of Christ crucified standing out in relief from the cross. Casting an involuntary look at it, and as if afraid of her own words, she covered her face with her hands and sank on the floor. She long remained prostrate, weeping and sobbing, till at last, rising, she picked up her letter and, throwing herself on her bed, read it to the last line.

"Dear sister," said Charles Garnier, "what I have now to ask of you will at first sight appear very terrible, but you have within you a fund of strength, and I am sure you will help me to respond to the merciful designs of our dear Lord.

"Gizella, I want to be a missionary, or rather, Jesus Christ is calling me to

become an apostle. Be assured that it is indeed He who has long been speaking to my heart and saying: 'Go to Canada and teach the poor Indians. At how great a price their souls have been bought! Go, and fear nothing — I will be with thee — I, the joy of heaven, I the all-powerful God.'

"Dear sister, I wished to have left last year with Father de Brébœuf and Mons. de Champlain, and I did my utmost to go. But my superiors considered that my going would be too terrible a blow to my parents. They do not choose to impose such a sacrifice on them, and they say they will never send me to Canada without my father's consent.

"Gizella, will you obtain for me this consent? It is with entire confidence that I place my cause in your hands. Up to the present moment I have employed all my influence in vain; but my father's affection for you makes you all powerful with him, at least such is my impression. The Immaculate Mother, to whom I incessantly pray, wishes to make use of you as the instrument of my success.

"Do not let yourself be deterred from interceding for me by the thoughts of our separation or of the sufferings which may await me far away. Everything here below — joys and sorrows alike — are of so little account.

"Gizella, true happiness, the only real happiness, is sacrificing all for Him who will one day be our reward to all eternity."

Mlle. Méliand had not read the letter through without breaking off and weeping several times; but a sudden and inexplicable calm seemed to enter her soul, and hiding her face on her pillow she commenced to meditate profoundly on that one word — eternity.

She remained thus for more than an hour, and when she once more raised her head, her determination was taken. She had decided on doing all she could to gain this last supreme sacrifice from Mons. Garnier. Many months elapsed without there being any apparent result, but at the commencement of the winter of 1636 that consent, which had seemed so unattainable, was freely given.

"Go where God is calling you," said the father to his son. "Who am I that I should stand in the way of God's holy will?"

Charles' departure was therefore at once decided on. He himself broke the news to his mother, and, kneeling before her, asked her permission to go and preach Jesus Christ to the poor Indians.

XXII.

One day shortly afterwards, when Mlle. Méliand was alone, Father Garnier arrived. His face, generally so radiant with joy, was grave and sad.

"I have bad news to announce to you," he said, after the first greetings.

She looked at him with apprehension, but saw nothing.

"Vessels have arrived," he continued, "and bring very sad news. Mons. de Champlain is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Gizella in sorrowful accents.

"Yes, on Christmas Day. I have just broken the news to my father."

"Do you know any details of his death?"

"He died at Quebec, at Fort St. Louis. He who had confronted danger and death in every shape, by sea and by land, through wars and amidst the dangers of the forests, died quietly in his bed after a sickness that lasted two months and a half."

"Does Mme. de Champlain know it?"

"She must know it by this time. The same messenger who brought our letters must certainly have had some for her."

"I was indeed far from expecting such news," murmured the young girl, moved to tears.

"And I also; some lives are so useful, so abounding in good works, that it would seem as if they were shielded from the assaults of death."

"That is true. I always thought he was safe till New France should be

solidly established. It always seemed to me that he would behold his colony in a flourishing state before dying."

"He fell in the attempt. That suffices, Gizella," said the Jesuit, with a noble look.

"But he would have been so happy to have seen his work prosper. He had lovely dreams concerning New France."

The religious smiled.

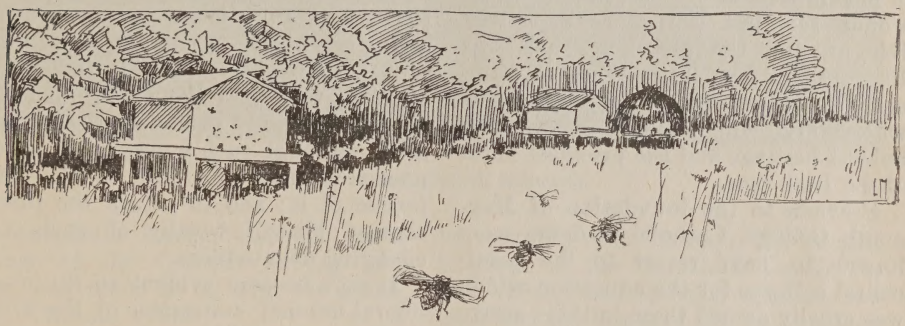
"My dear child," he said, "in the battle of life more people fall than in any other battle. Aspirations and dreams are left by the roadside — at least, the worthiest and sweetest of them. Mons. de Champlain knew this well. Do not weep for him; there is always something wanting even to the greatest success possible for man to attain."

"He would have been a friend for you, over there," said the young girl, weeping."

"God alone! Gizella, that is my device."

And perceiving his parents approaching, the young religious rose and went forward to meet them.

To be continued.



HOME.

BY JOHN C. CONNOLLY.

HOME! A sweetest melody swells
When *home* is on the lips;
Home! The bee in lilac bells
No sweeter pleasure sips.

Home! The outcast's eyes are dewed;
For memory bids the tears,
As scenes of happier days renewed
Loom through the mist of years.

Home! How sweetly sounds the word!
To wanderers 'tis blest;
Home! What tender feelings stirred
Within the traveller's breast!

Home! The heart it fails to wake
To fond affection's thrill,
Is as the snow — each beat a flake
That knows not but to chill.

HISTORIC MAYNOOTH.

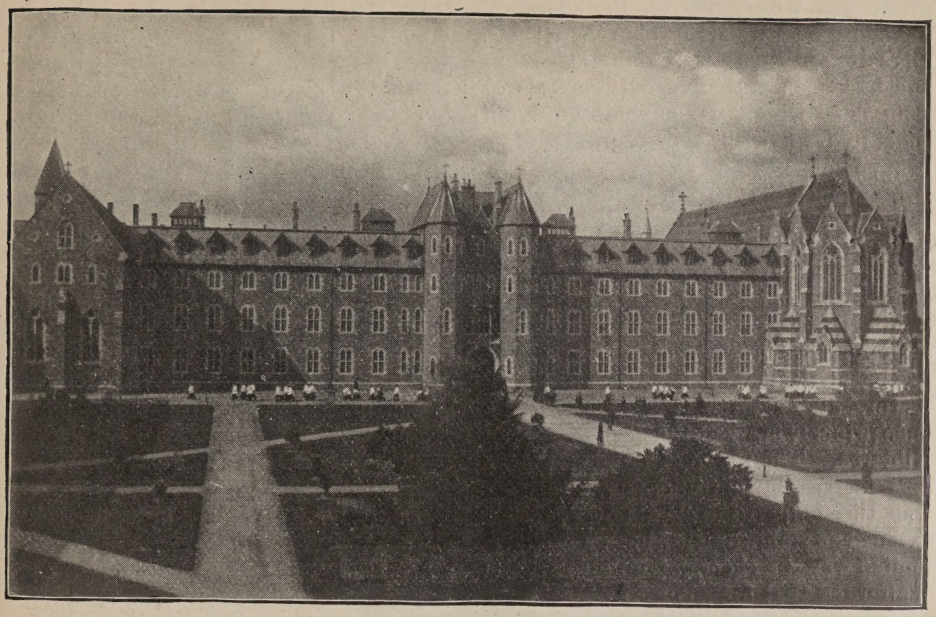
BY WILLIAM A. H. BYRNE.

With Illustrations by R. J. Galvan.

If the undaunted people who, in the midst of the inhuman persecution of the eighteenth century, kept the light of the faith burning bravely in holy Ireland, could see the magnificent establishment, the echoes of whose centenary are still reverberating through the world, they would feel that their dearest hopes had been amply fulfilled, if not indeed richly surpassed. They would see, not the glory that was Bangor and the grandeur that was Lismore, but an institution reflecting not altogether unworthily the schools whose crumbling relics are still the noblest heritage and the proudest boast of the Irish race.

Previous to the foundation of Maynooth College, Catholic students were forced to have resort to the continental colleges for the education which was cruelly denied them in their native land. In the halls of Salamanca and of Prague, of Douai, Paris, and Bordeaux, of Nantes and Louvain, those exiled children found a quiet refuge wherein they could receive a training adequate to the exalted dignity to which they aspired. Like outcasts through the shadows of the night, they crept away furtively in the smuggler's craft without any of the old blessings from the shore which despatched the great early missionaries on their sacred journeyings. The penalty for leaving Ireland with such treasonable intent was forfeiture of goods, chattels, and landed property for life. In other words, they became beggars for Christ in the most literal sense of the apostolic mission, and frequently, in the disguise of mendicants, they returned to their homes, where the penalty for practising the duties of their sacred calling was immediate banishment, and, in case of return, hanging, disembowelling, and quartering. In the wild morasses of the Bog of Allen, on the lonely sides of the western hills, in the wind-swept glens, and by the bleak Atlantic coast, these zealous religious pursued their holy office in the face of the most heartless persecution which the history of civilization records. Never was the devotion of the Catholic population to the priest so intense as during this awful night of trial and lingering ordeal. No bribe could induce a Catholic to reveal the hiding-place or betray the sacred person of the *Sagart arun*, although such a despicable action meant sinecure for life to the performer of it; and in return the priest showed himself worthy of such unchanging devotedness.

It soon became evident to the more liberal-minded statesmen of the kingdom that the Irish would never relinquish their traditional faith (in fact a statistician of the day computed that 4,000 years were necessary for the complete conversion of the Irish Catholics); and fearing lest the protraction of such a hell as then existed might give birth to monsters capable of endangering the already shaken power of England, they thought it advisable to make some concessions to their long-suffering victims. The brilliant achievements of the American colonists were not a small contribution to the furtherance of a growing policy of amelioration. The startling outbreak of anarchy and atheism in France, which seemed to threaten all Europe with its poisonous contagion, brought a Conservative and Protestant government to its senses. The rapid and vigorous rise of the Volunteers, the chivalrous devotion of Henry Grattan, the sage counsel of



Senior House and Chapel, Maynooth.

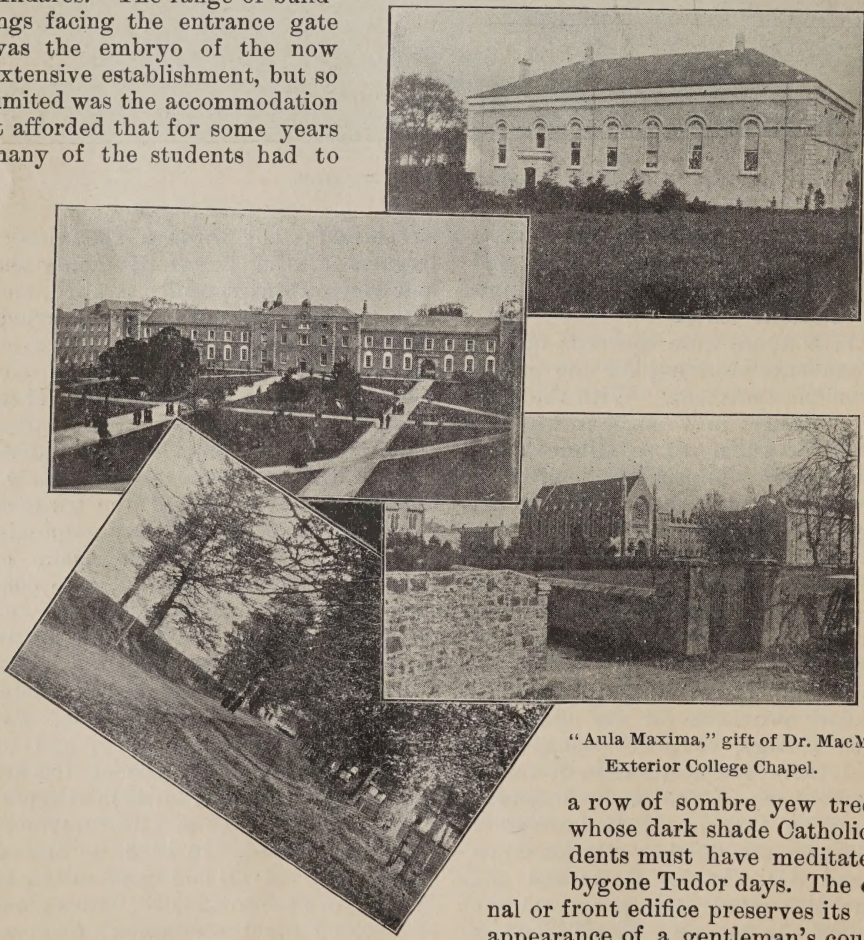
the prophetic Burke, and the loyal feelings of the Catholic nobility and clergy had much to do with the granting of Catholic relief.

In 1789 there were upwards of 600 Irish students studying for the priesthood on the continent. With the new order of things in France, it was impossible for them to continue there without gravely imperilling their faith and morality, and the need of a national college was therefore more deeply felt by the bishops of Ireland. In 1794 Dr. Troy, of Dublin, and some other bishops laid a respectful and urgent memorial before the government, in which they set forth the advisability, if not the imperative duty, of making immediate provision for the education of such a large body of young men. At first, there was no question of a state endowment, as the hierarchy intended to carry on the projected institution by private contributions. Burke, Grattan, and Dr. Hussey forwarded the scheme with great energy, and on the arrival of the generous FitzWilliam as lord-lieutenant the matter seemed to be settled; but through the vindictiveness of the Beresford family the new viceroy was speedily recalled, and with him the hopes of Catholic emancipation departed. Happily, however, his successor did not abandon the Education Bill; and on the 8th of May, 1795, the bill was read a third time and passed. The choice of a suitable site for the new college now claimed the earnest attention of the trustees, who, after considering many proposals, accepted the offer of the Duke of Leinster, a generous patriot, who considered it a high honor to have the premier college of Ireland standing in the estates of the Geraldines.

Dr. Hussey, a distinguished diplomatist and zealous churchman, was appointed to the presidency, and at last the Catholic students of Ireland were enabled to pursue their religious studies without fear of interruption in their native land. In 1808 the annual endowment of £8,000 was raised to £9,500; in 1845 to £26,000, with a grant of £30,000 for the erection of appropriate collegiate buildings; in 1869 the

grant was withdrawn on the disestablishment of the Irish church by Mr. Gladstone. Since then Maynooth has subsisted on an invested capital of £300,000, which is augmented from time to time with the bequests of a benevolent laity and clergy.

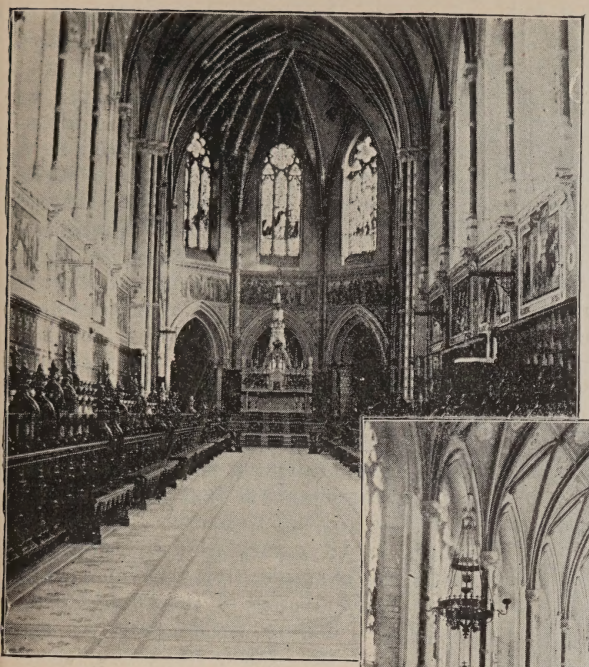
Maynooth is within a half hour's railway run of the metropolis, and the college is almost one with the village from which it has its name. The sphinx-guarded gate of the entrance is shadowed by the colossal ruins of the old Geraldine castle, which is a magnificent specimen of early Irish architecture and a noble testimony to the once princely sway of the proud Kildares. The range of buildings facing the entrance gate was the embryo of the now extensive establishment, but so limited was the accommodation it afforded that for some years many of the students had to take lodgings outside the collegiate bounds. Fifty-four acres of ground were attached to the primitive institution. On the left of the gate, a strange anomaly meets the eye — the Protestant church of Maynooth standing within the limits of the college. This church marks the site of an old Catholic college, founded in 1515 by the Earl of Kildare, and suppressed by the ruthless Henry VIII. Of the old seminary the tower alone remains, and serves as a campanile to the church. There is nothing austere about the entrance to Maynooth, but a touch of antique solemnity is given to the approach by



"Aula Maxima," gift of Dr. MacMahon.
Exterior College Chapel.

Front Quadrangle.
In the Senior Grounds.

a row of sombre yew trees, in whose dark shade Catholic students must have meditated in bygone Tudor days. The original or front edifice preserves its early appearance of a gentleman's country-seat. From it wings were thrown



Chapel from Western Door.

Chapel from an Apse.

out by degrees, the foundation of which was laid in 1796 by the Lord-Lieutenant Camden. Passing through either of the arches of this building, we enter the grand quadrangle, whose side measures some 120 yards. By 1830 three sides of this noble square were completed, and in 1846 the magnificent Gothic structure, which forms the fourth side and runs parallel with the front building, was begun under the guidance of the great Welby Pugin. This latter block is reserved for the use of the professional staff and senior students. It encloses to the rear a square corresponding with the first quadrangle, one side of which is formed by the new college church, founded in 1875 under the presidency of the late Dr. Russell, and completed in 1892 by Dr. Browne, the reigning bishop of Cloyne.

Standing in the great square, the visitor perceives at once that a "sort of biblical depth and solemnity," to use an expression of Walter Paber's, hangs over this majestic scene. A quiet, grave and cheerful withal, pervades the still atmosphere, now broken by the long strokes of the great bell, now by the voices from recreation-grounds, now by the melodious flutings of thrush and blackbird, which make a favorite haunt of the quadrangle all through the spring, filling it with a wild music that rings back in soft echo from the lofty surrounding walls. We feel that, though *in* the world, this place at least is not *of* the world, and unconsciously the imagination runs back to dream in sadness over the days when Ireland was studded with such noble

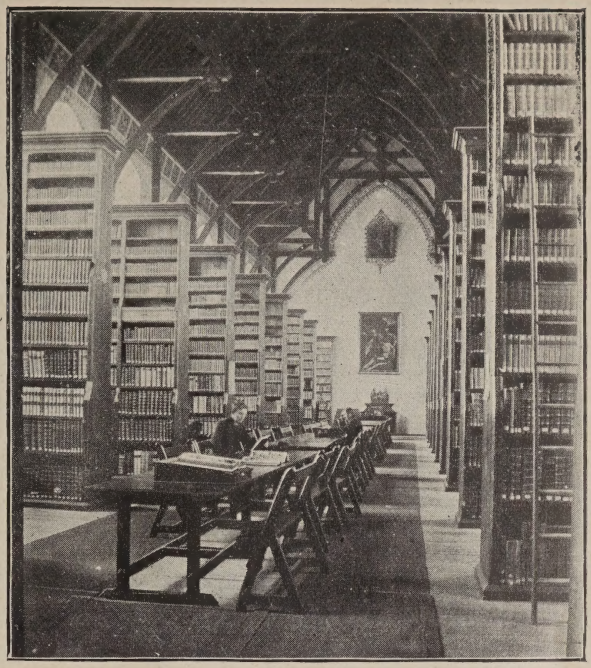
resorts of piety and learning, and Erin was synonymous with "Island of saints and scholars."

The Gothic buildings, reserved for the professors and divinity students, contain a library and refectory of prodigious dimensions as well as a large oratory, students' and professors' rooms, and spacious class-halls. The refectory seats over 400 at present, and is capable of accommodating a much larger number. Its high walls are hung with oil portraits of past presidents and professors. The library, which is a very handsome hall, numbers some 45,000 volumes, a small number when contrasted with the book-wealth of a Trinity College; but when we recollect that the fund set aside for providing new works is exceedingly meagre, we are forced to admire, while sympathizing with an, institute which, in spite of constant discouragement and lack of pecuniary assistance, has amassed such a noble collection of philosophical and theological literature. It would be difficult to find in such small compass a rarer treasure than this which it is the boast of Maynooth to possess. Priceless old Irish MSS. with picture initials rivalling the world-famed pictorial letterings of the *Book of Kells*, which constitutes the eminent feature of attraction in Trinity College, are here guarded with jealous care. Not less interesting to lovers of Ireland's glorious past is the invaluable body of Celtic MSS., collected and collated by Maynooth's great antiquarian president, Dr. Renehan, which remain as an enduring monument to that pious scholar's vast and untiring research. It is hardly necessary to remark that the works of the great champions of Catholicity, the fathers and doctors of the Church, predominate among these shelves: the annals of the faith, the *acta sanctorum*, the ponderous output of school-genius, works appealing to the reason rather than to the imaginative faculty, in a word, every book that befits the education of men whose paramount duty it will be to disseminate the fruits of St. Patrick's apostolate. At the rear of the library proper stands

Sacristy, showing Oil Painting presented by the late Duke of Leinster.
A Cloister.

Interior of the Aula Maxima, Dr. MacMahon's Gift.

the pamphlet-room, which holds a matchless assortment of brochures dealing with the destinies of the Irish race during many centuries of tyranny and misrule. The future historian of Ireland should find among these contemporary records an important auxiliary to his labors. The entrance door, it should have been remarked, is flanked on either side with the massive tomes of the Times and Freeman's Journal. Of periodical literature, complete sets of the Edinburgh, Quarterly, Athenæum, and Nature are among the notable acquisitions.



The Library.

The cloisters of this portion of the college are hung with large, half-length oil portraits of Maynooth alumni who have attained the honors of the hierarchy. Were the number of such complete, at least 80 robed princes should grace the walls — a splendid attestation of the solid piety and learning which the sons of Maynooth imbibe during the years of novitiate. Another interesting feature of the cloisters is the framed photographs of the young priests ordained in each successive year. These pictures give a distinct vignette of each individual of the senior class of the year, and in consequence they bear the peculiar title of "class-pieces." Such are the mementos of happy years which the students leave with the old alma mater.

Leaving the western door of the Senior House, we pass into the spacious recreation-grounds of the senior students. They are naturally the most beautiful of all connected with the college. Rows of branching limes, "the summer home of murmurous wings," lofty, rook-haunted elms, "the pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores," and great white-blossomed chestnuts stretch away into the distance. On the right stand the large ball-alleys, which are filled during the hours of pastime with ardent players and eager onlookers. To the left lies the pretty cemetery where many professors and students have found their last resting-place. The graves of the former are distinguished by handsome monuments; those of the latter by a simple cross announcing the name of the deceased. When Prince Napoleon visited the college he was enchanted with these grounds. "*Quel beau parc!*" was his exclamation of delight on being ushered into them. And year by year, as newly planted trees spring into a larger life, a richer beauty and a more haunting grace is added to the pleasant scene.

The space allotted to this article would be all too brief for anything like a just treatment of the beautiful new college church. It was begun in 1875 by Dr. Russell, and completed under the late presidency of Dr. Browne,

Students of the Dunboyne Establishment, with Prefect Dr. W. MacDonald.

to whose refined taste and ceaseless energy the college is indebted for most of its embellishments. The style of the edifice is French-Gothic. It occupies one-half side of Pugin's Quadrangle, and consists of a great nave terminating in an apsis which branches into five exquisite little chapels. The length of the church is 190 feet; the width is 40 feet. The choir is made up of 454 oak stalls, rising in four tiers to the panelled walls, on which are delicately carved the arms of the dioceses and bishops of Ireland. At the back of the stalls are carved oak figures of numerous Irish saints, fathers and doctors of the Church, etc. The stained-glass windows are perhaps the most imposing feature in this treasure-house of beauty. They are all executed in thick "antique" glass, similar to the mediæval windows of Chartres, and the pen of a Wyke Bayliss or a Ruskin could alone give an adequate description of their charming grace and purity. The Rose window, which is the gift of Mgr. Molloy, rector of the Catholic University, and of Mgr. Gargan, president of Maynooth, almost reaches our ideal of a perfect Rose. The subject, by Westlake, is "Christ in Glory," and depicts the rapt joy of cherub and seraph and all the rejoicing bands of the heavenly choir. It fills the western end of the church with a blaze of jewelled light, and has a beautiful setting in the grand oaken organ case, which was specially designed to harmonize with while enhancing the glorious effect of the window. The Mosaic flooring which floods the church is an exquisite sight, with its hues of purple and russet-gray and crimson, and the blending of colors about the sanctuary exceeds in harmony and gracefulness anything we have seen in continental churches. The altar, of pure Carrara, seems at a distance to be a frozen mass of leaves, flowers, and angelic forms. Its apparent fragility is in keeping with the sense of extreme delicacy conveyed by the church as a whole. It is the work

of Mr. Ryan, of Dublin; and, indeed, throughout the church the Irish work for taste, skill, and design rivals the most elaborate output of continental firms. We cannot stay to give a detailed picture of the richness of the little apsidal chapels. Over their arches are depicted some historical scenes from the early history of Christian Ireland, while the ground wood-work of the ceiling is emblazoned with medallions which represent a jubilant procession of angels and missionary saints of Ireland.

Slightly to the rear of the church, the "Aula Maxima," or academic hall, is situated. The generosity of Rev. Dr. MacMahon, of Washington, enabled the trustees to erect this fine edifice, where all the students meet at regular intervals to hear the public lectures on history, science, philosophy, art, archæology, and kindred subjects of vital interest. Here also the public theses for vacant chairs are conducted. But for the timely gift of Dr. MacMahon, who, by the way, is an alumnus of the alma mater, the centenary celebration would have been greatly marred for want of such a hall to accommodate the numbers who thronged to pay honor to the festal day of this great institution.

Leaving the quadrangle and turning to the left of the entrance, we find ourselves in a distinct part of the college, the junior division. Originally intended for the use of lay students who evinced a desire of pursuing the clerical profession, this house was afterwards appropriated by the quickly increasing body of ecclesiastics proper, and the old idea of admitting lay pupils was thereupon abandoned. The Junior House is devoted to the study of rhetoric and philosophy, which comprises the ordinary arts course of the universities. The bishops of Ireland have made ample provision for the preservation of the Celtic tongue in the special endowment of a chair of Irish, which is now filled by Ireland's first Celtic scholar, Father Eugene O'Growney, M. R. T. A.

A word must be said about the highest department of Maynooth — the Dunboyne Establishment. This select establishment is the fruit of a bequest of Lord Dunboyne, who held the See of Cork, but apostatized and married. Having repented on his deathbed, the dying bishop devised all his fortune to Maynooth. The highly distinguished honor-men have the option of spending two years or three after the completion of the ordinary course in this house, where they may study the more abstruse questions of sacred science. Very many avail themselves of the excellent opportunity, and Dunboyne students invariably succeed in securing the chairs which fall vacant from time to time.

Regarding the college routine, little need be said. Prayer, study, meals, and recreation are the four items which make up the college day from September to June. The students rise punctually at 6 A. M., winter and summer; prayers, mass, study, and breakfast follow; study and classes from 10 to 3.30 P. M.; visit to the Most Holy Sacrament, dinner, and recreation until 5.30; study, spiritual lecture, and supper from 5.30 to 8.30; prayers at 9 conclude the day's duties, and all lights are extinguished at 10. It is by a scrupulous exactness in the performance of these daily offices that a student gives evidence of his fitness for promotion to Sacred Orders.

To-day the National College of Ireland has the enviable distinction of being the largest and noblest ecclesiastical seminary in the world, and well may Ireland be proud of her possession. An elaborate and copiously illustrated history of the college will be the most prized memorial of the late centennial festivity, the composition of which has been intrusted to the renowned author of *Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*, Dr. Healy of Clonfert, sometime prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment.

Meanwhile this brief sketch will, it is hoped, give pleasure to the thousands all over the world who look with loving interest to the welfare and spiritual progress of the old land.

TO DANTE.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Thou Stony Heart, what heavy load of woe,
  What weight of wrong on wrong thou didst endure,
  Ere Love must find thee cold, ere wrath made sure
The strength of feet destined through Hell to go!
Was this that thou might'st see, and men might know
  The meed of sin, and spurn sin's poisonous lure?
  Did the Great Power bid thee all love abjure,
And utterly forget, down there, below?
Love answers, "Nay." Old Exile, Bitter Heart,
  Thou answerest, "Nay." Despite thy hate and scorn,
Sometimes soft pity's tears would rise and smart,
  And thou would'st pause in Hell's dread haunts forlorn
To wish for some doomed soul the better part,—
  The World is Love's; thy pity was love unborn.

CATHOLIC CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER IDEALS.

BY CHARLES D. MAGINNIS.

No aspect of the World's Fair was so calculated to excite the admiration of the visitor as the beauty of its architecture. Regarded hitherto as a nation lacking an art atmosphere, it is not surprising that the actual predominance of the artistic element on this occasion should have appeared so anomalous to the cultivated foreigner, viewed as it was, too, against a background made up of all that was most material, most *fin de siècle*, and most characteristic in our civilization. And yet it was but little less than marvellous even to ourselves, for it must be owned that it was somewhat of an exoticism, after all, this White City. Apart from the archæological spirit of its design, it represented in no comparable measure the artistic culture of our people, as did the art spirit of the Paris Exhibition, for instance, that of the people of France. Regarded from this point of view, it was no less exotic for its having been related to that development in our civil architecture which has been for the past 15 years gradually changing the character of our streets and suburbs; for this great movement, this American Renaissance, as it has been called, owes not only its inception, but, to a great extent, its propagation, to a comparatively small group of our younger architects, directly influenced by the French schools, and by the study of the classic

Spanish tower, showing how richness of effect may be obtained with ordinary brick.

monuments of Europe which they encouraged and whose work is, therefore, much more educational then representative.

It was high time, whatever the source, that this element of beauty

should be infused into a national life so long characterized by a striving after mere material prosperity. A reaction was inevitable, and the White City at Chicago, without doubt, marks an epoch, an important epoch, in the history of art in America. This architectural achievement, however, beautiful abstraction as it was, undoubtedly showed that we make no claim to the possession of a distinctive national style. We never have had, in fact, a distinctive architecture since colonial times. And what have we not endured meanwhile! Our suburbs are still crowded with numberless examples of that flimsy, hard, and ungenial wooden cottage type popularly but erroneously supposed to be *Queen Anne*, and for which had that unfortunate lady indeed been sponsor, history had dealt with her all too tenderly. How much the magic of a royal name contributed to the otherwise unaccountable popularity of this style, we do not dare confess even to ourselves. Then, too, the business building of years past (its number is legion even yet), with its crassness, its uncompromising rigidity, and its meaningless ornament, suggested as the latter usually was by no form of life, animal or vegetable, above the earth or under the sea! The royal cognomen of this type, for it doubtless possessed one, is long since forgotten, and there is naught to disturb the equanimity with which we witness its decline.

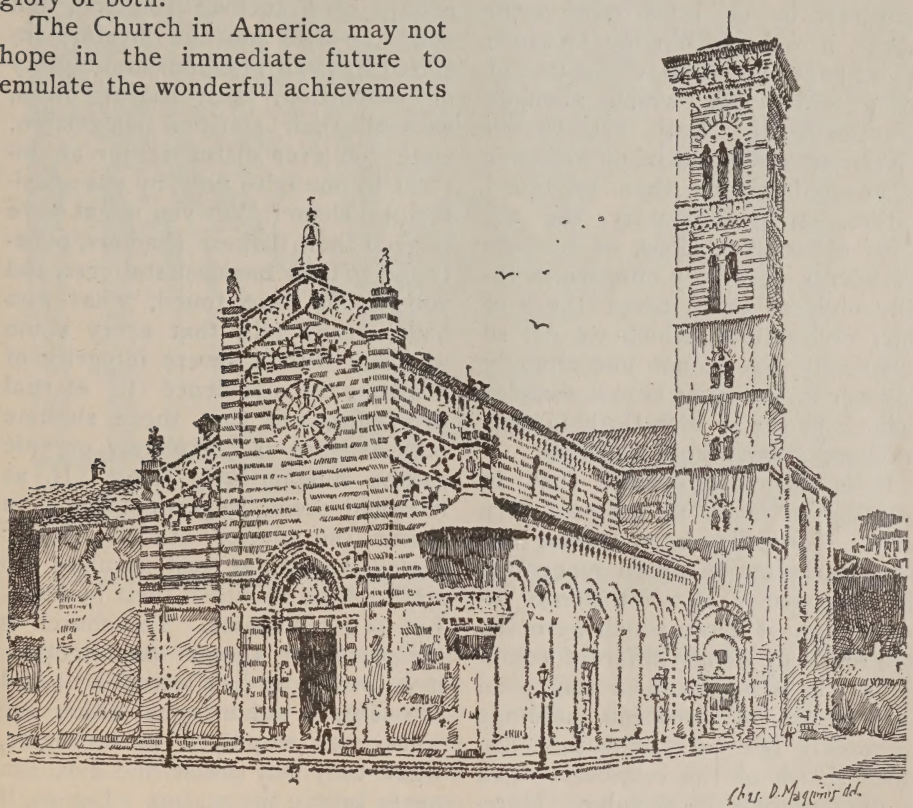
If the architecture of our homes so unmistakably denoted the rawness, the unloveliness, the feverish restlessness of a civilization to which "homely" and "ugly" were more truly synonyms than it would seem they ought to be, it is not surprising that even the best of our churches were characterized either by a formalism that was merely perfunctory or by a romanticism that was almost always unscholarly. The most characteristic ecclesiastical type of that dark age of American art was undoubtedly the wooden Gothic church, the utter lack of affinity between the material and the style of which betrayed an ignorance alike of the properties of the one and of the principles of the other. These types are, however, rapidly being superseded by others which, while confessing their indebtedness to the historic architecture of the older civilizations of Europe, yet are employed with such regard for our peculiar conditions of climate and of society as to possess distinct characteristics.

A great deal of our new civil architecture is of very superior design, much of our domestic work of the last 10 years being admittedly superior to that of England during the same period. This is truly a marvellous advance. But it must be admitted that Catholic church architecture as yet exhibits but little evidence of its influence, and I have heard Protestant architects express surprise at the lack of interest manifested by that church in a movement towards a better standard of architecture in this country, finding its attitude difficult to reconcile with the magnificent influence which it exerted upon that of Europe in all ages. It must ever be remembered that this indifference is a source of loss no less to the Church itself than to the cause of art, for how nobly the Church was rewarded for its generous patronage in older lands is amply attested by the marvellous frescos, the sublime cathedrals, the masterpieces of sculpture which were lovingly dedicated to its service. When, during that brilliant

period of the Renaissance of Italy, Leonardo and Michael Angelo and Raphael came to the Eternal City at the summons of Pope Julius, art was brought into ideal relations with the Church, to the undying glory of both.

The Church in America may not hope in the immediate future to emulate the wonderful achievements of the Italian Renaissance. It cannot but realize that it possesses as yet no background for the triumphs of great masters. It is in no spirit of dilettanteism, therefore, that I plead for its recognition of this Renaissance of to-day which is capable of developing for it, at least, an architecture which shall be more worthy of its mission — and of its history. Just as architecture is the most useful and the least luxurious of the arts, so the Church's interest in the revival of religious art must first be made evident in the improved character of its edifices.

In considering the architecture of the Catholic Church in this country, it must ever be remembered that the pioneer spirit which has necessarily characterized its labors hitherto, the consequent haste and tentativeness with which its buildings had to be constructed in order to accommodate the tremendous immigration, precluded the possibility of its bestowing due regard upon their proper and becoming expression. It is largely attributable to these unfavorable conditions that there has been no palpable growth



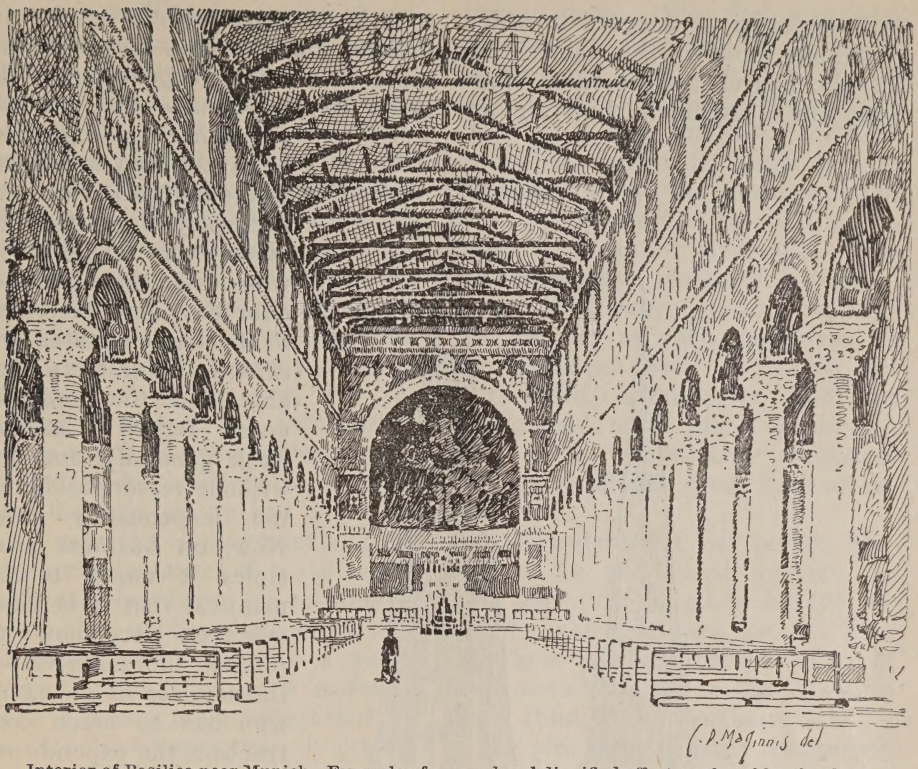
The Cathedral, Prato, Italy.

observable in Catholic church architecture in the United States. It has not developed along particular lines, nor does it seem to have been materially affected by any particular influence. A historical review would, therefore, be of little value even though it were within my province to attempt it. The confusion of styles and types which abounds throughout the land betrays an eclecticism which was inspired rather by unsophistication than by broad culture. A new country, the absence of art traditions, of historic precedents peculiarly our own, naturally obliged us to adopt those of older civilizations, which we did so impartially that we not uncommonly discover in our cities Greek temples "cheek by jowl" with Gothic cathedrals and Romanesque basilicas.

It is only too evident that in *adopting* so much we *adapted* very little. There has been lacking the fine discrimination which recognizes the incongruity of a too literal reproduction of types which were the outgrowth of wholly different conditions. It is well known that even exact copies of European buildings frequently fail to convey that distinct charm of the originals which is due to their local color. Moreover, most of our edifices exhibit but little sympathy with or appreciation of the beauty or spirit of the types which their designers adopted for their models. To them the only characteristic of the Gothic seems to have been the pointed arch, so that we have numberless buildings which, professing to be Gothic, are merely the shadow of it, the virility, the sterling integrity of the grand old type, being utterly lost. We have churches of masonry construction whose exterior enrichment and not unfrequently whose clerestories are of wood or painted copper, and whose interiors of plaster are ruled off and jointed to simulate stone.

Have you ever visited any of the old Gothic churches, any of the old abbeys of France or England, and amid the awe and the mystery inspired by their grandeur and dignity of proportion, their soaring lines, with all their spiritual suggestion, were you ever disturbed for an instant by one false note, by one architectural sham? Yet you might have pierced their darkest shadows, penetrated to their meanest staircase, and you would have found, what you had already felt, that every stone was laid with a severe integrity of purpose, in obedience to eternal principles, and that these sublime edifices were as completely organic as the human body itself. If, as it would seem, we cannot hope to revive the glories of the Gothic period, we can, at least, emulate the spirit which animated their builders. Let us avoid shams. The church is no place for them. Architecture, moreover, is an intellectual art; and the stupid subterfuges which are sometimes employed in its name, while they may please the eye, can never satisfy the reason. Let us, if it is possible, build with costly materials; but if we cannot afford them, let us scorn to simulate them.

There is a very absurd but popular idea that expensive constructions are necessarily more admirable than inexpensive ones. Nothing could be further from the truth. The element of cost has nothing whatever to do with beauty. A building is of good architecture in proportion to the felicity with which its destination is expressed in its design. A modest little village church may, therefore, be more artistically praise-



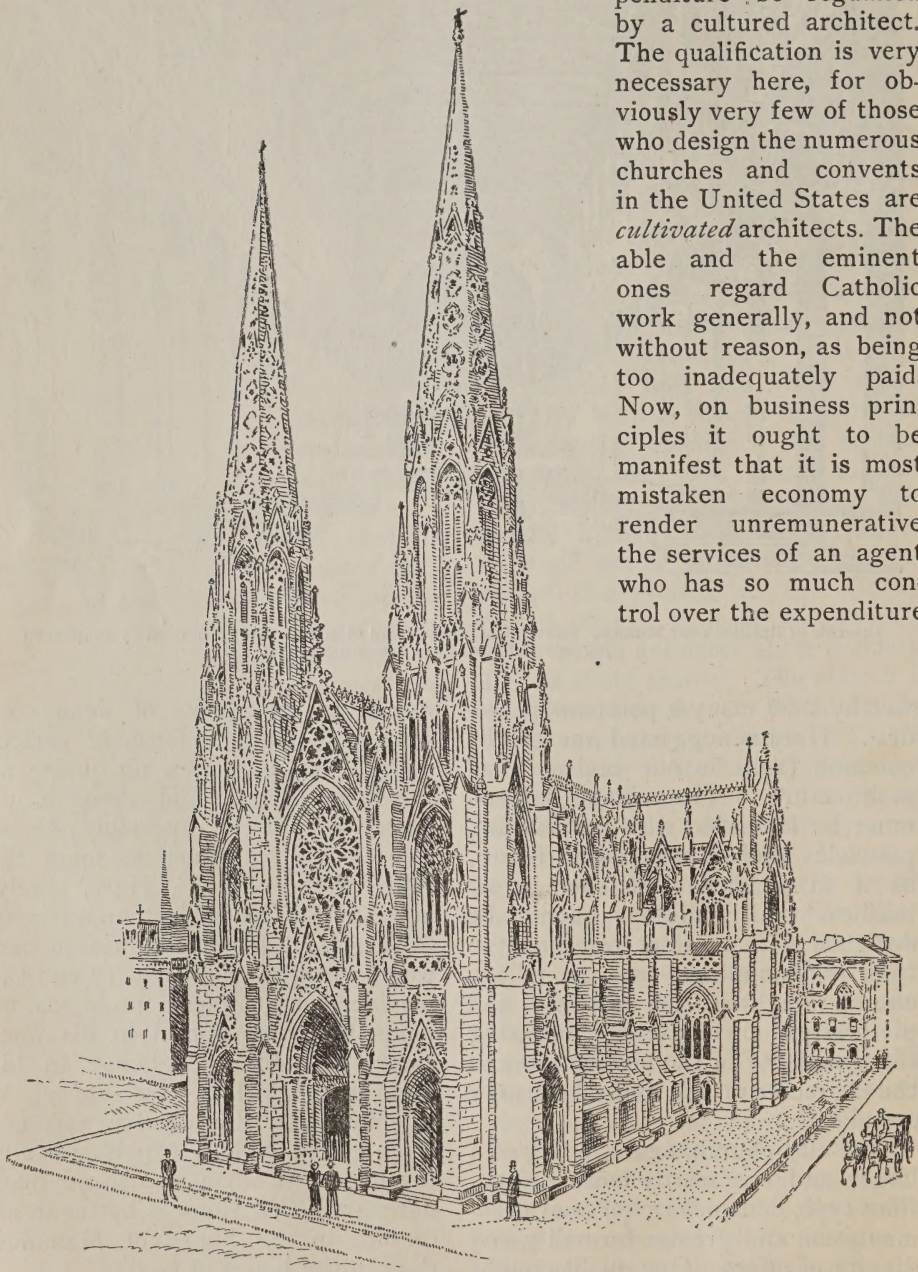
Interior of Basilica near Munich. Example of a grand and dignified effect produced by simple proportion and restrained use of ornament.

worthy than many a pompous cathedral. Here is suggested one of the common faults in our ecclesiastical architecture. The village church must be bedecked with turrets and pinnacles and architectural finery, as if in emulation of some great basilica. All buildings should be designed with distinct reference to their surroundings, and a village church ought to be modest and picturesque on exterior, reflecting the simplicity of the civilization and the character of the natural scenery around it.

The city church, again, being of a larger and necessarily more pretentious type, demands richness of ornamentation and greater formality and dignity of effect. One quality ought to distinguish all types, and that is *repose*, as expressive of deep conviction, of sublime faith, of perfect peace. Art possesses no quality so great as repose, and there is no place where it could possibly possess so rich a significance as upon the walls of the church Here, surely, is a field for the noblest endeavor of the architect, for those loftier moods, when, weary of the drudgery and the pettiness of utilitarian problems, he longs for some appeal to his finer sympathies, some challenge to his highest art. But this appeal is seldom made, this challenge is not often given, to those capable of fully responding to them, and so we need not marvel that there is better architecture in the house of Mammon than in the house of God.

Let us now inquire as to the prac

tical means to be adopted in order to attain a more worthy standard in Catholic church architecture. Precisely the question is, how are we to achieve more artistic results in building our churches and with the same economy in expenditure? It is of first importance that the expenditure be regulated by a cultured architect. The qualification is very necessary here, for obviously very few of those who design the numerous churches and convents in the United States are *cultivated* architects. The able and the eminent ones regard Catholic work generally, and not without reason, as being too inadequately paid. Now, on business principles it ought to be manifest that it is most mistaken economy to render unremunerative the services of an agent who has so much control over the expenditure



St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

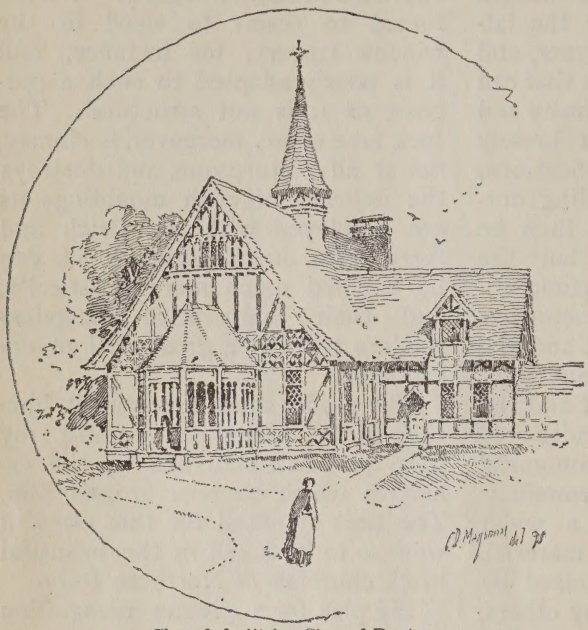
of money and the dispensing of contracts as has an architect I cannot understand why any one can congratulate himself upon the employment of an architect on a meagre commission, for presumably the latter is not a first-class designer, and the most satisfactory service that can reasonably be expected is a hasty and unstudied design, a set of loosely drawn contracts and specifications, and a few visits to the building during its erection. He may then be recompensed by his fee, but the building confesses his perfunctoriness in every line, the contractor has profited by his indifference, and the client has got all he had any right to. I urge the employment and the proper remuneration of a cultivated architect, therefore, on economical no less than upon artistic grounds.

I would plead, too, for a wider recognition of brick as a material. While it is now more recognized by the Catholic Church than by others, its possibilities are evidently not understood by those in whose hands they are usually intrusted. Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, writing in the Brickbuilder recently, says: . . . "For nothing worse from a religious, artistic, or educational standpoint could be imagined than the barren atrocities that deface the landscape and *misrepresent the Church.* In this particular class of work brick is used with no knowledge or appreciation of its possibilities." The words which I have italicized are remarkable as coming from an accomplished Protestant architect and proving, as they do, that the Church can be misrepresented on the walls of its own edifices. Brick, besides being cheaper than stone and little dearer than wood, is more fireproof than either. We can rarely afford to build our Catholic churches of dressed stone. We often employ a rock face stone, which, of course, is cheaper, but even with this we can seldom afford to make them stone churches in their integrity. We are forced to resort to wood in the window tracery, for instance, and it is poorly adapted to such a purpose, as it is not structural. The rock face stone, moreover, is clumsy, not at all picturesque, and destroys the delicacy of such mouldings as are employed with it. Brick and terra cotta, on the other hand, can be handled much more artistically, and their comparative cheapness renders possible a great deal of enrichment.

The reader must not permit himself to be prejudiced against my plea for brick churches by the examples which he sees around him. The best standard for this class of work is to be found in the beautiful brick churches of Northern Italy.

My plea for a greater recognition of brick as a material for our churches is in nowise inconsistent with a due appreciation of the more monumental character of stone. There is no necessity to plead for the latter, as its possibilities are everywhere understood Undoubtedly stone is the noblest material, and ought always to be employed where it can without necessitating a resort to cheaper and less structural materials for its enrichment. Wood and painted copper, for instance, are often illogically used for such purposes on the masonry of our exteriors, very much to the injury of the effect. If economical considerations render cut stone impossible for ornamentation, then it is unwise to build in stone at all. Such construction is not of necessity so very expensive, however, as there is procurable a quality of stone, known as

"seam-face," which is almost as cheap as brick. Its rusty color, which is regarded by stone dealers as a blemish, is really not so at all; it makes a most interesting wall, and its employment will conduce decidedly towards economy.

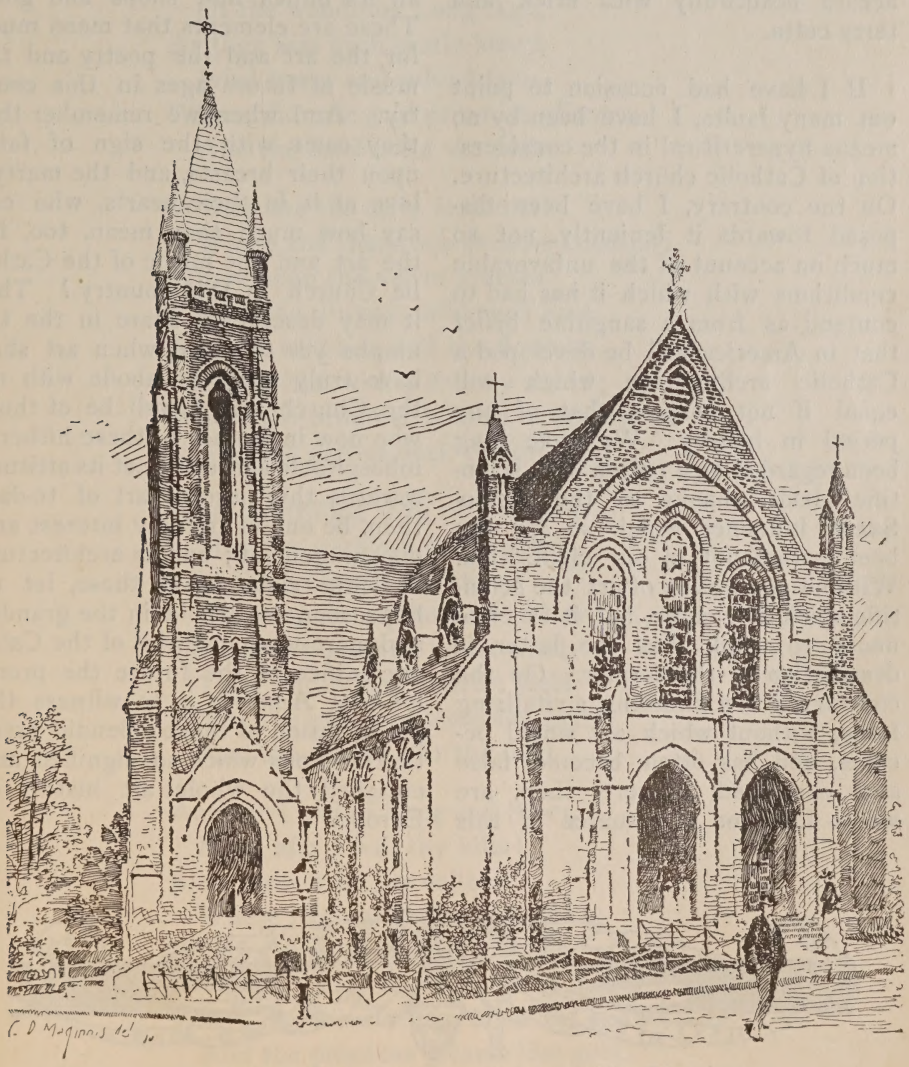


Chapel, built by City of Boston.

I wish to add a word concerning frame churches. It must be realized at once that it is absurd to copy in wood, forms which are peculiar to stone or brick. The buttresses of Gothic, which have so much purpose and meaning, are absurd looking when constructed of wood, which demands the modification of whatever style of architecture may be employed with it. Such a modification is observable in churches of the Old Colonial style, which was based upon the Italian Renaissance. For dignity of effect I believe this style to be the best which is adaptable to a wooden construction when the outer covering is of clapboards. There are many charming examples of picturesque shingled churches which wisely follow no particular historic style, but which possess reminiscences of many in their details. The timber and plaster style of France and England is very well adapted to rural church work, and deserves to be better known in this country. A very good example of this style is here illustrated by a little chapel recently erected for one of the municipal institutions of Boston.

In what style we shall design our church edifices is an important consideration, for this is distinctly an eclectic age in architecture, and, unlike the litératteur or the painter, the architect has to deliberate self-consciously as to the style in which he shall express himself. I am not permitted by the limits of this article to enter upon an explanation of this interesting anomaly, so that we will just accept the conditions as we find them and proceed to choose our style. The Northern, as distinguished from the Italian Gothic, is the style mostly employed in the Catholic churches of the United States. I cannot believe that it is a wise choice, for this is a style which requires stone construction for its ideal expression, and this involves such an expenditure as we can rarely afford. Indeed, a great many of the objectionable features of our present buildings are referable to our attempts to reconcile the employment of this very style, with all its characteristic features, to our inadequate financial means. Thus we have structures which are professedly

of stone construction, but many of whose decorative if not constructive features are but painted wood, galvanized iron, or else brick. Other structures there are, again, whose designers evidently did not realize that the adaptation of brick to a style historically associated with stone, necessitated corresponding modifications of its historic forms. The most successful example which I have seen of this adaptation is a church in Brookline, Mass., which is characterized by a refinement and dignified reserve which is due to the architect's thorough appreciation of the properties of the material. Just as the Northern Gothic is essentially a stone style, so brick is the characteristic of the Italian Gothic. This being so, it is rather remarkable that we have so



Church of St. Mary of the Assumption, Brookline, Mass.

few examples of the latter style in the United States, where brick is so much employed. The Cathedral, Prato, Italy, is a very good example of the Italian Gothic (see illustration), and the Paulist Church in New York City is designed after this style. The Italian Renaissance, although not essentially a brick style, like the Italian Gothic, is capable of being modified so as to accord beautifully with brick and terra cotta.

If I have had occasion to point out many faults, I have been by no means hypercritical in the consideration of Catholic church architecture. On the contrary, I have been disposed towards it leniently, not so much on account of the unfavorable conditions with which it has had to contend as from a sanguine belief that in America will be developed a Catholic architecture which will equal if not surpass that of any period in history. We have long been regarded as a nation with scientific ideals, thanks to the Anglo-Saxon influence which so far has been paramount in our civilization. Without the leaven of art the scientific spirit is a curse, but it is erroneous to think that the latter is destructive of the former. On the contrary, it is a directing, a vitalizing force, without which art would become, and has often become, false and enervated. Where, then, are we to look for the source of this artistic leaven? Where but to those Celtic and Latin elements which form so large, so happily large, a part of our population. These, with their art-loving instincts, their glowing imaginativeness, their intense spirituality, their rich traditions, their memories, "full of the depth of ancient days" — these, with their poverty of worldly riches, bring to America treasures which are worth all its mines and shops and gold. These are elements that mean much for the art and the poetry and the music of future ages in this country. And when we remember that they come with the sign of faith upon their breasts, and the martyr-love of it in their hearts, who can say how much they mean, too, for the art and the music of the Catholic Church in this country? That it may deserve to share in the triumphs yet to come, when art shall have truly made its abode with us, the Church might well be of those who now invite her to these hitherto inhospitable shores. Let its attitude towards this nascent art of to-day, then, be one of friendly interest and encouragement; and as architecture has first claim upon these, let us hope soon to behold in the grander and more vital qualities of the Catholic edifice of the future the promise that America is to witness the perpetuation of those splendid artistic traditions which so dignified and enriched the whole art history of Europe.

BANBA.

BY. J. B. DOLLARD (SLIEVE-NA MON).

Oh, how pleasing are the breezes
That thro' Erin's valleys blow,
Crooning ever mystic ditty
Of the wondrous Long Ago,
As they kiss each castle hoary,
Ivied tower and ruined fane,
Where the pale gold primrose glistens,
And the daisies dot the plain.

Waving are the early meadows
Where the shamrock-wreaths entwine;
Where upon the velvet grasses
Rest the drowsy, mild-eyed kine,
And the wild-bee, mid the flow'rets,
Wings him with a dreamy sound;
Where the primrose blooms in beauty,
And the daisies deck the ground.

What a thrilling song of gladness
Sing the warblers in the grove,
Like the pæans of the angels
Chanting round the God of Love.
Thrush and lark and linnet wildly
Their unthinking concert yield
Where the primrose blossoms gayly
And the daisies star the field.

Ancient Land of Song and Story,
From afar I hail thy hills!
Blest forever be thy valleys
Where like music flow the rills!
Where the *ceanaban* and clover
Wave o'er scenes of mem'ries old,
Where like snow-drifts crowd the daisies,
And the primrose gleams like gold.

SOME PIONEERS OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

BY MICHAEL E. HENNESSY.

IT is an interesting occupation to lift the veil that hides the historic past, and follow one by one the careers of men of Irish blood who, more than a century ago, established newspapers which did so much for American freedom, and labored so hard for the internal improvement and upbuilding of the republic.

Irishmen were among the first paper manufacturers in this country. Many of them, prior to the Revolution, were engaged in the printing business, and naturally drifted into publishing newspapers. At the period immediately following the Revolutionary War, it is estimated by the Census Bureau that there were published in the United States 200 papers, of which, it is said, 25 were controlled by foreigners. They were, as a rule, the most influential papers published, and were issued in the large cities or towns, like New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Among the early newspaper enterprises was that of Hugh Gaine, an Irishman, in New York City. In 1752 he began the publication of the Mercury. Hudson, in his *History of Journalism* in the United States, says that Gaine's paper was one of the best in all the colonies in the collection of intelligence. Hugh Gaine prospered as an editor, bookseller, and publisher; but having taken the Tory side in the revolutionary struggle, he was obliged to abandon his paper, though he continued his residence in New York City.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, lent his mighty influence to launching the Maryland State Gazette. His financial and moral aid made possible its vigorous contest for the freedom of the colonies. The election of John Adams as president and the inauguration of his federal policy brought into being a strong opposition press which arrayed itself on the side of Jefferson. The editors of that period, not unlike the politicians of the times, did not mince matters. Their trenchant pens smote the Federalists with such force that the administration of Mr. Adams deemed it necessary to pass a law that would curb the spirit of the times and silence the opposition press, which was moulding public opinion against the administration.

The result was the passage of the Alien and Sedition Act. The 25 papers which were controlled by foreigners were the special mark of this drastic measure. Appleton's Enclycopædia says that the apology for the Sedition Act was the extreme unfairness of the press, "which at that time was chiefly controlled by refugees and adventurists from Great Britain and Ireland." The majority of these so-called "refugees and adventurists" were men of Irish blood. All of them were men of learning, enterprise, and push. They hated the Federalists for their pro-English leanings, especially President Adams, whom they accused of being, and believed to be too friendly with England.

Attorney-General Sullivan, of Massachusetts, afterwards congressman and governor, the son of Irish emigrants, wrote and published an able paper entitled, "A Dissertation on the Constitutional Freedom of the Press," in which he severely arraigned the Sedition Act, holding that it was unconstitutional. He argued that a libel was a private injury, and that congress had no authority to enact a law for its definition or punishment.

The Alien and Sedition Laws were

soon effaced from the statute-books when the Republican-Democratic party came into power under Jefferson. Inasmuch as these laws were especially aimed at the men of Irish blood, it was especially fitting that an Irishman, Senator Smilie, of South Carolina, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, should introduce the bill for their repeal. Sentator Smilie was a native of County Down, came to America when a young man, and had a most interesting career. He was regarded as one of the most brilliant men in the senate.

The first man to suffer under the Sedition Act was an Irishman, Congressman Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, a native of Wicklow, and a printer by trade, who started a paper called the Farmer's Library, and later published the Fairhaven Gazette in Vermont. This "peppery, red-headed little Irishman," as he was called by contemporaries, hated everything that had the odor of federalism about it; and for an article written by him and published in a Windsor (Vt.) paper reflecting on President Adams, he was indicted by the United States Court. He defended himself, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment for three months. While in jail he was reëlected to congress. On his release from prison he would have been rearrested on a similar charge had he not availed himself of his constitutional rights and declared that he was on his way to congress, then sitting in Philadelphia.

Lyon had a varied and most interesting congressional career. He was selected as congressman from three states in the Union — Vermont, Kentucky, and Arkansas. Owing to business reverses he removed from Vermont to Kentucky, where he set up another printing-office, and in 1804 was elected to congress, serving until 1810. From Kentucky he removed to Little Rock, Ark., and was again elected to congress, but died before taking his seat. In 1840 congress refunded to his son the $1,000 fine he paid under the Sedition Act during Mr. Adams' administration.

Another Irishman, John Daly Burk, of the Time Piece, published in New York City, was arrested under the Alien and Sedition Law. This man had a remarkable history. From the same family, it is said, as the great Edmund Burke, he was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, after a long trial by the faculty, on the charge of Deism and Republicanism. He wielded a most facile and vigorous pen, and his articles in the Dublin Evening Post attracted the patriots of Ireland and arrested the attention of England. His expulsion from college only intensified his patriotism, and he united with the young band of patriots who were preparing for the uprising of '98. He, with almost a dozen other students, endeavored to rescue a prisoner who was being led to the gallows for a political offence, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Burk made his escape to a home where lived a woman named Daly. She fitted him out in woman's garb, and he escaped to America, landing in Boston. To show his gratitude to his protectress, Burk assumed her name, and ever after that signed himself "John Daly Burk."

On Oct. 6, 1796, Burk issued the Polar Star, the first daily paper ever published in Boston. It was printed by Alexander Martin at the corner of Water street and Quaker lane. After a few numbers a more euphonious title was given it, in the caption of the Polar Star and Daily Advertiser. It was a small sheet, about 22 x 16 inches, four columns wide. It had considerable display advertising, and was well written. It started out with a column editorial addressed to the public on the advantages of a daily paper. Speaking of the policy of his paper, the editor said: —

"It will have more frequent opportunities of defending the great principles of American independence, encouraging the arts; and chastising the enemies of the federal constitution, whatever mask they may wear, or whatever denomination they may assume."

In concluding his address to the people, Burk said: —

"The Polar Star, like a stern and impartial tribunal of criticism, shall be open to reasoning on both sides, but it will hear only reasoning. It will curb the spirit of faction, silence the clamor of revenge, and heal the wounds of the unfortunate."

Burk complained of his treatment by the other Boston papers, which seemed not to have noticed him or his paper. In one issue he called attention to the fact that "a gentleman possessing the wisdom of a Socrates" declined to subscribe to his paper "because the editor was an Irishman."

The Polar Star and Daily Advertiser gave each political party an equal showing in its news columns, but the editor early incurred the enmity of the Federalists. Of the presidential canvass preceding the election of John Adams, who was the candidate of the Federalists, Burk observed in his paper:

"We hope the future president will be as good a Republican as Washington. Never has the venerable patriot been known to utter a sentiment favorable to royalty. He ought to be a friend to the revolution of Holland and France; he ought not to be willing to divide the people by any distinction; Americans should have but one denomination — the people's."

This, of course, was hoping that Adams would not be president.

President Adams kept a sharp eye on the Boston editor after this, and it was his intention to hand Burk over to the captain of a British frigate lying in Boston harbor, under the Alien and Sedition Law. Burk was apprised of the fact by Aaron Burr. Had Mr. Adams' intent been carried out, Burk would have been hanged to the yard-arm of the British man-of-war as a traitor to England. For his own safety he was obliged to flee. He went to New York, where he published the Time Piece. In Burk, Boston lost a brilliant man, and her first daily paper was abandoned after six months' publication. From New York, Burk went to Virginia, where he became a great favorite. He wrote one of the best histories of Virginia published, and took an active part in public matters. He was killed by a Frenchman in a duel in 1808. While in Boston he had married a widow named Curtis, who bore him one son, John Junius Burk, who became a distinguished jurist of Louisiana and the father of several accomplished children, who were justly proud of their grandfather, the pioneer of Boston daily journalism.

Another interesting character in pioneer journalism in America is Andrew Brown, an Irishman, who published the Federal Gazette in Philadelphia. He, too, was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He came to America when a young man, settled in Massachusetts, and fought on the patriots' side at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He took an active part in the campaigns of Generals Gates and Green. His paper was the first to publish reports of the doings of congress. He upheld the constitution when its life was assailed, and earned the gratitude of Washington himself.

John Dunlap, the publisher of the Pennsylvania Packet, the first daily paper published in America, was born in Strabane, Ireland, in 1747, and died in Philadelphia November, 1812. He was the first congressional printer, and acted as such to the continental congress. His paper was first to print the Declaration of Independence. He was an officer in the Philadelphia cavalry, which acted as Washington's body guard at Trenton and Princeton. He contributed £4,000 to the revolutionary cause, and was a member of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," of Philadelphia, which furnished more field officers to the revolutionary army and rendered more material aid to the colonists in the struggle for independence than any other single society.

Another prominent Philadelphian of Irish birth was Matthew Carey, who came over from Dublin, landing in Philadelphia Nov. 15, 1794. He had just been released from an English prison for a political offence. Two months after, he had the Philadelphia Herald on the streets. The Herald

was the first paper to give correct legislative debates, Carey acting as his own reporter. Previous to his arrest in England, he had to flee for a too vigorous use of his pen in behalf of Irish freedom. On this occasion he went to France, where he made the acquaintance of the American minister, Benjamin Franklin, who gave him employment as clerk in the American embassy. He and Franklin were lifelong friends. He was a versatile writer and an authority on economic and political subjects. His works on protection were translated into different languages and had a large sale.

One of the most interesting and successful of the Philadelphia journalists of Irish blood was William Duane, the editor of the Aurora. Born in New York, he was sent to Ireland to be educated, and graduated from Trinity College. In 1784 he was in India, where he started a paper called The World, through which he accumulated a large fortune.

With the inherent love of freedom characteristic of his race, Duane championed the cause of the colonists against the East India Company. He was invited to breakfast one day with the governor of the colony, was arrested, and sent to London in irons without any explanation. After petitioning in vain for redress, he left London and came to Philadelphia in 1795, where he became the editor of the Aurora, the leading organ of the Democratic party. To the strong advocacy of his candidacy in the Aurora, which at that time was regarded as the most influential paper in America, Jefferson attributed his election, and made Duane lieutenant-colonel. During the war of 1812 he was adjutant-general. The change of the seat of government from Philadelphia to Washington diminished the influence of his paper, and in 1827 he retired from its editorship, devoting the rest of his time to travel, study, and writing on military subjects.

His son, who was born in Ireland, was his assistant in the editorial chair. He was a lawyer of standing, and for many years represented Philadelphia in the legislature of Pennsylvania. He took a most active part in the building up of the great common school system of Philadelphia. He was secretary of the treasury under President Jackson, but was displaced by the hero of New Orleans for refusing to remove the deposits from the United States banks during the great bank controversy which then agitated the entire country.

The Binns family, who settled in Philadelphia at the close of the eighteenth century, were natives of Dublin. They were printers, John and Benjamin. John had served time in an English prison for political offences against England. He came to America in 1801, and the next year he was publishing the Republican Argus, at Northumberland, Penn., and in 1807 issued the Democratic Press in Philadelphia. For many years it was a most influential paper. John Binns was the first man to publish an absolutely correct copy of the Declaration of Independence. Appended to the copy of the great document, also published for the first time, were fac-simile signatures of the signers of the immortal declaration. For this great public service he received the thanks of such men as General La Fayette and John Quincy Adams.

The proprietor of the New Jersey State Gazette, which was established in 1792, was edited by William B. Kenney, the son of Irish parents. It was the first daily paper published in that state. Under President Fillmore he was American minister to Sardinia.

Dr. James Hagan, the fighting editor of the Vicksburg (Miss.) Sentinel, was one of the earliest newspaper men in the South. He was killed while on his way to his office one day, in 1842, by the editor of the Vicksburg Whig, with whom he had had a controversy. Dr. Hagan's associate in the enterprise was James Ryan.

In New York, a young Irishman named Henry O'Rielly was editing the Patriot when the nineteenth century was yet in its teens. He ably advo-

cated, in 1824, the election of De Witt Clinton, an Irish emigrant's son, as governor of the great Empire State. In 1826 the Rochester Daily Advertiser was issued by him, and was the first daily between the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean. O'Rielly was then only 21 years old, but was considered one of the ablest men in his profession. He was a great advocate of the canal system of the state, and was always ready to defend it from the attacks of designing politicians. He was one of the foremost champions of the great common school system of his state. To him belongs the credit of the establishment of the state agricultural college. Almost every important state in the Union has since followed New York's example in this line of education. As a promoter of the infant telegraph business, Mr. O'Rielly is acknowledged to have been the foremost man in the country, assisting Morse with his pen and his money. He died in 1867, loved and respected by all.

Enough has been shown to establish the fact that Irishmen by birth and blood may justly claim a large share in the successful establishment of the early American newspaper. Men like Burk, Carey, Dunlap, Brown, and Duane may have been "adventurers and refugees," but they lived useful lives here, and left their imprint on the land. The historian who would apply the term "adventurer and refugee" to such men should reflect that had the American cause failed, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and many other patriots would have come within the meaning of the term "adventurers and refugees," and probably would have been seeking liberty as were these men, far from the land of their nativity.

When these pioneers laid down their pens, they were taken up by a new body of young men of the same blood, in whose ranks may be numbered a Greeley, a Grady, and a Blaine, not to mention McClure, O'Reilly, Fitz James O'Brien, Charles Dawson Shanley, Col. James Mulligan, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, Joseph B. McCullogh, Patrick Walsh, Januarius Aloysius McGaghan, of oriental fame, and hundreds of others perhaps equally deserving of mention.

This article permits only a passing notice of these men of Celtic birth or origin who became brilliant lights in American journalism. In such a hasty review many worthy men have escaped notice. It is inevitable in such an undertaking. Experience teaches that if all the works on the Irish in America were put together, something, somebody, would bemissing.

AT NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

At night, in the haunts of slumber,
Wakeful I lie and weep,
For the burden of loss is upon me
And will not let me sleep.

Far off the desolate ocean
Utters its old refrain —
The sigh of eternal passion,
The sob of eternal pain.

A NATIONAL MAUSOLEUM.

SOME months ago this magazine published an article under the above caption, with a view of bringing before the public a subject rich in suggestion as to the best means of preserving the memories of the nation's great men and women. The article advocated the erection in the city of Washington of an American pantheon for the burial of the bodies or the placing of the statues of the illustrious statesmen, soldiers, poets, artists, authors, and scientists whose genius and services entitled them indisputably to the rank of greatness, and had conferred honor upon their native country in the estimation of the world at large. Commenting upon the project, the article stated : —

"A national mausoleum, under whatever name it might be called, is an idea which should spread with enthusiasm throughout the country. It is an idea to inspire the greatest architectural talent of our land; to rouse the highest fervor of the nation's orators; to spur the action of her statesmen. There is immortality for that one of the people's representatives who carries the plan through the halls of congress. It should be erected by popular subscription, as well as by a generous appropriation from the national government. Within its precincts there could well be celebrated an annual commemoration of American genius. There, amid the eloquent memorials and above the dust of the honored dead, the nation should yearly pronounce eulogy over her sons and daughters whose abilities blossomed to fruition under the spur of American freedom, and became her glory and her pride in the eyes of all the world.

"In future ages, what wealth of material would such a structure and its venerated inmates furnish the literary genius of the nation! In it the poet, the essayist, the philosopher, and the historian would find ample and brilliant inspiration. It would contain the nucleus of unwritten volumes of American history, for the lives of the men buried there, of every phase of genius, would furnish in themselves a history of the progress of the republic, for the knowledge of future millions of American boys and girls. Above all things, would not such a structure result in a closer welding of all parts of the country? Such a mausoleum would essentially be the nation's greatest glory, and around the remains of her great ones the hearts of her citizens would knit in patriotic love, increasing and intensifying patriotic devotion and pride in our country. Sentiment must not be allowed to perish from American soil. It must rather grow and solidify, if our institutions are to be preserved in the divergence of interest constantly developing in the different sections of the country. Our institutions are based upon sentiment as much as upon principle, and such a structure appealing to national pride would emphasize, as nothing else can so well, the idea of the inseparable unity and brotherhood of the American people.

"Where should such a memorial be placed? Where better than in the capital of the nation itself, where assemble the envoys of the people transacting the people's business, where the official representatives of every land are gathered, and where visitors come daily from far and near. In Washington, a national mausoleum would rise as a living lesson to native born and to foreigner. Its significance would there be more tellingly impressed upon the world, and there it would stand forever, a token of the united love and gratitude of a free nation, an imperishable monument, 'To the Illustrious Sons and Daughters of America.'"

The idea broached in the article from which this extract is reproduced, was very freely and favorably commented upon by the press, and a flood of letters from all parts of the country has come to the office of the magazine in hearty commendation of the project. Much of this correspondence emanated from some of the most prominent men of the day, and consequently bears a great value in the furtherance of this worthy national movement. Some of the practical objections in the way of its fulfilment are forcibly pointed out, but these are not of sufficient moment to prevent the ultimate success of the proposal, or counteract the glory accruing to the nation from its achievement. The writers who note

at all the present mode of national commemoration of our great characters are unanimous in belief of its inadequacy and imperfections.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes of the project as follows: —

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION,
Washington, D. C.

MICHAEL J. DWYER, Esq.,
DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE,
Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I have read and been struck by your article in the December number of the magazine. Of course it would be a most admirable thing to have a national mausoleum, where we should have really the best of our workers and thinkers commemorated, but I would have to think out how to get the best before I could commit myself to the scheme. For instance, we now have in the Capitol at Washington a large chamber ornamented with the statues of the supposed most prominent citizens from the different states, two being sent from each. There are in the collection a great many men who ought to be there; but a great many men who ought to be are not there, and a large number who ought not to be are. I doubt, for instance, whether Grant, Sherman or Sheridan or Farragut are in that hall, though there are plenty of military men of no particular prominence; so all I can say is that while I heartily agree with your article, if we can reach some way of getting at the proper men, I cannot at the moment think of what this way should be.

Yours truly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, says: —

UNITED STATES SENATE,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I have read the article entitled "A National Mausoleum" with great interest, and am glad of an opportunity to give it my most cordial and unqualified indorsement. Here at the nation's capital should be a burial spot for Americans who have achieved fame both in civil and military life, and I know of nothing that would be a greater and more inspiring lesson to the people of this great nation than a memorial of that kind.

Trusting that the agitation begun by yourself may be continued until a national mausoleum becomes an accomplished fact, permit me.

Very respectfully yours,
J. H. GALLINGER.

President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, thus expresses himself: —

DEAR SIR: —

The idea of a national mausoleum is one that is calculated to strike the imagination of every American that reveres patriotism, genius, and consecration. There is no doubt that the carrying out of such a proposal would foster the growth of a noble sentiment in any country that should seek to honor its great statesmen, scholars, and writers in the way that England has pointed out by means of Westminster Abbey. The only difficulty that presents itself is a practical one. Who shall designate the men whose greatness has made them worthy of being thus honored? Such decisions could not well be intrusted to a political body in this country. There is no academy in America that could act as the tribunal. Of whom, then, is the necessary court of last resort to consist?

Truly yours,
J. G. SCHURMAN.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, comments: —

The idea of a national pantheon is excellent if practicable. It is doubtful, however, if the several states would be willing to give up the ashes of their great ones, even for the greater honor to be bestowed upon them. I suppose the purposes of the pantheon would be served in such case if the heroes were represented by statues, busts, memorial windows or tablets, as is done in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere.

The government academies at West Point and Annapolis are models on a small scale of what the national mausoleum should be.

There is only one proper place for it: the city of Washington, which already possesses the nucleus for a memorial collection in Statuary Hall and other public places.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

George Edward Reed, president of Dickinson College, wrote: —

I have read with great interest the article appearing in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE entitled "A National Mausoleum." I really wonder that the idea of such a mausoleum has not taken root in this country, and brought forth results long ago. I am heartily in favor of the project, believing that through its accomplishment great impetus will be given to the patriotism of this country. I do not see why it cannot be carried out. Such a national memorial would in time become the most interesting spot in America. In a country so great as ours, with a population so widely differentiated in characteristics, and with so many ties binding them to the history, custom, and traditions of alien lands, it is of the highest importance that everything possible be done to develop and maintain a strong national sentiment. Such a memorial will, in coming ages, if planned upon broad and comprehensive lines, be the Westminster Abbey of the United States. I sincerely trust that you will be successful in your efforts to

excite the public mind upon this question, and that in the near future active measures may be instituted for the carrying out of the design.

With very great regard, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
GEO. EDWARD REED.

The opinions of Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice, of Massachusetts, are these : —

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, Boston.

MY DEAR SIR :—

The subject of a national mausoleum has so much of patriotic sentiment in it, and the article is written with so much enthusiasm, that an affirmative response comes spontaneously, and the idea of an American Westminster enchants the imagination; but there are some conditions which give a negative aspect to the undertaking. Ours is not an insular community, but a continental nation, and our heroes hail from all parts, and from widely distant localities. There is local pride in great men, which craves the custody of their remains, while quite willing that their fame shall be universal. New York wanted Grant; Illinois wanted Lincoln; Massachusetts would not part with the remains of Governor Andrew, and would probably resist any attempt to take away the remains of Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Parkman, Motley, and many others of renown.

Something approximating the sentiment of your suggestion has been begun by the aggregation of statues in the old Hall of Representatives in the Capitol, at Washington, which now contains two statues from each states, selected by the state themselves. So far as I remember, these all are of military or revolutionary characters; but there is room enough for many more statues in that room, and for a hundred or more in the rotunda of the Capitol, and for a still larger number in the rooms about to be vacated by the Congressional Library (all on the same floor). The National Capitol would seem to be the most appropriate, the only place for commemorated Americans; and while the Capitol cannot be made a burial-place — a mausoleum — yet it might be made, or these apartments might be made, a Hall of Fame, a Domus Maximorum, into which may be gathered military heroes, statesmen, philanthropists, poets, historians, and the eminent men in all departments of life. Who shall determine whose memorials shall be placed there? That is a crucial question. Shall he be the regent of the Smithsonian Institute? It must be kept out of politics or the whole affair would become ridiculous in a little while.

I think such an institution would stimulate the cultivation of intellectual and characteristic endowments, though it would perhaps encounter the envy and criticism of the unambitious and pessimistic elements of society. These last I do not think of much importance.

Yours very sincerely,
ALEXANDER H. RICE.

From the president of Colby University : —

MY DEAR SIR :—

The idea of national honor for our really great men is most worthy to be cherished. It is only a question of time when we must have a Temple of Fame.

Ever truly yours,
B. L. WHITMAN.

From President Andrews, of Brown University, comes the following : —

DEAR SIR : —

I like your proposition much and think your arguments for it very strong. I can perhaps add another. The national mausoleum, receiving glorious dead from *all parts* of our land, would act as a cohesive force, keeping the nation solidly together forever. Yours,
E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

Rev. T. Brosnahan, S. J., president of Boston College, states : —

I am fully in accord with your advocacy of the erection of a national mausoleum. Your article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE was so clear an exposition of the need of such a structure, that I shall not attempt to add anything in the way of new argument. Appearing, moreover, as it did, when the country was in sorrow over the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, one who had grown old in her love, it must have appealed with peculiar force to all who read it. As you have, therefore, right sentiments and reason in support of your contention, I hope you will have the satisfaction of seeing your advocacy of a national valhalla for our illustrious dead result in something more permanent than the popularity of a magazine article.

I am respectfully,
T. BROSNAHAN, S. J.

MONA LINDSAY.

BY FRANK L. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMPTUOUS library, a desk, and, seated before it in an attitude of dejection and shame, a man with silvering hair ; bending over him, a young girl with a sweet, troubled face. It is no new story — rash speculations, depression in stocks, betrayal of trust, mortgages, Shylock threatening foreclosure, a proud millionnaire facing beggary and dishonor.

"You have heard it all bravely, my Mona. Can you bear this disgrace ?"

"Yes, father, if you will let me comfort you. The Jew may relent. Had he no plan ?"

"Yes ; but not one that I could tell you, darling."

"What is his name, father, and where does he do business ?"

Hugh Lindsay gave the name and address in a mechanical manner, not noticing the strangeness of the request. That evening Mona wrote to her betrothed, Lawrence Wharton, a young gentleman of aristocratic connections, wealth, and great fastidiousness. It had been gradually dawning on her that her engagement was a mistake, finding Lawrence lacking in stability and sympathy with many things which to her were vital, and made the chief pleasures of her life. Though she would scarcely confess it to herself, she knew that the girlish love she had felt was waning. Lawrence's fetich was the opinion of the world ; for it he lived and strove, his entire nature keenly sensitive to every variation of the social barometer.

"This will test him," thought Mona, sealing the letter in which she had explained her father's position, concealing nothing, and offering Lawrence his freedom. By the morning post she received this answer : —

"MISS LINDSAY: Your letter has given me great pain, but I agree with you that it is best for our engagement to end, as I owe it to a long line of ancestry of spot ess reputation not to ally myself with one whose father will bear a tarnished name.

"Hoping this may cause you no inconvenience, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"LAWRENCE WHARTON."

Mona wasted no time in weak indulgence of feeling. In the last few hours she had developed a latent talent for action, and half an hour later was speeding along in a hansom to the Jew's office. Being shown into his private office, she saw the sinister and repulsive face of her father's creditor, which quickly beamed into obsequious smiles as he recognized his visitor.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit, madam ?" said he in a sugary, bland voice ; meanwhile taking in her dainty figure with his greedy eyes.

Mona stifled her disgust, and replied with quiet dignity, "I have come to see if there is no way of settling my father's affairs. He spoke of some plan you had proposed" — here the Jew gave her a

look which set all her nerves quivering, but she kept her composure bravely,—"a plan of which my father does not approve. Can you propose no other? I am willing to try anything to save my father's honor."

"No, no other plan, my fair lady; but I will tell you the one I had the honor to propose to him."

"Not if my father does not wish me to know," answered the girl hastily.

"Oh, he will not care if I tell you; it was this:—I love you. If you will marry me," and he attempted to take her hand, "I will give him all the time he wants to lift the mortgages, besides settling a large marriage portion on you."

Mona held up her hands as if to ward off a blow, and drew back in horror, her face crimson with shame.

At this moment the door of the outer office opened and some one came quietly in; but inside, Mona and the Jew were too much occupied to notice.

"Ha, ha! my dainty beauty, you don't seem to relish my offer any better than your father did. Paupers and thieves should not be oversqueamish. Your father's honor, remember!"

Mona stood, gasping for breath, and staring at her insulter as if fascinated by a basilisk.

"Will you marry me?" repeated the Jew in a harsh and to Mona terrifying voice. "Speak!" he cried, leeringly.

Making a great effort, Mona faltered, "No, I could not; can you think of nothing else?"

"Absolutely nothing else; but if you will give me your promise to marry me within a year, I will give your father ample time to meet all his liabilities, settle a large marriage portion on you, entirely at your own disposal, and advance your father at once money to replace that held in trust for the orphans." Mona winced. "That alone can save his honor. Now, what do you say?"

During this conversation the gentleman who had entered the office stood an unwilling listener, yet not venturing to interrupt.

His cough now caused Mona to start suddenly, and her full profile was revealed to Lawrence Wharton, who stepped forward, exclaiming in horrified accents: "Mona Lindsay! You here! and listening to these insolent proposals! What can it mean?"

"It means my father's honor, Mr. Wharton," she answered coldly; then turning to the Jew with whitened face and lips set determinedly, Mona said firmly: "If you will put your last proposal in writing, sir, adding that you are not to presume upon me in any way, nor seek any further acquaintance till the time specified, and will so arrange my father's affairs that no whisper is breathed against his reputation, or that he knows nothing of this arrangement between us till I choose to tell him myself, I shall give you the promise you ask. If this gentleman does not object"—turning to Lawrence—"to witness the paper, I will sign it here and now."

"Certainly, Miss Lindsay, I will do whatever you ask; but can no other arrangement be made? Could not I"—

"Make out the paper at once, Mr. Levi,"—imperiously, vouchsafing Lawrence no reply.

The Jew gave a triumphant leer at her, which suddenly changed to one of malignity as he remembered the restrictions, but hastened to write, merely remarking, "You make high terms, Miss Lindsay."

Perfect silence prevailed while the Jew's pen rapidly travelled over

the paper for some moments; then, handing the document to Mona, he asked sarcastically, "Does that meet with your approbation?"

Mona passed it on to Lawrence. "Is that quite correct, Mr. Wharton? If so, will you sign it?"

"It is perfectly correct, Miss Lindsay, and I will sign it if you are quite determined on this monstrous sacrifice."

"I am quite determined; so please let us get it over as quickly as possible."

"You are a plucky girl, Mona, and I honor you for your courage to-day. What I said in jest a few moments ago I now repeat in all seriousness. I will stand by you and see this affair through. Here, Levi, sign this paper."

After all three had signed — Mona's signature being clear and unfaltering — the Jew laid the paper on the desk in his inner office.

As Lawrence hurried out to call a hansom for Mona, he almost rushed into the arms of a tall, handsome man of 28 or 30 just entering. "Hello, Oswald Murray; you are just the man I wished to see. Wait for me."

Mona gave the stranger a quick, startled glance; then dropping her eyes, a sudden rush of shame at her position crimsoned her white face as she followed Lawrence out.

A few moments later, as the two men walked down the street, Wharton said: —

"I want help in a delicate matter, Oswald, and I know I can trust both your discretion and honor." He commenced to tell of Mr. Lindsay's financial difficulties, but had scarcely started when Oswald exclaimed: "Hugh Lindsay, the millionnaire banker! I am indeed fortunate if I can render him a service. Was that interesting young lady his daughter? Why did she seem so embarrassed at my entrance?"

Wharton told of Mona's mission to the Jew's office, and her determination to marry him, not omitting the story of his own broken troth, nor sparing himself in the recital.

"She is a noble and courageous girl, Lawrence; but this revolting sacrifice is not necessary and must not be allowed. Now hear my part of the story. At one time my father was in financial straits, and Hugh Lindsay, then his dearest friend, came nobly forward and helped him till the tide turned. I was young when my father died, and immediately took my mother and little sister abroad, where we lived till my mother's death and the completion of my sister's education. Since my return, new interests and friendships have absorbed my time and thoughts to the neglect of my father's old friend. It shall be my first duty and pleasure to repay his debt of kindness, and release his brave daughter from the clutches of this rascally Jew. You were able to stand her friend in an awkward dilemma to-day, Lawrence, and who knows, she may prove more forgiving than you think, now that you fully appreciate the value of the heart you resigned in a rash moment."

Lawrence shook his head and asked, "How will you manage the Jew? This is not an ordinary case of mere money, Oswald. He is determined to have Mona, as evidenced by his willingness to sacrifice such large sums and submit to such humiliating restrictions; he will not readily give up such a craftily arranged scheme."

"I have a strong hold over him. Being mixed up as a witness last summer in a case of forgery, I became cognizant of some transactions

that would place Levi where he threatens to put Mr. Lindsay. His schemes were foiled, however, and I having no interest in prosecuting him, it had almost escaped my memory. Now my knowledge of his complicity in the crime will force him to accept my terms."

Still discussing the subject, they returned to Levi's office, and found him gloating over the precious paper. "Levi," said Oswald Murray, "I have come to arrange Mr. Lindsay's difficulties, so that you will have no further use for that disgraceful document. Just give it to me."

For answer the wily Jew coolly proceeded to open his safe, intending to place the paper within it, remarking in insolent tones: "Neither you nor any one else shall have this paper. By what right do you come here meddling in my affairs?"

But Oswald was too quick for him. Rushing into the inner office and seizing the rascal, whose bulky proportions were no match for his lithe strength, he succeeded in wresting the paper from him, and, tearing it in shreds, he tossed it on the floor, while Levi fairly foamed in impotent rage.

"Now," said Oswald coolly, "I will answer your very natural question. If you remember — and I feel sure you do — a certain transaction taking place in this inner office on the 12th of August last, and realize that a word from me to the authorities will place you where you so well deserve to be, you will see why I have ventured to take so great a liberty with your private affairs."

Levi had turned livid and seemed to struggle for breath to gasp out, "How did you?" —

"Never mind how I obtained the information; I see we understand each other. Now I wish you to hand over to me all bills, mortgages, and papers of any kind which can embarrass Mr. Lindsay either at present or in the future; in fact, give up all claims on him. I will sign a check for the full amount at once, and rely on you to arrange all the details with despatch and discretion." Then, sternly, "Any deviation from this course, or a word from you which will injure Mr. Lindsay's reputation in the smallest degree, will bring your fate upon you. You may expect no leniency from me."

Completely outwitted, Levi maintained a sullen silence while producing the papers required; and as soon as Oswald had made out and signed a check he left the office, remarking to Wharton, "I would like to meet Miss Lindsay when she is not in quite so heroic a frame of mind. Come round some evening soon and take me to pay my respects."

Oswald's next visit was to Mr. Lindsay's office, where he at first encountered strong opposition from his father's old friend. He finally overruled Mr. Lindsay, however, when he made him thoroughly understand that his own generous deed had not only saved Oswald's father from bankruptcy, but had been the starting point of his princely fortune, giving him the opportunity soon afterwards of buying a silver mine which seemed to possess inexhaustible supplies. Oswald Murray could afford to gratify every impulse of his generous heart.

CHAPTER II.

Some months later, when stocks had risen to almost fabulous figures, Mr. Lindsay was able to meet all liabilities, replace the money of the

unsuspecting orphans, and again face the world (an unsparing world to those who slip and fail). But the strain had told on his health, and he was ordered to the south of France, where he and Mona were settled at Nice. Mona was happy in seeing her father's steady improvement in health and spirits. She took him for daily strolls along the Promenade des Anglais, and some days he even ventured to climb to the ruins on Castle Hill and admire with her the fine prospect out to sea. She had her restless moods, however, when she preferred wandering in solitude, and her face grew pensive as she sat in her favorite nook under the brow of the cliff. Mr. Lindsay knew nothing of these moods, for she had ever for him a bright face and ready smile. Did Mona miss her congenial friends and travelling companions, Lawrence, Oswald Murray, and his gay, mischievous sister Kate, with whom she had spent so many happy hours in those last few months? or did she regret Lawrence as a lover?

For Lawrence Wharton was a changed man. His sudden revulsion of feeling after witnessing Mona's bravery for her father's sake, and his recent close intimacy with Oswald Murray had swept away the veneer of artificiality, the result of his worldly training, and developed all that was good in him. Roguish Kate Murray, too, was changed, one day pale and dull, the next bright and feverishly excited. Her brother decided to take her to Nice, but, strange to say, she rebelled against going and behaved in a perfectly unaccountable manner for a merry, frolicsome girl such as she was, but was finally overruled.

The night before they left, Oswald had said to his friend, "Lawrence, if I were convinced that you had no lingering hope or desire of winning Miss Lindsay, I would try my fate at Nice. Can you sincerely wish me God speed?"

"Sincerely and heartily, Oswald. I put mine to the touch the first night I went there after the Jew episode; and though I had behaved in a dastardly manner, it was better for both that the engagement was broken. Now I know Mona never loved me. She was very young when she thought she did, and since then has developed into a woman far above my calibre. You are her peer, and I hope you may win her. Now for my confession, Oswald. I love your sister, and only await your consent to ask for hers. After all you know, could you trust her to me?"

"I can, Lawrence; your lesson has been severe, but it has made a man of you; and though my little kitten is full of frolic, she has a true woman's heart. Win her love and I am content."

. . . . . .

A few weeks later two people are walking in the gardens on Castle Hill, far removed from the squalor of the old town. It is a moonlight evening, and the sea is beautiful, each crested wave tipped with glistening silver.

"Mona," said Oswald Murray, "this is my last night here; can you not be a little kinder to me?"

Mona's face looked pale and set in the moonlight, and she turned it resolutely from Oswald, gazing far out to sea.

"I am making one last appeal to you, Mona; surely you do not doubt my love."

"I do not doubt your chivalry, Mr. Murray; but how could you, with your exalted ideas of woman,

care for the love of a girl so recently engaged to another? Would you not think that love very light which could be transferred so easily?"

"Mona, why do you so wilfully take that distorted view? In the last few months you have developed into a woman, and will never mistake your love again. Would to heaven I could win it!" bitterly.

"The time for Quixotism is past, Mr. Murray; it is useless discussing the subject any further, and I am tired." She turned towards home, and Oswald bade her a formal goodby at the door; even his warm love being powerless to set aside the barrier of coldness which her pride had raised between them.

Oswald was not to leave Nice till the afternoon, and in the morning he and Lawrence went sailing. There was full confidence between the friends, and Lawrence, because of the happiness filling his own heart, felt keenly for Oswald. Absorbed in conversation, they did not notice the threatening storm, till a sudden squall struck their boat; Oswald gave a quick command, but Lawrence did not comprehend in time to avert the danger. The boom swung heavily round, striking Oswald a stunning blow, and knocking him into the sea.

Lawrence, unable to swim, could only shout for help to some fishermen some distance off. Thus valuable time was lost before Oswald could be rescued and efforts made for his resuscitation. His sister was frantic; and as hour after hour of suspense passed and all efforts were unavailing, she lost her self-control, and threw herself on the body of her loved brother in a perfect abandonment of grief. Up to this time Mona had preserved her self-command, but now it deserted her wholly and she prostrated herself beside her friend.

"Kate," she moaned, "your sorrow has no remorse; you returned his love, while I treated it with cold scorn when my heart was all his. Oh, Oswald, my loved one," gazing with wide, tearless eyes at the blanched face, "loving you with all my power of loving, why did my stubborn pride prevent me confessing it last night instead of sending you away so coldly? Now I can never atone."

A faint tremor, the first sign of returning consciousness, now passed over the face of Oswald, and his eyes feebly opened and closed again.

"Kate," shrieked Mona deliriously. "He lives! He lives! O my God, the joy!"

. . . . . .

A month has rolled round. It is moonlight once more in Nice, the sea is again glimmering beneath its silvery rays; Mona and Oswald have found their way to their favorite resting spot on Castle Hill. Mona's face is not pale to-night but rosy with happiness; her eyes, no longer proud, do not refuse to meet the warm love light in Oswald's.

"You will crown the life you saved, my Mona?"

"I saved, Oswald?"

"Yes, dearest. In my semi-conscious state, the joy of hearing I had so much to live for constrained me to make that supreme effort to open my eyes. Why did you doubt my love, Mona?"

"I did not, Oswald, yet my pride would not let me yield, for fear it was only a feeling of gratitude on account of a fancied indebtedness to my father and a chivalrous and romantic idea constraining you to marry his discarded daughter."

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE theatre at some time in the past may have been in a more deplorable state from several points of view than during the season just ended, but we do not think such a period of absolute decay can fall within the remembrance of the oldest frequenter of the playhouse. A blight seems to have fallen upon plays and players alike. The former have to a nauseating extent run either to cheap vulgarism or positive immorality; the latter are largely affected by a sort of dry rot which is sapping the histrionic talent of the day of its old-time artistic vigor and finish. It is common to praise the days and the things that are gone; and those who hold that theatricals are really advancing, supporting their arguments with exceptional instances of present stage productions superior to some of the past, are fain to taunt the critics with the cry of old fogyism. But the truth is only too evident. A glance at the list of plays given in all the large cities during the past season will show a disgustingly large amount of trash, horseplay, broad burlesque, and thinly veiled impurity, and a sadly trifling quota of refined, elevating, and strictly moral dramas. Then, too, the brilliant lights of the American stage, whose great art only ten years ago filled the theatres with charmed and uplifted audiences, have been mostly extinguished by death, and there is, broadly speaking, none among the later stars to match their inspiring effulgence. Indeed, it is not the spirit that ever exalts the past at the expense of the present, that prompts censure of prevailing conditions on the stage. It is emphatically the stage itself, degraded as it is by a too large proportion of the dramatists, managers, and actors of the day. It is fervently to be hoped that the reaction will come quickly and permanently before the theatre falls wholly into disrepute, as a positive vitiator of public taste and good morals, rendering the smaller number of its followers and adherents, who still have its high functions and great possibilities for the public good sincerely at heart, an ineffective and disregarded force.

SECRETARY GRESHAM'S career was as clear an illustration of the virtue which marked the public services of the stern old Roman patriots as this republic has witnessed in two generations. In spite of the ferocious criticisms of his almost every act as premier of the present administration, his thorough honesty, sincerity, and love of country were always above suspicion; a fact abundantly attested by the changed tone in hostile party organs in his behalf since his demise. The republic was first in his heart; party was with him only the expression of what was best for his country, and he changed his party when he believed it did not fully represent his country's greatest and best interests. He served his native land in many capacities — military, judicial, and executive, and in all he exhibited the lofty character, fearless integrity, and sturdy independence which signalized the true patriot. Though he held positions of power and influence, which would have enabled him to grow as wealthy as many of our present-day plutocratic feeders at the public crib, he died a poor man, refusing even the pension justly his due from the national treasury, because he was already in receipt of a salary from the government. Few public officials leave a name and a record as honorable and edifying as did Walter Q. Gresham. The West may well feel proud of him; the entire country will preserve his memory in grateful and unfading remembrance.

Mr. Tim Healy and his henchmen seem determined to push their rule or ruin policy to the bitter end. The persecution of William O'Brien, whose fiery patriotism has never been overshadowed by the suspicion and distrust which Healy's course has justly engendered, both in Ireland and America, is a blot upon the name and motives of all who have a hand in it, and an additional disgrace to the already much abused cause of Irish Home Rule. It appears that O'Brien's financial resources are not ample enough to pay a certain debt of $2,000 to Patrick Chance, a lawyer and a member of the Irish party, who conducted O'Brien's suit for libel against Lord Salisbury. For this inability to pay, Chance, instigated it is said by Healy, has hounded O'Brien into legal bankruptcy in the English courts, an issue which has deprived the patriotic fighter for his country's rights of his seat in parliament, and relegated him into the ineffectiveness of private life. Healy's ambition to be the leader of the Irish party has long been apparent, and Mr. O'Brien directly lays bare the scheme in an interview with him recently published.

"'I am,' he says, 'only the first marked down for removal. Chance has begun suit against all the members of the committee of our party for another party debt. He proceeds in the English courts because no Irish jury would give him a verdict. It is a deep-laid scheme to disqualify for parliament all the leaders of the Nationalist party except one, T. M. Healy, who is and always has been an intimate personal friend and political ally of Chance. When I am out, the scheme is to start against Justin McCarthy, Sexton, Dillon, Blake, T. P. O'Connor — in fact, all the prominent men of the party who have taken monetary responsibility on their shoulders to support evicted tenants and maintain the party when the funds were exhausted."'

This plot of Healy's would be but a natural sequence in action of the man, who threw himself upon the falling leader of his countrymen a few years ago, to hasten and increase his destruction, for the purpose of building his own career on the ruin of the man who made him. It will be miraculous if Home Rule survives the obstacles outside the Irish ranks and the disreputable tactics of some of those within. With the present inefficient English Liberal government tottering to its end, the return of the Conservatives to power an almost positive certainty, and shameful treachery where the cause should be held more sacred than personal ambition, fortune, or even life itself, the dawn of Ireland's day of happiness seems more remote than at any time since Gladstone's retirement. If the Irish people are not really fatuous, they will speedily deposit Healy and his adherents in the pitfalls they are preparing for the faithful Nationalists. Meanwhile — God save Ireland.

There is a wide difference of opinion among the daily journals as to whether or not the increase in wages reported from many manufacturing centres is attributable to the workings of the amended tariff. The rabid protection papers, forced to admit the fact of the increase, are strenuous in declaring it to be in spite of the new tariff and not because of it; while the anti-protection organs are equally emphatic in asserting that all the good has come out of the Wilson act. We are among those who side with the latter rather than the former opinion, though we never believed that the late unlamented depression was due altogether to the operation of the McKinley bill. Sentiment counts for much in the conduct of our financial and manufacturing enterprises; at one time unduly restricting commercial confidence and progress, at another foolishly forcing both into exaggerated and transient activity. The stability and prosperity of the country's business are not wholly dependent upon either the high or the low tariff laws which congress may amuse itself in enacting. The difference in revenue between the enforcement of the two latest tariffs is too small to explain the disastrous stringency of the past two years or the present more prosperous outlook in trade and manufacture. The country is beginning to perceive this, and the

politicians will hardly dare to make the tariff an issue in elections for some years to come. The scare is over for the present, and will not be revived until conditions have made the public mind more susceptible to the alarmist oratory and argument of the stump.

THE brilliantly successful close of the sixth year's study of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston, on the evening of June 13, emphasizes an important fact in the existence of these literary associations among Catholic women. What was essayed as an experiment half a dozen years ago has been shown to be not a mere glittering possibility of educational advantage for Catholic ladies, but an actual powerful factor for social and cultural advancement in Catholic society at large. The O'Reilly circle, being the most extensive and progressive of all that have come into existence in New England, has naturally achieved most prominence and has made itself most widely felt. Its studies have been conducted on broad, deep lines, and carried on with unfaltering enthusiasm; its influence has deeply permeated many homes, and its lecture course and other public functions during the year, which in a great degree reflect the work done or to be done in the private meetings of the circle, have attracted the attention, support, and patronage of that element among the Catholic body which is most keenly alive to every movement looking to the social and intellectual progress of Catholics. The reading circles are doing the work which far more pretentious Catholic bodies, for one reason and another, have failed to do, or did not perceive as necessary, and it is a satisfaction to chronicle and commend such a benefit to the best interests of Catholicism in the community. In her annual report of the O'Reilly Circle's work, published in full in the Pilot of June 22, its president, Katherine E. Conway, tells how success has been achieved. Its perusal will afford much encouragement and inspiration for other reading circles pursuing a similar path of good work. The following extract from Miss Conway's report gives the story of the year's work just ended.

"The especial work of this year was 'A Catholic Study of Shakespeare.' We took up three great plays, 'Macbeth,' 'Henry V.,' and 'Henry VIII.,' considering each from the literary, the historical, and the religious standpoints.

"The last-named play, studied in this triple aspect, naturally afforded much scope for essays and discussions on topics as vital to the present as they were to the by-gone time. Studying it from the religious-historical standpoint, for example, we traced to its beginnings that prevalent non-Catholic notion so peculiarly offensive to the loyal and intelligent Catholic, that the Church is a 'foreign body,' antagonistic to the liberal state. The history of the separation of England from the centre of religious unity naturally led us to the consideration of the possibilities of reunion for this and other separated peoples, and the individual Catholic's way of helping the work of Christian reconquest, thus keeping us in the spirit of the Church, according to our motto.

"These studies brought out some remarkable essays from the members, as did also the lighter plays which we took up towards the close of the year, 'The Tempest' and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and the memorial evening, which, according to our custom, briefly interrupted our regular course, after the lamented death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"As we believe in George Eliot's saying, 'the last degree of clearness comes by writing,' all the analyses of plays, the character-studies, etc., are written. Every paper presented before the circle is the result of independent research and labor on the part of the writer, the president hearing it for the first time when the whole circle hears it.

"As one having some experience in literary associations, I beg to say now that I have often heard at our study meetings from girls, whose only time for preparation was the scant leisure of the teacher, the private secretary, the accountant, or what you will of engrossing daily labor, and who had no literary aspirations whatever, papers that in thought and expression compared favorably with those given elsewhere by professional journalists and literary workers."

THE Unitarians of Boston have at last taken to the Common as a good place for the preaching of religion as they see it. This departure marks a new phase in the dwindling influence of this once potent factor of New England's religious life. The early Uni-

tarians throve because theirs was a doctrine less radical and repellent than the rigid Orthodoxy, transmitted by the Puritans; but the flight of time since Channing and Parker has developed two things, which have greatly weakened Unitarianism as a force to attract the minds of men. One of these causes is the gradual modification of doctrine and practice that has taken place within the Orthodox Congregational churches, largely removing the cause of protest by the dissenters; the other and more forceful reason is the vapidity and hollowness of Unitarianism itself as a religion to satisfy the human soul. A man who wants a religion at all, craves more than the mere ethical principle for the guidance of his thought and action. People temperamentally good, and without much fervor of nature or faith, may find a certain pleasure in life in the mild tenets and philanthropic associations which have been the outgrowth of the Unitarian movement and to-day mainly constitute its religious platform; but the ardent soul, seeking the deeper solace and loftier aspirations of the spiritual life, is not attracted to a system based upon the denial of the Divinity of the Son of God, with all that that doctrine signifies to the world. That Unitarianism has almost wholly become mere philanthropy is shown by the resignation of his pastorate of one of its eminent ministers in Boston, to devote himself wholly to the charitable work of a fraternity of churches in this and other cities, and by the activity in the same mode of work of the other Unitarian churches of New England. There is but little real religious vigor remaining in the Unitarian fold to-day. Its numbers all told are less than 70,000, and the recent anniversary of the American Unitarian Association in Boston passed without any appreciable interest for or effect upon the community, once its greatest and most influential stronghold.

President Cleveland has again shown his bent for placing comparatively unknown men in high positions in the national service in his choice of Judge Harmon, of Cincinnati, as the successor of Mr. Olney in the attorney-generalship. Secretary Olney himself was not a man of national fame until his elevation to the place, which he has just left to assume the second most responsible office in the government; at least two other members of the present cabinet had not attracted the country's notice before their names were announced in the newspapers as part of the national administration; and even Chief Justice Fuller was only a local luminary until he was called to preside over the supreme judicial tribunal of the land. The President has shown greater sagacity in most of his appointments of this class than in those dictated purely by political considerations, a circumstance proving that the country is better served when the good old principle of the office seeking the man is followed and its reverse eschewed. If Attorney-General Harmon's career in his new field justifies all that is said of him, his appointment will be the means of bringing to an exalted public office a character, personality, and aptitude upon which the national administration may felicitate itself.

A lurid diatribe is that recently published by the frowsy-headed, unwashed, idle good-for-nothings, the London Anarchists, and hailed with sanction in American quarters where bad beer and worse rhetoric are wont to flow. These fastidious gentry, who believe that work demeans a man, and that society is an institution worse than negro slavery, call anew for the abolition of all authority as the root of human misery, and the destruction of all religious forms as mankind's greatest curse. They proclaim a war against every established principle and law, advising their deluded followers to enter upon a life or death struggle against such humbugs and enthrallers of the masses, as government, church,

patriotism, and legal enactments. They won't even allow any virtue to the Socialists who, they claim, are merely striving to set up the state in a new form, with increased power, entailing a worse form of tyranny than that which oppresses them under the present dispensation. London is easy with the Anarchistic brethren. Their speech and assemblies are almost as freely tolerated as meetings of the Salvation Army. Probably they are as harmless, and assuredly they are, so long as they continue merely to gabble and patronize the beer saloons. But when they go beyond that, they will find the world even more cruel and hard-hearted than their present fancies paint it. Even free America cannot find it in its sympathies to harbor or develop the Anarchical principle, and felt compelled to give it its quietus a few years ago at the end of a stout hempen rope. And yet, the leaders of this millennial movement believe they are more than modest in their demands. They state with childlike simplicity and frankness: —

"We do not share the views of those who believe that the state may be converted into a beneficent institution. The change would be as difficult as to convert a wolf into a lamb.

"What the Anarchists want is equal liberty for all. The talents and inclination of all men differ from each other. Every one knows best what he can do and what he wants; laws and regulations only hamper, and forced labor is never pleasant. In the state aimed at by the Anarchists, every one will do the work that pleases him best, and will satisfy his wants out of the common store as pleases him best."

How truly beautiful! Were this based on common sense, or even remotely possible in a practical world like ours, how many of us would hail Anarchy with delight, and proceed at once to pick out our steam yacht and our marble palace at Newport.

If the theory that consumption is not inherited, but contracted like other germ ailments, can be successfully established, the terrors of that disease will materially decrease, and the conviction that prevention of the malady is possible will by degrees lessen its ravages in families supposed to be by heredity affected. Recent investigations have discovered the tuberculosis bacillus in many localities where consumptive persons worked and lived without the necessary attention to cleanliness; and it has been justly inferred that members of the same family often received the poison into their system through intercourse with others.

Dr. Otto Gottheil, the well-known writer on this topic in Germany, where over 150,000 people die of consumption annually, believes that if the many consumptive individuals really inherited the disease, the number of fatal cases should be greatest in infancy, for the tender organism of children is least likely to combat the disease. The number of fatal cases, while very high during the first two years of human life, is not nearly so great as in after-life. In a recent paper on consumption Dr. Gottheil writes: —

"After the years at school, young men are forced to spend their time in factories and offices, and unfortunately they do not even make use of their free time to take an 'air bath,' but further poison their lungs by sitting in smoky, stuffy restaurants, etc. And the girls compress their chests by bending over some handiwork, if they are not forced to earn their living in a factory. The result is obvious.

"It cannot be denied that the children of consumptive parents are often weak and narrow-chested. But that only proves that they have inherited a constitution which is easily affected by consumption, not that they inherited the disease itself. An individual with a ruined constitution cannot be expected to have a vigorous, healthy progeny. But a weakly child may be made to acquire a healthy constitution by a proper mode of life."

The eminent specialist recommends plenty of fresh air as the main requisite for persons with a consumptive tendency. Children of consumptive parents, he says, should take up some outdoor occupation, and he cites several cases where such change of employment has restored to perfect strength tuberculosis patients deemed beyond recovery.

So long as taxes are levied at all,

there will be an effort on the part of the enemies of the Church, and of some mistaken theorists within her membership, to argue against the exemption from the common impost of church buildings and other structures devoted to the cause of religion and charity. Thomas Jefferson's well-known saying, that "the support of religion is a cheap way of maintaining a standing army," is lost on many who swear by the opinions and principles of the popular statesman; and the fact that a city or state reaps full guerdon for dispensing the Church from taxation, in the moral good, and the safeguards to peace and prosperity which her teachings and influence bring to the community, is ignored or flouted by those who cry out for a common treatment of ecclesiastical and private property. In a strong article on the subject in the American Magazine of Civics, Rev. Wm. H. Laird upholds the Church's right to immunity from taxes, and summarizes the return she makes for the privilege in the following paragraph:—

"Through her hospitals, orphanages, homes for incurables and aged, supported by the voluntary contributions of her members, the Church lifts a great care and charge off the shoulders of the community, and far more than returns to it dollar for dollar, while also more effectively doing the works of mercy which the body politic ever does with a hard heart and grudging hand. Indeed, the body politic gets its *quid pro quo*, and would do well to subsidize the Church rather than have her cease to exist."

The "Old Catholic" sect in Geneva which for some years after its secession from the Church, or the promulgation of Papal Infallibility, was a powerful force in the religious and political life of the city, is rapidly dying out in numbers and influence. The churches formerly frequented by the schismatics are largely deserted, while the latter have lost their prestige in the affairs of the government and the trust of their quondam Protestant allies. The latter party is gradually restoring to Catholics their proscribed religious and political privileges, and the churches where they worship are in flourishing contrast to the empty pews and languishing resources of the disloyal ones. The followers of Old Catholicism in Switzerland are less than half their number a decade ago. The death of Doctor Döllinger has removed their strongest element of strength and continuance, and even casual observers can readily perceive the present collapse and hopeless future of the schism. Those who have been faithful to the Church during a quarter of a century of confiscation and harassment, will soon have the satisfaction of beholding her complete recovery of all her former rights and prestige.

The folly of attempting to convince the A. P. A.'s of their error by argument or proof is happily illustrated by this little anecdote, now going the rounds of the press:—

"A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead, and nothing could drive this delusion out of his brain. One day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him: 'Did you ever see a dead man bleed?'

"'No,' he replied.

"'Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?'

"'No.'

"'Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not.'

"The patient gave his consent, the doctor whipped out his scalpel and drew a little blood. 'There,' he said, 'you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead.'

"'Not at all,' the patient instantly replied. 'That only proves that dead men can bleed.'"

It is exactly the same way with the idiots referred to above. Give them reasoning as lucid as the sunlight, or demonstration as palpable as the mathematical quotient of two and four, their diseased intellects will refuse the conclusion, or twist it to harmonize with their own perverse, paresitic hallucinations. It is just as well that the now notorious initials of their organization do not exactly spell the animal's name they so closely suggest. That would be an indignity and insult altogether gratuitous — to the animal. From A P E to A. P. A. is an evolution of degeneracy which Darwin him-

self would never have propounded or even believed possible.

The Holy Father supplemented his letter to the English people with a brief to the universal Church, appealing for the united prayers of the faithful during the Pentecostal season, for the unity of Christendom. The Pope has no dearer subject at heart than the reunion of all Christians in the parent fold, and his appeals to this end during the past few years have made what was, before his pontificate, only the shadow of a dream, a living issue in the minds of men. The words of the brief selecting the time devoted to the commemoration of the coming of the Holy Ghost, are beautiful in their inspired simplicity and appositeness. He refers to the Apostles and the Blessed Virgin remaining together, "persevering in prayer" after Christ's ascension, awaiting the promised power from on high, and continues: —

"In that august cenacle, and from that mystery of the coming of the Paraclete, the Church, which, conceived by Christ, was born at His death by the coming, as it were, of the divine breath, began happily her great work of bringing all nations into the unity of faith and the newness of Christian life. Rich and abundant fruits followed in a short time, among which was that perfect union of wills never too often set before us for imitation. 'In the multitude of the faithful there was but one heart and but one soul.'"

The time of Pentecost, with its glorious memories of a united church, is assuredly the acceptable period for petitioning the Almighty to speed the consummation of His Vicar's Apostolic wish.

An appeal has been issued by the Alumni Association of All Hallows College, Dublin, on behalf of that famous institution, which suffered so seriously from a disastrous fire on the night of May 12. The college church, in which hundreds of Irish priests have been ordained, was entirely destroyed; and as the sum of $10,000 had just been expended upon its repairs, the loss falls with great severity upon the resources of the institution. The appeal for aid is directed to All Hallows priests and to Irish Catholics everywhere. Contributions may be sent to the Right Rev. Bishop McGolrick, treasurer, Duluth, Minn., or the Very Rev. F. Moore, president, or to local pastor, bishop, or archbishop.

The recent annual outpouring of college graduates into the various pursuits of life revived in some quarters the perennial interrogation, "What practical value is a college course to a young man?" The query is always a stupid one, as it has been practically answered by the successful and honorable careers of tens of thousands of men the world over in business and professional life, and meets a further reply from year to year in the multiplication of colleges and universities in every section of the civilized globe. It is interesting to note the opinions of such eminent college graduates as Messrs. Chauncy M. Depew and Frederic R. Coudert on the question. Both these gentlemen not only agree as to the superior equipment for the affairs of the world of the college-trained man over his competitors in most vocations, but are firm in their adhesion to the classical training of students. Mr. Coudert goes so far as to say that Latin and Greek will gain even more prominence in the colleges in future, holding, with Mr. Depew, and in common with most men who are competent to judge, that knowledge of the great literature and minds of the classical ages is the greatest help to a thorough comprehension and appreciation of later literatures and languages, particularly the English. In one respect these authorities disagree. Mr. Depew believes that the colleges do not teach their young men to talk enough. Mr. Coudert contends that they do much talking. There is truth in both opinions, taken from different standpoints.

Happy those who can spend their vacation at the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, "chartered under

the laws of the state of New York by the regents of the University of the state of New York, Feb. 9, 1893." How well it sounds; and the reality is even better than the sound.

Every precaution has been taken for the health of the little settlement, and all arrangements for travelling and for the accommodation of students and visitors are of the best kind and on a generous scale. Seldom has high thinking been combined with so much solid comfort, philosophers, as a rule, being deficient in practical talents.

It is with a sigh that we who cannot go wish all happiness and success to those who are to attend this summer's session at Plattsburg.

The season will last from July 5, to August 19. All details can be received from the general office, 123 East 50th street, New York.

So the "New Woman" is to have her own Bible; and when that has appeared, she will, undoubtedly, have her own Shakespere, her own history, her own dictionary and grammar, in fact, her own everything that has hitherto served the world and the sexes in common. The "New Woman" is making a mistake. She professes to be nothing if not progressive; but by deposing her lord and master from his present high estate, and assigning him to a mere condition of innocuous desuetude, is she not turning back to the prehistoric days of geological evolution, and reëstablishing the period known as the Eocene, when there were on earth no traces of man? But perhaps the New Woman regards that time as the planet's golden age of the right and fitness of things. Here are a few specimens of the new biblical version translated from the humorous Charivari of Paris: —

"On the sixth day, God created woman, and called her name Eve.

"As she was weary in the Garden of Eden, and fell asleep from fatigue under a palm tree, the Lord took one of her ribs and made of it a man, and called his name Adam.

"And Eve, when she had looked upon her husband, after she awoke, made a curious grimace, which clearly signified, 'What is this fellow doing here?'

"And with a prophetic glance into the future, she foresaw the quarrels, the hair-pullings, and the divorces that were henceforth to be the lot of coupled humanity.

"Adam had been forbidden to taste of the fruits of a single tree, an ordinary apple tree that produced acrid fruit of a destestable flavor — which fact caused Adam to frequent the vicinity of that particular tree.

"One day, not being able to restrain himself, he plucked an apple and, without even offering a single bite to his companion, he ate the whole himself.

"How well we recognize here the vile taste and the abominable egotism of man!

"In punishment for this disobedience, they were both banished from the terrestrial paradise, and the innocent Eve suffered for the guilty Adam."

Farther on we read: —

"Madame Noah alone was given the task of saving creation, which otherwise would have perished in the universal deluge. She built the ark and caused a pair of each kind of animals to enter into it. But she made a mistake in admitting a representative of the male sex, for here was a good opportunity of letting it die out. No one would have missed it. . . ."

The reports of the golden jubilee of Notre Dame University denote an occasion memorable for its brilliant success, and full of promise for the future of the institution. Fifty years ago Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., built on land purchased from the Indians the first college building, and inaugurated in the wilderness of Indiana the great educational work which he had come from France especially to undertake. The history of the University, which received its charter as such in 1843, contains many episodes of trial and reverse, the chief of which after its early struggles, was the disastrous fire, in 1879, which wiped out the labors and accumulations of years. Despite its drawbacks, however, Notre Dame was endowed from the start with that vitality and inherent energy which convert obstacles into stepping-stones of great achievement. To-day it ranks with the leading institutions of learning in the country, its academic course being, to those who successfully follow it, a passport to the best opportunities in the after-affairs of life. Its professors

are men of wide fame, its resources are substantially ample, its natural location is beautiful, its buildings and grounds are a little city in themselves, and its friends are innumerable. It starts on the second half of its first century's existence with the lustre and prestige of the great and good results so far accomplished, and its future is bright with the prospect of far-reaching influence and solid prosperity. Among the names of American educators, that of Rev. Edward Sorin must ever be held in reverence and admiration. He built on true, deep-laid lines, an dhis successors are developing the scheme planned by his vigorous mind for the education of American youth.

The era of high buildings has not yet reached its climax, and probably will not until modern capital and architecture have combined in a structure whose altitude will throw the tower of Babel into the shade. In New York, the number of great buildings soaring heavenward in various sections of the city increases steadily, one vieing with the other in structural magnificence and comfortable appointments. Building operations in New York for the past two years have been enormous, and if the present rate of progress is kept up for the next five years, the city will begin the twentieth century practically new. Not alone are the very old buildings torn down to make way for the modern structures, but buildings that have not really served their time, and are as good today as when they were built, are razed. There is a general demand for something new, and the men with money to invest are profiting by it.

A dozen new structures in addition to those now going up are planned, some of which will be 24 stories high. Twenty-five million dollars will be expended on the buildings already begun or contracted for. One alone will cost $2,500,000. That is the new building in the block bounded by Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues. This is to be the biggest single store building in the world.

An American Pilgrimage.

Last year, when the American pilgrims visited him at the Vatican, Pope Leo said to the director, Rev. E. H. Porcile, S. P. M., "Bring me back some more of these good Americans." Inspired by this request, a second pilgrimage is being organized, under the spiritual direction of the Fathers of Mercy, to visit Rome and the famous shrines of Continental Europe.

The party will sail from New York on Wednesday, July 10, to Antwerp. Thence it will go to Cologne, Mayence, Heidelberg, Milan, Venice, and Padua, where the pilgrims will venerate the relics of St. Anthony, and pass on to Ancona and the Shrine of the Holy House at Loretto; thence to Rome, where they will spend six days.

From Rome the pilgrims will go to Naples, and thence to Marseilles, by steamer. Toulouse will be reached on August 17, and the following days will be spent at Lourdes. Then they will go to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, at Paray-le-Monial, giving three days to the devotional exercises there.

This will be followed by a four days' stay in Paris, preparatory to the start for home from Antwerp, by the steamer Berlin, on August 31. It is intended to be back in New York on September 9. For those who wish it, another route home has been laid out via London and Ireland. The cost will be about $400. The business management will be under the direction of Thos. Cook & Son, 261 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Throop, of Brooklyn, who originated last year's pilgrimage, will go again to head the laic contingent.

Mgr. Satolli is much interested personally in having the pilgrims visit the Pope, and he will lend every influence of his official position to make the visit to Rome pleasant and memorable.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Wendell Phillips' Maiden Speech.

NOVEMBER 7, 1837, the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was killed by a mob while trying to defend his printing press, at Alton, Ill. A meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to express indignation at this outrage. Mr. Jonathan Phillips, Dr. Channing, and George Hillard had spoken to an attentive audience, when the attorney-general of the day, James T. Austin, rose and declared that Mr. Lovejoy had died "as the fool dieth," and compared the murderous mob to the fathers of the Revolution.

"Standing near me," says an eye-witness, the Rev. A. T. Muzzey, "was a young man, his face radiant, his eye directed toward the chairman, and his voice, as he addressed the grave man in the chair, thrilling with indignation. Stepping forward, he mounted the platform, and broke forth in the commanding strain: 'Sir, when I heard the gentleman just seated lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits in the hall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead.' Since the day when I heard Webster in this same hall, on the death of Jefferson and Adams, I had never heard words there or elsewhere that so thrilled me with the majesty of true eloquence. 'Who is this young man?' was the whisper from side to side. A stranger to nearly all present, we were startled and overpowered by the man, his language, and his manner."

The audience, divided now, cried "Phillips or nobody!" on one side, and on the other, "Make him take back that word '*recreant*'!" Amid the outcries, two men came to the front of the platform and conjured the people to listen to every man who addressed them in decorous language. The tumult was stilled, and Wendell Phillips again spoke.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "I cannot take back my words. The attorney-general, so long and well known here, needs not the aid of your hisses against one so young as I am — my voice never before heard within these walls. . . . If, sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case; but all you who believe as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble on the fourth of July to fight over the battles of the Revolution, and 'damn with faint praise' or load with obloquy the memory of this man who shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, property, and the freedom of the press!

". . . Throughout that terrible night I find nothing to regret but this, that within the limits of our country civil authority should have been so prostrated as to oblige a citizen to arm in his own defence, and to arm in vain.

". . . Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: 'The patriots are routed; the redcoats victorious; Warren lies dead upon the field.' With what scorn would that Tory have been received who should have charged Warren with *imprudence*, who should have said that, bred a physician, he was 'out of place' in that battle, and 'died as the fool dieth!' How would the intimation have been received that Warren and his associates should have waited a better time? But if success be indeed the only criterion of prudence, *respice finem* — wait till the end. . . ."

Early Catholic Literature.

IT is pleasanter to talk of good books than of doubtful ones. Speaking generally, the standard literature of our language provides reading as wholesome as it is delightful, and I shall not dwell on a subject so familar. There

is, however, a wide field of reading especially valuable for Catholics, which in these days of public libraries should be better known than it is. The Camden Society and the English Text Society have published excellent translations of works written before the fifteenth century, with the Anglo-Saxon or Semi-Saxon original on the alternate pages. The students of Celtic lore have, no doubt, provided similar books, but I can only speak of what I know. A superficial knowledge of Anglo-Saxon acquired in this way, with the aid of Sweet's little grammar and reader, gives much interest to the study of English; and the books written in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries have an enchanting atmosphere of their own.

Much earlier works are also deeply interesting. King Alfred's translations from the records of Venerable Bede and from the meditations of Boethius have all the charm of original writing. The stoical spirit of Boethius, as the good king interprets it, is full of tender piety, and we see that he found consolation for the varied griefs of his own life in imitating the stern fortitude of one more cruelly beset than himself.

In France the same work has been done for early French literature. Old chronicles are now within the comprehension of students of moderate attainments. For example, the life of St. Louis, by Joinville, his seneschal and companion in the Holy Land, is to be found in old French, modern French, and a good English version. The splendid hero is as vividly set before us as Napoleon, Washington, or General Gordon.

It is only by studies of this kind that we can appreciate the unchanging, continuous teaching of the Church. It is a pity to be so ignorant as we are of the immense resources of Catholic literature. Many earnest souls are starving for the bread that we might break for them if we were ourselves well instructed, conscious of the vital force which has always animated the Church, and which to-day breathes into those fit to receive it the spirit of chivalry, poetry, and heroism.

As to the Choice of Reading.

It has been proposed that this department discuss the merits and defects of certain novels which have attained wide popularity in the last two years. I believe that such discussion does little good. Most people have read the books and already formed an opinion. To some of those who have by accident escaped danger, a dissection would suggest an immediate purchase and perusal of the doubtful works. Trollope tells of an ostler who went to confession. "Have you ever greased your horses' teeth?" asked the priest. "No, your reverence, I never did, but I'll have a try at it."

The strongest reason for declining to enter on this discussion is that it is idle to classify books as dangerous or useful, because no general rule can be laid down on the subject. Every one over 15 years of age knows instinctively whether certain books make good or bad food for her imagination; and there is no more definite duty than that of throwing aside a book, even at the crisis of its interest, as soon as one becomes conscious of a distaste for duty, an enervation of spirit, well named by the French mental dissipation. We all know this condition, and if we value true happiness we try to avoid it.

We should learn to select our own personal libraries of fiction, essays, poetry, history — yes, and of books of devotion. Many spiritual books useful for certain souls, are a snare and delusion to others. The self-knowledge and self-control acquired in making a wise choice and adhering to it will strengthen mind and soul.

There are omnivorous readers to whom all books are mental processes to be analyzed. In such minds the imagination is as secure from excitement as a Brahma safe is proof against fire. In other minds the critical power is weak, and the imagination highly impressionable, developed far in advance of reason. Since minds and temperaments are so various, it is not possible to make a list of works that can be ticketed harmless or dangerous.

Meanwhile the tree of knowledge of good and evil is rifled, and its fruits are given to young people without discrimination. This is a sad truth, not to be denied. But the required list cannot be made, above all by me, for I find most popular novels the bleakest, dreariest, and most wearisome of reading. Let us have our agnosticism, hypnotism, anarchism, heterodoxy, or orthodoxy unmixed, and there is a possibility of knowing where we stand. Twisted into the weft of a romantic novel, the mental problem becomes incomprehensible. If any one else can make a list of books warranted harmless, I promise to read the list, if not the books. But it will be a hard task; I knew a dear old lady, past 80, who had to skip the love scenes in novels because she found them too exciting. I know young girls to whom the latest axiom of modern philosophy has more interest than any novel, from the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, down to —— how near I came to trenching on perilous ground and naming names.

Don Bartolo Lungo.

An article in the Nineteenth Century, by Lily Wolfssohn recalls the saying of an Indian chief to a man who said he had no time. "Haven't you all the time there is?" asked the brave. A score of years in one life is a bundle of wasted beginnings; in another it is a century of good work.

Some 25 years ago a Countess de Fusco married Don Bartolo Lungo, a barrister practising law at Naples. Among her estates was one near Pompeii, a wretched hamlet called the Valley, lying in a region dreaded as a nest of brigands and malaria. Don Bartolo went to the Valley to look after his wife's property, and found a tavern, a half-ruined church, a population of 1,200 souls, who frequented the inn and never went to Mass, and a good parish priest in despair.

As Don Bartolo looked on the misery of the Valley, the Angelus rang, and he knelt down and offered the parish to Our Lady of the Rosary. When he rose to his feet, it was to begin a work which in 20 years has turned the desolation into a vale of contentment. Lily Wolfssohn has told the story so well that I must refer our readers to her narrative. The English call Don Bartolo "the General Booth of Italy." Much as I respect that valiant worker among God's poor, I see in Don Bartolo's a still higher mission. He comes of a race that shall never die out, of the same lineage with St. Francis of Assisi, St. Philip Neri, Dom Bosco, and Father Drumgoole.

To-day the Valle di Pompeii, as it is called, is the nucleus of a new city. Don Bartolo established a printing-office, an orphan asylum for girls, a post office and telegraph station. Telegrams and letters come incessantly asking for the orphan's prayers, for Our Lady of the Rosary has by her intercession wrought such wonders that pilgrimages come often to this happy valley.

In a superb church dedicated to St. Michael, the Archangel, hangs an old picture of Our Lady, which 20 years ago was accepted in desperation by Don Bartolo as a gift for the high altar. To-day, above the Madonna's brow is a diadem of sapphires and diamonds blessed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and beneath her feet gems form the words *Ave Maria*.

Don Bartolo posesses the purse of Fortunatus, often emptied, ever filled. The pilgrims come from the station by an avenue of lofty plane trees, to a large square with a fountain. A meteorological observatory gives a view of Mt. Vesuvius and the shore of Sorrento, and looks over the peaceful territory which 20 years ago was called "a solitary, gloomy, and dangerous locality." The Valle di Pompeii is the result of one man's work and prayer.

A glass of cold water drunk before breakfast lessens the intense thirst which makes one of the torments of hot weather.

Mrs. Burton Harrison gives in the Bookman a pleasant account of Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. A friend brought them together, with the statement that Mrs. Harrison's "forbears in Virginia were the chief mourners at Colonel Esmond's funeral."

In conversation Mrs. Ritchie used the word "authoress," and her visitor quoted Thackeray's condemnations of the term, "Remember it, ye writeresses; there is no such word as authoress." Mrs. Ritchie thereupon confessed that it was not the first time she had been convicted of error in her own father's words.

Silently, as if it were a crime instead of an act of charity, a home for incurable patients has been opened on the old grounds of Hovey's Nursery in Cambridge. The home is now in a small house built with a portion of the fund of $25,000 given by one individual towards the founding of a free hospital. With the rest will be built the central part of the future hospital, carrying the work as far as can be done without debt. The Gray Nuns, already known and valued among us, are in charge of the work, and have given to the home that quaint picturesque charm familiar to those who know French Canada.

Half a dozen patients are already receiving perfect care from the Sisters, who calmly do the work that lies before them and look with secure trust into the future. It is a pure pleasure to visit the home, specklessly neat, cheerful, and methodical, without a suggestion of "red tape." Except the resolution to keep out of debt, the Sisters set no limit to the good work they hope to accomplish. One part of their mission is to inspire those who visit the home with a trust in God like their own. Why should they doubt? For more than 150 years the daughters of Madame d'Youville have conquered difficulties that seemed unconquerable. Poverty, calumny, fire, and pestilence have been incentives to effort not obstacles to success.

For our own sakes we wish them a speedy completion of their home for homeless sufferers.

Precautions for Summer.

A practical study in botany is the difference between Virginia creeper and "poison ivy." The leaf of the creeper is divided into five parts; the leaf of the poisonous vine is divided into three parts. It is possible to be proof against ivy poison at one time and extremely sensitive to it at another. The best rule is to avoid this pretty vine altogether.

Poisonous sumach or dogwood grows usually in moist ground, and the harmless sumach is an upland shrub. Dogwood is worse than ivy in its poisonous effects, and the suffering from external poison is so intense that gatherers of beautiful leaves should make it a rule to pick only the leaves of plants they know to be harmless. Grown people and children alike should never taste the leaves or fruit of any unknown plant. There are many poisonous growths in our woods that are most tempting in appearance.

Sterilized milk is a poor imitation of fresh milk, but it is a useful substitute for milk of doubtful purity. If a child is to be fed six times in twenty-four hours, put the proper quantity of milk in six half pint bottles and cork them with cotton batting. Put into a saucepan of the right size a perforated tin pie plate, bottom upward. Stand the bottles on the plate, pour in water enough to come above the milk in the bottles. When the water boils, draw the saucepan to a cooler place on the stove, cover it, and let it stand one hour. Put the milk afterwards on ice or in a cool place, and use as it is needed. Keep sterilized milk covered, for it can collect impurities even after being purified.

To persons of good circulation, sea-bathing is an excellent tonic if a few precautions are observed. One should

not bathe soon after eating or when fatigued. In either of these conditions there is danger of cramp. Bathing begun in June or July can be continued late in the season. For any but very strong persons, it is dangerous to begin bathing after the middle of August.

If the effect of a bath is a chilly feeling that does not quickly pass off, it is a sign that sea-bathing is injurious. People of languid circulation should look at the sea and not enter it.

It is perhaps going too far to advise people who know nothing of the management of a boat to take with them an experienced boatman when they go sailing; but good lives are sacrificed every summer because this simple precaution is not observed. "Know naught, fear naught," is a proverb which applies to the use of small sailboats.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

NATURE'S BOOK.

BY D. B. CASHMAN.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
From earth to sky where saints adore,
From mountain peaks where eagles soar,
A book is spread:
A book that opens to man's thought
The wond'rous secrets God has wrought
Since Satan with great Michael fought
His battle dread.

The cosmos to our finite gaze
In mystery holds our deep amaze,
While to the great Creator praise
We send on high.
Stupendous wonders everywhere,
On earth, in sky, on sea, in air;
And He, their maker, ever near
With watchful eye.

Sustaining all the life that teems
From out the earth, or glides through streams,
Effulgently His sun's bright beams
On all are shed.
The forest tree, the slender flower,
The things that start to life each hour,
Man, insect, beast, reveal His power
Majestic, dread.

This open book to man is given
To read and win his way to Heaven,
While through life's stormy sea he's driven,
Unsteer'd the while:
That reading he may win the goal,
By steering safe through waves that roll,
Until in triumph speeds his soul
To God's sweet smile.

From sun to sun, while night holds sway,
And cosmic gems their light display,
The trembling orbs in bright array
Show wonders rare.
Eternal space reveals to eyes
Uplifted to the far-off skies,
In panoply that never lies,
The secrets there:

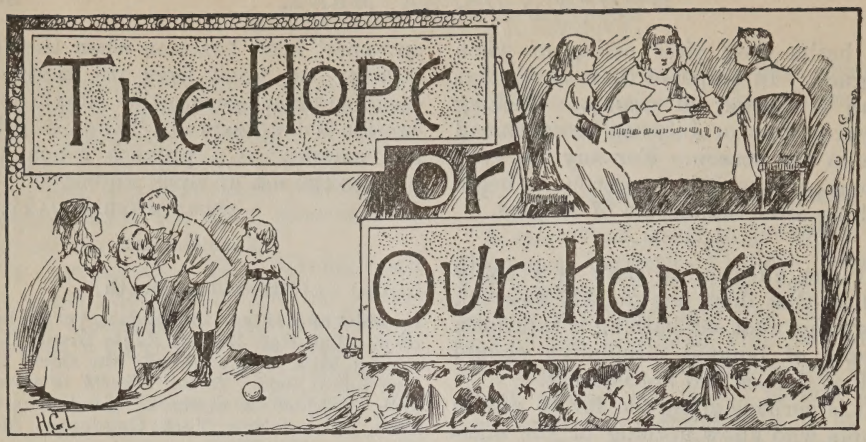
Processions, greater than our minds
Can grasp, of spheres of nobler kinds
Than earth, our home, which in them finds
Its borrowed light.
The heavens speak through portals wide
Their secrets deep to man confide;
To join the hosts that there abide
Our souls invite.

Yet this great book, so nobly planned,
And written plainly by God's hand,
Through farthest sky, on sea, on land,
We rarely scan.
Our little schemes of selfish life
Absorb our thought, urge on our strife
To win our ends; naught else is rife
In heart of man.

And yet, when won, contentment never
Satisfies each gained endeavor;
The anxious quest for ever — ever,
Has voids to fill.
Although life's span may be near run,
'Tis eager as when first begun,
Ne'er satisfied with triumphs won,
No, not until

The spirit, freed from life's embrace,
Wings its swift way to where God's grace
In other spheres shall find the place
For it to dwell.
Content shall then, and only then,
Our guerdon be, but only when —
Our lives deserving — the Angel's pen
Saves us from hell.

Then read the book so nobly planned
And written by God's holy hand,
And do the things that His command
Tells us to do,
That so the Angel's pen may measure
By God's sweet grace a heav'nly treasure,
That shall for ever prove a pleasure
To me and you.



Bedtime.

When light flees down the western sky
At early twilight hours,
And mother shadows gather nigh
To close the sleepy flowers;
I wonder if among them all —
The blue and white and red —
There is a naughty little one
Who will not go to bed.

Frank H. Sweet,

Independence Day.

The Fourth of July, as it was celebrated in the first half of this century, had a solemnity not easily understood by the young people of to-day. Then many men and women remembered the signing of the Declaration, and had known personally the early presidents, the heroes of the Revolution, and even General Washington himself. In some favored households might be seen a cup and saucer under a bell glass. "The cup that General Washington used when he took a dish of tea with my mother," would be the tradition connected with the delicate bit of porcelain, and one heard the explanation with bated breath.

There was a story told of two old gentlemen whom I often met, a scrap of history that brought me close to heroic times. One of these men had assisted Madame de La Fayette to escape from France and join her husband in his Austrian prison. The other received young George de La Fayette at his house in Boston, and took him to Mount Vernon, where General Washington received the youth as a precious charge from his parents. "The colonel passed the night at Mt. Vernon and was lighted to his bedroom by General Washington in person,"— so went the story. A fine old gentleman the colonel was; and we children held it to be a great honor when he patted our heads and pinched our cheeks with his dear gouty fingers, though the caress gave us excrutiating pain.

In those days of pious memories the Fourth of July was celebrated with fervor. The fireworks were few, but they were set off with enthusiasm; not only in memory of 1776, but of the war of 1812, when the liberty of our people had been again threatened and rescued.

Then came a period of relaxed public policy, and the value attached to the festival diminished. Men could not talk candidly of freedom after a war of aggression like the Mexican war, which added a new slave state to the Union. There were compromises between North and South unworthy of freemen, and palliated only by the conviction of many conscientious men that they were needed for the prevention of civil war.

Bitter as were the sorrows of the years 1861–65, they were more easily borne than the sense of shame that had oppressed us before the war began. There was happiness in the sympathy that bound all parties together in one hope and one fear. Again the Fourth of July was observed with reverence; in grief if there was bad news from the seat of war, in joy if recent victory had rewarded our efforts.

One is tempted to fancy that the men and women of one's youth had more courage and self-denial than the young people of to-day. It is not true; heroes and heroines are still among us, and only need to be united in a common cause of interest to prove themselves worthy of the liberty won and preserved for them in 1776, 1812, and 1865.

A CHRONICLER.

"Spreaders" for Boys Who Fish.

TAKE a piece of springy brass wire about as thick as a fine knitting needle, and 14 inches or so long. Twist an eye in the middle of it and another at each end, bend the whole into a half circle, and it is complete. You attach your line to the centre eye and snell hooks to the end ones. If you need a sinker, attach that to a short cord and let it hang down from the centre. The advantage of the spreader is that it keeps your hooks apart, but it also has many other desirable effects. The line is rendered more sensitive, the hooks are kept at the same depth, and the spreader is so elastic that a fish once hooked can seldom tear loose. In running streams it also lets the baits play at just the right distance free of the ground to make the bait taking.

An Old Game Made New.

"MOUNTING the Camel from Cairo Street," is a sort of souvenir of the Columbian Fair. It is merely a variation of the old one of pinning the tail on a donkey while you are blindfolded. The camel is used instead of the donkey, and is cut out of dark cloth and fastened to a sheet. There is a man, too, also cut out of cloth, and the test is to see how well you can mount him on the camel while your eyes are covered. There are a number of these games which are all really variations of the one. A boy can be put on a bicycle, a bonnet put on a doll's head, or one of the funniest experiments is to try to pin a pair of paper spectacles on an old gentleman's nose.

Ants at Work.

MR. RICHARD JEFFRIES, the naturalist, tells how a pair of ants managed to save labor.

"I saw," said he, "two of these insects seize hold of a tiny twig, not quite so long as a match, but rather thicker. They lifted the stick with ease and carried it along, one at each end, exactly as workmen carry a plank. A few short blades of grass being in the way, they ran up against these, but stepped aside, and so got by. A cart which had passed a long while before had forced down the sand by the weight of the load, leaving a ridge about three inches high, the side being perpendicular. This was a real mountain to them, but they managed it quickly. One of them moved first with its end of the twig, climbing up the bank with it, then the other took hold and brought up his end. An inch or two farther on the level ground, the second ant let go and went away, and the first labored on with the twig and dragged it unaided across the rest of the path. Though many other ants stayed and looked at the twig a moment, none of them offered assistance, as if they knew no help was needed, now that the steep hill was passed."

A Pretty Legend.

THE fable which accounts for the origin of the lily of the valley, is associated with the beautiful and romantic fictions of fairyland, which are

fast fading away in this matter-of-fact age. Here is the pretty story: —

The fairies were enjoying a revel on the lawn, and each airy sprite carried a tiny cup in which to collect dew for the fairy queen's breakfast. Neglecting the command that they should retire before the sun appeared, they danced until his rays dried up the dew-drops. Then each fay found, to her terror, that the small white cup, which she had suspended on a blade of grass, had become fixed to it and could not be detached. They all wept, dreading the anger of their queen, who would be deprived of her breakfast. But the good fairy godmother came to the rescue; and pitying their distress, she touched with her magic wand the blades of grass, thus changing them into broad green leaves, which hid the little white cups from the queen's sight, and shielding her disobedient elfin subjects from her royal wrath; and ever since we have had these exquisite lilies of the valley.

A Great Man and His Mother.

Many touching anecdotes are told in the artistic circles of London and Paris concerning Gustave Doré, the eminent painter, and his mother. Madame Doré was, it appears, a plain, quiet woman, who did not shine in society; but she had a keen sympathy with her famous son, and showed infinite tact in dealing with him. After her husband's death she lived with Gustave. He never married, because, he said, he "always compared all women to his mother, and they fell far short of her." She made herself his companion in every way; studied art, that she might understand his work; read the books and newspapers that he liked, and made his friends her friends. When he was tired, he would jump up from his work and call to her, and they would take long rambles often through the rain or night. "No; I will have none of you!" he often said to his friends. "My mother is the best comrade I have!"

So strong was this comradeship between them, that when she died Doré insisted that she had not left him; that she was still in the house, and, unseen by others, bore him company.

He remained but a few years after her, and his belief in her presence lengthened as he drew nearer to the end. There was no morbid grief at her loss. She was always there, cheerful and loving, his best friend and comrade.

A Sign.

The morning was misty.
Cried Dicky to Jane,
"Get out your umbrella,
'Tis going to rain!"
"You're wrong," said his sister,
"The clouds will soon go;
I've been to the meadow,
And that's how I know!
The wet grass was bending
As I hurried by,
Where the field fairies spread their lace shawls out to dry.
And when they hang white, it is surely a sign
No matter how cloudy, the sun will soon shine."

— *Youth's Companion.*

Peanuts.

All boys, and a good many of their sisters, are fond of peanuts. Everybody knows that no circus is complete without them; but probably not many boys, or girls either, know just how they grow. The peanut is supposed to be a native of Africa, where it forms the chief food of certain regions, but it is found, too, in South America and Europe, the species varying slightly in the different countries. Here in the United States it is cultivated chiefly in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The seed planted is the meat or kernel, and care is taken not to break the skins. The plant grows like a vine, and the nuts hang on it like pea pods. A single vine will, it is estimated, produce about a hundred nuts if it is of the average good condition. At this rate the yield per acre is 40 bushels. Three varieties of these nuts are grown here — the white, the red, and the

Spanish. They are readily distinguished, as they have individual characteristics. The next time you eat a peanut with two kernels very white, with pink skins, you will know it is of the white variety, which is the most important. The shell of the red nut sometimes holds three or four dark kernels, and its skin is of a decidedly dark red, so you cannot mistake that; while the Spanish nut is so much smaller, with a lighter skin than both of the others, that it will not be mistaken for either. Nearly 5,000,000 of bushels of peanuts are used in this country every year.

Two "Don'ts" for Girls and Boys.

DON'T, girls, swing your arms when you walk. By and by, when you are no longer girls, but have become young women, you will find that the habit is too fixed to be dropped, and you will go through life thrashing your arms about like the paddles of a windmill. Don't, boys, drop your heads when you walk. Chin and chest in line is soldiers' rule, and that lets you look everybody fearlessly in the face, as you can and ought.

Hamlet as He is Translated.

A STORY is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespere in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will." — *Harper's Round Table.*

A Sign in Stone.

ON the Sacred Heart altar in a little French church is a rough stone heart which is shown to every stranger. The pious Acadians treasure it as a manifestation of the divine will. Some years ago when the church was built, there arose a division of opinion about the choice of a name, some wishing to honor our Lady, others praying to have it placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart. Neither party was willing to yield, but before the work of excavating was finished the dispute was most happily settled. One day, in digging deep into the earth, a workman's pick struck something hard, which, being dislodged, proved to be a stone heart, perfectly formed. There are many Acadian Catholics scattered all over the continent, who, reading this, will remember with love the Church of the Sacred Heart, and see again in the soft light of the sanctuary the rough stone heart, God's message of peace.

Foreign Bells.

THE invention of bells is attributed by some of the best foreign campanologists to the Egyptians, who are credited with having made use of such percussion instruments to announce the sacred fêtes of Osiris. In China they are said to have been known nearly 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. The Greeks and the Romans, it is said, never used bells of a large size. Yet the hour of bathing and the opening of the market-places were advertised daily by ringing bells, and it would seem that small ones would scarcely have answered the purpose.

In the time of Thucydides, 400 B.C., the patrols who went the midnight rounds in garrisons and camps had a hand-bell or *codon*, by which the sentinels were kept wide awake in their sentry-boxes.

As for the celebrated quartet of monster bells at Nankin, one is nearly 12 English feet high, with a diameter of 7½ and a circumference of 23; its metal about the edges is 7 inches thick, its weight is computed at 50,000 pounds, and its shape, but for a bulging in the middle, would be cylindrical. Father Le Compte adds there are 7 others in Pekin, cast in the time of Joula.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subject. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass."]

Methodist has many queries.

1. If a person denied our Lord's Divinity before the Council of Nice was held, was he guilty of heresy?

2. Is a person guilty of heresy to-day if he denies the bodily Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as I understand this has never been defined?

3. Is it heresy to deny that we have Guardian Angels?

4. Did St. Augustine believe in total depravity, predestination, and election as Presbyterians and others do, and who quote him in their favor?

5. What is meant by the word solemnize in the precept of the Church, "not to solemnize marriage at forbidden times"?

6. If a Roman Catholic becomes a Protestant, is he in the way of salvation if he is sincere and acts according to his conscience?

7. Did Thomas Moore become a Protestant? Did one of the authors of Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary?

1. Yes, the Divinity of our Divine Lord is a revealed truth, and was the touchstone of faith for the Apostles themselves. Peter was established as head of the Church for his confession of this truth. The crime of the Jews was to refuse recognition of it. Our Lord's life and His words commanded this belief from the very beginning, and to deny it at any time after He had proclaimed it was heresy.

2. There are certain facts that are accepted in the Church as matters of faith that are founded on the belief of the ages. They have not been defined as revealed, but no real Catholic has any hesitation about believing them. Such is the fact of Mary's bodily assumption into heaven. There is no document of revelation to establish it, but it is recognized in the Church by feast and prayers and general belief. To deny it is not a heresy, but is exceedingly unwise, and borders on the edge of heresy.

3. As regards guardian angels, it is an article of faith that angels exercise a certain guardianship in a general sense over men. For St. Paul (Heb. i. 14) says, in speaking of the angels: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." To deny this general relationship would be heresy. But to be more definite: it is not of faith, though certain that each of the faithful has his own guardian angel. No Catholic would think of denying this, though to deny it would not be heresy, but very near to it. Besides this, the general view of theologians is that each person, member of the Church or not, has his guardian angel.

4. There are many texts in the works of St. Augustine that, taken apart from their context and from the general tenor of his writings, would favor these claims of Presbyterians; but St. Augustine is to be judged, not on separated texts, but on the character and doctrines of his writings studied in their entirety. It is always an injustice to quote detached passages from any author, and give these as his doctrine, where the author's whole doctrine is quite the opposite.

5. From the first Sunday of Advent until Epiphany, and from Ash Wednesday to Low Sunday, are special times set apart by the Church for penance and prayer, and during these times the Church forbids the solemnizing of marriage. In many dioceses marriage is permitted only by a special dispensation from the Bishop; but even when the dispensation is granted, the married parties, conformably to a general command of the Church, are forbidden to

celebrate their wedding with pageantry, entertainments, and rejoicings, nor is the priest allowed to celebrate the Nuptial Mass, nor give the solemn Nuptial Benediction.

6. A man must act according to his conscience; and if by any possibility a Catholic can be conceived of as believing his religion false and the Protestant religion right, he must do what his conscience proclaims. The loss of faith in a Catholic is such a stupendous misfortune, that it is scarcely credible, except as a punishment of sin, a permission from God for man to follow his own inclinations and to love the darkness rather than the light. A man may hesitate and waver about one or more articles of faith, and thus become a Protestant, but it will be infinitely more easy for him to glide along into infidelity than to stop half way in Protestantism. To judge his sincerity, we should have to read the motives and the struggle that were at the beginning, and these will scarcely stand the scrutiny of investigation. However sincere he may be later on in in his denials, the falsehood and the treason on the first departure will envenom all the rest. Mixed marriages often lead to a loss of faith. The Catholic knew he was wrong in the start; but having hardened himself against the first error, the rest follows as a matter of course, but the thread of guilt is woven through the whole web.

7. No; Moore was always a Catholic, though often a careless one and of little credit to his religion. He died a Catholic. Addis was Protestant, then Catholic, then infidel.

E. W. ASKS: 1. Did the Pope absolve the English people from their oath of allegiance to Queen Elizabeth?

2. Was the Spanish Armada sent by the Catholic clergy to make England a Catholic country, or was it sent by the Spanish government independently of the church?

3. What was the Spanish Inquisition in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella?

1. Yes. In the light of later developments, this seems to have been a mistake. Still we must remember the spirit of those times was not that of to-day, and what we judge to have been unwise, appeared just and prudent when promulgated.

2. The government of Spain.

3. In 1481 Ferdinand and Isabella established the Spanish Inquisition at Seville. Its first judges were two Dominicans. Its object was to check the profanations and frauds that were brought about by the hypocrisy of many Jews and Moors who pretended to have become Christians, but who in reality were unchanged. Ranke calls the Spanish Inquisition "a royal tribunal furnished with spiritual weapons." In 1492 an edict was issued banishing Jews from Spain who were not Christians nor becoming such. The hypocrisy of those who remained, and their endeavors to win Christians to their own belief, gave much work to the Inquisition.

Kansan says: 1. Does not the Catholic Church establish her claims to infallibility mainly from the Scriptures: then does she not take the ground that she alone is competent to infallibly interpret the Scriptures? Is not this an argument in *a vicious circle?*

2. To acquire a knowledge of the Catholic Church, of her history, doctrines, and philosophy, what English works could be studied to the best advantage?

1. The Catholic Church is a historical fact, a living, teaching Church, established by Christ to continue His own instructions and His own work to the men of all ages. Our Divine Lord taught by the living word. He spoke, He did not write. His apostles spoke and taught as He did. Years went by, and some of them wrote, others did not. Those who wrote, wrote but little and gave no complete series of religious dogmas. The Church was established before the evangelists put doctrines into writing; the Church was infallible from her foundation; and because she is a living, teaching Church, her word is to be accepted as the word of God. That word once accepted, it is strengthened and confirmed by reference to tradition and Holy Scripture, not to one of these alone, but to both. It is a serious and a fatal error that adopts only the written word and rejects the spoken.

2. Darras' Church History in four large volumes; Spalding's, in one small

volume; "Catholic Belief," "Faith of Our Fathers," and "The Stonyhurst Series of Philosophies," issued by the Jesuits in six volumes, will be found valuable for a beginning.

Summer queries are as follows: 1. Is the constant repetition of the same prayer consistent with common sense?
2. Why was it necessary that the Son of God should *die* for man?

1. Our Divine Lord repeated the same prayer three times in the Garden of Gethsemane on the night before His death. He also taught His disciples to say the Our Father as their prayer, and He surely wished it said more than once. He spoke most positively of the need and value of perseverance in prayer, the continual demand of a favor until the same is granted. And He is Infinite Wisdom.

2. It was not necessary that the Son of God should *die* for man. A lesser atonement would have satisfied Divine Justice, but the Son of God wished to prove His love as infinite for man, and to carry out in His own person the proof of His own statement that "greater love than this hath no man, that he should lay down his life for his friend."

G. A. M. wants to know (1) when and by whom was the Baptist Church founded? (2) and when and by whom was the Protestant Bible written?

1. The Encyclopedia Britannica says that the history of the Baptists, both in England and on the continent, is very obscure. It says: "Probably the earliest confession of faith of any Baptist Community, is that given by Zwingli in 1527." Again it says: "Of the introduction of Baptist views into England, we have no certain knowledge. Fox relates 'that the registers of London make mention of certain Dutchmen counted for Anabaptists, of whom 10 were put to death in sundry places in the realm, anno 1535; other 10 repented and were saved.'"

2. In Germany the earliest Protestant version was Luther's Bible — the New Testament in 1522, and the complete Bible in 1534. In England, under Henry VIII., appeared the "Great Bible"; in 1560, at Geneva, a number of English refugees prepared the Geneva Bible; in 1568, under Elizabeth, appeared the Bishops' Bible, a revision of that of 1539 by Archbishop Parker; and the present authorized Version, called King James's Bible, was a revision of the Bishops' Bible, and appeared in 1611.

Subscriber wishes to know if Confirmation is given before First Communion.

To day, when convenient, Communion generally precedes Confirmation. It is thought best to delay Confirmation until the child is of maturer years, since this Sacrament cannot be repeated. In earlier days Confirmation was frequently given to children before the use of reason, as Baptism is given to infants. In places where the bishop can come only at long intervals, the children are confirmed when the opportunity offers. There is no law nor obligation as to which Sacrament shall be first received.

From Savannah comes the query, What is the Pope's salary if any, and by whom paid?

When the Pope had his temporal possessions, the city of Rome and the Papal States, he secured his maintenance, as a ruler, from the revenues of the states under his jurisdiction. But since his rightful possessions were stolen from him a quarter of a century ago by Victor Emmanuel, he depends upon the voluntary contributions of the Catholics over the world. The annual collection which every parish in this country takes up each year, and sends to Rome under the title of Peter's Pence, is for the maintenance of the Holy Father.

M. A. C. inquires: Are there any statistics showing the number of Irish Catholics killed in the Revolution or Rebellion?

The secretary of war recently wrote in answer to an inquiry: "The number of soldiers of any given nationality in service during the War [of the Rebellion] is not known. There are no official statistics of the nationality or the religion of those killed in either war. There are computations and statistics that are not official. We know that there were large numbers of

Irish Catholics in the late war, and a goodly number in the War of 1775, but beyond a general statement, nothing positive can be said. In times of war, there is no question of a man's race or creed."

N. B. This inquiry is not quite within the scope of the "Question Box," which aims only to spread the truth regarding intricate or disputed points of Catholic faith, tradition, or practice. Correspondents will kindly note this statement.

A subscriber writes: 1. I believe it is proper when visiting a bishop to kiss his ring. 2. I have also seen a lady kiss the right hand of a newly ordained priest after he had given her his blessing. Is that customary? 3. In parting from a priest who is an intimate friend is it proper to kiss his hand? 4. What is the proper way of starting and ending a letter written to a priest?

1. Yes, it is a mark of respect for his office, and of reverence for authority.

2. Yes; because of the fact that the hands of the newly ordained priest have been consecrated by the holy oils.

3. It is customary, in some countries, and with some nationalities, to kiss the hand of the priest when parting. It is hardly the custom in this country, except among the Poles and the old Irish people.

4. Reverend Sir, Reverend and Dear Sir, Reverend Father. Yours respectfully, Yours in Christ, Yours sincerely, etc.

M. M. M. writes: What proofs can be given that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and are Catholics bound to believe all of the Old Testament? I have had discussions with an unbeliever, to whom I would like to give some positive proofs, as I believe these proofs must exist. I have heard it stated that we are not bound to believe the Old Testament, and cannot understand the statement if the Bible is the inspired Word.

These questions cover the whole of the controversy on the Sacred Writings, and would require a volume to answer. We recommend our friend to get a handy volume, entitled an "Introduction to the Scriptures," by Dr. MacDevitt, published by Benziger Bros., New York, and to be obtained through any bookseller. It will provide all the necessary information. At the same time it may be said, for the sake of giving immediate comfort, that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and must be accepted as such by all Catholics. Whether every detail mentioned in it is to be believed the Church has not said, because so many of these details have nothing to do with doctrine, and are simply historical happenings, or mere outside events which are not concerned with God's intentions. As to convincing an infidel of the inspiration of the Scriptures, it is an impossible task. The Bible is in the custody of the Church, and unless the infidel can first comprehend the Church, its divine infallibility in teaching, he cannot grasp the inspiration of the Scriptures. He can be convinced of the genuiness, the credibility, the reasonableness, of the Bible, and can admire its superiority over all the books that have been. He can even understand our view of it, but he cannot be convinced until faith touches his heart.

H. L. S. inquires: If a Catholic and a Protestant are married before a Protestant minister, must the Catholic make a public acknowledgment of sorrow by going up in front of the congregation?

In the diocese to which the inquirer belongs, to go before a Protestant minister for marriage separates the Catholic from his Church. No priest can absolve him without special permission or faculty from the bishop, unless he first make public acknowledgment of his fault before the people whom he has scandalized by his practical denial of his religion. If he does not want to stand up before the congregation, he can apply to the bishop, who can himself hear his confession, or give one of his priests authority to do so, or can insist on public reparation. If he apply to his pastor, the latter may insist on the public reparation, or he may judge it more prudent and less scandalous to secure from the bishop the permission needed to hear the penitent's confession. A person who abandons so openly his religion should be willing to openly indicate his return.

GADSDEN, ALA., June 10, 1895.

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir, — In your May number, page 619, the question is asked, "Is there any general law or decision of the Supreme Court forbidding the reading of the Bible in the common schools?" As your reply refers only

to the U. S. Supreme Court, some further information may be of interest to your readers. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin rendered a very important decision upon this subject in the case of the "State vs. District Board of School Dist. No. 8 of the City of Edgerton." Opinions were rendered by each of the three justices; and after patient and searching investigation, the court unanimously decided that Bible reading was sectarian instruction, and that the Bible could not be used in the public schools of that state.

The decision calls attention to the fact that every Christian sect that has ever existed appealed to the Bible in support of its doctrines, and Mr. Justice Lyon remarks: "When we remember that wise and good men have struggled and agonized through the centuries to find the correct interpretation of the scriptures, employing to that end great intellectual power, profound scholarship, and exalted spiritual attainment, and yet with such widely divergent results; and, further, that the Catholics conscientiously believe that their church furnishes them means, and the only means of correct and infallible interpretation, we could not say their conscientious scruples against the reading of any version of the Bible to their children, unaccompanied by such interpretation, are entitled to no consideration."

A copy of The Northwestern Reporter, in which this case is reported in full, may be had for 25 cents of the West Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Very respectfully,

J. A. BLOUNT.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Fiction.

A virile writer who has the optimist's view of life is Captain Charles King, U. S. A. We have received from Lippincott's, *Captain Close* and *Sergeant Crœsus* in one volume by this author. They are the writings of one in thorough acquaintance and thorough sympathy with his subject. Their joyous, healthy tone, their vigor and life, would serve as a good antidote to the inane, the soulless, the degrading literature that is forming the pastime of many of our young readers. Captain Close is the better story of the two, and it rejoices the reader to find beneath the surface meanness of the captain a warm and sympathetic soul.

An Experiment in Altruism, by Elizabeth Hastings, deserves more than a passing notice. While differing from many books on kindred subjects, it does not pretend to settle the question of poverty versus riches. Instead, it relates the futile, though well-intended efforts of various minded reformers who set out to better the condition of the poor of their city. A touch of romance ending in pathos is introduced, and the lesson is learned that poverty will not disappear, and that a trust in God is the only abiding blessing. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Friend of the People. By Mary C. Rowsell. The writer has taken a powerful plot, and, with the turbulent period of the Reign of Terror for a background, has developed a novel abounding in striking pictures that live in the memory.

The writer states that the tale has been dramatized and it seems to be particularly adapted to such use.

The illustrations, by A. Hencke & Jos. M. Gleeson, are especially good.

This book deserves an extensive reading, for its vivid portrayals of the depths of crime to which the villain descends and the untoward events in the lives of the Marquis de Ravignac and his wife could scarcely be improved upon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Six short stories, by Thomas Nelson Page, are published under the title of *The Burial of the Guns.* The title sketch deserves especial notice, and all the stories are good. Yet until one reads "Little Darby," one has misgivings as to whether the writer's talent is not weakening, and the merit of his work depreciating. But "Little Darby" raises the standard, and speaks volumes for the tact of a writer, himself a Southerner, who can present the heroic and the pathetic side of the Confederacy, while foregoing argument and bitterness. The "Yankee" who would refuse to recognize the heroism of Darby and the Millses must be sterner than the average. New York: Chas. Scribner & Sons.

Macmillan & Co. have issued a popular edition of Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*, paper covered, to sell at 50 cents.

Many who were hitherto prevented from buying this much-talked of book may now enjoy the story of Marcella Boyce, her odd but interesting parents; her creeds and deeds concerning and among her father's tenants; her lover, Aldous Raeburn, reserved, resolute, but always high minded, and the many other

characters that go to make up this novel, by the author of Robert Elsmere. New York: Macmillan and Co.

History.

Irishmen and students of Irish history may be forgiven if something of contempt characterizes their judgment of *Dermot McMurrough, King of Leinster.*

But what shall we say of a book that attempts to prove this same Dermot rather heroic than otherwise, and which insists on treating his seizure of Dervorgilla, wife of O'Rourk, as a military episode?

The book in question, *Dervorgilla; or, the Downfall of Ireland,* is peculiar in more ways than one. It was originally written by Miss Anna C. Scanlan, in 1889, and, upon her death, was completed and revised by her brother, Charles M. Scanlan.

One does not lightly impute false motives to the dead, and we presume the book was written in good faith.

Under the form of a story of Dervorgilla's life, literally from the cradle to the grave, the writer, after wasting much time, relates that Dermot raided O'Rourk's castle, in the absence of that prince, seizing his cattle and belongings, and holding the lady Dervorgilla as a hostage. From this point on, the story is misleading, to say the least. Beyond certain allusions to a false "entry in the annals of the Monks," the writer shows no cause for taking her strange view of the case. There is also a feeble attempt to intrude the question of Adrian IV.'s Bull, but the writer ventures no statement on the time-worn theme, other than that it "stands proved as genuine," according "to the rules of our courts of law." The book has no merit as a story, and is utterly misleading as an historical tale. Milwaukee: J. H. Yewdale & Sons.

THE Scribners, in their American History Series, are doing an admirable work, presenting a "literary and philosophical history of the people of the United States." The third of these volumes, *The Making of the Nation*, by Gen. Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is a calm, clear, and unimpassioned statement of the condition of the colonies at the close of the war with England, the formation of the constitution, its difficulties, its friends and opponents; and the survey of its effects in the harmonizing and uniting of the different states into a nation, down to the close of Madison's second administration. The student of current events, contemplating the fate of the income tax and the financial difficulties of our era can read these pages with great profit. No one will turn away from them without being convinced of the staple foundations of the republic, and the surety that there is a solution for difficulties to-day, as there was in the earlier days of struggle and of weakness. General Walker is especially earnest in his endeavor to do justice to the great men who planned and framed our government. His statement of the origin and plans of parties is very good, as is also his exposition of the influence which the great West exercised over the colonies, tending to unite them, and then to hold them in union.

Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney is the result of 12 years' labor and research. The author, James A. Weston, has thoroughly convinced himself that Marshal Ney was not shot by his soldiers, but allowed by a previous understanding with them to escape, and that he came to the United States, where he lived as Peter S. Ney until 1846. The writer gives an ample history of Marshal Ney, of Peter S. Ney, and traces an analogy between the two, to establish their identity. It will be hard to convince the average reader that "the bravest of the brave" could stay away from France for 30 years, from wife and children, spending his time in teaching school, and other prosaic pursuits, occasionally telling some one in his cups that he was Marshal Ney, and dying unknown to the world in an out of the way spot in North Carolina. While the arguments, the incidents, and the circumstantial evidence brought forth by the author are numerous enough, they lack that convincing power that will persuade the sceptical or those who require the authority of historical proof. Nor must the author complain of this, as he himself treats as myths many an accepted story of bygone days, and claims that history is only a tissue of lies.

A greater willingness to credit historians and biographical writers would have assured for himself a better hearing. We do not wish to detract from the writer's praise for energy, study, and for accumulation of circumstantial evidence, but we must in the end hold ourselves unconvinced, even though conviction would remove the only stain which the author can find upon the brow of Wellington. One of the marked features of the book is a continual attempt to degrade Napoleon and to elevate Wellington: New York: Whittaker.

Poetry.

"GIVE me then health, Apollo; give
Sound mind; on gotten goods to live
Contented; and let song engage
An honored, not a base old age."

These words that conclude the 31st ode of Horace's First Book, are Mr. Gladstone's translation, and they find in himself an exemplar of the old poet's petition. Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in the English statesman's career than the vigor of his strong intellect in an advanced age. *The Odes of Horace*, translated into English by

Wm. E. Gladstone, indicate the power of concentration that hesitates to abandon the still sturdy frame. We have had many translations of Horace, but we welcome this latest one. We renew our acquaintance in the vernacular with one who puzzled us as school-boys. And the knowledge that has come with years of life, and the zest that pleasure and pain can give to living, make our appreciation of Horace vivid and real. Mr. Gladstone has given a good translation, and our chief regret would come from his endeavor to cling at times too closely to the form of the original, where this will not sufficiently shape itself into the genius of our language. Mr. Gladstone deserves the thanks of the right-minded in his care to omit what should not be even named among Christians. In these days, where the revolt is towards paganism and its hideous orgies, the expression of one who challenges the world's admiration is noteworthy, when a "stanza is purposely softened," or a mitigation of language is secured under the disguise of a paraphrase. As the habit is growing to sneer at decency in art and letters, we may rejoice to find Mr. Gladstone holding to the side of purity and of morality, even in the rendering of another's ideas. That the book is from Scribner's is sufficient testimonial to its neatness and elegance.

COPELAND & DAY, of Boston, deserve the gratitude of the lovers of true poetry for the three select and dainty volumes they have just issued. An exquisite little book is *Poems by John B. Tabb*. This priest, hidden away from the world, writes from the solitude of his college home in Maryland the best quatrains that come from the press today. What can exceed the beauty and the religious feeling of his lines on the Assumption, —

> "Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
> Apart from Mary's care,
> Nor Heaven itself a home for Him,
> Were not His mother there."

As a sonnet writer, he is superb, and few can equal him in his power of concentration and condensation. He has the poet's eye for the beautiful in nature and out-door life, and he knows how to flash before the reader an original idea, and by a bold and swift metaphor to fix it upon the reader's memory, as in his lines to the dandelion :—

> "With locks of gold to-day,
> To-morrow silver gray,
> Then blossom-bald. Behold,
> O man, thy fortune told."

The book is a worthy setting to a series of gems.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON entitles a volume of verses *Cuckoo Songs*, and embodies in a style all her own much of the poetry of Irish peasant life. Though some of these poems lack finish, still not the least of their charms is that when they depart from the conventional, they frequently become quaintly characteristic. We have seen better work in days gone by from Katharine Tynan, and we must say candidly that the present volume is not in her best vein. A poet must never build on reputation, but on genius that fructifies itself by work. Mrs. Hinkson must do better work — and she can — to sustain the reputation of Katharine Tynan.

A NEW poet is Lionel Johnson. He is an Irishman, young, being but 28 years of age. His present volume indicates character, manliness, and spirit in the writer. It bears also the imprint of skill and of art. The poems are generally quiet and not of the nature to stir enthusiasm. We would, however, make exception for a few strong and patriotic pieces. Mr. Johnson is a sincere admirer of his friends, and dedicates many of his pieces to individuals. If we might indicate the characteristics of these poems, we would say that they possess a tone of quaintness and of the antique. In their color and flavoring they bring us back to some of the verse-makers of centuries gone by. Antique, too, is the make-up of the book. Many an Irish heart will thrill over the war-songs of Mr. Johnson. Here, where the spirit of patriotism impels him, he is seen at his best: —

> "A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
> Yet, ere peace come to Innisfail,
> Some weapons in some field must gleam,
> Some burning glory fire the Gael."

And what energy and glory in these lines from "The Coming of War": —

> "O life blood of remembrance! Long ago
> This land upheld our ancient fathers;
> And for this land, their land, our land, now gathers
> One fellowship against the foe.
> The spears flash: be they as our mother's eyes!
> The trump sounds: hearken to our father's cries!
> March we to battle so.

Practical.

IN a paper-covered book entitled *How to Make Money Although a Woman*, Irene W. Hartt undertakes to convert all the women in the country to her cheerful views on the subject of what a woman can do nowadays.

This unpretentious volume may prove very popular, not for its literary worth, but for its abundant suggestion, advice, and encouragement. The writer seems to have left nothing unsaid that would set her readers thinking and incite them to action.

On the principle that what others have done one may also do, the writer first suggests the occupation and then names a precedent.

Some of the occupations seem anything but practicable; but these are in the minority, and one must reflect that the writer's task of treating so many different themes intelligently was far from easy. [New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.]

Critical.

Christ the Orator is written with fervid enthusiasm by Rev. T. A. Hyde. The author is sincere, and desires to place in prominence the influence which the speech of the Redeemer exercised on His readers. The chapters read like sermons that were intended for hearers rather than readers, and so are diffuse, verbose, and exaggerated in tone, if not in sentiment. To reduce the book to one third its size, to write it in a calmer and less oratorical style, would improve its tone and broaden its influence. [Boston: Arena Pub. Co.]

WE have received from Benziger Brothers *An Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles*, consisting of an analysis of each chapter, and of a commentary, critical, exegetical, doctrinal, and moral, by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, archbishop of Tuam. This setting forth of the title page is sufficient commentary for those already familiar with the writings of the learned doctor. The study of the Acts of the Apostles has a special interest for those who seek knowledge of the infant church, and for preachers. The arrangement of the text and of the Commentaries is admirable.

As Others Saw Him is somewhat of a novelty. The author's name is not given. Under the name of Meshullam Ben Zadok, he represents himself as a Jewish scribe writing from Alexandria, in the year 54, to Aglaophonos, a Greek physician of Corinth. Jesus of Nazareth is his theme. Of Him he promises to tell much if not all, "for I was at Jerusalem all the time he passed for a leader of men up to his shameful death." But he does not tell all. The book as a commentary on the simple Gospel narratives is a failure. The details of Jewish customs add but little information, and that not bearing directly on the personality of Jesus. The attitude of the author seems to be that of the mockers on Calvary, who said: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross, and we will believe." [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Devotional.

THE children of Mary and all who love prayer and meditation will find much food for reflection in *Conferences on the Spiritual Life* by De Ravignan. These Conferences have been compiled from notes taken by a listener; and while they lack the unity and elegance of finished discourses, they abound in simple, holy thoughts. The preaches loved God, and his hearers were indeed hir "children." His aim has been to ennoble his listeners, and to lead them away from sin by conducting them to the heights of contemplation. [New York: Benziger Bros.]

Miscellaneous.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD in her *Russian Rambles* has given a series of detached pictures to illustrate the ordinary conditions of life and the character of the inhabitants in Russia. She is friendly even to the custom-house officials and the gendarmes; and as her own experience has been pleasant, she is surprised at the harrowing accounts given by other travellers. Her book is instructive, at times amusing, generally graphic. To read it, is to obtain knowledge of manners and customs much at variance with our own. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

One of the needs of the student in acquiring a practical knowledge of the German langauge is to put himself early in the course in the place of those who use it as the vehicle of their daily thoughts, to maks use of the idiom, to think as well as to speak, read, and write in German.

He should also learn to read and write readily the German script, for probably the first practical use to which he will be called to put his knowledge of the language after leaving the class-room will be to translate a letter written in German script.

These wants have been admirably supplied by Germania, an excellent magazine for the study of German language and literature, published by Spanhoofd & Spanhoofd, Boston, and adapted for use in the advanced section of our German classes.

It contains a novel and one or two short selections from the best German authors, and is supplied with critical and explanatory notes, which obviate the frequent reference to dictionary and vocabulary.

The "Learners Department," arranged in three parts, for beginners, intermediate, and advanced students, is accompanied by copious notes, and suggestions.

New Music.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. Voice, Goodbye, H. Leston; Blue Eyes are always true, P. De Faye; Malbrouck, from Trilby; Morning Song, D. Norman; Falila, H. H. Thiele; I gave you all my heart, J. C. Macy; And then my Love, C. Lamar; Golden Rod, C. P. Scott; Tender Kisses, E. Holst; Summer Night, C. P. Scott; La tua Stella, 2 keys, Mascagni; Forget Me, Mattei; Raise high your Beakers, A. W. Brown; Love is an Ocean, A. W. Brown; Dolly Drew, C. S. Hill; O Son of the Carpenter, sacred, G. B. Nevin; Let me forget, G. B. Nevin; Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven, duett, V. Vane; Ships that pass in the Night, J. W. Wignall; Night Hymn at Sea, duett, A. G. Thomas; The Sword of God, sacred song, O. L. Carter; Sweetly Slumber, Little One, P. Greely; On a Bank where Roses Grew, E. L. Morris; Lulu, A. B. Van Fleet; Some Day you'll come; Bertha Baker; Always show your pretty feet, T. B. Bishop; Mamie, with the golden curls, B. Baker, The Captives, Bertha Baker; After All, John W. Hutchinson; When de Stars am Asleep, B. Baker; In Snow, C. P. Scott; Love, Stay by and Sing, T. R. Sullivan; Heart so True, Mattie Woodcock; Where the Bee Sucks, A. Sullivan; Do you forget, I. Scalia; Will it be long, love, John Cox Dear; There is a Blessed Home, sacred, W. O. Wilkinson; Dream of me, dear, N. Fales Peck; Bagatelle, R. Atkinson.

Pianoforte, etc. Forget me not, serenade, E. Hoffmann; Rippling Waves waltzes, J. Rosas; same for 2 mandolins and guitar; Equipoise air de ballet, G. Ludovic; Darkies' Serenade Schottische, E. Christie; Stray Leaf, Sidney Brown; Dancing on the Levee Schottische, G. T. Brown; The New Arverne Waltzes, Bessie F. Lichtenstein; Visions of Love, Lichtenstein; Reverie de L'Ange, Lichtenstein; Hearts' Devotion, song, Lichtenstein; Ma Belle Adoree, waltzes, Dudley Roy; O'er Silvery Waves, E. S. Phelps; The Youthful waltz, C. Wels; Roundabout Galop, N. P. Fenimore; Lakewood Polka, Our Dancing Class Waltz, Fenimore; Midgets' Wedding March, Cadet Scohttische, Fenimore; Boston Post March, piano guitar, mandolin, G. L. Tracy; St. Augustine Mazurka, Fenimore; Our March, C. S. Hill; Fairy Dream, Morceau, R. Goerdeler; Priscilla's Spinning Wheel, Morceau, Goerdeler; Flower Queen, Reverie, Goerdeler; Assembly Twostep, H. Hassler; Dover Galop, C. C. Roeske; The Hub Waltz, C. C. Roeske; Grand American Fantaisie; two mandolins and guitar, W. Vruland; Up to Date March, W. F. Sudds; Jackson's Cadences, Twilight Dreams Waltz, R. Thomson; Hearts Sigh, nocturne, E. Holst; Rustic Wedding Waltz, R. Thomson; Ye Olden Tymes, dance, H. Brundrett; Approach of Dawn Quadrille, T. H. Rollinson; Boston Valse, Pierre Muller; Sorosis Waltz, R. A. Keiser; La Zingarella, waltz, F. S. Sommers.

The Killarney Fete.

It is the first time the Sisters of Mercy, Killarney, have ever appealed for help for their orphanages, where they shelter and educate 130 children, boys and girls. They now most earnestly beg of all their friends at home or in foreign lands to assist them to pay off the heavy debts that are pressing on them.

The duty of every man to carry a life insurance policy is so obvious that to say to him that he ought to get his life insured is like saying he ought to keep the ten commandments. Life insurance has undergone wonderful changes in the last few years. Formerly only the well-to-do thought they could afford to carry a policy, but now if a man can spare six cents a week he can have his life insured. Not for such a very large sum, it is true, but still for an amount that is large enough to make it an object to invest his six cents. Not only his own life, but the lives of all the rest of his family may be thus insured at an expense for each one of from six to 50 cents a week, according to the size of the policy. There are comparatively few laboring men in New England who cannot afford 25 or 50 cents a week, — a sum which will enable them to make handsome provision for their families in case of death. This is insurance for the million, and the plain working people are rapidly showing that they appreciate it. It is called industrial insurance, and is proving itself a blessing to the industrial classes. There are only a very few reliable and well established companies which have thus far gone into this form of insurance. They do not, as a rule, care to bother with small policies and trifling premiums. But there is one company, the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance, of Boston, one of the oldest and most solid in America, as well as one of the wealthiest, which makes a specialty of industrial insurance, and its efforts to popularize insurance and bring it within the reach of every man who is not a pauper are meeting with remarkable success.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, cigar dealer in Boston and New England is George O. Smith, 6 Hawley street, Boston, who started in business over 40 years ago, in 1854. The business he established then has prospered ever since, which is surely a remarkable record. Mr. Smith has a very fine club trade, and connoisseurs have learned that absolute reliance may be placed in the brands of cigars recommended by him.

The Royal Powdered Soap is a strictly pure soap, which will not injure the finest fabrics or shrink the softest wools. It will remove stains and grease and brighten set colors wonderfully. The manufacturers have a novel plan by which almost any woman with a little spare time can rapidly and easily make $100. Write to the Royal Powdered Soap Company, 5 Central Wharf, Boston, for particulars.

The unanimous verdict of the greatest musicians of this century, and the highest honors at the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, and at the World's Fair, in 1893, are certainly as strong an indorsement as any pianoforte could have. As a prize winner the Hallet & Davis piano stands above all competitors, having received more than a hundred diplomas and medals. Nor is this strange, for the instrument embodies the results of half a century's work and experiment in the art of tone production and the expenditure of many million dollars. No prospective buyer of a piano can afford to neglect to examine the claims made by the manufacturers of the Hallet & Davis piano, which is the only high grade instrument sold at a reasonable price. To Mr. E. N. Kimball, Jr., the manager of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company, is due no small degree of the success and popularity which the pianos have won. Write to the manufacturers for an illustrated catalogue.

John J. Higgins, one of the most successful of the younger business men of Boston, was born in this city in 1872, and was educated in the grammar schools and at Holy Cross College, Worcester. After leaving the latter institution he entered the business house of his father, on Essex street, Boston, and soon made himself familiar with the details of the wholesale and retail grocery trade. The firm of Patrick Higgins & Co. had been known for many years all over New England as one of the most reliable houses in that line of business, and young Mr. Higgins could not have had a finer opportunity. He remained with his father until the latter's death, which occurred about six months ago, and then succeeded to the business, carrying it on along the lines laid down by its founder. In social life Mr. Higgins is very popular with his wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He is a member of the Boston College Young Men's Association of Boston College, and of the Catholic Order of Foresters, taking an active interest in both organizations.

THE CHILDREN'S FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

A WET-WEATHER CHRISTIAN.

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THE JESUITS AND THE REPUBLIC.

BY MICHAEL J. DWYER.

IN THE American school of anti-Catholic criticism, no pupil can be considered proficient, who has not mastered the special branch of invective against the Society of Jesus. It is a pity that an enlightened country like ours, whose broad spirit generally finds place and favor for everything that professes to aim at the social and moral advancement of our people, should look askance at a body of men whose helpful labors for the good of American citizenship are coeval with the republic itself, but, unfortunately, the shadows of calumny and suspicion, which have enveloped the Society of Jesus in European countries, have spread themselves through our more liberal atmosphere of thought, producing in a vast number of minds the gravest doubt and misapprehension regarding the aims of the Society in our land.

It is a singular fact, too, that the historic cloak of patriotism, which has ever masked the enmity of the opponents of the Jesuits in other nations, is likewise the garb assumed by their American adversaries. Love of the republic, resentment of so-called foreign institutions, the protection of American forms and ideas, are the apparent mainsprings of hostility in the American anti-Jesuit.

In many cases, doubtless, the patriotic motive, though inimical to the Society, is a sincere and honest one. There are two classes of American Jesuit haters. The first and most prominent are men and women of fanatical intellects and narrow hearts, dogmatic in assertion, ill-informed in knowledge, intense in hatred, and reckless in accusation, who convey the impression that antagonism to something, no matter what, is the sole purpose of their existence, as well as their chief hope and source of maintenance. This class, not being susceptible to reason, merits no consideration and receives none from us. The second class, however, comprises American citizens of more generous minds and feelings, of broader sympathies and more liberal opinions, whose lives, training, and occupations have been so remote from the opportunity for accurate knowledge of the great forces of Catholicism, that more

by force of circumstance than by malicious intent, they oppose and decry what they in reality do not understand. This class of opponents, knowing only that the Jesuits bear through history the burden of the most serious charges, that their preponderance in Europe has been regarded by their enemies as the cause of the political and moral decay of nations, naturally look upon the presence of the Society in the United States as a menace to republican institutions and a peril to a high-toned moral American citizenship.

It is to this widespread, earnest, though unjust, prejudice against the Society of Jesus that this article addresses itself, on the principle that the good in anything is best discovered and developed in the light of the honest, even though mistaken, positions taken against it.

If it were to be stated as a first proposition in the discussion, that the Society of Jesus is among the most beneficent of the institutions of the republic, our honest antagonists would at once take exceptions. American institutions, they would say, are those alone which spring from American soil and embody American ideas, which represent American thought, are controlled by American management, and are directed to the development of American citizenship independent of sect or class. Your Society of Jesus, they would add, even admitting its innocence of all that has been laid to its door, is a foreign institution, introduced here, but not indigenous to the soil, tolerated but not sanctioned, in the republic but not of it, limited in its operations to a certain sect, and hence out of unison with the broad development of American character as a whole.

The limitation of the idea of an American institution contained in this objection is unfair to millions of native and adopted American citizens. In the complex structure of our nationality, any association, whether of native origin or foreign introduction, should be assimilated into the body of our institutions, provided its objects are directed to the physical, intellectual, social or moral benefit of any class of American citizens, whether that class be of restricted or continental extent.

To determine the value or the detriment to the republic of the Society of Jesus along the lines designated, it will be necessary to glance at the republic itself. It is not surprising that many Americans dazzled by the brilliant surface view of our conditions, our many-sided characteristics, our amazing successes in politics, education, and finance, fail to appreciate the underlying necessities of our system or the dangers which threaten its prosperous and perpetual continuance. They are blind to the fact that side by side with our wonderful march of progress in every material direction, are keeping pace elements of moral, social, and political abuse whose preponderance at any time in our history would mean incalculable injury to our institutions if not their utter subversion. So keen an observer of our country as Mr. Bryce has this to say of us in his chapter on our social institutions:—

"Sometimes, standing in the midst of a great American city, and watching the throngs of eager figures streaming hither and thither, marking the sharp contrasts of poverty and wealth, an increasing mass of wretchedness, and an increasing display of luxury, knowing that before long a hundred millions of men will be living between ocean and ocean under this one government — a government their own hands have made—one is startled by the thought of what might befall this huge yet

delicate fabric of laws and commerce and social institutions were the foundations it has rested on to crumble away."

Was it not a phase of this same thought which Bishop Keane dwelt upon in his address at Harvard College, when, in discussing the republic's present needs, and the means to be used to perpetuate our institutions with all their blessings to posterity he dwelt upon the foundations of our stability as a nation in these words:—

"The great need of America to-day is the moulding of American character and the guiding of American intellect upon the principles of Christianity, and the great danger for America in the future lies in the possibility that she may be false to the eternal principles bestowed by Christ upon mankind."

Now if the learned prelate's estimate be true, the test of the Society of Jesus as a worthy institution of America will be found in its answer to the query contained in his statement and which may be thus set forth: "Are the Jesuits contributing towards the moulding of American character and the guiding of American intellect upon the principles bestowed by Christ upon mankind?" It is to be noted that no special plea is here made for the Catholic religion, except in so far as it is one form of Christian faith and Christian principle. In the present view of the Jesuits, limited as it is to the question of their usefulness in the republic, it is necessary to consider them only as they appear upon the broad platform of Christianity, which all other teachers and ministers of Christian truth and practice in the republic occupy.

In this respect then, contemplate them in their various labors throughout the nation. In almost every large city is their church, in very many their college; in every state are their missionaries active, and in their University and houses of study are pursued their individual researches and the dissemination of the knowledge acquired, to their students and parishioners.

The first phase of their activity which invites our attention is their devotion to the education of youth. To establish the value of the Jesuits as educators of our youth we have the unchallenged verdict of history as well as the republic's own experience for nearly a hundred years. The Jesuits can afford to answer the aspersions cast upon their influence over youth, by simply pointing to the hundreds of young American citizens graduating from their institutions all over the country year after year, and asking what colleges of similar grade to their own send forth into the duties and affairs of life, young men of higher mental or moral attainments, or more devoted to the best principles of our citizenship.

They have rightly been called the "greatest educators since the revival of learning." At the time of their suppression in Europe, Frederic II, the Protestant king of Prussia, recognizing their invaluable services as teachers, not only refused to carry out the brief of suppression in his domain, but even invited the proscribed fathers from France and Italy to provide for the instruction and training of his youth.

The republic may well feel grateful for a system of education which while adorning the mind with knowledge, fortifies the character with deep moral cultivation; a system whose first object is to make its pupils good Christians, its second to make them good scholars; a system which imparts to its subjects all the refinements of the Christian gentleman, as well as the qualities which form the good citizen.

Their second line of effort for the moulding of American character upon the principles of Christianity may be sought in the social organizations of young men attached to many of their parishes throughout the country. According to the maxim of St. Ignatius that he who guides the youth, directs the destiny of the man, and from mankind's common experience of the potency which intercourse and example have upon the formation of character, some opinion can be formed of the power for good which such associations have upon the minds and lives of their members. United for social intercourse under the direction of men of elevated characters and cultivated minds, such as no one who knows aught of the Jesuits will deny them to be, and banded for this purpose at a time in the lives of these youths when they are peculiarly susceptible to noble impressions, and more readily imbued with high ambitions and correct principles, it may not truthfully be disputed that the associations presided over by the Jesuits are direct means for the instilling into American young men of the purest sentiments of duty in their relations to the social and national fabric of which they form a part.

It is, however, at their special capacity as priests, as preachers of Christian faith and inculcators of Christian morality to the people in general, that we must glance for the results of the labors of the Jesuits in the republic. It is true, their endeavors, while extending far beyond the limits of their own churches, are mostly centred in a special class, being exercised chiefly among the Catholics of the nation. No valid objection can however, be raised on this account, since American Catholics are still American citizens. Who that has watched the progress of Catholicism in our country will hesitate to say that its influence is to be a permanent and growing one among us? It is ineradicably planted in these United States, as the religion of nearly 10,000,000 American citizens. It is here, Apaism and every other foolism willy nilly, and is destined to remain here to the end of the republic as part of our religious life, asserting itself, not aggressively—God forbid—but knitting its principles, its standards of human life, and of the obligations of society, its recognition of human duty and responsibility, into the very fibre of our national character. In laboring within the fold of Catholicism, therefore, the Jesuits are contributing a quota of unequivocal assistance towards the preservation of the republic's morality and good citizenship. Reduced to its simple elements their teaching is this, that the maxims of Christ should be the mainsprings of a man's every action, the guiding principles of his thought, and the rules for his dealings with his fellowmen and his relations to his country. Is not an American citizen, trained by the Jesuit and whose life is a practical illustration of this teaching, a living argument in favor of the Society of Jesus, and the most powerful and most practical refutation of the calumnies against it?

If further proof is wanted of the fitness of the Jesuit as a teacher of the American citizen, and as a preacher of Christianity to the people, let his long years of arduous study and pious discipline, the special evidences of vocation and ability required in him as a novice, the natural aptitude of the man—an important consideration in the Society—make answer. This society has been called with truth "a vast mechanism for guiding the minds of

men, and governing them by the dominion of an idea." And when this mechanism is employed in promulgating and exemplifying the power and beauty of Christian faith, education, and practice, is not the sacred trust which the nation reposes in all its teachers, perfectly safe, and through its organized forces will not the moral necessities of the nation as far as the influence of Jesuits goes, receive adequate provision?

The lingering objection to the Society on account of the charges made against it in European countries in former times, will be swept away by a fair, impartial course of reading. The vindication of the Jesuits from every charge brought against them as a body has been pronounced over and over again by the lips and pens of those who have investigated the subject for themselves. Of this statement let a single instance answer the limitations of the present article. Paul Feval, the learned and witty French writer, while yet a virulent enemy of the Society, was engaged to write a book against it. In pursuance of his commission he collected all sorts of historical documents in which the connection of the Jesuits with the course of events in Europe was shown, and gave himself up to their thorough study. After a long and earnest investigation he penned the following immortal lines to his publishers:—

"I have abandoned my work and burned my manuscripts. After reading your documents I find I have undertaken to calumniate at so much a line, men, not only innocent of all crime, but who are useful citizens, benefactors of mankind, soldiers of science, peaceful conquerors, heroes, saints, whose only fault is having excelled all other bodies of men, in bringing out by the strength of their arms, their sweat, their blood itself, what is perhaps the most astonishing work of the civilization of modern times."

But there remains yet another special reason why the Society of Jesus should be honored and respected by every true American; a reason drawn from American history itself; which shines resplendent from the traditions of the past, and casts a halo upon the labors and aims of the Society in the present. If we look backward through the pages of America's story for examples of a great and lofty manhood, which shall serve as a stimulus upon our own lives and motives in the present, we will find that the grandest deeds recorded in American history were inspired by Jesuitism and performed by Jesuits.

In the murky dawn of our country's existence, long before civilization displaced the savagery of the wilderness, and while all the horrors of barbarism prevailed over the whole continent, there is seen through the frightful glare of the Iroquois death fires, a series of magnificent accomplishments and heroic sufferings, the splendor of which countless ages of time cannot efface. An admirer of the Society of Jesus has declared that Jesuitism is only another name for charity. The sixteen years of American history describing the Jesuit missions among the Hurons from 1634 to 1650 gloriously prove the truth of the assertion. Where, for instance, can a better example of devotion to duty be found than in the act of the Jesuit Chabanel, who, when his whole nature revolted against the barbarism, filth and hardship of his Huron surroundings, bound himself by a solemn vow to remain among the Indians to teach them the salvation of the gospel until his death? Where is there recorded a greater example of heroic perseverance under the most direful suffering than in the career of the Jesuit Jogues, that magnificent figure

of missionary zeal and martyrdom, who elicited the most enthusiastic admiration of the historian Parkman? Where have philanthropy and human charity ever been better illustrated than in the lives and deaths of the Jesuits Daniel and Garnier, who earned a martyr's palm while administering the consolations of Christianity to dying savages? Where, in fine, have ever been given more sublime examples of indomitable will, fortitude, and patience than in the deaths of the greatest of the early Jesuits, Breboeuf and Lalemant, who preached Christianity to their fiendish captors amidst the most hellish tortures ever devised by the cruel instinct of savagism?

Two centuries and a half have passed away since the Jesuits first began their labors for the welfare of America. Honest critics of the Society may be assured that the spirit of the Fathers to-day is the same which inspired the grand deeds of their predecessors, the early missionaries. Their labors enter into the progress of the American nation. Impelled by the example, and inspired by the memory of their ancestors in Christ, the American Jesuits of to-day are applying to America's changed conditions and necessities, the same spirit of their great founder which actuated the heroes of the Huron missions, and which was to teach men above all things else "to love their country, their family, and their God," —three branches of human duty, which shall exist for America, as for all other countries, as long as Christianity has vitality, predominance, and power to enforce them.

A PRAYER.

BY HARRY WELLINGTON WACK.

I PRAY, O Lord, descend thy meed
On fainting souls, whose living creed
  Is formless as the air;
Yet who, withal, have hearts which need
Endowment of Thy kindly heed,
  Though creedless; praying where
No pageant spectacles adorn
Weird, gilded shapes of Him, the born
  Redeemer of mankind;

But lean to hear who walk forlorn —
Without the folds where mask is worn
  (To hide sin's face behind!)
For lowly, weeping, wand'ring ones,
For toiling lives, cheer-giving sons,
  I fervently do pray;
That he who sows beneath the suns —
A *kindness* in the course he runs —
  Will some day find *the Way!*

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

RECENT events in England have again drawn the attention of the world to the House of Commons, and the remarkable powers exercised by it in the affairs of the nation. The downfall of the Rosebery cabinet is but one of many peculiar incidents in the long chain of historical happenings associated with its career, and emphasizes its essential divergence in character and scope from other national bodies of popular representatives.

The House of Commons is really unique among the legislative chambers of sovereign states. It is unique in its origin and development and in the scope of its powers. In many important respects it is unlike any other legislative body. To look at it simply as we look at the House of Representatives of the United States is to fail to comprehend its true character. Both houses are representative; elected directly by popular vote, and exercise various important functions common to both; yet there exist many notable if not radical differences between them. The House of Commons is a growth, an accretion of the centuries during which, little by little, like a coral island, it has developed to the present condition; while our House of Representatives sprang into existence, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, armed and equipped for active work.

The time of the beginnings of the British popular chamber is uncertain. In the early days after the Norman conquest of England in the eleventh century, no sign of it is discernible. The feudal system had been imposed by the Norman kings, who were regarded as the makers and administrators of all laws save those of the church. The king was supposed to be the fountain of grace, honor, and law. The lands had been confiscated and divided by William the Conqueror among his nobles, who held them as tenants of the king on certain conditions. Their descendants held them on similar conditions. When the sovereign enacted laws he was said to do so with the consent of his Great Council, which meant the nobles whom he summoned for consultation. This was the only kind of parliament that England had for some centuries. It was a veritable House of Lords. The common people, that is to say, all those who were engaged in industrial occupation, had no voice in making the laws. They were looked upon as inferior beings, born to be governed by the king and nobility. Many were villeins, a species of semi-slaves bound to the lords on whose estates they were born.

The first clearly defined step towards introducing a representative element into the kings' Great Council was made in 1215 when a majority of the nobility and King John had a serious quarrel over their respective privileges. The nobles compelled the king to sign the Great Charter at Runnymede, by which he promised for himself and his successors to summon to future convocations of the Great Council the lesser as well as the greater barons. Many of the small barons, however, would not come, because it was very expensive to travel from distant parts of the

country in those days, and probably also because they were not sufficiently interested in the matter. Hence the members of the Great Council, during the lifetime of King John, determined that representatives of their own class should be elected by the county courts to take part in their deliberations. The county courts consisted of the landed gentlemen of each county, men who did not work for a living, but who exercised local governmental and inferior judicial authority within the respective counties or shires. The representatives whom they returned were termed "Knights of the Shire," a title which is yet commonly applied to the members of the House of Commons.

Half a century later, in 1265, a faction of the nobles headed by Simon of Montfort quarrelled with King Henry the Third and were triumphant for a time. Montfort summoned the Great Council or parliament to assemble, and he caused for the first time writs of election to be issued to the towns, requesting them to elect representatives. He took this course to ingratiate himself with the people of the towns, because they were favorable to his cause and their support was sorely needed in many ways to enable him to maintain his precarious position. The townspeople were coming to be a power in the state as they grew wealthy, the result of their manufacturing and commercial enterprises. Hence their support became a factor of great importance to any side which they espoused, in a public quarrel where money and fighting men were needed.

The privilege thus accorded by Simon of Montfort in a time of storm and stress has always been claimed since and maintained against sovereigns who attempted to revoke it. A little later Edward I was sadly in want of money to meet the expenses of his costly wars. The nobles were unable or unwilling to supply all that was required. There was no Bank of England, no paper money, no British national debt in those days. There was nothing current but metal money in the possession of individual owners, and the motto was: "Pay as you go." Edward summoned representatives of the towns to meet him in the Great Council or Parliament, so that they might help replenish his empty treasury by taxes which they would agree to lay upon and collect from their constitutents. The plan of taxation was for the lay nobles to impose taxes upon their own order; the ecclesiastical members of Parliament on theirs. And now the parliamentary representatives of counties and towns were called upon to lay taxes on their constituents.

It must not be inferred that these "Knights of the Shire" from the counties, or "Burgesses" from the towns, although admitted to seats in Parliament, stood on an equal political footing in that body with the lords, temporal and spiritual. Although they sat together in the same hall of assembly, taking part in discussion, they were not entitled to vote for or against any law. They could vote taxes on their own order, the common people, and that was all their voting power. They could petition the king for the enactment of such laws as they wished, but the king and peers alone possessed the legislative authority. Yet surely, though slowly, as time passed, their influence increased. The reason is obvious. If their petitions for legislation were rejected they could refuse to tax themselves for the Crown, and there was

no way by which they could be compelled to do so. Every measure passed in their favor they utilized to extort others. Through their efforts, harsh features of the system of villeinage were softened, and new accessions of strength were added to the ranks of the freemen. The Commons, as they were termed, were a constantly increasing force, and as they waxed in strength, became bolder in insisting that the things desired should be granted.

Some time about the middle of the fourteenth century—the exact date is not quite clear—Parliament divided into two houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, sitting in separate chambers as they do now. But not even then, nor for a long time afterwards, were the Commons empowered to pass upon measures of legislation. They could discuss and deliberate and vote taxes upon themselves; that was all. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, after many years of sharp friction between the chambers, the knights and burgesses presented a petition to the king, demanding that no law should go into effect without their concurrence. The King and Lords refused to accede to the demand. A fierce struggle began which continued with great bitterness for many years. The King and Lords were obstinate, the Commons persistent. The latter eventually tied up the purse strings by practically refusing to vote supplies, and as a matter of course their demand was granted and the Commons henceforward became one of the most active estates of the realm. Step by step the advance was made, and every inch gained in the struggle for popular rights was firmly held.

English monarchs had for a long time claimed the right as a royal prerogative to nullify or suspend for a time any law they chose. The exercise of this power was termed the royal right of dispensation. After the Reformation, when the sovereign assumed the headship of the established church, combining in the same person the highest spiritual and temporal authority in the kingdom, this power was often used in a most wanton and arbitrary manner. Some of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns swept the laws aside by proclamations, as if they were mere cobwebs. They also established judicial tribunals of their own, outside of the regularly constituted courts, which tried in secret any persons brought before them charged with offences against the Crown. These are known in history as the infamous Star Chamber courts. The Commons protested again and again, by resolutions and solemn declarations, against the power thus exercised. It declared that the king himself was subject to the law of the land, that his claim of dispensation was unwarranted and its exercise an abuse; that the creation of other courts than those established by law was a flagrant usurpation of power.

During several reigns a bitter struggle continued on these questions, with the Commons on one side and the King and Lords on the other. The arbitrary exercise of this power by Charles I was one of the potential causes which brought him to the block. But after the reaction set in which culminated in the restoration under Charles II, the royal prerogative was claimed and asserted again. The Stuarts, like the Bourbons, seemed unable to learn or to forget anything. It was not until the expulsion of James II that the Commons were able to take definite and radical measures to guard against

usurpation of authority by the Crown. Then it was accomplished by the adoption in Parliament of the celebrated Bill of Rights of 1689 which declares in clear and imperative language that no British sovereign can suspend or change any law of the realm, and that the only authority to do so remains vested inalienably in the Parliament. When the crown was placed on the head of William III, he was bound by that solemn declaration of the popular will as each of his successors has been.

With the adoption of the Bill of Rights a new era begins, that of the supremacy of Parliament. The last vestige of feudal privilege had been swept away. It was a glorious victory won by the Commons. From the small beginnings in the Parliaments of King John and Simon of Montfort, where the elected representatives were only accorded the privilege of petition, to the exalted position which they had attained in 1689 was a most remarkable advance. It took nearly five centuries of fierce fighting, however, to bring it about, fighting which had to be forced to gain a single step in any direction. But a step once gained was never lost. Every step won was used as a vantage from which to continue the assault on hereditary privilege. The first attack, as we have seen, was made on the exclusive privilege of the nobility to aid the king in making laws. Taking advantage of the latter's pressing financial necessities, the representatives extorted from him by their power of withholding money an equal right with the Lords of passing upon all measures. With equality as legislators secured, they next proceeded to attack the king's prerogative itself, and, as has been shown, they were successful after the long contest that ended with the dethronement of James II and the promulgation of the Bill of Rights. Meantime they abolished villeinage, and enacted laws to encourage trade and manufactories, thus recognizing the dignity of labor and of the persons engaged in industrial pursuits.

From 1689 the House of Commons becomes the supreme power among the three estates of the realm—the King, Lords, and Commons. This supremacy was not asserted in terms, directly or indirectly, in any statute or resolution; it had been gradually assumed and was felt and recognized. William III, an able and sagacious politician and soldier, perceived it at once on his accession to the throne, and acted upon it by selecting his cabinet from the political party having the majority in the House of Commons. The precedent at that time established has been invariably followed by his successors, so that it has become the custom, a part of the unwritten law. Prior to William III the cabinet had been selected from the party of the majority in the House of Lords. During the whole of the eighteenth century, the great and costly wars in which England was involved in different parts of the world occupied the attention of Parliament almost exclusively. Domestic legislation, internal advancement, home improvement, remained practically in abeyance under pressure of foreign troubles. Upon the Commons rested the responsibility of providing men and money to meet the terrible strain. Yet the popular House never lost sight of certain domestic evils which required a remedy.

The first and most crying evil was the composition of the House of Commons itself. Its members were said to be elected, but many were re-

turned in such a way as to outrage every sense of justice and decency. Little towns or boroughs containing only a few dozen voters returned members, while the populous manufacturing centres like Liverpool and Manchester could not return a solitary one. The idea of representation by population was not yet recognized in Great Britain. The anomalous condition came about in this way: Most of the charters which were granted to towns by the sovereign before the revolution of 1688, determined the class of persons that should be entitled to vote at parliamentary and municipal elections. The franchise was generally confined to members of some guild or associates of some trade flourishing at the time the town was incorporated, or to such other persons of certain conditions as were specified in the charter.

In the course of time several of those towns fell into decay. The trade or craft which formerly gave them prominence moved away to more favorable localities, their population dwindled, but the right to send members to Parliament remained. It was inherent in the town. As can be readily perceived, therefore, the landlord of the town or the remnant of the trade association really decided who should represent the place in Parliament. Indeed, as a matter of historical fact, there was one borough, "Old Serum," in the county of Wilts, represented by two members, which did not have one inhabitant for several years. The town had become an absolutely deserted ruin, but the landlord appointed the two members to which it was entitled, making it a source of considerable revenue, because two votes in the House for or against a government were worth much ready money or official patronage in those days. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the story of parliamentary bribery and corruption is so dark and revolting.

It is an indubitable fact, supported by official investigation, that the enormous number of four hundred and twenty-five out of the six hundred and fifty-eight members in the House in the year 1801 were returned "on the nomination or the recommendation of two hundred and fifty-two patrons," and further that "three hundred and nine out of the five hundred and thirteen members belonging to England and Wales owed their election to the nomination either of the treasury or of one hundred and sixty-two powerful individuals." Under these circumstances the House of Commons during the eighteenth century had been rapidly degenerating into a mere machine for registering the wishes of the territorial aristocracy—the lords. The excitement occasioned by the long and bloody wars, some of which had proved very disastrous, like the war of American independence, had all but completely diverted the mind of the masses from the gangrene that had set in and which threatened to destroy the proper character and efficiency of the popular assembly.

After the great struggle with Napoleon closed in 1815, and the mind of the country had an opportunity to observe the serious demoralization of the House, all that was sound in public and private life immediately set to work to agitate for a thorough reform of the rotten borough representation. Public-spirited members of parliament, as a matter of course, led the attack on the system. The great army of the disfranchised took a very active and sometimes a very violent part in the agitation that ensued. The country

became thoroughly aroused from one end to the other. After an exciting period of turmoil, confusion, and rioting, the great Reform Bill of 1832 was carried successfully, despite the strenuous opposition of the King and an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords. King and Lords were summarily overborne by a slender majority in the Commons, backed up by the threatening front of a popular revolution. The Reform Bill cut off representation of the decayed boroughs, and gave representation to all the large towns of importance. It extended the suffrage to a large number of persons, admitting small traders and comfortable householders in the towns and fairly well-to-do farmers in the country. It gave the first strong impetus to the flowing democratic tide. But it did more. It asserted with unmistakable vigor and force in a time of emergency that the House of Commons could not only reform itself but that it was unquestionably the supreme power in the state.

Again, in 1867, a further extension of the franchise and a redistribution of seats were made. Still later, in 1884, the franchise was more fully extended, so that at the present time manhood suffrage is all but "universal" in Great Britain and Ireland. A redistribution of seats also was passed in 1884 which precluded from representation all boroughs having a population less than 15,000, and incorporated them with the surrounding territory into parliamentary electoral districts containing, as nearly as could be conveniently arranged, a population of about 60,000. Every one of these measures, like every other act of liberal legislation, was carried despite the enmity of the Lords.

The popular House has become supreme not only in the sphere of legislation; it has also virtually assumed the supreme executive authority which it exerts through the Cabinet. The Cabinet, representing the majority of the House, is the sole constitutional advisory committee of the sovereign. The term cabinet comes down through the centuries from the old times when a few special advisers of the king selected by himself gave him advice in a little ante-room or "Cabinet" adjoining the hall where the Great Council or Parliament sat. The British sovereign has now become a mere figurehead as far as legislative or executive authority is concerned. The important power of the veto is no longer exercised by the Crown, although as a fiction of law it is still supposed to remain vested there. It has not been used for nearly two hundred years, and it will never be used again, for the reason that the Ministers or Cabinet will introduce no measure into Parliament which they desire to have negatived by the executive, because they are themselves to all intents and purposes the executive.

The veto as used in the United States is no longer recognized in English constitutional law. It has become antiquated, like the ancient armor preserved in the Tower of London. If the veto can be said to exist at all in Great Britain at the present day, it consists only of the negative which the House of Lords possesses over all bills save those of supply or money grants. But as we have seen, the negative of the Upper House on every important measure has been for a long time overcome by the power of the Commons, and so it is perfectly safe to say that a veto by the executive in Great Britain does not exist. If the Ministers are defeated by the House on any vital measure, as Mr. Gladstone was defeated on the Home Rule

Bill in 1886, they resign office or dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the voters of the country in a general election upon the question which led to the resignation or dissolution. In this way the issue is referred to the voter, who alone may be said to possess the power of the veto upon it, expressed at the ballot box. This democratic method enables the voice of the country to be heard very much as it is heard in Switzerland through the system of the popular referendum.

From what has been thus briefly stated, some idea may be gathered of the origin, growth, and power of the House of Commons, and of the progress which has been made in popular government in the country for which it legislates. We have seen its small beginnings in the Great Council of the nation, when it was regarded only as a trembling supplicant begging favors from the King and nobles; we have glanced at it gaining ground, slowly but surely, century after century, until it exacted from both the right to be considered and reckoned with as one of the constituent estates; we have seen it trampling upon the monstrous prerogative claimed by the sovereign and definitely fixing the power of the Crown by the Bill of Rights; we have seen it reform its own body, curb the influence and arrogance of the Lords, extend the suffrage to the masses, and finally assume the absolute executive authority. The position it occupies has been won by hard fighting in the name of the people. It has assumed the highest legislative and executive functions. The Lords may delay its mandate for a short time, but that is all the power now left to oppose it. It is a significant fact that for a hundred years no important measure which has been once passed by the House of Commons has failed to become law. Its will to-day is dominant, conclusive, irresistible. It is a law unto itself—supreme. No judicial tribunal can thwart its voice on constitutional grounds. It is itself the most important part of the British constitution in action. Every act of Parliament is a part of the British constitution unless it has been repealed. The position which the House of Commons has obtained shows precisely the height of the democratic tide in Great Britain.

An explanation of what the Cabinet is, how composed, and what its duties are may be of interest. Mr. Gladstone in his work, "Gleanings of Past Years," says the Cabinet is the threefold hinge that connects together for action the British constitution of King or Queen, Lords, and Commons. Every one of its members acts in three capacities, as administrator of a department of state, as member of a legislative chamber, and as a confidential adviser of the Crown. At least two of them add to these three characters a fourth; for in each House of Parliament it is indispensable that one of the principal ministers should be what is termed a leader.

A Cabinet is formed as follows: When a ministry is defeated in the House on an important question, it can adopt either of two alternatives; resign immediately, or dissolve Parliament to get the verdict of the country. If it resigns, or is obliged to do so when the country returns a majority of new members against it in case of dissolution, the Crown selects some leading personage from the party of the majority in the Commons to form a new Cabinet. Generally it is the leader of the party lately in opposition who is chosen, but there is no restriction as to person in the matter. Whoever is selected and accepts the

office is called the First or Prime Minister. He chooses the members of his Cabinet. There are always at least eleven heads of great departments of state in the Cabinet, as follows: First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord of the Privy Seal, the five Chief Secretaries of State, viz., for Home Affairs, for Foreign Affairs, for the Colonies, for India, and for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Other officials in charge of great interests about which the House desires immediate and precise information may be included, such as the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the President of the Local Government Board, and the President of the Board of Trade. Indeed, for several years the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland has been the most conspicuous in the Cabinet after that of Prime Minister, owing to the tremendous struggle which has been going on over Home Rule, especially since its adoption by the Liberal Party in 1886. The Irish Secretary is expected to be always ready to stand up in his place in the House and answer questions respecting the condition of affairs in Ireland and to explain and defend the policy of the government in that country.

It may be of interest to note the salient points of difference between the members of the British Cabinet and those of say the United States or of the Swiss Confederation. In one particular the members of the Cabinet in each country are alike; each stands at the head of a state department, for the conduct of which he is responsible. But the British member must also be a member of the national legislature, in which he can vote, while the American or Swiss cannot belong to the legislature. The British member can be questioned directly on the floor of the chamber in which he is a member, by any of his colleagues on any matter relating to his department, and he is obliged to answer such questions and explain its policy, and the government is bound by his statements. A member of the American Cabinet cannot be questioned by the representatives of the people at all except in a very roundabout kind of way, by resolution or other dilatory proceeding of Congress, except in case of impeachment.

A member of the Swiss Cabinet, or Federal Council as it is styled, can be questioned by members of either House of the Federal Assembly. He is entitled to come before the Assembly to explain his policy and take part in discussions arising from it, but he has no right to vote. Both the British and Swiss Cabinets exercise the executive power, while in the United States that is invested solely in the President.

The authority of the British Cabinet is not confined to the British Islands. It extends over the whole empire. In many important particulars, therefore, it is not controlled by the voice of the House of Commons. For instance, Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet stopped free coinage of silver in India, a most far-reaching exercise of power, without any consultation or consent of the Commons, a majority of which it is confidently stated was opposed to such action. It can also precipitate the country into war without being immediately subjected to the will or action of the House. In a word, it exercises all the prerogatives of the Crown, while serving at the same time as the mouthpiece, the hands, eyes, and ears of the most unique and powerful legislative chamber in the world.

GLIMPSES OF GETTYSBURG.

BY THOMAS J. FEENEY.

Thirty-three years ago there existed a little Pennsylvania town whose fame consisted of a designation in the encyclopædia as "fifty-two miles Northwest of Baltimore," and a local reputation as the seat of Pennsylvania College and a Lutheran Seminary. On the morning of the first of July, 1863, it awoke to a realization of the fact that something serious was being transacted in its immediate neighborhood; on the following day the difficulty had grown to greater dimensions; and after the third day the quiet little town had become famous throughout the civilized world as the highwater mark of the American Rebellion—the line of demarcation between the North and South, where Lee was interrupted in his invasion of Pennsylvania, and told, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

From that day the name of Gettysburg has been one with which to conjure patriotic emotions. The pulses beat more rapidly and the heart throbs quicker at its mention. To-day, although the scars of a past generation are somewhat hidden in its houses, and the fields, with their waving grain, bear no indications of the marches and countermarches of armies, the marks of artillery wheels, or the dull thunder of cavalry hoof-beats, the memories of the past are so beautifully perpetuated that it stands as one of the most magnificent symbols of what this Union represents.

The march of time has found the little town simply a contented plodder, like many of the places in that section of the country. One might think that the lapse of thirty years would cause some great changes in the aspect of the surroundings of the old battlefield, but such is not the case. Some things are altered, of course, but the general appearance of the place is so like what it was when the men of Meade and Lee grappled, that the veteran who makes it a Mecca to-day, advances without hesitation to pick out the spot where his regiment stood in line of battle; where he was charging when a bullet halted him; or where a dead comrade fell in his arms.

He who intends to fight the old battle over again, in spirit, should have a mount of some sort in going over the field. Thirty-two years ago the events of three days crowded fast on each other's heels, and scores of historic happenings occurred simultaneously. The pilgrim of to-day will refuse to adopt infantry tactics, and will hire a carriage, unless he is willing to consume more time than was taken up in the original conflict, and even then, he must keep a double-quick pace, for if he stop to kneel at every shrine he will find a lifetime all too short. The trolley car road which dodges in and out will not help matters. One might as well try to view a play by gazing at the exterior walls of a theatre.

One of the first places to catch his eye, as he traverses the soft, loamy road leading from the northwestern section of the town, will be the old Pennsylvania College building and not far from that point is the building of the old seminary. Located far back among the fields they constitute a scene of peace which it is hard to believe was once rudely changed into

one of carnage and war—a change in which they were factors, almost, since a hand-to-hand battle was conducted under the shadow of their very walls, and their cupolas were used as headquarters from which to direct the battle of the first day.

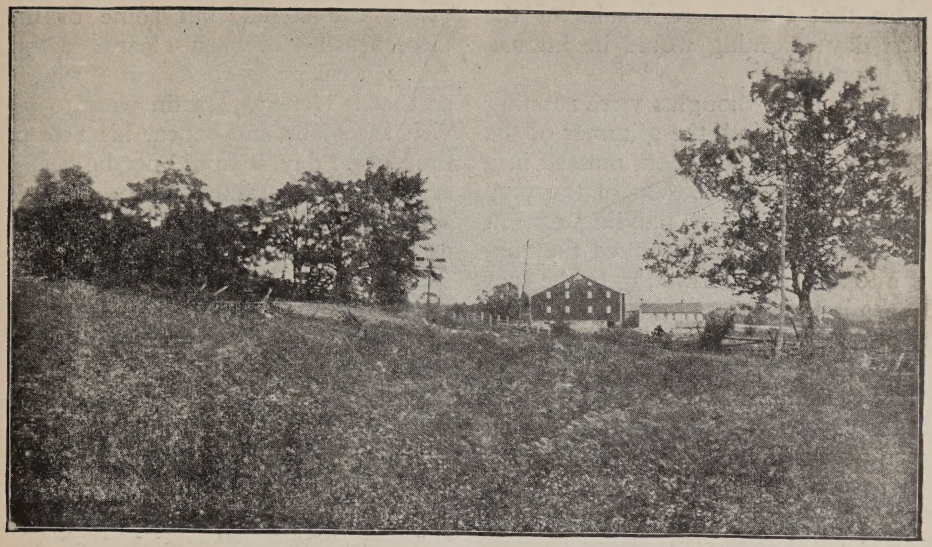
Perhaps the most interesting point in connection with the first day's fight is the place where the gallant Major-General Reynolds met his death while directing the movements of the First Corps. This spot, in McPherson's Wood, is designated by a painted sign which is nailed to one of the trees, and near by a handsome monument commemorates Reynolds' gallant advance and regrettable death. The veteran of the first day's fight finds much that is reminiscent about this spot. The very trees have to him an air of comradeship, grown somewhat older, like himself, but still familiar, and the undulating fields leading off to the Chambersburg Pike on one side, and the Mummasburg Road on the other, retouch a negative which has lain dusty for thirty years.

He has but to shut his eyes and the waving grass becomes a moving mass of blue and gray; the fleecy clouds, a darker cloud of powder smoke; and the sections now so amicably marked off with fence rails, the terrible line of warring humanity. He sees again the accidental meeting of the advance guards of the two armies—the clash, the struggle from morning until sunset; and the gradual retreat of the Federal forces from their position, fighting every step of the way back, over hillocks and valleys, to and through the village of Gettysburg to Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, on the southerly side of the town, where the evening shadows and an advantageous position give them a breathing spell, and where they wait for the morrow—and reinforcements.

All this, too, his children may see, if their imaginations can supply the moving figures of the picture. The background is there, practically unchanged, except by an occasional monument, which, instead of destroying the illusion, enhances it by relating the story of some incident which it serves to perpetuate. This section of the battle-ground covered, the youthful student turns his face toward the town, his brain teeming with historical stories which glorify each hill and vale.

A drive of a couple of miles back through the town brings the traveller to Culp's and Cemetery Hills, where the shattered Union forces rested on the evening of the first day, and where they were cheered by Hancock's arrival. Culp's Hill was the point of one of the many little "ifs" which might have decided that mighty conflict. General Ewell asked General Lee to permit him to occupy it on the afternoon of the first day, before the Union forces had retreated to it, but Lee would not consent to the advance. Had he done so, the probabilities are that the battle of Gettysburg would have lasted but one day, and ended to the credit of the Confederacy.

Culp's Hill marks the northerly end, or right wing, of the Union line of the second and third days of the battle. The line ran from that point to Round Top, nearly five miles away, along Cemetery Ridge, a well defined bluff which extends between the two points. The Confederate line was of even greater length, and occupied the bluff called Seminary Ridge, which runs almost parallel with Cemetery Ridge. The left wing of this army flanked the Union right in such a way



Red Barn near the Mummasburg Road. A little to the left of the barn was the point of contact of the first day.

that its line of battle resembled a huge fish-hook.

The magnificent cemetery, near the hill which takes its name from it, bears but little resemblance to the burying-ground of war times. It contains the bones of thousands of Union soldiers, and the grand monument to the memory of the boys in blue was dedicated by President Lincoln. The eastern slope of Cemetery Hill is pointed out as the place up which the Louisiana Tigers made their terrific charge, in Early's effort to dislodge the Union forces, and in which they so well sustained their name. Quarrel with the sectional beliefs of these men as they may, the eyes of the bravest Union boys glisten and then grow dim, as they recall the courageous onslaught—a gallant charge of gallant men.

Almost due south of Cemetery Hill, Ziegler's Grove is the next point reached, and the bullets in the trees bear, to-day, ample testimony to the fierceness of the conflict. Some of the trees were actually cut down by the leaden storm. The next point of particular interest, travelling still to the south, is that portion of Cemetery Ridge against which Pickett made his famous charge; but as that did not occur until the third day, the Round Tops, Little and Big, still farther south in a direct line, the Wheat Field, and the Devil's Den, claim prior attention. The greatest struggle of the second day was for the possession of Little Round Top. It had been occupied by the Federal troops, but was afterward abandoned, for no good reason. On the afternoon of the second day General Warren climbed its steep sides to the top, which was occupied by a few signal officers. From that point the grand panorama beneath him was visible in every detail. He realized in a moment the strength of this neglected position, saw that it commanded the entire left of the Federal line, and that if the Confederate artillery once became planted there, the probabilities

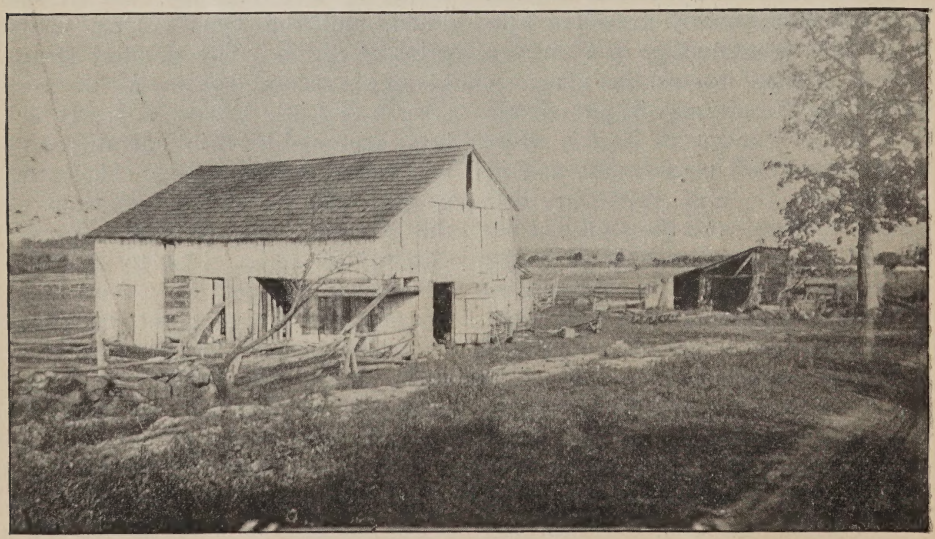
were that the severe results of the first day's fighting would be intensified tenfold.

While these thoughts were running through his mind, the glimmer of the bayonets of Hood's men, massed in a wood for the occupation of the very spot on which he was standing, caught his eye, and while he looked they began to advance. Running to the foot of the hill he ordered the first detachment of soldiers he saw to defend the top. Moments were few, but they were well utilized, and when the Confederates arrived on the scene they met with a hot reception. Warren's energy saved not only the hill but the day—perhaps the country. A defeat, coming so soon after Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, might have opened the gates of the North to Lee, and brought from foreign powers the recognition which the Confederacy so greatly desired.

The Round Tops are the same in all their essentials as they were when Weed, Vincent, O'Rorke, Hazlett, and hundreds of others died to hold them. The old trees and rocks still guard the slopes, but some of the underbrush has been cleared away, and several good roads cut through, so that if General Martin were to revisit the place and repeat his acts of the second day, it would not be necessary for him actually to lift his artillery up the hill, as it was, when, as commander of the artillery of the Fifth Corps, he directed its movements in that notable combat. On the summit of Little Round Top, General Warren (in bronze) stands watching for the advance of the Confederates as he did on July 2, 1863.

To the westward of the Round Tops is the Devil's Den, a wild gorge, appropriately named, where the Confederate sharpshooters picked off the cannoneers of Hazlett's batteries on Little Round Top, from their safe positions behind the rocks. To-day the bullet-marked stones tell a strange story in dumb language, but the only serious shooting is that of the photographer at its base, who places his victims against one of the boulders, and then sights and fires his camera.

A little farther to the westward lie



Brian's Barn, near Ziegler's grove, near the point where Pickett charged the Union line.

the Wheat Field and the Peach Orchard—peaceful names and yet fraught with terrible memories—and not far off is Trostle's Farm, where Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts Battery won fame but lost three-fourths

the Emmitsburg Road, which General Sickles advanced and occupied on the second day. It meant a good deal one hot afternoon, about thirty-two years ago, but to-day the grass grows green and peaceful on soil

Monument to the First Massachusetts Infantry near the Emmitsburg Road.

of its horses and one-third of its men. Turning back, in the direction of Gettysburg, the uninitiated wonders at the fuss which has since been made over the insignificant elevation along

which was then fairly drenched with human blood.

A long, undulating field, marked here and there by fences, is pointed out as the scene of Pickett's charge—

the most magnificent war feature of modern times—fifteen thousand men advancing in line of battle for more than half a mile, straight across country in the face of a terrible cannonading and musketry fire from the Federals on Cemetery Ridge. It was the last desperate attempt to break the Federal centre and paralyze the entire army. History tells the story—how they became engulfed in that awful maelstrom from which about half escaped alive, and how Lee, defeated and disheartened, acknowledged his inability to conquer and retreated from Pennsylvania soil into Virginia. Some Tennyson remains to be heard from in full justice to that magnificent advance of Pickett, Pettigrew and Trimble.

Scene of Pickett's charge. " Bloody Angle " is just to the right of the picture.

While the "Charge of the Light Brigade" is being recalled, the charge of General Farnsworth and his troopers of the Union army, made but a short distance from the place where Pickett advanced on the following day, is worthy of consideration. Its glory remains to be fitly sung, but the story of this wild ride and of the death of its gallant leader, related in uninspired language, cannot fail to stir the blood of the most phlegmatic, and make them realize that the Union is valuable, indeed, if worth the price paid for it.

These glimpses are not intended as a complete sketch of Gettysburg, but rather as a brief reproduction of the views and emotions of a ride over the place. Only the Omniscient can tell in its entirety the story of those three days. But if certain incidents have provoked internal dissensions, and if every detail cannot be studied, there is so much on which all can agree, that a better place to connect the past and present of the United States cannot be found. The young man of today cannot pay even a flying visit to Gettysburg without becoming convinced that the glory of the United States is not due to any one race, and as a result of that visit the flag that floats over him will have a deeper

significance, and citizenship in the country which calls him her child will have become a possession of greater value than before.

The monuments at Gettsyburg are one of its most interesting features. There are hundreds of them—of all sizes, shapes, and designs, and only the immense expanse of territory over which the battles were fought prevents it from looking like a cemetery. One of the facts which these monuments emphasize is that America was not saved by Americans, as the term is sometimes narrowly understood. At Gettysburg nearly every section of the world was represented. Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Poles, and others fought by the side of those who claimed a birthright for generations in the United States. Some of these men could hardly speak the language of the country they were defending, and had been residents of it but a short time. On many there was no obligation to shoulder muskets and march to the front, and they might have escaped had they so desired. Some will declare that these men had absorbed no portion of patriotism, but while it is doubtless true that mercenary motives induced some to enter the ranks, that charge cannot be fairly laid at the door of the great majority.

The "pauper labor of Europe" has been charged with many things but it has yet to plead guilty to embracing the opportunity of undergoing the horrors of a protracted war, and of being used as a target for Confederate gunners, for the stupendous remuneration of "$13 a month and found."

Among so many pieces of artistic work a disinction may seem invidious, but for a small monument, comparatively speaking, that of the First Massachusetts Regiment attracts more than the ordinary share of notice. It is of granite, the big diamond representing the corps badge. The rail fence cut in the stone is continued in the most natural manner imaginable by the genuine wooden article by the side of the road. The ninth Massachusetts, which was commanded by the late Col. Patrick R. Guiney of this

Monument to the "Irish Brigade" in Rose's Wood.

city, has an attractive monument which marks the position which it held on Round Top.

Perhaps no memorial on the field has a more romantic interest than the monument in Rose's Wood, dedicated to the memory of the Irish Brigade. This body consisted of the 63d, 69th, 80th, and 88th New York regiments, the 28th Massachusetts, and the 116th Pennsylvania, and its

work at Gettysburg has gone down into history. It arrived on the ground on the morning of the second day of the fight, and halted in a field to the left of the scene of Pickett's charge. As an attack was momentarily expected the first work was to tear down the surrounding fences to be prepared for it. That finished, Father Corbey, the chaplain, bade his charges kneel, and then gave them absolution together with his

Monument to the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers on the slope of Round Top. The boulder on which it stands is where the regiment's colors were placed during the battle.

benediction. This incident has become one of the historical reminiscences of Gettysburg, and is recalled by many a man who wore the blue, and who, even if of another creed, with bared head reverently looked on at this ceremony. Hardly was it concluded when the brigade was ordered to the assistance of the Second Corps, and the quaint Celtic cross, with its Celtic inscription, and the Irish wolf dog crouching at its base, located in the quiet dell in Rose's Wood, marks the scene of one of the hottest skirmishes of the battlefield.

The cry is frequently heard that such men as these cannot be truly loyal. What is the test? Were these men less patriotic because they first prayed and then fought for their country, or is it not a more credible assumption that the inspiration they derived from this simple service they applied to the interests of their country? If patriotism is "love of country," and if actions speak louder than words, a study of this feature of Gettysburg might be recommended to those who regard all foreigners, and particularly the Irish, together with all Catholics, as a menace to the United States. They may well ponder on it, and with it this amendment of an old truth: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his country."

THE INVENTOR.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

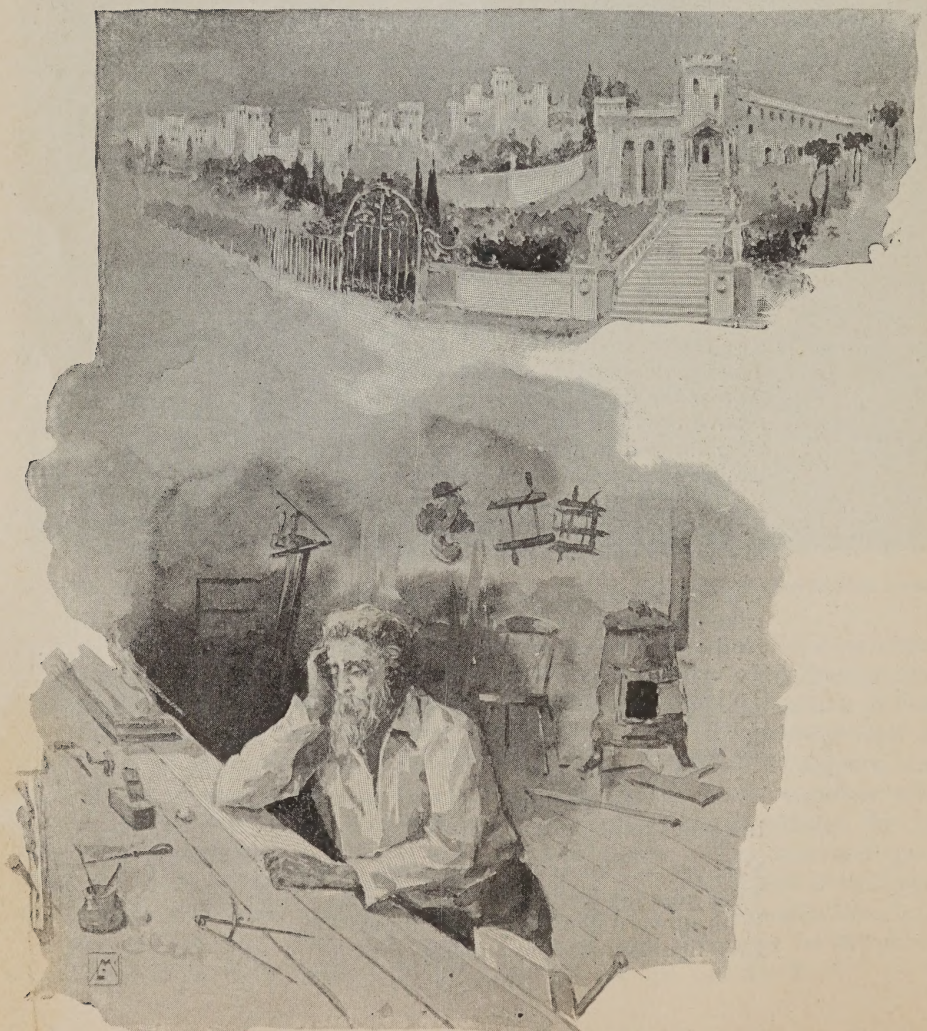
Yes, yes — my home is poor and plain :
The raindrop smears the dusty pane ;
The maple drips its scarlet leaves
Across the damp, decaying eaves.
Above my head the beams are bent,
Of paint and carving innocent,
Embrowned with many a smoky stain !
That grieves not me,
For you should see
My castles built in sunny Spain !

They gleam upon that warm, soft land
Like gems upon a lady's hand ;
And only I may hold the key
To marvels wrought in masonry,
To jewelled towers, and spires that trace
Their lines against the sky, like lace ;
To windows rich in crimson stain
And heraldry !
All this for me,
In castles built in sunny Spain !

Yes, yes — I know my friends are changed.
They pass my jealous door estranged.
With upward glance I see them pass
Like figures misted in a glass,

In shine of sun or swirl of snow.
It grieves not me: long, long ago,
The parted links fell from the chain!
New friends for me
Have crossed the sea
To castles built in sunny Spain.

In sunny Spain my castles lie,
White-walled against a lucent sky.
They rise before me, as I bend
Above my task, that nears its end.
A last deft touch, a little while,
Men shall not give a pitying smile
To my dull eyes and failing brain.
They pity me, —
They cannot see
My castles built in sunny Spain!



THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

NDREW LANG, in a clever and sympathetic article dealing with the adventures of his lamented friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, relates that once during an American tour, the latter noticed and commented on the rudeness of a bookseller of whom he wished to make some purchases. Such rudeness seemed to him unaccountable under the circumstances, where he simply assumed the rôle of purchaser and consequently looked for attention at the hands of the salesman. "Perhaps," observes Mr. Lang, "the philosophy of clothes may have had something to do with it," and he instances the fact of his having noticed the hall-porter of a respectable club look "queerly" at Stevenson for the same reason; "for," adds the biographer, "he always appeared as being at war with the tailors."

It is comforting to find an authority of such acknowledged standing on one's side, when expressing a conviction so widely at variance with modern ideas of progress as this—that very much of success depends upon the understanding and application of this philosophy of clothes. Nowadays, when *mind* is supposed to have gained such heavy odds on *matter*, it is not at all correct form, as form is understood in progressive circles, to admit that the consideration of raiment remains one of the worries of life. Nevertheless, there are few who, like Mr. Stevenson, have outgrown or can afford to outgrow the fetters of convention in matters of dress and personal appearance.

The "Cleanliness that is next to Godliness," be it ever so apparent, fails to impress, while the luxury of attire which, with its accompanying temptation to extravagance, seems dangerously near to "ungodliness," is never unnoticed and rarely unwelcome. Carelessness may characterize the costume of the woman labelled "literary," or the man advertised as famous, but, for the most part, it is the studied carelessness of the novelist, and usually fails in its purpose, as do all affectations. There are heights unaffected by such plebeian philosophy, no doubt, heights gained by the genius of an Edison or a Stevenson, yet we have the admission of the latter that even here the javelin of rudeness stings.

To attain luxury in all its forms seems the tendency of the age. The very babes are born to the taste for "purple and fine linen." Hence, when we discuss the factors of comfort and success, we cannot overlook the influence dubbed "The Philosophy of Clothes." Appearances may be deceitful—they are decidedly powerful, and truly herculean labor awaits those who shall essay to teach disregard of their power or better understanding of their dangerous deceit. "Since trifles make the sum of human things," such trifles as the hurt of which the famous novelist complained, deserve attention, and, if possible, the attention that means prevention and ultimate cure.

It is all very well to characterize as "snobbishness," observations that

accord different treatment to the "well dressed" and "ill dressed." It *exists* and is catered to, and while leading often to such grievous mistakes as that of the bookseller who snubbed an author unawares, for the most part it goes scathless and self-satisfied. One has only to participate in the ordinary rush of shopping—an easy expedient at this season—to note how little manner weighs against modes.

"Where shall I find Duchesse lace?" asked a busy dressmaker of the attendant at a lace counter in a large dry goods house the other day. The questioner had donned her very shabbiest street gown in anticipation of a drenching rain, and the gown was evidently the authority consulted by the questioned one.

"You will find imitation laces at the counter opposite—we have only real Duchesse here," and her interrupted conversation with a companion was resumed. The tone and glance said plainly, "You cannot afford real lace," and the pity of it was that the little dressmaker, observant and refined, took her wounded feelings and her wealthy customer's check to another house, thus admitting herself vanquished by this exponent of the philosophy of clothes.

In this case cure might have been applied—in many other cases it could not have been. We all smile while we remark that the girl whose skirts boast the fashionable "swish" is the first to be accorded the coveted seat in a crowded car; that the woman whose diamonds glisten brightest is the one the average usher treats to a front pew, even on days when the preacher descants on the meek and lowly of heart.

Among our up-to-date reforms this should be considered. The courage of conviction fails before the sway of opinion, that the ninety and nine accept ready made, as they do the spring fashions. Can the reform not begin as all such should, in the nursery and schoolroom? Is it not possible for a nation, as an individual, to become known as "well bred" without at all verging on the servility of manner so much opposed to our cherished freedom of opinion? How much freedom of opinion exists in a community where a girl of artistic taste acknowledged that she felt constrained to remain away from a coveted exhibition, because the crowd was sure to be fashionable and she should be so much "looked at" in consequence of being unfashionably attired?

We cannot hope to begin reform where it is most badly needed; we cannot teach the restaurant waiter, or the railroad porter the possible fallibility of judgment that ignores the order or overlooks the needs of the plainly dressed woman, to devote all attention to the sister bearing the hall mark of fashion. We *can* teach our children the distinguishing characteristics of gentle breeding, of true womanliness and cultivated manhood. We *can* teach them that, while fashion has its mission and uses, and is only in its abuses undesirable, yet that there are guiding lights far more satisfactory. We can show them that the girl whose theatre hat is home-made, and whose escort does not wear regulation dress, may prove by their appreciation of song or situation, and by their consideration for the comfort of those around them, that their place is in the ranks of gentledom. We can teach them the necessity of individual discernment in this as all other matters, for it has been proved a science of contradictory deductions.

Personal neatness must be considered obligatory, personal adornment as entirely discretionary. In the

schoolroom this, as all other education, may be well commenced, for even there can the taint of the false philosophy be discerned. That a child's dress is conspicuously plain is by no means a reason why the mother should be assumed neglectful or preoccupied. Many mothers yet retain the belief unquestioned in their mothers' day—that attention to frippery meant inattention to study.

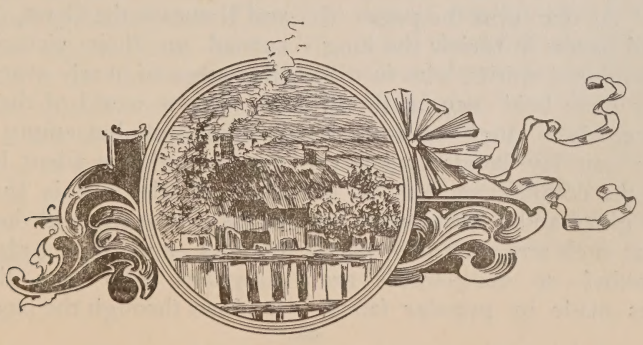
The plaint of a school girl lately heard has the ring of an accusation. Speaking of a companion she said: "She is always put forward, you know, because her dress is always pretty and her hands look so well in use, showing all her rings. She is one of those who give a good impression of the school." Perhaps, but only in circles where the philosophy of dress is misunderstood.

Now, regarding the fallibility of deductions a few cases to point the moral may be mentioned. There is at present in one of our largest cities a physician whose reputation as a "good dresser" is only second to his fame as a skilful surgeon. One ranking with him, from a medical standpoint, in a sister city is quite as much noticed for neglect of attire, yet the same cause of professional absorption, produces these opposite results. The one at an early stage of his career put himself in the hands of his tailor, thus avoiding thought of a subject he considered frivolous; the other fails to remember the existence of his tailor until the necessity of applying to him cannot be overlooked. The first might well be considered "foppish," and the second "peculiar," if judged by the dress standard and its usual deductions.

Similarly a woman has been scored for extravagance unwarranted by her means, whose outlay consisted not of dollars and cents but of thought and handicraft, that go so far towards the achievement known as "making a good appearance." Others have been called penurious because their tastes ran to such undisplayed luxuries as well filled book shelves and linen chests, or the gracious indulgence of private almsgiving.

The rule of the age may be that "The habit is costly as the purse can buy," but there are quite numerous exceptions. We boast much of national emancipation from the sway of hereditary prestige, and none can doubt that the boast is true who troubles to scan the records of our "Vanity Fair." But has the pride of long descent been replaced by pride of a higher plane?

The advantage of the exchange is doubtful if new gold be permitted the place reserved in the mother countries for "old family," and we consent to have our national manners influenced by the philosophy of clothes superficially understood.



LEADERS OF MEN.

I.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

MONG the strange vagaries which Fortune plays from time to time in the circumstances of the world, and the passions and prejudices which she arouses in the minds of men, there are none more irregular and inconclusive than those which form public opinion in regard to the leaders whom it chooses for reverence or applause. One strives in vain to find some common ground for the acclamation which lifts one man above his fellows, or which singles a certain individual from amid a group, as the object of fealty and homage. It is not often goodness, nor always greatness. Purer souls than some chosen could be found for the seeking; loftier spirits and larger hearts than those that have fettered the minds and actions of their race, by holding them in restraint, and forcing coöperation.

There are heroes in the public eye, who do not even appear to have possessed that fascination which we call—for want of a better name—humanity, in dominating the love and loyalty of their kind. As one turns the pages of history, and passes in review the long array of dominant spirits, who in different ages have held men in thrall, there is scarcely a single trait upon which one can lay hands and say, "Here lies the common secret." It is by turns a glory and a humiliation to confess that such and such men have ruled mankind—so inexplicable are the choices made by popular fancy, and so equally have saint and sinner aroused the admiration of the masses.

In those early days, when romance and reality appear to have been woven together into the web of enchantment which veils the faraway ages from modern gaze, it was hardly possible for any other greatness than that of the warrior to dazzle the eyes of the people. Men of brawn and muscle, mighty and unafraid, were the only figures to claim popular homage. The twilight of the gods still encompassed all things of earth; within its large dimness moved the wraiths of heroes and divinities, so intertwined one with the other that to separate them was impossible. A more primitive nature kept man alive to impressions; a single thought was capable of inspiring the action of the world. It was then that in glory and mystery, the great Egyptian kings laid the foundations of that amazing empire, which left the Sphinx and the Pyramids to tell its story thousands of years after kingdoms and thrones had crumbled into dust of the desert, and its power had been swept almost from the memory of man.

Khufu and Thotmes, Amenhotep and Ramessu the Great, the chiefs who carried on their victorious banners the names of nearly every province of the narrow world of their day—what are they now but empty sound, echoing through the silent halls of tradition? Little else is the renown of mighty Babylon, with its host of conquerors and demigods; the great Assyrians who pass like luminous shadows through the pages of history,

lighting for a moment with their splendor and power the dusky ages of the past; or the splendid lords of the Medes and Persians; so too the captains of Gaul, and the Vikings of the Norseland. The mythical heroes of Greece, with their fierce blending of the divine and the human, live, because a poor blind beggar set their fancied deeds to immortal song; but the greater men who came after them, and who dared for the first time to champion the rights of humanity against the power of might, are forgotten.

Every schoolboy knows by heart the fame of Trojan Hector, and Achilles of Thessaly; but only the scholar recalls the Solon who paved the way for democracy, Pericles the Magnificent, Plato the Philosopher, and that Aristides of whom men tired from hearing him called the Just. Yet leaders of men were they all; leaders of men, working toward noble aims or base, impelled by principle or passion, and equally lauded—nay, even equally loved!—by the followers whom they carried with them.

And but for Him who came after to bring redemption and hope, how much more remembrance would be given the rulers of Israel—Abraham and Joseph, and the mighty Law-Giver who led his race out of bondage into the Promised Land?

Through this chaos of achievement, some single name shines here and there, by the accident of chance, with such unusual brilliancy that it has led imagination captive from its day to ours. Such is the Carthaginian Hannibal, most splendid of the splendid galaxy that led his country's fortunes in the days of her glory. Brave to recklessness, generous to imprudence, full of that romantic impulsiveness which makes the soldier the idol of his legions, he filled the world with the glamor of his victories. He conquered Rome—not the city but the people—at the time when these led the world in mental ability as well as in material strength. He pushed his triumphs into the very heart of the Roman territory, disturbed all its provinces, sowed confusion in its councils, and consternation in the streets of its cities. He held his passions in check, in an age when continence was unknown as a virtue either of gods or men. He was eloquent, learned, simple of manner, direct and frank both of deed and act. His ambition was the greatness of Carthage, and his grief in defeat only for her.

His death was the culmination of Pagan virtue—self-inflicted, to spare the pride of the beloved country from a humiliation which, living, he could not avert. Yet this great and good man, abstemious, studious, unbribable by any wealth of riches, flattery or power, who placed with his own hand a golden wreath over the urn that held the ashes of his brave but implacable enemy, Marcellus, and sent the precious memorial with glowing words of appreciation to the son of the dead general—this man was no such favorite, either with the country he ennobled or the soldiers he led to victory, as the brilliant but reckless spirit who made Rome famous nearly two hundred years later. It is pleasant to think that time has redeemed his memory and given him the honor which was his just due. At a time when the stately rhetoric of Greece and Rome flowed in melodious and sounding phrase, to celebrate the virtues and the deeds of departed greatness, the simple inscription: "Here lies Hannibal!" was mark of a glory that had no need of further eloquence.

More congenial to the temper of his

time was that great Caesar whose name has remained ever since the synonym of imperial power. Less high minded, but even more brilliant than his predecessor in public favor, he became the popular idol, not because he had moved senates by his burning eloquence, and carried the invincible eagles of Rome to the confines of the known world, but that he had tickled their fancy with gorgeous spectacles, and studied their comfort by supplying seats for the Megalesian Games. It was less his unquestioned greatness than his weakness that blinded the eyes of the multitude. The glory of his campaigns, his impetuous personal bravery, the brilliancy of his mental parts, and the lavishness of his princely generosity were not so much to them as the spendthrift foolishness with which he distributed his ill-gotten treasures, and the melodramatic effectiveness of his poses and epigrams. "A man of many vices, but no faults," as one of his biographers designates him; indomitable, ambitious, brilliant, sagacious, it was none of these forceful characteristics which made him master of the popular heart, but the vainglory and affectation of demeanor which he wore as a superficial cloak over his real nature. Yet they showed for him a rapture of admiration which was denied his greater prototype, who had carried a proud name unsullied through fiercer straits of fortune.

Approaching the period of the world's history which is built upon the corner-stone of Christianity, we are confronted first by the sacred and beloved figure of Him, the Great Leader, to whom mankind owed for the first time the doctrines of peace and redemption. It is not necessary to repeat a story that lives in every heart; that is the foundation of all lasting civilization. Wonderful as is the narration of that intense and burning force which made its gentle but resistless way into the stubborn heart of man, and undermined the proud bulwarks of Roman power, one can to-day but wonder the more that it has not made broader conquest. What divine strength must have been that of a gospel that could lead the luxury-loving patrician from indulgence to self-sacrifice, from voluptuousness to chastity, from selfishness to brotherhood. If proof were ever needed to assure its more than human origin, would it not be given by the supernatural strength of a doctrine which could induce self-control instead of the unbridled license of passion, as the rule of life and the government of human affairs? What is harder to comprehend is the blindness, which, after nineteen centuries, still refuses to acknowledge its precepts, and allows War to continue and Vice to flourish in spite of familiarity with precepts which would offer a substitute for both.

In all history, sacred or profane, where is there a figure at once so simple and so dramatic, so gentle and so strong, as this of the Redeemer, in his human aspect. How does the courage of an Alexander or a Curtius pale before that gentle presence that endures and suffers, shows the holiness of poverty and the riches of renunciation! The more one reflects, the greater grows the perplexity at the simplicity of the means which He adopted to subjugate a world. A discipline of humility and patience, a doctrine of harshness to self and charity to the neighbor, a little band of uncouth and rude companions, and the holy face of the Carpenter's Son to inspire devotion. Yet the great as

well as the lowly became his disciples, for death as for life, through suffering and persecution; hearts that had responded but to the promptings of earthly ambition, and ears that were tuned only to the blare of the trumpets of earthly glory, paused to listen and to understand; and the horizon of man's hope, bounded before by the sorrowful skies of change and death, lifted forevermore into the vastness immortality.

These discordant elements which baffle the inquirer into cause and effect, were never better illustrated than in the leader who next claims attention. The exceptional fitness of the life of Christ to His teachings, the absolute unity of doctrine and action, must have lent the weight of sincerity to all He said and did, and moved men as only the mightiness of Truth can. But when, in direct antithesis to His benign and peaceful personality, which united in itself all the attributes that might be expected to impel toward love and reverence, we come to consider the character of the Arabian Mahomet, we touch one of the strangest anomalies in the history of the race. A great leader, too, whose followers can be counted by hundreds of millions twelve centuries after the passage of their Prophet, and whose authority dominates the East in the same ratio as Christianity appeals to the religious fervor of the West, this most strangely chequered life presents one of the greatest puzzles in the range of psychological data.

Descended from one of the noble houses of Sheiks or Emirs, which guide the fortunes of the fiery and independent tribes of Arabia, Mahomet inherited many of the virtues belonging to a primitive race. He brought from his forbears, reverence for age, sobriety, courage and patience. Outside these, his best qualities were what might be described as offshoots of a vague and poorly comprehended Christianity; his faults were wholly and grossly his own. Unlike the artificial virtue of the Greek and Roman civilization, where the liberty of the many depended upon the martial prowess and ripened judgment of the few, the Arabians enjoyed a freedom which was the direct outcome of an untrammelled individuality, and a condition of society in which each person looked upon the yielding of obedience to any other whatever, as cowardice and shame. The Arab joined his brother freeman, impelled by his own sense of justice or his own desire for rapine or vengeance, not in answer to the command of authority. The national characteristics of cruelty, daring, and aggression are, according to Gibbon, founded upon traditions which have the force of religious teaching. "It is pretended that in the division of the goods of the earth, the rich lands and fertile climates were assigned the other branches of the human family; and that the posterity of the outlaw Ishmael, from whom they claim descent, were instructed to recover by fraud or force, the portion of inheritance of which they had been unjustly deprived. The temper of a people thus armed against mankind, was further inflamed by the domestic license of murder, rapine, and revenge. In the Constitution of Europe, the right to declare war is now reduced to a small, and its actual exercise to a much smaller, list of respectable potentates; but each Arab, with impunity and renown, might point his javelin at the breast of his countryman."

Before the appearance of Mahomet, these causes had operated to induce incredible license; and the habits of the

people were stained with malice and bloodshed. The most sanguinary feuds continued from generation to generation. An annual armistice of four months, and a sense of barbaric justice which forbade attacks between greatly disproportionate numbers, were the only checks to univeral warfare and violence. As partial balance for this common lawlessness, were an overwhelming generosity and a lofty perception of honor, which made sacred the confidence of a suppliant, whether friend or foe.

Into this turbulence of universal outlawry, the young Mahomet, beautiful, brave, and enthusiastic, threw all the weight of his strong character, to mollify and unite. There can be little doubt that, at least at first, his religious fervor was sincere and spontaneous; or that, in spite of all apparent inconsistencies, he preserved to the end a fanatical faith in himself and his star. His sincerity remained such, however, only while his small band of followers was limited to the few who were connected with him by ties of blood or personal friendship. No sooner were the seeds for broader harvests sown, and the field of his activity become wider, than the weakness of the man became apparent.

The fiery strength of doctrine which he poured into the souls of others overflowed the narrow vessel of self. He had preached a comparative constancy; he lived from first to last in a continual atmosphere of debauch. He advocated unity and peace; he placed himself at the head of a troupe of armed fanatics, and led one of the fiercest and bloodiest struggles. He taught self-control; he practised none whatever. The first taste of popularity and power seemed to destroy in him whatever moral balance he originally possessed; and even while still expounding a sufficiently clear system of philosophy and morals, he drifted with every tide of expediency or passion.

He had not even the courage of his convictions—if the lawless impulses which governed his conduct could be so termed—for he shielded his wrongdoing behind the specious cover of a pretended divine revelation. An angel ordered him to commit acts which his written code denounced as crime. His fasts in the Arabian deserts, which his followers accepted as proofs of holiness, were periods of retirement with his female companions; and there was scarce a precept which he expounded for others that he did not himself disregard, except that of temperance in food and drink, and courtesy to the stranger. The wonder grows, that a life filled with such transparent deceit, could have been accepted as guide by the fervent souls which looked upon him as the Prophet of an Almighty God.

That he was not without a saving grace of wit and sound sense is evident from the verses of his Koran; it is also true that he greatly reformed the ordinary life of his people. For the rest, he knew how, by bribes and promises, to inflame the ardor of a race specially fitted by nature for mysticism and devotional frenzy. His success remains one of the puzzling problems of the world, as it bears on the motives of action in humanity, and the qualities which contribute to make the leaders among men.

We pass now to a consideration of the more picturesque figures of medieval times and the romantic epoch of the Crusades, before touching upon what modern days have offered in the way of subjects for hero-worship.

(To be continued.)

ONE PHASE OF A MISSIONARY TOUR.

BY SAMUEL BERNARD HEDGES, C. S. P.

NO SMALL part of a missionary's life is spent in a railway carriage. If you take a map of the United States, and trace the tour of which I am about to write you will agree to the truth of my statement. So weary does the missionary grow of constant railway travel, that he gladly seeks other modes of conveyance if time, economy, and convenience permit. He does not disdain the apostolic method of going on foot if the chance only presents itself.

Laboring in Norwich, Conn., and being obliged to journey to New London to get the boat for home, two of my companions made the journey between the cities on foot, while the less fortunate was obliged to take the train and convey the baggage. To this day that most charming walk of some fifteen miles or more is one of the pleasant reminiscences of a missionary expedition to New England.

A missionary generally begins operations in the fall, and what we familiarly term the "fall campaign" extends from September till Christmas. So very early in September, while the great city where we live still panted in the after-heat of a long, dry summer, my companion and myself boarded the train which was to take us north through New York State. It was a night train, so little was left to do but to find our berth, store our grips, and seek rest and sleep. Here let me observe that one of the advantages of much travelling for a missionary is that he can sleep in a railway bed, undisturbed by noises of the railway world. The clanging of bells, the pounding of car-wheels, the porter's conversation with late comers, the bumping of baggage trucks, and the voices of train employes in stations and yards—these and other noises from a thousand unknown and unknowable sources—hinder not the experienced missionary from sleep.

The early morning found us at Geneva, with just time to catch a boat on Lake Seneca, a fruit packet used for freighting fruit to the railway for shipment to the metropolis. The accommodations for passengers were but meagre, but to us they were royal, for they afforded us escape from the car-prison for a few hours. How grateful were the cool breeze, and the lovely scenery, as enjoyed from the deck of the boat, after a night on a sleeper. After two hours of it we had again to seek the train, a narrow-gauge affair this time, which in a half hour landed us at our first destination, Ovid.

The first thing to engage a missionary's attention on his arrival at the scene of his labor is the erection of the mission cross, and the platform from which he is to speak. This attended to, and weather permitting, he will ramble forth for exercise and fresh air, knowing well that these will be denied him for the greater part of his stay. The hours of labor for a missionary will permit the reader to judge for himself what time may be devoted to recreation. They are from 4.30 A. M. till 7; then from 8.30 till 12; then from 3 P. M. till 6; and from 7.30

till 10. Till the work of hearing confessions begins, however, the missionary has from 9 till 12 and from 3 till 6 somewhat at his disposal.

It was during these hours on Monday and Tuesday that we made the acquaintance of this charming region, extending our walks into the country and by the lake shore. What a sight it was! The hills covered with vineyards, loaded with luscious pink and purple grapes; orchards of apples, with the limbs of the trees breaking under their ripening burden; pears, plums and peaches in endless variety strewing the ground and going to waste on the trees. We thought of the city we had left the night before, where thousands of the poor had never tasted the sweet fruits! The little packet carried many thousand barrels, boxes and baskets annually, but a dozen such boats could scarcely have freighted all the fruit that came under our observation during these walks.

Lakes Seneca and Cayuga, the wonderful glen to the north, the vine-clad hills, and the glowing orchards are the outside reminiscences of the Ovid mission. We hoped, we still hope, that the fruit of God's spoken word was as abundant as the fruits of the earth at that season. The mission over, we soon came away, journeying southward together as far as Albany, where we parted, my companion going to join another band of fathers, and I to cut across country to Boston, thence to Biddeford in Maine.

How quickly the scene changes! Ovid, nestling among the lovely hills of the north, is soon forgotten in the midst of a New England "wheel-town." I call these great manufacturing centres "wheel-towns," for from out the open windows of long, unsightly buildings, comes the whir and buzz of a thousand fast-flying wheels, while at those quickly moving looms stand the women and men and boys to whom we have come with the message of God.

On Saturday night before the mission opens, the fathers gather together in one of the rooms assigned them, and before they retire they recite together what are termed the opening prayers of the mission. One of the invocations of those prayers is: "Ad S. S. Angelos loci et regionis"—"To the holy angels of the place and region."

Somehow, I always think of the children who work in those great mills when we say this prayer, and my own prayer is that the angels of the place and region may obtain for these children grace to bring them safely through the temptations and dangers of the mill-room.

One of our excursions in those first days of outdoor exercise, was a walk to the famous Old Orchard beach; but after Galveston beach in Texas there is no stretch of sand in my opinion worthy of remembrance. Our work done, early on Monday morning we were en route to Portland, there to take the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, the beginning of a long journey to the West. There is one day I have set down in my railway experience as not wearisome—the day spent between Portland and Montreal. We passed along a charming route between mountain and hill aglow with the golden red of autumn, through the great pleasure grounds of the White Mountain region, and the sight continued on and on, till darkness found us at the depot in Montreal. We had three hours to wait in Montreal, before resuming our journey. We spent them in seeing what we could of the city by moonlight. It was a glorious night,

sharp and cold, just the time and place for a long, brisk walk. Our conversation, as we walked along, looking at the old churches and the quaint old buildings, was of the missionaries, who in an earlier day had gone from that same city to the far west to preach the word of God. We boarded our train at nine o'clock with something of new zeal in our hearts because of that conversation. Noon of the next day found us at Toronto with two hours to wait, so after a hasty dinner at the depot we were off as usual to see what we could of the city. Our mind picture now is that of a smart town beautifully situated, with fine streets and a glorious water front; a city much like the better towns at home, and in strange contrast to Montreal which we had just left behind. We got on the train at two o'clock, and the journey as far as memory goes is a blank till we reach Chicago.

From Portland to Chicago is something of a jump, yet we had come only half way in our journey. We arrived at eight o'clock in the morning and at once proceeded across the city to another depot in a Parmalee bus, to recheck baggage and procure transportation and breakfast. We were then free to do as we liked till six in the evening, and as there were friends to see and commissions to fulfil, the time passed quickly. For a wonder Chicago seemed bright and beautiful. The day was a glorious one in October and the wind was from off the lake, blowing the awful smoke-veil which generally envelops this city, away inland.

Six o'clock, and we are rolling away from the great town. Generally, what distraction of mind one gets on a railway comes from the outside in the scenery, the towns, the farmhouses with their glimpses of agricultural life, etc. Not so, when one whirls away to the great prairie country. There are long stretches of flat area unbroken by hill, dale, stream, town, or house; with only the straight iron road before you and the long iron trail behind. Your distraction, pleasant or otherwise, must come from the inside of the car. You exhaust your book or magazine; you say your office, observing the canonical hours to fill in the long day.

Sometimes, however, a sight greets you from without that awakens interest and sets you thinking. I believe it was somewhere in Nebraska that our train came to a stop at what had been once a town. There was one street with tumbledown wooden houses on both sides of it, and not a half dozen of them occupied. The little wooden shed, once the depot of the place, was in an advanced state of dilapidation; even the platform was stripped of most of its boards. There was the wreck of a huge grain elevator nearby, with grain-spouts broken off, and the open door hanging by one hinge. Across the track one could see that streets had been laid out for a town of some magnitude, but they had never been built upon and were now grass grown.

Opposite the depot, however, there was one building, resplendent in a new coat of paint, and over the door, in gilt letters, was the sign "Saloon Tom's Place." Behind it was a neat two-story cottage, likewise newly painted, with a yard in which were flower-beds, bright with blooming geraniums. It seemed to me as if that saloon had sucked away the money, the industry, the prosperity, of the entire place; that it had settled down on the village like a cancer and

had eaten away its very life. "A boom town with the boom fallen out," said someone. Perhaps so, but to my mind the evil of that place was before my eyes, and out came my notebook. That picture would illustrate a point in a temperance lecture some day.

The following morning I pulled up my berth curtain to look out on what seemed a great lake. The sun was just above the horizon. "I must be in Colorado," I said, "there is no lake here." Making sure I was not dreaming, I shaded my eyes and looked again. I was gazing out on a great stretch of flat, sage-covered prairie, the grasses all white with alkaline crystals that, glinting in the sunlight, gave the country the appearance of a vast body of water. Far away I could see a glorious mountain peak, clear-cut against the dark blue of the sky. It was Pike's Peak, eighty miles to the south of us.

Before noon we were in Denver, our destination, and right glad we were that our journey had come to an end. A sand-storm was on, the most furious that Denver had ever seen. We got into a cab, and went across the town in a whirl of dust that made it impossible to see the other side of the street. Whether our driver lost his way, or mistook our directions, did not appear; but instead of taking us north, he drove us south and west, and landed us at another church, not the one we were in search of. However, the pastor made us welcome, kept us for the night, and sent us to our real destination the next day. Having put up our mission cross and platform, and arranged all the other preliminaries of the mission, we sallied forth to see Denver. Beautiful Denver! As beautiful by night as by day; it was a joy to be within your gates! Nestled midst the foot-hills of your everlasting rocks, and swept by the health-giving breezes laden with the scent of your vast pine groves, you are a very marvel indeed, glorious by nature and beautified by art.

Our week of work was a busy one, and when we had finished it, we were glad enough to accept the invitation of friends at Colorado Springs, who took us through the grand canyon up to Leadville where we visited, among other places, a parochial school of six hundred children, doubtless now grown to hardy young "Silverites," every one of them ready to withstand the entire United States, unless silver be king.

Returning to Denver on Friday, the following Sunday we began our second mission. The night we closed we hastened from the mission platform to take a train eastward.

While in Denver we learned much of the heroic labors of Bishop Macheboeuf in pioneer days; a great missionary bishop, whose labors were for God's kingdom, and whose reward is eternal life. It was the noble impulse of a heart aflame with the love of God and souls, that made him an exile in the mining camp, and in the redman's skin-covered hut; that kept him climbing those snow-covered hills, till old age and its attendant infirmities called a halt. An exemplar to all of us who preach the word of God!

If you have a railway map at hand take a look at the state of Indiana. You will observe that the city of Indianapolis is situated somewhat near the centre of the state, and from it, as spokes from the hub, radiate railways in every direction. It was here, in the very heart of a great commonwealth, that we had now come to put up our mission cross. The backward

trip across the continent was by a different route than the one followed in the outward journey, giving us a glimpse of Omaha and landing us again in Chicago, en route to Indianapolis. The city is a pleasant one, a true western metropolis, with the drive and push of a growing mart of industry. Our work finished, we lingered a day or so, enjoying the genial hospitality of a great-hearted pastor.

Now we are again aboard the train, speeding south to old Fort Vincennes, to that old military post and missionary centre, to the city from which the bishop who resides at Indianapolis takes his title. When we put up the cross in Vincennes we thought of Bruti, in whose church we were to preach, where many lived who had seen and heard him, and we went down into the chapel crypt beneath the high altar to see his tomb, and to ask his prayers for the success of our word to his people.

Monday morning brought us a furious rain-storm, the first day since leaving New York, in September, that we had not enjoyed sunshine, and it was now late in November. Our labors here extended through ten days, and then we went over to the Ohio River at Evansville, where a lecture was to be given before the Catholic Club of that city. It was a pleasant way to finish the campaign, to meet some two hundred or more of the Catholic gentlemen of the city, with not a few of their non-Catholic friends as guests.

Then came the home trip—nor could the train fly fast enough—through Ohio, Pennyslvania, New Jersey, and at last to New York. I stated at the outset that no small portion of a missionary's life is spent in a railway carriage. From Ovid, in Northern New York, to Denver, via Biddeford, Me., Portland, Montreal, and Chicago; from Denver to New York, via Chicago, Indianapolis, Vincennes, and Evansville, demonstrates this, does it not? But the fatigue of all this travel, of the days of hard labor, fade away as a mist-memory before the sun of hope that God blessed the work, that in the divine word spoken there was a power to help many a poor soul toward the better life which is in God.

BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

The day has gone, the night is come,
And in my breast I feel
The peace that with the darkness falls
To strengthen and to heal.

The night has passed, the day is here,
And in my heart I hold
The power to strive where'er I go,
Untiring, calm, and bold.

CHAIRLEY LO'ED A PRETTY LASS.

BY ALBERT DOYLE.

Chairley lo'ed a pretty lass,
A pretty lass, a witty lass—
Chairley lo'ed a pretty lass
An' to her went a-courtin',

"Will you co' alang wi' me,
Co' alang an' lo'e alang—
Will you co' alang wi' me,
My pretty Nannie Morton?"

"Nae, I canna gae wi' you,
Gae wi' you away wi' you—
Nae, I canna gae wi' you
Because you ha' nae fortin."

"If I ha' nae gowd or lan',
Gowd or lan' to gie to Nan;
If I ha' nae gowd or lan',
I ha' what can't be boughten."

I'd gie you an hones' man,
An hones' man wi' willin' han'—
I'd gie you an hones' man,
Ay' that is a' my fortin."

"Chairley is a darlin' lad,
A darlin' lad, my heart is glad.
Chairley is a darlin' lad,
The lad for Nannie Morton."

THE MARTYRS OF MEMPHIS.

BY GEORGE BARTON.

HE yellow fever plagues in the South have developed heroes and heroines as courageous, as noble, and as unflinching as any of those that faced death in the Coliseum or defied the powers of paganism under the most devilish tortures. Some of the more conspicuous of their acts adorn the pages of history; others are known only to those who were active participants.

In the year 1878 the fever raged in the dioceses of New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile, and Nashville, and in that single epidemic the martyred priests and sisters exceeded sixty devoted souls, who cheerfully sacrificed their interests and their lives for the love and service of their fellowmen.

The yellow fever became epidemic in Memphis in September, 1873, and continued unabated until well into November of the same year. The Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, now Archbishop of Chicago, was the ordinary of the diocese at that time, and he was surrounded by a small band of zealous priests, whose loyalty and devotion compensated for their lack of numbers. Built in a heroic mould himself, he inspired the clergy with his own confidence and courage, and the extent of what they did during those dark days will never be fully known in this world.

During the epidemic of 1873 the mortality was about 1,600. Of this number about one-half were attended from St. Bridgid's church by Rev. Martin Walsh and Rev. D. A. Quinn. When the dread fever ceased there was not a solitary family in all St. Bridgid's parish that was not in mourning. During this epidemic five priests breathed their last. Of this number the Order of St. Dominic gave four—Rev. Fathers O'Brien, Cary, Daily, and Sheehy, and the Order of the Seraphic St. Francis lost one, Rev. Father Leo. Nor were the patient and heroic sisterhoods unrepresented. Five sisters of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who had volunteered their invaluable services in the hour of need, died on the field of honor.

Five years later, almost before the ravages of the first visitation had been eradicated, the fever was again pronounced epidemic in Memphis. This was in the first week of August, 1878. The consternation that prevailed among the people was terrible to contemplate. Filled with the frightful memories of 1873, there was a general and confused evacuation of the city. The stampede was entirely beyond the control or direction of the authorities. Men, women, and children, with blanched faces and bated breath, some bearing portions of their earthly possessions, others empty-handed, and filled only with the desire of fleeing from the pestilence, rushed madly from the city seeking security in flight. In less than forty-eight hours from the time the alarm was given, the city was reduced from a population of some 55,000 to 20,000 or thereabouts.

An eye-witness of the scene says that the people literally poured from

the city through every possible avenue of escape, by train, by boat, and by wagon. Those without money walked. The railroad officials were utterly unable to provide adequate accommodations for the people. The aisles and platforms of the cars were packed with those unable to procure seats. Men and boys smashed car windows and crawled in over delicate women and children. The exodus was in every direction, but principally toward Cincinnati and the North. Some died on the way, others perished in the woods where they languished for days without food or attention, and others still spread the disease into neighboring hamlets and plantations.

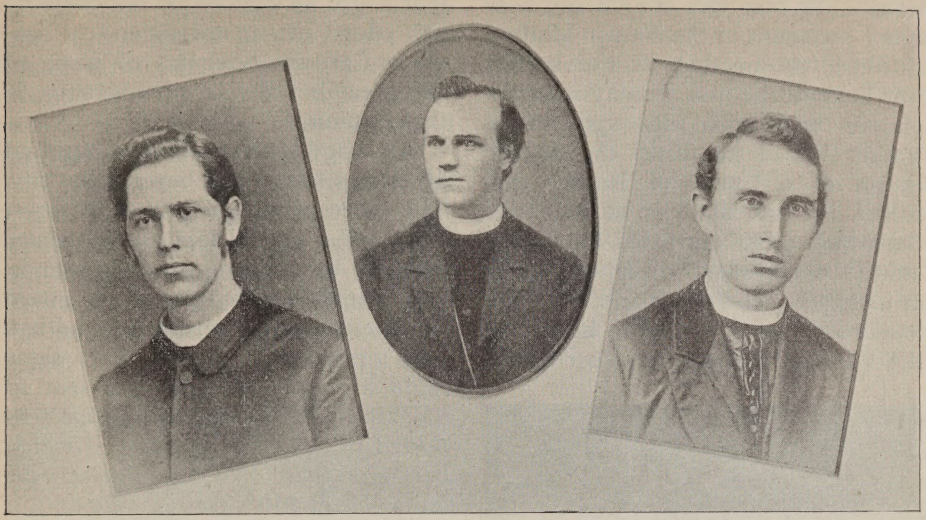
Two days after this, shot-gun quarantine was established, travel was prohibited, and an embargo placed on trade. White women were seldom seen on the street, children never. It was the reign of death, and a ghostly one it was! Whole families died in the same day, and the husband who attended the wife's funeral in the morning was destined to be a corpse in the afternoon. In the words of one writer there was "no mourning, no widows, no orphans.". It was so dreadful that the ordinary emotions of life played no part at all.

The fears of the panic-stricken portion of the populace that fled from the city were not ill-founded. Of the 20,000 or more that remained in the city over 17,600 were reported stricken down with the fever. The mortality that followed was awful. Between the first week in August and the last week in October 5,300 persons died in Memphis alone. On the 30th of August four brave priests fell: Rev. Martin Walsh, pastor of St. Bridgid's; his assistant, Rev. Michael Meagher; Rev. Father J. A. Boekel, O. P., and Rev. J. R. McGarvey, O. P., both of St. Peter's. The following day Rev. Father Erasmus, O. S. F., passed to the silent majority. Grim death did not pause here; on the 3rd of September Rev. Patrick McNamara of St. Patrick's died; on the 9th, Rev. V. P. Maternus, O. S. F.; on the 17th, Very Rev. Martin Riordon, Vicar-General and Pastor of St. Patrick's; on the 19th, Rev. P. J. Scanlan, O. P., and Rev. V. B. Vantrooslenberg, both of St. Peter's. Rev. Father James Mooney was then sent to the front, and died on the ninth day at his post; and on the 27th a reverend Franciscan father whose name cannot now be recalled, followed his heroic brethren in a martyr's death.

The Sisters of St. Joseph were on their retreat at Carondelet, Mo., when the fever broke out, but as soon as the news was conveyed to them, they started for Memphis and placed themselves at the service of Rev. William Walsh, who at that time had assumed charge of affairs in the stricken city. None of these five died. About twenty other nursing sisters, however, gave up their lives in the epidemic. These included four volunteer nurses who came with Dr. Nugent from St. Louis, and the Rev. Mothers of the Dominican Sisters and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Who can doubt that death to them was but the entrance through the "Gate of Life"; that

"There is no death—the thing that we call death
Is but another sadder name for life"?

The names of some of the sisters who died in the performance of their duties, as accurately and as far as it has been possible to find them, are as follows: Mother Alphonso, aged



Rev. Martin Walsh, Pastor of St. Brigid's, Memphis. Died 1878.

Rev. Patrick McNamara, Assistant Pastor St. Patrick's, Memphis. Died 1878.

Rev. Patrick Ryan, Pastor at Chattanooga. Died 1878.

SOME OF THE HEROES OF THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

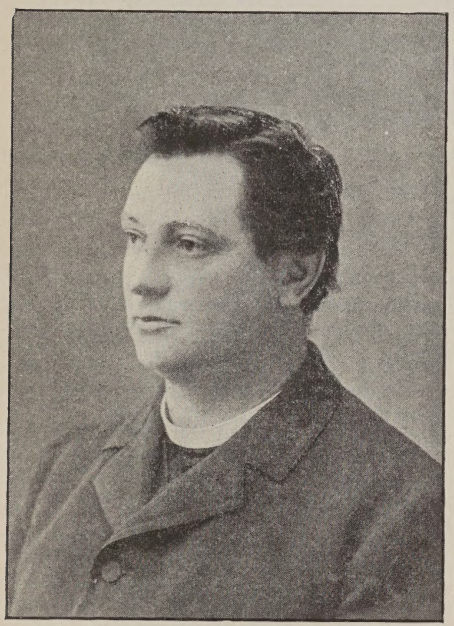
34; Sister Rose, aged 30; Sister Josepha, aged 44; Sister Bernadine, aged 40; Sister Mary Dolora, aged 24; Sister Mary Veronica, aged 19; Sister Wilhelmina, aged 30; Sister Vincent, aged 22; Sister Stanislaus, aged 21; Sister Gertrude, aged 28, and Sister Winkelman of St. Louis.

J. M. Keating, a non-Catholic, pays this tribute to the work of the Sisters of Memphis:—

Their days and nights were devoted to the sick and dying. Their schools closed, there was nothing to distract them from what they loved as the most ennobling of duties. If they were to die—as they did in numbers sufficient to give rise to the belief that they were especially marked by the destroyer—they would make their election sure. They were incessant in their visitations and attentions. They had no rest, no time for recuperation, unlike the ordinary nurses they never suspended their labors to revitalize their wasted energies. What sleep they could get at brief intervals in the exercise of an occupation that more than ever required a sleepless vigilance, they considered a heaven-sent relief. This was not enough. Tired nature, wanting the sweet restorer, broke under the strain. They went down before the reaper like ripened grain. Theirs were not to be long beds of pain and anguish. A few hours of consuming fever, the pulse in the nineties, and death came mercifully to the relief. Life ended, their tasks were done, but their mission was not completed. Other feet were already treading in the same path; other sweet and saintly lives were solemnly pledged to the same heroic sacrifices. No murmur escaped lips that had been sealed, save in prayer. The endless chain of events so sad as to shock the world beyond and summon from the remotest parts of the earth a benevolence that illumed the time with the blessed light of an abounding charity and hearty sympathy, still demanded that these brides of Christ should endure a long agony and literally bloody sweat before translation. They came and went willing sacrifices. Serenely they went as to some feast, bearing with them always the aroma of lives more precious by self-denial and flooding the sick chamber with the glory of hearts wholly given to God."

One of the striking features in connection with the epidemic of 1878 was the establishment of camps of refuge. When the fever broke out, Rev. William Walsh, now pastor of the church at Jackson, Tenn., was assistant

priest at St. Patrick's church and honorary president of the Father Mathew Society. A meeting of the society was held on the first Sunday after the plague had made its appearance. Father Walsh suggested the organization of a Camp of Refuge and Relief. It was taken up at once, and the whole affair entrusted to a committee of five, with Father Walsh at its head. The camp and the work it did stand unique in the history of the Catholic Church in this country.



REV. WILLIAM WALSH.
Organizer of the Father Mathew Camp, 1878.

Father Walsh, though second to none in the practices of religion and in pious fervor, brought common sense to his task. Funds were needed. He sent out an appeal to the societies connected with the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America and the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union. He was anxious, he said in his appeal, "To show the world the great power that might be wielded by the coöperative efforts of our unions and to convince Catholic Societies of some of the great benefits of membership, in these unions."

An eligible site of two hundred acres was found just beyond the city. The place contained groves of forest trees and a crystal lake in the centre supplied by a spring on the grounds. Five sentries were placed on guard at once as notice that the ground had been preëmpted, and that same night a supply of tents was sent to the camp. A set of regulations was posted in the morning; one of which declared that "No one under the influence of intoxicating liquors will be admitted to the grounds, and without special permit no liquor will be allowed within the grounds."

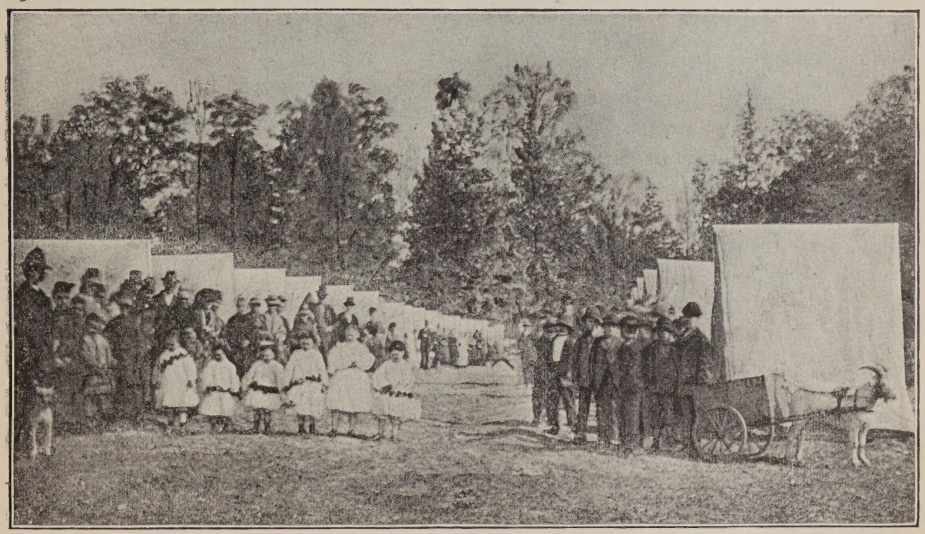
On one end of the grounds a quarantine department was established, where all were detained before being admitted to the main camp. The majority of the refugees were Catholics, and one of the first buildings erected was a little chapel on wheels which was located at the corner of the main avenue and dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. There mass was celebrated every morning, and the rosary said and benediction of the blessed sacrament given every evening, after Father Walsh had returned from the plague-stricken city. There were only ten deaths in a population of 400, and these were from fevers contracted in the city. A school for children was established in a commodious building adjacent to the camp.

The camp was started before a penny of revenue was received, but the responses from the charitable soon not only maintained the expenses of the undertaking, but enabled Father Walsh to distribute

about $150 every day to the needy and the afflicted in the city. The camp remained in existence for ten weeks, and during that time, in the words of its founder, was maintained in "harmony and virtue."

Toward the end of October the much desired frost came; the fever abated and preparations were made to break camp. On All Hallows' day a mass of thanksgiving was celebrated, and holy communion administered to a vast number of men, women, and children. All hands marched in solemn procession through the camp, benediction of the blessed sacrament was given, and the Te Deum chanted in recognition of the mercy of God in the wonderful protection and preservation of the survivors. About 1,700 persons were in this way sheltered and fed, if not saved from death, in 1878 and 1879, when the camp was reëstablished.

In July, 1879, the fever again broke out in Memphis. All that were able to do so left the city, and the mortality was not nearly so great as it was the previous year. Among those who died were Rev. Fathers Doyle and Fahy of St. Patrick's; Rev. C. Reinike, O. S. F., of St. Mary's and Rev. D. E. Reveille, O. P., of St. Peter's. In the absence of Father William Walsh in Europe, his assistant, Rev. John Walsh, reëstablished the Father Mathew Camp on the lines that had previously been laid down by his superior. He worked bravely and zealously. Father John subsequently contracted the smallpox while on a sick call and died. His remains are now in the Martyrs' Mound at Calvary Cemetery.



FATHER MATHEW CAMP, MEMPHIS, WHERE 400 PEOPLE TOOK REFUGE, ESCAPING THE FEARFUL EPIDEMIC OF 1878.

Prior to the breaking out of the fever in 1879, Father William Walsh paid a visit to his aged parents in Ireland and also made a pilgrimage to the Holy See. He was introduced to the Pope by the bishop of his native diocese, now Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia. He was received in a very kind manner by the Holy

Father, especially after his trials during the epidemic had been explained by Cardinal Moran, and before leaving received many blessings and privileges. He visited many of the holy places before his return, and was only a week in Ireland when he received a cablegram telling him of the fresh outbreak of the fever in Memphis.

After a hasty farewell to home, parents, and friends he reached Queenstown two hours after the announced time for sailing to find the steamer still there. He reached Memphis on the 1st of August, 1879. His two comrades and dearest friends, Rev. Fathers Doyle and Fahy, were writhing in the fever agonies and he was warned to keep out. They were the first persons he visited; but even the most robust constitution was bound to give way at last, and Father Walsh himself was stricken down in 1879. His condition was serious, and it was thought he would follow his devoted coworkers. Indeed, Father Reveille, a friend and most zealous priest, came to attend the funeral of Father Walsh. Subsequently Father Walsh, on the first day he was able to get out, attended the funeral of Father Reveille.

It is a singular thing that Father Walsh was reported dead on three different occasions; but he still lives to continue his good work in the Church. Very Rev. J. A. Kelly, O. P., ex-provincial and Vicar-General of the Dominican Order, was Father Walsh's most devoted companion-in-arms. Father Kelly was stricken in 1873, but escaped in 1878 and 1879. His remains now rest under the main altar in St. Peter's Church, Memphis.

All of the priests who were on duty at Memphis in 1878 and 1879 are now dead, except Father William Walsh, Father Aloysius, O. S. F., and Father Luiselli. Father Aloysius was stricken down in 1873, but like Father Kelly escaped in 1878 and 1879.

It is not to be supposed that the priests, sisters, and lay members of the Catholic Church were the only ones to whom credit was due during this awful ordeal. Father William Walsh in replying to an address from St. Michael's Total Abstinence Society in Philadelphia said:

REV. PATRICK O'BRIEN.
(Still living.) Now Pastor of Mt. Carmel Church, Chicago.

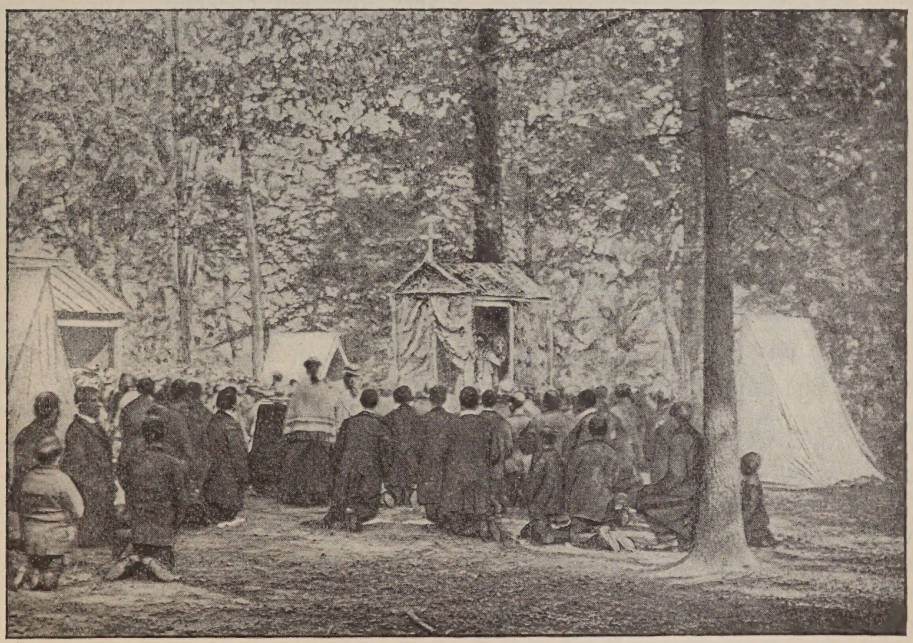
"The plague developed the grandest attributes of our common humanity: Jew and Gentile, Mason and Odd Fellow, members of the Howard Association and other benevolent organizations, all vied with each other in doing good and exhibiting a most self-sacrificing devotion. I met them everywhere, and they often went out of their way to help my efforts. Here and there a little bigotry may have cropped up, but it did not prevail much. We were all brothers, Catholics in a common cause—the relief of the afflicted in every way in our power. A great strength and consolation of the priest arose from the fact, which was felt everywhere, that the priest had something to do for the sick and dying that no else could do. The grand devotion of her children, and the indestructible organization of the Catholic Church stood out as a light on the hilltop to be seen by all, and her representatives only considered themselves like

myself—as the creature of circumstances in which thousands of good priests would glory, as affording them an opportunity to prove their devotion to their sacred priesthood of sacrifice."

The remains of the priests who died during the epidemic now rest in the Martyrs' Mound in Calvary Cemetery, Memphis, within sight of and under the shadow of the cross, the inspiration of their heroic devotion to duty, the emblem of their faith and their salvation. In connection with this mound, a story is told of Sexton Rooney, a good Irish Catholic, who assisted John Walsh, the county undertaker, in his duties. The priests' mound was circular in shape and fast being filled, and when the remains of Vicar-General Riordon arrived, the tender-hearted sexton dug his grave in the centre of a second circle in front of the cross. When asked why the grave was dug there without orders, he said: "As he was a Vicar-General I thought it but right to put him above them all."

Space forbids anything like a detailed notice of any of the martyrs of Memphis, but there are a few incidents concerning some of the more prominent which may prove of interest even when presented in such a fugitive manner.

Rev. Patrick Ryan was the pastor in Chattanooga and died in 1878 while in the performance of his duty. When he read of the terrible death record in Memphis he wrote to Rev. William Walsh:—



MASS OF THANKSGIVING IN FATHER MATHEW CAMP. NOVEMBER 1, 1878.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1878.

My Dear Father Walsh: I have written and dispatched to Memphis, but cannot hear anything from you. I again try to hear from you, as I know you are still living. Can't I hear from you? Just one line will suffice. You do not know my anxiety.

I heard with regret about the deaths

of Fathers Walsh and Meagher. My God! are we to lose all our priests? I would have been with you about the 15th of last month, but the bishop promising to go to Knoxville, I did not wish to be away. I wished since, that I had been in Memphis. Perhaps it is not too late yet. I will go should the bishop let me. I am going to Nashville this week. I have learned that Fathers Riordon and McNamara are down with the fever. I hope to hear of their recovery.

I have received the circular addressed to the T. A. Society, appealing for aid. Unfortunately our society could do nothing. I took up a collection for the object specified in your appeal. The amount is $100, which I am sending you or Father Riordon by express.

I trust in God that I shall hear better news from you and that you are still well. My prayers, if they avail anything, are for your safety. May God in His great mercy give you strength and courage to bear up against this great calamity—that one at least may be spared. Will you be kind enough to write or dispatch me on receipt of this, and believe me to be as ever your Most faithful friend,

P. RYAN.

P. S. "As I cannot live without ye, I will go and die with ye." "P. R."

Soon after this the plague broke out in Chattanooga and the devoted priest expired at his post. His remains now rest in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga. They were the first interred in its virgin soil, consecrated and solemnly opened November 11th, 1886. These remains had previously rested in the church lot at Chattanooga, but were removed on the above occasion, which the whole city honored. Bishop Radanache officiated and Rev. William Walsh preached. As was solemnly said at the time, "The interment of these sacred remains was a consecration in itself."

Rev. John Fahy, assistant at St. Patrick's from November, 1878, until August, 1879, was a most zealous priest, and withal generous and lighthearted. After the plague, he visited Calvary Cemetery with Fathers Doyle, John F. Walsh, and William Walsh. Standing on the mound and counting the priests' graves he said: "There will be the doctor's grave, [meaning Father Doyle], here will be mine; then comes John's, but William will have to wait." Fathers Doyle and Fahy are buried as foretold, but Father J. F. Walsh lies a little farther on in the circle.

Father Fahy's life and death were both edifying. The evening before he died a comrade priest found him very low, but cheerful. The doctor had forbidden him a stimulant of any kind. The visitor was convinced however, that this was a mistake and that the crisis aproaching would finish Father Fahy unless he was kept up by a mild stimulant. When he awoke from a half-comatose nap his colleague asked him if he would not wish a spoonful of champagne and crushed ice.

"The doctor said not," he replied.

"I'm your doctor now," said the visitor.

"All right," was the response.

When the cooling beverage—a spoonful—rested on his tongue, he felt great relief and relished it very much. He wanted a little more, but was refused until he had slept. He affected sleep by a short snoring, and then opening his eyes said he had obeyed, and would just take a little more to cool his crisping tongue.

His companion expressed the hope that he would improve in the morning. He smiled and whispered into his hearer's ear, as he leaned over him: "Do you think I am such a foolish man as to be dying without knowing it? Please hear my last confession; give me the last absolution and plenary indulgence."

Early the next morning Father Fahy's colleague found him sinking. He received his last message to his

mother in Ireland, and Father Fahy peacefully passed to his reward. Before his death he whispered that his "all was in that cigar box there." "All" was a few dollars, belonging to one of the sodalities, and some letters, which were written about a week before the heroic priest was stricken. The contents came almost as messages from the dead. There was one to Father Walsh to the effect that the writer "would surely die in the epidemic," but that he rejoiced because "he would die at his post." The one to his mother breathed affection, bade her receive the news with fortitude, and said he was one of those privileged to die doing his duty. These epistles were really sublime, and illustrate how the plague was the means in this case, as in many others, of bringing forth the purest and most exalted attributes of our poor humanity.

Rev. Martin Walsh is easily ranked among the noblest of those who fell while facing the common enemy—death. With the assistance of Rev. D. A. Quinn he did good work during the epidemic of 1873. He was a Tipperary man, with the robustness of an athlete and the bravery of a lion. Among his colleagues he was considered safe from the disease. Finally one night, during the plague of 1878, making a sick call, against the protests of his associates, he was stricken down, and a little after midnight on the morning of August 29th, he passed away.

Vicar-General Riordon was on a vacation when the fever reappeared in Memphis, but he promptly returned, even though many of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from doing so. After he was stricken with the fever he rallied and lingered for weeks, dying finally at a time when his bishop expected him to visit Nashville for the purpose of recruiting his wasted energies.

Rev. Patrick McNamara was a native of County Kerry and a graduate of All Hallows College, Dublin. He was assistant to Vicar-General Riordon, and like his chief died in the performance of his duties.

Rev. D. A. Quinn, who came through the fever of 1873 unscathed, still lives and is now chaplain of St. Mary's Home, Providence.

Rev. Patrick O'Brien was the successor of Father Doyle, and gave particular attention to the yellow-fever victims at Grand Junction, Humboldt, and Brownsville. He is now pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, in the Chicago diocese.

Rev. William Walsh was for years pastor of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Chattanooga, the finest church in the diocese of Nashville. The church was built through the energy of Father Walsh and will ever stand as a monument to his piety and zeal.

It is an edifying fact in connection with the numerous martyred priests of the Nashville Diocese that not one of them had any worldly goods or possessions to bequeath. From Vicar-General Riordon to the humble curate there was not one, except Father Mooney, who had a few hundred dollars, who owned enough to pay off the few little bills they owed. The only divergence from this was in the shape of two life-insurance policies of $2,000 each on the lives of the Rev. Dominican Father Reveille and the Rev. Father Fahy. Not one thought it worth while to make a will, and as far as can be ascertained there was no administrator on the estate of any of them. In truth, as priests they left all when called to the holy ministry, and found their reward in the martyr's crown.

MABEL.

BY JOHN PAUL MACCORRIE.

When Mabel laughed, my heart laughed too,
And sorrow, fleet-winged, cleaving through
The saddened air, betook its way
Like night-shades swept before the day —
When Mabel laughed.

When Mabel smiled, it seemed to me
The earth was gladder. From the tree
The linnet's voice surged sweetly o'er
The nodding meadow's scented store —
When Mabel smiled.

When Mabel sighed, the silvered streams
Moved sadder; and the sun's rich beams
Were chilled, as though an icy blast
Had filtered them as down they passed —
When Mabel sighed.

When Mabel died, my heart died too,
And sorrows rushed on me anew,
Like autumn leaves that march along
O'er summer's change, a million strong;
The earth grew bleak as endless wold;
The linnet's throat went harsh and told
Of breaking hearts; all sounds seemed shrill
And out of tune; hope's pulse stood still
When Mabel died.

But Mabel laughs — on spirit wings
I pierce the haze, and hear the strings
Of singing lutes: and from the train
Of seraphs bursts a gladsome strain
When Mabel laughs.

"They sat in a row on the curb." P. 887.

ROD GRANGER AND HIS SON.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

THE children of Paradise Flats were bored. They sat in a row on the curb watching for something to amuse them. One cannot forever fire stones at sewer rats, nor eternally drive tops into the wooden paving. Neither is the steady roll of wagon, cart and car of absorbing interest to those accustomed to the sight. It would be something to have the patrol wagon pass, or even the fire engine! There was no use of trying to stay inside Paradise Flats. It was only the mothers who could stand the heat there, and the smells. Besides, Diego had died the night before, and was laid out in the hall closet. Diego had been a rare one at pitching pennies, and the children felt lonesome without him. Still they had no mind for staying in the house with him now. Diego dead was not the same as Diego living.

With such a dearth of popular amusement, it was a great relief when old Rod Granger came down the back stairs in his sandwich suit. Rod lived up the third flight—rear entrance—in a room by himself. There was nothing the children enjoyed so much—except, of course, a fight—as watching Rod come down dressed for his day's work.

The old man wore a coat of cracked red oil-cloth, and walked between two sheets of canvas, stretched upon frames of pine, and having a printed invitation to all readers to frequent the Paradise Eating House, situated in the basement of the Paradise Flats. On his head was a battered cockade of glazed leather, and in his hands an umbrella of bright green.

He paid no attention to the children, although they followed him,

pointing out on the canvas the letters they knew, and running their fingers over his shiny coat. His eyes, too used to the sights of the streets to heed them, were fixed on vacancy, as he walked with aimless and lax-muscled weariness upon his tattered soles. His face was wrinkled and almost coarse, the mouth loose-hanging in unconscious slovenliness, the cheeks unshaven, and the mixed beard of red and gray left in bristling raggedness.

Heedlessly he turned up one street and down another, only taking pains to keep to the crowded thoroughfares. When the children of Paradise Flats grew tired of following him, others fell in to serve as his guard, so that all day, wherever he went, there was always a band of little ones dangling after him, and sending their shrill voices above the general clamor of the streets. They were glad, in spite of the excitement, to keep under the shade of the awnings, out of the way of the sun.

Only old Rod seemed unconscious of the terrible heat. The old legs, shambling in their soiled trousers, trembled with fatigue, and the hands which bore aloft the green umbrella grasped the handle with the nervous energy of a hungry man. Yet he paid no attention when the noon hour was sounded by the great bell at the Chicago Board of Trade, and he let the long, hot, dusty, ill-smelling afternoon pass without food or rest.

True, he stopped once at a public drinking place, and thrice emptied the tin cup.

"There are worse things th'n water," said he to the iron griffin that pranced on the hydrant.

The street cars were carrying home the tired thousands from the city, and the awnings were furled above the windows of the closed shops before he got back to Paradise Flats. The children, dirtier and crosser by many degrees, were in their "apartments" suppering.

Considering that he had plodded the streets for hours, it was wonderful to see how Rod climbed those back stairs! He unfastened the straps that held the sheets of canvas together, as he went, and even his coat was unbuttoned by the time he reached his door.

The canvas folded on hinges and consented to follow the shining coat into a chest which Rod opened for the purpose. When the handle was pulled out of the green umbrella, there was still room left in the chest for the cockade.

Rod closed the lid, turned the key in the padlock, hid it under the bedclothes and broke into a smile.

"I've an hour left," he said to himself.

There might have been only fifteen minutes left, judging from the way he hurried. He took a tin washdish from its nail on the wall and carried it into an adjoining room, stopping to knock at the door. It was opened by a tall girl. Her eyes, large, black and mournful, were red with weeping. The old man laid his large hand on her shoulder.

"You're not lookin' very well, Creta," said he. "Now don't you sit here all night and cry. Come over 'n' spen' the evenin' with me. Y' can't do any good t' poor little Dago by stayin' here 'n' cryin' yerself sick."

"I couldn't leave him, you know," said the girl sadly, taking the basin from the old man's hand and filling it at the faucet. "He's to be buried tomorrow and I couldn't think of leaving him the last night. I've never left him a night since he was born.

Mamma said: 'Creta, look after Diego,' and I've looked after him just as well as I knew how."

"That you have, Creta," returned the old man, taking the water from her trembling hands. "You have that, true an' faithful. An' Dago knew it."

"Diego knows nothing," cried the girl with passionate gesture. "The dead know nothing."

"The dead know most," said the old man solemnly. "We're the ones that don't know things, an' worry, an' puzzle, an' fret. Take my advice, Creta; don't you cry your heart out. Come in an' spen' the evenin' with me. Ray's coming to-night."

"Then let him come to see me," said the girl sharply, and she closed the door with a bang that grated on the old man's happiness.

"She's a temper, Creta has," said he to himself with a sigh. "I don't suppose Ray dreams of her temper. He always likes folks t' be good-natured. It's right he should."

The old man fell to scrubbing himself with a bar of soap. "Ray ain't ought to be bothered with bad nature. It's no more 'n' fair for folks t' be jolly when he comes," and he turned a sigh into a song:

> How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
> When fond recollections present them to——

The rest of the lyric was lost in a spluttering noise caused by the vigorous rubbing of a bit of very ragged towel across his mouth. It would not have taken long to count the teeth in the comb with which old Roderick arranged his cow-lick of red-gray hair.

"What a mercy it'd be if I only had that razor." He took a pawn-ticket out of his pocket and looked at it with affection. "A man never looks himself unless he's clean-shaved!"

He couldn't help thinking about it as he put on a clean paper collar and

"Well, p'r'aps it may be Ray." P. 891.

adjusted the rubber of an old-fashioned "butterfly" necktie over his collar button.

"It was as pretty a razor as ever was made; an' there's that hone—no good without a razor—really no earthly good to anybody."

He took the hone, wrapped it in a paper, and putting on his hat, made his way down-stairs to the Paradise Eating House. The Paradise Eating House, as its name implied, was a very unusual place. If the proverbial lion and the lamb did not lie down together there, as they are supposed to do in Paradisical precincts, there was no war waged between man and the insect creation. Lazarus, had he been there, would have fared well, for the crumbs that fell from the table were many and the traces of them were not removed from day to day, but were allowed to remain in odorous unreproach upon the floor. A smell of mold gave to the building a semblance of antiquity which might have pleased the modern apostles of ruin and decay. A fly-hung network of pink was draped over the mirrors, and the walls were further decorated by a large engraving of "The Burial of the Pet Bird."

Roderick ordered his dinner, with a cautious outlook toward the twenty-five cent limit placed on his meal.

"Now, don't ye make a mistake 'n' bring me a porter-house!" he called jovially to the waiter. "I don't want anything common to come my way, y' know!"

No one would have imagined he had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Hunger makes drawn faces and dull eyes, and Roderick seemed suddenly to breathe out health and happiness. Who could have guessed the painful miles his old feet had tramped to win the guerdon of that rank-smelling meal? But there were men with daintier meals who had not so good an appetite that night. He ate with as much haste as heartiness, and the last morsel was not well down when he was opening the door of the Golden Globe pawn-shop.

"We're closed for the night," the proprietor said, in protest at his entrance; but Roderick had the hone out on the counter and was looking across with a wistfulness which checked further remarks.

"What do you expect to get for that?" asked the man, rubbing his hand critically over the surface.

"Enough for a cigar," said Roderick.

He gave the old man enough for a cigar—which Rod only purchased after much cautious inquiry.

"Y' see," he explained, "th' person I'm gettin' this fur, is very p'ticular 'bout th' shape of his cigars, an' hes fancies fur a special color."

As he climbed the stairs to his room again, he heard some one in earnest conversation with Creta. The voice of the person speaking was not such as the corridors of Paradise Flats were used to.

"The little robe shall be sent the first thing in the morning," it said gently, "and I will go with you to the graveyard, if you like. After that you are to come home with me—you really must, Creta! You have no excuse that will work with me at all! Now don't look so wretched! I can't understand you a bit! You know I like you, or I wouldn't want you to come. I believe you are proud, Creta. Well, then, if I must say it, I am not offering charity to you. You shall be as independent as you like."

There was not a little embarrassment in the voice—a voice more used to bantering than to consoling, if one

could judge by an undertone of merriment.

When Roderick neared the top of the stairs, he found the speaker standing with her arm around Creta's waist. She was the taller of the two by half a head, and bent over her with a gesture of shy and delicate pity. The severity of her gown betokened the woman of fashion more surely than any adornment could have done. Old Roderick could not help noticing the elegance of the walking-

It looked well enough, evidently, for the lady to enter, and to make herself quite at home. Roderick couldn't help wishing that Ray was there to see her. She sat in the old wooden chair with a manner so gracious and familiar that Rod could hardly believe that he was seeing and speaking with her for the first time.

"I know you are a friend of Creta's," she repeated, "for she has spoken of you to me. I want to ask you if she as any tie that should

"YOU DIDN'T TELL HER YOUR NAME, YOU OLD FOOL?" P. 894.

boot which rested on the broken edge of the top stair.

"Mr. Granger," said Creta, tearfully, "this is the lady who has been to see Diego since he was sick."

"I'm a Friendly Visitor," said the lady, with a deprecating blush.

'You're quite welcome," said Roderick, "to walk into m' room, miss; tho' it ain't a place ladies often goes, an' I wouldn't like t' say how it looked."

hold her here, now that her little brother is dead."

"Not a soul miss, now that Dago is gone. Smart boy, Dago—never see him peg tops, did ye, miss?"

"Well, then," eagerly went on the lady, ignoring the last remark, "what does she want to stay here in this—"

"Well," said the old man, after a pause, "p'r'aps it may be Ray."

The lady looked up quickly at the name, and with an angry little pull

at her bonnet-strings, set her chin free from them.

"Who is Ray?" she asked.

"Ray," said Roderick, in a louder voice than he had yet used, "is my son."

"What did Creta say your name was, sir?"

"Roderick Granger," said he, simply.

The lady moved her chair nearer to the window, as if she found the heat oppressive.

"Where is your son?" she inquired.

"He's a-comin' here in a little," he replied. "He writes, Ray does, an' makes his livin' by his brains. It ain't always the rich men that hev the smart sons, ma'am. I call Ray a poet myself, though he always laughs whin I do it."

"Does he come to see you often?"

"We—ll, he ain't got much time y' see. 'Tain't very cheerful fur a lad like him to hang aroun' an ole codger like me. But he's comin' to-night, sure an' steady. He'll be here in a little while, now."

The lady started up, as if to go immediately, but paused again.

"What has he to do with Creta?" said she, sharply.

"Plenty an' enough," the old man returned with dignity; "they is lovers, is Creta an' Ray."

"But he doesn't come very often, you say."

"He hes other affairs, lady, t' engage his min' with. It's but natural fur one as writes."

"That's so," returned the lady, breaking into a hard little smile. "Perhaps that explains it!"

"I'd like to show ye some of his poems, miss," said Roderick, with gleaming eyes, fumbling, as he talked, in the depth of an old-fashioned wallet. "Now here, miss, is somethin' I think as sweet as runnin' water. I'm not an edicated man, an' don't pertend to be one, but I can tell music whin I hear it, ma'am." He laid a written set of verses in her lap, and she read:

"Her feet, they are so small,
So delicate her tread,
The daisies do not bend at all
When she walks overhead;
But each looks up, and falls in love
With Psyche's tiny feet above."

There were more verses, but the lady stopped with the first one. She was pale, and the hands that held the sheet of paper were trembling.

"Did your son tell you he wrote this?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Wrote it? Of course he did. Don't y' suppose I know his handwritin'? Here's somethin' more, if ye feel interested, miss:"

"Black shadows fall
From the lindens tall
That lift aloft their massive wall."

The lady read the lines aloud, and suddenly stopping, looked up at the old man. He was standing with his legs wide apart, nodding his head to her rhythmical reading.

Tears sprang into the lady's eyes. She laid her hand softly on the old man's arm.

"So your boy wrote that, too, did he?" she asked, softly.

"He did that," said Roderick, "an' many another thing, miss, which you could read if you had time."

"But I haven't," she said, with a quick return of shyness. "I must go now. I guess Creta had best be left alone. I am sure your son will be more comfort to her than I will."

The lady held out her hand, and bade Roderick a quiet good-bye. It seemed to him, as he looked at her then, that after all she was not so pretty as he had thought her to be.

The face had had in it only happy lines, as though she had never known trouble, or hardly vexation. Yet now it looked pale and worn.

"Y' ain't afraid to go home alone?" asked Roderick, gently.

"Not a bit," said she, absently, "not a bit;" and she went into the hall, passing Creta, who still stood there, with a hasty "Good-night." Poor Creta looked up with a puzzled expression, but no more cordial light dawned in her friend's gray eyes, and she fell to weeping harder without asking herself the reason why.

A moment later there was a step on the stair, and Creta, turning, fled to her room like a fugitive.

The step had a very different effect on Roderick. He ran for the lamp and held it over the stairs—ceremony which he had not thought to extend to the lady and which was superfluous now, for before he had got it well into the hall, a form leaped up into the corridor.

A little above medium height, slight, graceful, nervous, with a restless pair of eyes and a head full of quick movements, the lad whom old Rod grasped so tenderly by the hand was one to be remembered anywhere.

"I'M A REPORTER; MAKE WAY." P. 896.

"Well, papa!" he cried, mockingly, "I should be pleased to know what perfumed visitor of yours it was who stole by me in the dusk just now. She carried her head down in a guilty way that speaks very bad for you. No flirtations at your age, I hope, papa! You can't expect me to do the respectable for the whole family, can you?"

"It's a friend of Creta's," said the old man in reply to the question.

"Here, lad, is a cigar. Let me light it fur ye—so—pull a bit harder. How d' ye like it, eh?"

"First class, dad! Where do you get all of your money, you old reprobate! The cigar smacks of gold. I believe you're turning into a miser and keep your riches stored away somewhere about this remarkable room."

The old man laughed as if the joke were one of the most delightful in the world and cautiously drew his tattered boots out of sight.

"By the way" went on the young man, "what is Creta doing with such fine friends?"

"Dago's dead" said Roderick reluctantly, as if he felt it a pity that the youth should have to hear of anything disagreeable, "an' th' young lady has bin kind to Creta."

It was hard to tell exactly what set the young one to laughing, but he fell to it so heartily that his father looked about in actual distress to see what the cause could be.

"Don't mind me, papa," he cried between his paroxysms. "It's a mad world and I have to laugh at it. We're all motley fools, old man, and you and I are not the least of them."

"There ain't nothin' of the fool about you," returned the old man with a sturdy resentment. "Hev' ye written any more poems lately, Ray?"

The young man turned a wide and inexpressive grin upon his father.

"No," he said. "A fellow can't get in the mood for doing that sort of thing every day."

"True, true," Roderick assented with solemn shakings of the head. "I showed the last one you wrote to the lady that was here"

"The devil you did!" cried the young man springing out of his chair with a hot face. "What did she say about them?"

"Well," returned his father truthfully. "It seemed to be hard for her to understand that you done 'um."

"I should think so!" ejaculated the youth. "Why in heaven's name can't you keep things to yourself, father? Bring Creta in here. I want to find out who that woman was."

Creta came. Her breast was heaving, her dirty little hands clenched, her eyes darting defiance; but she came. She was no match for the young man awaiting her in the doorway. His piercing eyes looked her through and made her tremble. His vexation was stronger than her defiance.

The old man looked at Creta with impatience. What did she mean by trifling with the boy!

"Here, you little ninny," said Ray, in a low voice; "come here and stop your nonsense, can't you. Give me a kiss, you saucy little thing." He put his long arm around her and drew her to him in spite of her struggles.

"If you hadn't the prettiest lips in Chicago, you needn't think I would try to coax you out of your tarnation megrims. Sit on my knee, you black-browed jade, and tell me what the name of that mysterious lady was who visited you this afternoon."

"She's a saint," cried Creta in a sudden burst of Italian emphasis, "and has been good to me when my friends forgot about me. Her name is Miss Alma Wentworth."

Before Creta could realize it, she was thrown off the young man's knee, and he was standing over the old man with a look of fury in his face.

"You didn't tell her your name, did you, you old fool? But of course you did, your name and mine, too—I can count on you to make a dirty muddle of things."

The old man lifted moist and imploring eyes, but his voice was gone.

"For God's sake, speak!" the young man said, in a voice which fell lower and lower as his anger grew. "Don't sit there like an Egyptian mummy. What does she know?"

"Everything," remarked Creta, quietly, the revengeful impulse of her race coming uppermost again.

She could see Ray Granger grow pale, in spite of his anger.

"Not——" he began.

"Not why I wouldn't go to live with her, as she wanted me to," she remarked, calmly, "but everything else. Who is she?"

"It's none of your business, my angel. Good-bye to you. I won't see you again for a while."

He put on his hat and started for the door. Creta smiled coldly, and tied her red silk neckerchief closer, with a careful attention to the ends. But the miserable old man, his face bedewed with the sweat of agony, reached out a pair of trembling hands.

"Ray, my son," he cried.

The boy lifted his hat with mock ceremony.

"Farewell, papa," he said.

An inarticulate cry came from the old man's lips. Creta sprang toward him and caught him as he fell forward, and the blood from his lips stained both her brown hands. She laid him on the floor and ran out into the hall and down the stairs.

Granger stood relighting his cigar with a fresh match.

"Here's a keepsake for you," she laughed, laying one blood-covered hand upon each breast. The coat was of light drab, fashionably made and faced with silk of a paler tint. Granger looked down at it stupidly. The sight of blood always made him faint. Creta held up both hands with a mocking grimace and danced about him with a weird outflinging of her limbs. Granger gave a wrench to the coat, failed to get it off, took one sick look at Creta, and then rushed down the street.

Creta went back to the little room at the head of the stairs.

Ray went to his room and got the coat off. There was a note awaiting him.

"I have seen your poor old father," it ran, "and drawn from him a history of your wretched life. Do not think for a moment that he knew what he was telling me. He had nothing but praise and love for you. If you have committed this sin because of me, I shall think more hardly of you than ever, for your judgment of my character is an insult. I read the poems you gave the deluded old man. If you were going to steal, why couldn't you take something that every one didn't know. I am too much a woman of the world to forgive you for being stupid. I wish I could bring my truer self to write these lines; but I feel nothing but a cold and bitter cynicism as I think of you—all the more because there is in you a strain of something which might have been genius had it not been perverted. Do not flatter yourself that you have wounded me—I am merely mortified at the blunder I made in believing you.

"As for the poor little Italian girl, stifling in that hole of a garret, I think I know now why she could not accept my friendship—simply because she needs it so much! You will have her sins to answer for, too, my poet. Since you can have no feeling but vanity left, I take pleasure in telling you that the least of the broken and ungrammatical speeches of your poor old father are more to

me than the most brilliant of the airy sophisms with which you have entertained me. Spare me the necessity of being discourteous, by remaining away from my father's house in the future; for I am not at home to you, Mr. Granger.

ALMA WENTWORTH.

"Aldine Square, Aug. 10."

Granger read the letter twice through.

"It's no go," said he, with a little laugh.

* * * * *

It was a week before old Rod was out again. Then he crept wearily out in his ludicrous sandwich suit. Not even his misery could keep him from looking absurd.

The children who followed him were usually good-natured, but today they seemed to resent his dejection. One urchin flung handfuls of soft mud at him, until the shining coat of red was speckled with it. Sometimes the stretch of white paving seemed to undulate in waves like the lake. That made Roderick think that if he were able he would go down to the lake at night, and watch the darkness creep over it from the east. The vision of those restless waters quieted the pain at his desolate heart.

But the sun grew hotter after a time, and Rod forgot even the lake in trying to keep his eyes open. Finally, they closed in spite of him. He sank gently to the ground and laid his head on his arm, with a sense of rest.

By the time the patrol wagon had reached the spot a crowd had gathered. Men came running from their shops and offices; some even left the cars at the exhilarating sight of the concourse, and pushing and jamming, asked each other what the matter was.

"I'm a reporter; kindly make way," came from the outskirts in an authoritative voice. A dark young fellow, with handsome eyes, pushed into the centre.

"Who is the old fellow?" he asked.

Someone who was bathing the face with a wet handkerchief answered him.

"A minute ago he was a sandwich man; now he is nothing but a dead one."

The reporter stooped to look into the dead man's face.

"I've seen him before," he said. "His name is Roderick Granger."

"Has he any friends?" the policeman, who had just come up, asked.

The young man took off his hat, and gave an odd nervous motion to his head.

"I don't think he has," he said, with a grin that showed his teeth. "I never heard of any."

* * * * *

That night the city editor of the *Mail* remarked pleasantly to his police reporter:

"That was a neat little thing you handed in this afternoon on the sandwich man, Granger. You gave quite a personal flavor to it."

"Thank you," said Granger, delicately turning the button in his fresh cuff. "I couldn't help seeing something picturesque in the old beggar."

"It's a pity you couldn't find out his name. I suppose that about Paradise Flats was all imagination, wasn't it?"

"Partially so. You haven't a couple of extra seats for 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' have you? The *Puck* is about the neatest little girl I have seen for a long time."

FOOTPRINTS OF THE IRISH SOLDIER.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

THE Irish have been from time immemorial a martial people. The songs of the ancient bards were songs of prowess, inciting to deeds of daring, and in that semi-barbaric time, ere St. Patrick brought to the Emerald Isle the eternal message of the Prince of Peace, the profession of the warrior was the most exalted and honored in the land.

This valorous characteristic of a people, fostered by the usage of centuries, and later intensified by subjection to the direst oppression ever suffered by any nation, has always dominated the Irish heart, and therefore little wonder that the Irishman is the soldier par excellence.

Great as have been his efforts in behalf of his own sunburst, he has covered with greater lustre the flags of other nations. Whether it was the lilies or tricolor of France, the eagles of Austria, or the star-spangled banner of the American republic, he has been in the vanguard of defenders from Fontenoy to Appomattox.

The early history of Ireland abounds in evidences of the valorous character of its people. It is known that when Britain was a slave following the chariot wheels of imperial Rome, the Romans never dared to extend their conquests into Ireland and the latter stood alone at the time as the only nation in Europe that was not at the feet of the Cæsars.

But it is not with the Irish soldier in Ireland that this article proposes to deal. The history of Ireland fittingly records the deeds of her sons in their country's behalf, and neither the heroes nor the record of their heroism need a place here. The design is to treat of those who on the great battlefields of the world, far away from their beloved motherland, glorified their exile.

Long before the compact signed at Limerick gave the valiant Sarsfield and his brave command to the service of France, Irishmen were serving with honor in the armies of Europe, and in fact, many young men were sent to the continent to acquire the military training and experience that, it was hoped, would eventually make them powerful aids in their country's emancipation. It was in the service of Spain that Owen Roe O'Neill acquired that knowledge of the art of the soldier which, added to his own invincible spirit, enabled him to administer such a sound thrashing to the army of Cromwell on the memorable field of Benburb.

It is, however, from the date of the capitulation of Limerick that the exodus to other shores of the Irish soldier may be said to have begun, and so with the continental career of the valiant Sarsfield it may be truly stated, Irish valor became a recognized feature on foreign battlefields.

History affords the record of no more valiant soldier than Patrick Sarsfield, earl of Lucan. His matchless conduct from his first encounter with the army of William of Orange to the final mournful but heroic chapter at Limerick, in a record of generalship and heroism that won the admiration even of the enemy. It is the best test of the sincerity of that ad-

miration, that, by the terms of surrender, he was permitted to sail from Ireland with the remnant of his army. In France he received the honor due his exalted character as a soldier, and became one of the favorite generals of the reigning monarch, in whose cause he gave up his valiant life.

It was the army which Sarsfield had brought with him to France which formed the nucleus of that famous Irish Legion which left such a shining mark upon the pages of France's history, and one of whose soldiers was destined to be the progenitor of a president of the French Republic.

Who that is at all familiar with the great battles of the world, does not know of the service of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, and how what was on the point of being a disastrous rout to the French arms was turned into a glorious victory by these valorous exiles. History and poetry embalm the record of that world-astounding charge upon the English, before the impetuous onset of which the army of Britain retreated as from an avenging angel. Well might George II exclaim, as he heard of the worsting of his troops at Fontenoy, by a body of men whose hands were turned against him by English oppression: "Accursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

Let us look for a moment on some of the soldiers which Ireland gave to France, aside from the chivalrous Sarsfield, to whose career reference has already been made. There was Count Arthur Dillon, the commander of a regiment in the Irish Brigade, organized in 1691, and who became a lieutenant-general in the French service. His regiment was for 101 years commanded by successive members of his family. He was succeeded as colonel by his son, James Dillon, who fell at the head of his regiment at Fontenoy. Edward Dillon succeeded James and fell at Laffeldt. The last colonel was Count Theobald Dillon who was murdered at Lille, April 29, 1792.

Daniel O'Brien, third Viscount of Clare, after the siege of Limerick retired to France with the remnant of three regiments he had raised in Ireland for the service of James II, and this force and their commander served with distinction in the Irish Brigade. Lord Clare's two sons were killed in the French service, Daniel, the fourth Viscount, at Pignerol in 1693, and Charles, the fifth Viscount of Clare, at Ramillies, in 1706, this branch of the family becoming extinct with his death.

John B. McMahon was a native of Limerick, and at an early age entered the French service. He was created by the French monarch, Marquis d' Equitly in 1750. The late ex-President of France was his grandson. Myles Byrne, chief of battalion in the French service and officer of the Legion of Honor, on the failure of the Rebellion of '98 in Ireland, went to France, serving with distinction in Spain, the Low Countries and Germany, under Napoleon, and continuing in the army after the Restoration. Colonel John O'Sullivan won distinction in the French service. He accompanied Prince Charles in his ill-starred descent upon Scotland in 1745, as adjutant and quartermaster general, and was one of the bravest and most trusted adherents of that prince, the success of whose escape was due in a large measure to O'Sullivan's coolness, energy, and tact.

James O'Moran was a brilliant officer of the Irish Brigade, who rose to the rank of major-general in the French service. At the breaking out

of the Revolution he was a chevalier of St. Louis, and his devotion to the cause of the hapless Louis XVI caused O'Moran to perish by the guillotine, at Paris, March 6, 1794.

Count Daniel O'Connell, entered the Irish Brigade as a lieutenant, served with signal bravery and ability in the Seven Years' War, and about 1782 was raised to the rank of inspector general of French Infantry. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, he declined a military commission offered him by Carnot, feeling it his duty to share the fortunes of the Bourbons. He was an uncle of the famous Irish liberator.

Count Patrick Darcy was another distinguished officer of the Irish Brigade, who died at Paris, Oct. 18, 1779.

William Corbet, whose revolutionary sympathies caused his expulsion from Trinity College, Dublin, retired to France, and later returned to Ireland as a member of the unfortunate French expedition. At its failure, he escaped to the continent, but was apprehended at Hamburg and brought a prisoner to Ireland. His imprisonment was brief, however, for he managed to elude the vigilance of his captors and secure passage to France. In the army of the latter he attained the rank of major-general.

Passing from the service of France to that of Austria, we find the Irish soldier a valiant defender of the House of Hapsburg and the Austrian Empire. Among the Irishmen who served with distinction for that country Count Andrew O'Reilly stands at the head. He was born in Ireland in 1740 and when young entered the Austrian service, winning the rank of field marshal. He was governor of Vienna when that city capitulated to the French in 1809. Count Laval Nugent attained high military rank in Austria, and after achieving distinction there his sword was placed at the service of Naples, where he became captain general of the Neapolitan forces. Returning to Austria he was made field marshal in 1849.

Another distinguished officer in the Austrian service was Francis MacDonnell, who at the surprise of Cremona, Feb. 1, 1702, made a prisoner of the French commander, Marshal Villeroy. MacDonnell fell at the battle of Luzzara, the following August.

In the Russian service we find Count George Brown who was born in Ireland in 1698. Going to the Muscovite realm he led a life of constant danger and adventure. He was thrice taken prisoner and sold as a slave. He rose to the rank of field marshal under Peter III, and was made governor of Livonia, dying in 1792. Count Peter Lacy is the name of another Irishman who won high distinction in the army of Russia. When a lad of thirteen, he quitted Ireland as an ensign with Sarsfield's army, served in the Irish Brigade in France, and after the peace of Ryswick entered the service of Peter the Great, and rose to the rank of field marshal.

Spain was early an attractive field of service for the martial Irish, and many a dashing Irish soldier here obtained the experience, as did Owen Roe O'Neill, of which valiant use was made in the repeated conflicts between his people at home and the English. Though later, France received the greater accession of Irish valor, yet the Irish soldier made his mark in Spain as elsewhere. Lieutenant General Daniel O'Mahony, a distinguished officer of the Irish Brigade, transferred his sword to the service of

the country south of the Pyrenees, and in Spain became lieutenant general and Count of Castile. Count Alexander O'Reilly served in the armies of Spain, Austria, and France, and returned to the Spanish service on the breaking out of war between that country and Portugal. In 1765 he saved the life of Charles III in a popular uprising in Madrid, was promoted field marshal, and became in time Governor of Madrid and Inspector General of Infantry. Later he was Governor of Cadiz and Captain General of Andalusia.

Richard Wall, an Irishman, was a Spanish minister and general of distinction. He was for some time Spanish ambassador at London. In 1752 he was made major general, two years later Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he occupied a prominent place in the counsels of that country during portions of the reigns of Ferdinand VI and his brother and successor, Charles III.

Looking to Germany we note Irishmen contributing to the making of history for the Teutons. Walter and James Butler, scions of the Irish house of Ormond, emigrated to Germany early in the seventeenth century. Both served with distinction in the Thirty Years' War and the former became a count of the Empire. His descendants still hold large estates in Bohemia, conferred upon him by the country and sovereign he so faithfully served.

Crossing to this side of the Atlantic, and reserving for final consideration, Ireland's contribution of valor to the land we love, I find Irish names among the liberators and defenders of the South American countries, outweighing in number and worth of achievement those of any other people, save the natives of the countries themselves. William Brown, an Irishman, was an admiral of what was then known as Buenos Ayres, now the Argentine Republic, who rendered loyal service to the country of his adoption, and ranks as one of the naval heroes of the time. He was born in the year 1779, the year that gave the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, to the world.

Passing to Chili, I find that Ambrose O'Higgins entered the Spanish service, and in 1787 was appointed Captain General of Chili. Although in strict classification this officer should be added to the Irishmen who rendered loyal service to Spain, I prefer to treat of him under the head of Chili for the sake of his son, who was born in that country and was one of the chief individual forces in its emancipation from Spanish rule. This son, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, took an active part in behalf of Chilian independence, was one of the most distinguished commanders in the war by which the freedom of the country was won, and held the office of supreme director of the young republic from 1818 to 1823. Don Bernardo O'Higgins stands to-day in Chilian estimation not much lower than does George Washington with us.

Another distinguished Chilian officer was Admiral Lynch, whose service to that country is highly venerated. His name proclaims his origin.

Turning to our own country we find in the trying times of the nation's birth, the Irish soldier at the front. We have but to examine the list of names of those who took part in the nation's first "baptism of fire," at Lexington and Concord, to see how well Irish blood was represented in the ranks of the patriotic and determined yeomanry there, and later at Bunker

Hill; and we likewise know that in the parliamentary investigation into the composition of the American army, an authoritative report was made, which is a matter of record, stating that a very large proportion of that army were Irish. Among the distinguished names of that history-making time we find the following: Commodore John Barry, the first commander of the American navy; General Richard Montgomery, who led the expedition into Canada, and gave up his heroic life in an assault upon Quebec; General Henry Knox, the chief artillery officer of the Revolution; General John Sullivan, one of Washington's most valiant officers, and later governor of New Hampshire; General Stephen Moylan, the dashing leader of cavalry, who made "Moylan's Dragoons" a name of terror to the English; Thomas Conway, who rose to the rank of major general, but unfortunately became the moving spirit in the scheme which aimed to have Gates supersede Washington, and who on the discovery of that conspiracy resigned and entered the French service, becoming mareschal-de-camp and governor of the French possessions in India; General Edward Hand, who in 1784-85 was a member of Congress and later a signer of the Pennsylvania constitution; General Griffith Rutherford, a trusted officer of Washington, and for whom counties in North Carolina and Tennessee are named; General William Thompson, who, after serving as a captain of horse in the French and Indian War, became a general in the Revolution and succeeded General Lee in the command of New York; and numbers of others who loyally aided in shaking off from this country the tyranny that had enclouded their motherland for centuries.

Reference should also be made to the name of General Richard Butler, a lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution, who in 1791 entered on the ill-fated St. Clair expedition against the Indians, and who was killed in an engagement with the aborigines, Nov. 4, 1791.

In the second war with England, we find the bright particular star of the time, Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, and later president of the Republic, the son of an Irishman; and we also find Irish blood, as his name indicates, firing the spirit of the indomitable Commodore McDonough, the hero of Lake Champlain.

The Mexican war had its evidences of Irish valor in the persons of General Stephen Shaw Kearney and General James Shields; and also in a nephew of the former, Philip Kearney, who having lost an arm in Mexico, later, on two separate occasions, won the cross of the Legion of Honor for heroism in the French service, and completed his record of valor with his life in the Rebellion.

The elder Kearney was one of the great figures of the Mexican War, and his wonderful march through the then unknown wilds of the Southwest is one of the striking historic features of that contest. To Kearney we owe the conquest of New Mexico and California, which led to their acquisition by the Union.

Shields was a fine type of the dashing Irish soldier, and covered himself with glory in Mexico. The story is related of him that his command, inspired by the unconquerable spirit of their general, drove the Mexican troops right up to the gate of their capital. At this juncture, General Scott, whose desire it was to accord to others the honor of first entering the city, sent an aid-de-camp to instruct Shields

to hold back; but the latter was deaf to the messenger and his mission, feigning not to hear the instructions. General Quiltman was then sent to Shields to convey to him the wishes of the commander-in-chief; but Shields so vehemently urged the right of his men to the honor they had so dearly and valiantly won, that the brave and appreciative Quiltman acknowledged the justice of the claim, told him to go ahead, and went back to Scott to justify the sanction he had given. Shields afterwards had the honor of being a United States senator, first for Illinois and later for Missouri; and, when the Rebellion broke out, again took the field and rendered loyal service. It is one of the evidences that republics as well as princes are sometimes ungrateful, that not long before his death Shields was an unsuccessful suppliant for a position at the capitol where he had once sat as a member of its chief body of legislators.

Passing to a consideration of the Irish soldier in the Rebellion, one feels the total inadequacy of space to do justice to the subject. An extended series of articles might be written in regard to the service of the exiled children of the Gael in that great conflict, but here I can only single out some of the prominent names, that through the heroic service of their bearers have become gloriously enshrined in the history of the war.

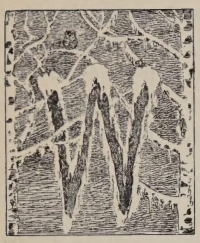
One has but to recall the names of the dashing Phil Sheridan, who in the opinion of the eminent German warrior, the late Count Von Moltke, was one of the greatest cavalry officers of the century, and who attained before his death the highest military rank possible in this country; General Thomas Francis Meagher, commander of the famous Irish Brigade of New York; General Eugene Carr, one of Grant's most valiant officers in the Army of the West, and who has since done such noble work on the frontier; General Michael Corcoran of New York's gallant Sixty-ninth Regiment and later of the Irish Brigade; General Phil Kearney, to whom reference has already been made in connection with his services in Mexico, and who closed his heroic life at Chantilly; General Thomas A. Smyth of Delaware, who was killed near Farmville, Va., April 6, 1865, while commanding the second division of the Second Army Corps; General Patrick R. Guiney, and Colonel Thomas Cass of the heroic old Ninth of Massachusetts; General M. T. Donahoe of the Tenth New Hampshire; and very many other officers who distinguished themselves, but whose names cannot be enumerated in the limited compass of this article.

The country will not soon forget the services of the rank and file of those exclusively Irish bodies of troops, like the Irish Brigade of New York, the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Regiments of Massachusetts, the Ninth Connecticut, the Second Rhode Island, the Tenth New Hampshire, the Fifty-eighth Illinois; and similar bodies of Irish soldiers from other states.

This article carries its own lesson of Irish valor. Whatever the flag the Irish soldier has served, he has ever honored it and himself, in a manner to demonstrate the martial inheritance that has always distinguished the Irish character.

FROM QUEBEC TO CHICOUTIMI.

BY EDWARD GERARD.



ITH the exception of the marvels of the Yosemite region, and the unique sublimity of Niagara, there are no more thrilling or picturesque objects for the eye of the tourist, on the North American continent, than those which unfold themselves along portions of the route delineated in the caption of the present sketch. Scattered here and there through the continent, there are, it is true, isolated instances of the beauty and stupendous character of God's handiwork in nature, which the travelled American will recall with delight and wonder; but those who have made the trip up the Saint Lawrence, from Quebec to Chicoutimi, at the head of the Saguenay River, will probably concede the assertion that that experience will remain more vividly impressed upon their minds for its particular features of variety, suggestiveness, and delightful as well as sublime impressions.

The poet Keats has felicitously sung that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Standing on the upper deck of the good steamer "St. Lawrence," as she steamed through the harbor of Quebec one lovely morning in June, on her way to the Saguenay, I felt as never before, the force and significance of the poet's thought. In the retrospect, the rock-ribbed city we had just left rose in bold relief. Citadel-capped and girt with wall and rampart, at present more picturesque than formidable, her domes and spires of tin glittering in the early sunlight, the ancient fortress easily justified to the beholder's imagination her proud title of "Queen of the St. Lawrence." On the north shore the opening valley of the St. Charles, merging its verdant farms into the unbroken country known as the flats of Beauport, forms the beautiful level from which the promontory rose on the vision of its discoverer, Jacques Cartier, so boldly, as to wring from him the expression which has been blended into the city's name.*

As the boat rapidly advanced through the environing scene the first glimpse of Montmorency Falls, nine miles below the city, was added to the other beauties of the picture. This avalanche of water, to which by the way every good American tourist pays a visit *before* he dies, tosses its waters into the St. Lawrence, from a height of 240 feet, and is the famous excursion point of all the contiguous region. Dividing the river in the steamer's course, lies the large and beautiful island of Orleans, a sail of about an hour from Quebec, and one of that city's favorite summer resorts.

With the falls on the north shore, and the quietly attractive banks on the southern side of the river, the island of Orleans completed the magnificent coup d'œil which greeted

* It is said that when Cartier, in 1535, came in sight of the rugged bluff on which the city was afterwards built, his astonishment found vent in the exclamation, "Quel bec!" ("What a beak!") and the utterance, condensed into the single word "Quebec," was given to the place as its appropriate name.

the Saguenay tourists after their immediate departure from Quebec. When Ellen Terry visited that city on one of her dramatic tours, and beheld this happily blended scene of landscape and water, from the promenade on Dufferin Terrace, it is said she impulsively fixed herself in an attitude of rapture, and delighted the ears of a bystanding multitude, with the exclamation, "Heavens, what a view!" The words are still handed down among the inhabitants of Quebec, as a tradition well worthy of the sight.

QUEBEC AND HARBOR, FROM POINT LEVIS.

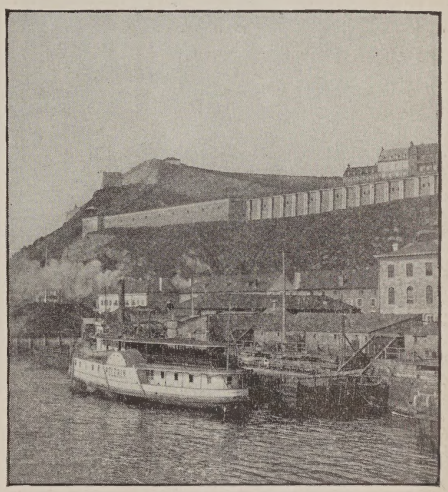
As the steamer made her way through these picturesque surroundings I formed the acquaintance of a thoroughly informed tourist to whose kindness and familiarity with the country around I was indebted for much of the pleasure and intelligent observation of the points along the journey. Forty miles below Quebec are passed the dreary banks of Grosse Isle—an island sadly famous in the history of Irish emigration, and suggestive to the famine refugees of '47. Here, in one vast and nameless grave, whose gaunt black cross stands as a monument of pity for the victims and a damning reminder of the tyranny of their oppressors, lie the ashes of 20,000 Irish emigrants, who fled from the horrors of starvation and cruelty at home only to fall beneath the more dreadful ravages of pestilence at the very threshold of liberty and plenty in America. From

this spot, where every member of his kith and kin had been immolated to the fury of the plague, many an Irish stripling sadly set forth to battle alone and friendless for a livelihood in a land of strangers; from this spot also were taken many of the helpless and destitute surviving children, and placed among the French Canadian farmers of the adjoining district, to grow up as adopted children, and to forget not only the tongue they had learned in infancy, but in many cases to lose even the names of their fathers.

From the depressing reflections engendered by the associations of Grosse Isle, the tourist is aroused by the rare beauty of the scenes unfolding around him. For miles along the St. Lawrence at this point the river's banks present a charmingly varied aspect—here sloping to the water's edge in pasture land or meadow; there, rising in rugged bluff abruptly from the shore; now broken by the thrifty villages and country towns of the district, again stretching in uninterrupted meadow and lea to the rolling gray ridges of the Laurentide mountains in the background.

At the stopping places along the way opportunity was given us to inspect that curious evolution of three centuries of Canadian circumstance and conditions known as the French Canadian *habitant*. As the boat neared the landings, they lounged down the wharves in unvaried garbs of homespun and long Indian boots, swarthy, talkative and idle. They submitted to the interested study of the tourists on deck, with the easy complacency of lords of the soil, conscious of a native ancestry before which even the dignity of Puritan stock hangs its head abashed.

There is one feature of the trip down the St. Lawrence which cannot fail to impress an observant eye, and that is, the great part which religion seems to fill not only in the life of the people but in the aspect of the country itself. We have read much of the unemancipated and benighted condition of the French Canadian habitants. My opportunity for investigation was too limited to allow me to venture a definite opinion on the subject. Yet surely, if externals are at



THE CITADEL AND DURHAM TERRACE, QUEBEC.

all indicative of the physical or spiritual well-being of a people, great peace and contentment of life abound in the rude country parishes of the St. Lawrence, closely nestling around the tall-spired church, whose glistening cross seems everywhere to raise the mind of these untutored farmers from the paucity of their resources, to the higher atmosphere of faith and hope. I could not but feel that this humble class of people, notwithstanding the monotony of their existence and their dreary mediocrity of means from the cradle to the grave, had no reason, after all, to envy us more

proud and boastful possessors of many of the doubtful advantages of a greater material progress.

We took leave of the St. Lawrence to enter upon the more stupendous natural wonders of the Saguenay at about 9.30 at night. At Tadousac, famous in the history of Canada as a trading post and a station of the early Jesuit missionaries, the two

FALLS OF MONTMORENCY ON THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

rivers meet, and a stop is made here before the steamer turns into the dark waters of the mysterious stream, which holds so much to thrill and awe the tourist.

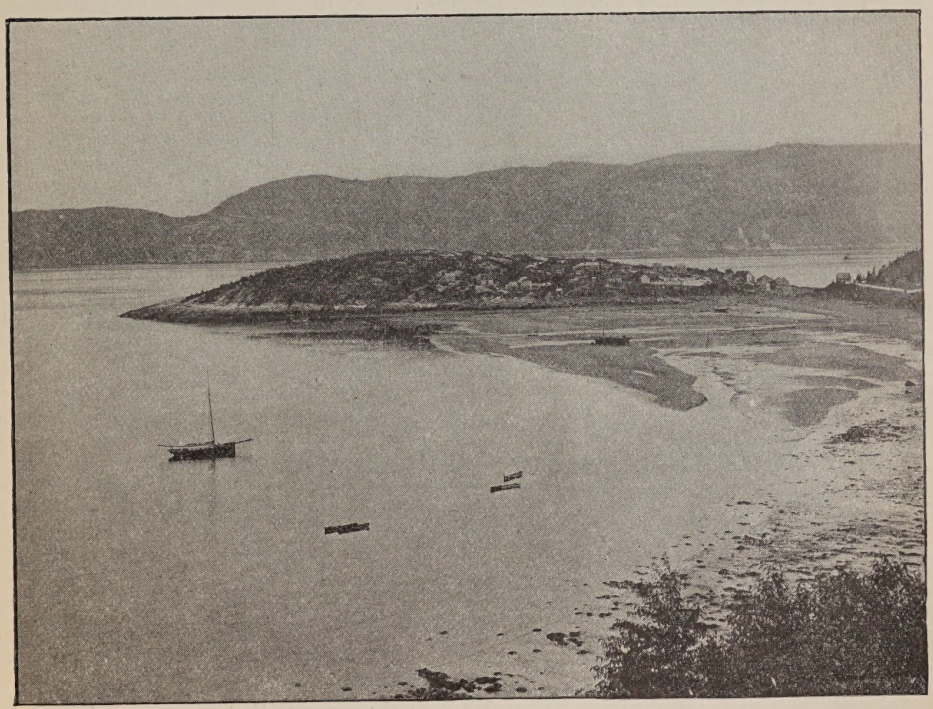
What a grim, remarkable region is this of the Saguenay! To find oneself upon its waters by night, is to experience the most weird, romantic sensations. It is a region to arouse the sterner thoughts and emotions of one's nature. In silence and gloom uninterrupted by any sound or sight of human activity, the steamer crept slowly over the dense waters, which not even the soft moonlight could illumine. Imagination ran riot among the gigantic banks, looming on either side, like frowning genii, and fancy quickly peopled the sable shores with every species of sprite and goblin. I was not surprised to notice my fellow passengers slinking off one by one to their staterooms, and pretty soon I was alone of the tourists, standing with the lookout on the forward deck, peering into the black void ahead, and striving to make out the outlines of the towering banks.

Daylight transformed the fantastic region of imagination into scenes of the wildest primeval nature. The boat reached Chicoutimi, the limit of our journey about 5 o'clock in the morning, and here the homeward voyage began, displaying to those who had come to see them some of the most impressive natural wonders of the Continent. The Saguenay, with its barren and almost uninhabitable shores, solemnly sublime and lonely, and whose very legends and traditions are buried in the oblivion of centuries, can never become hackneyed by human association or frequent visitation.

Forty miles from the river's mouth is approached on the homeward trip the range of bluffs called "the plateau," which holds the grandest features of the river's scenery. First appear the Tableau rocks themselves rising abruptly from the river's bed. Then, as if anticipating the majesty of the approaching scene, the boat shuts off steam, and slowly glides along with the tide to where the monstrous acclivities known as Capes "Eternity" and "Trinity" tower upon

the sight. These twin capes, rising into the clouds 2,000 feet above the amazed spectator, seem like nature's attempts to embody in emblematic stone some idea of the great thoughts their names suggest. Before these overpowering heights, all human monuments are dwarfed; speech is hushed into silence, imagination is impotent and man himself cowers into a consciousness of his own dependence.

When the awe of the first impression has somewhat worn away, and the tourist feels sufficient power to examine the surroundings more closely, he finds that the religious instinct of Canada has found expression even here. On the topmost acclivity of Cape Trinity, so called from the three vast ascents or steps which compose it, a huge cross suggestive of Calvary's tragedy, uplifts its arms against a background of pines, which, though appearing stunted from below, are said to be forty feet high. On the second step a heroic statue of the Madonna, twenty-six feet in height has been placed by some favored votary in fulfilment of a vow, and this statue, visible for many miles down the river, seems like the guardian spirit of the region adding the impressiveness of Christian sentiment to the sublimity of the surroundings.



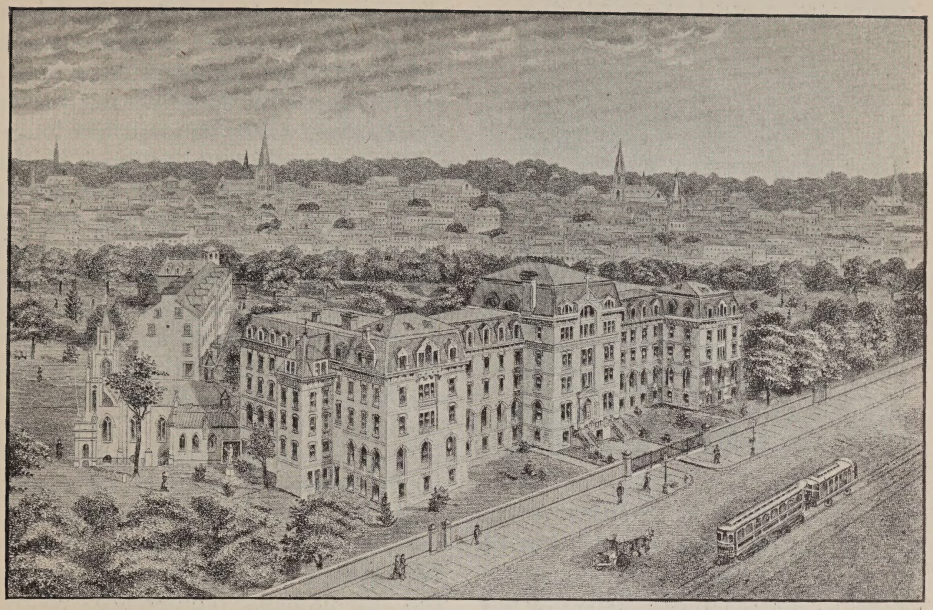
TADOUSAC BAY, MOUTH OF THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

Nature seems prone to copy the face of man in her rocks and crags, and here on Cape Trinity, beneath the statue, is seen a human profile, perfect in its detail of feature, and changing as the boat varies its position, from one cast of countenance into another.

At the base of Capes Eternity and Trinity, these notes on the Saguenay may fitly end, for though the interest of the tourist is kept alert during the remainder of the voyage by the many phenomena of sight and sound peculiar to the river, nevertheless these twin monsters of nature form the climax of the natural wonders of the region, and all other objects subside by comparison to the level of the commonplace. The trip up the St. Lawrence to Quebec is made by night, and the third morning finds the tourist again beneath the battlemented rock of the old city. One feels that he has seen and experienced much in these two days of travel. Not only have the quieter beauties of nature been unrolled to the vision, but the mind has been stirred by the nobler and more striking exhibitions of her glories. In the enduring solitudes of the Saguenay, primeval nature reveals her profounder mysteries, and gives the spectator some idea of what the poet meant when he wrote of "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

CAPE ETERNITY. CAPE TRINITY.

WONDERS OF THE SAGUENAY.



St. Mary's Seminary, with the Park in the Rear.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BY W. H. TAMMEN.

THE Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Baltimore, or "old St. Mary's," as it is better known to nearly every bishop and priest in the land, is the largest and most important ecclesiastical institution in the country. It is a heritage from France. Born of the French Revolution, it has taken the foremost part in the evolution of the system of training young men for the priesthood in America. Thirty Bishops and more than one thousand priests have gone forth from St. Mary's, to disseminate Catholic doctrine. Here, his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and Bishop Keane, the rector of the University of Washington, received their ecclesiastical training and were admitted to the priesthood.

More than a hundred years ago, when the shadow of the guillotine threatened the clergy of France, the Society of St. Sulpice, which, as a result of the Council of Trent, had erected seminaries and set the example for others for a century and a half, found it necessary to establish an asylum for certain of the clergy who chose to face the dangers and hardships of a new and unsettled country rather than to live apostates, or die martyrs, in a country where anarchy ruled. So it was that Jacques André

REV. JEAN JACQUES OLIER.
Founder of the Order of St. Sulpice.

Emery, the then Superior-General of the Society, looked across the great waters to the blooming Valley of the Mississippi, where he thought to bring to new fruition the aims of his society. The papal nuncio, Mgr. Dugnani, exhorted him to change the proposed site of the seminary from the wilds of Mississippi to Maryland, where an episcopal see, the first in the United States, had just been erected.

When the first little band of Sulpicians reached Baltimore, in 1791, they bought the One Mile Tavern, which became the first seminary building. As indicated by its name the tavern was one mile beyond the city limits. The site then chosen is that upon which the fine modern buildings now stand. The march of progress has brought the business and noise of a great city down the long stretch of quiet country road, and far beyond the Seminary gates; until, at the present day, the buildings are as far within the city limits as they were then outside.

The buildings and grounds occupy two blocks, and are surrounded by a high, gloomy brick wall except in front of the main building on Paca Street. There are several large buildings. The principal structure, which was completed only a few years ago, is about three hundred feet long and five stories high, of red brick, with sandstone trimmings, with the lowest story of unhewn granite. Two wings, one fifty feet long, the other one hundred, run directly back off the street. The main building and shorter wing are taken up by the department of theology; the other wing which is just completed, by the philosophical department. Capacious, well lighted corridors extend throughout the house.

On the second floor are the conference rooms, in which all general meetings of the students are held. The theologians' conference room was the session room of the Third Plenary Council, in commemoration of which it contains a life-size picture of Pope Leo XIII., set in a massive gilt frame. On this same floor are the various class rooms, the recreation

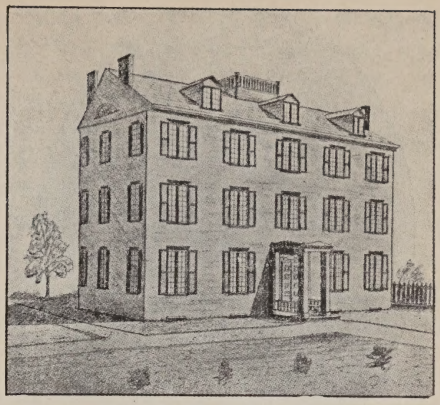
MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL.
First Bishop of Baltimore.

halls, the students' libraries and society rooms. The library of the faculty, a model of convenient book arrangement, is on the fifth floor.

All other parts of the large house are occupied by private rooms, of which there are about two hundred and fifty, each of good size, with high ceiling and wide windows. On the ground floor are four needle bath apartments of very costly design. The entire building is supplied with gas, and heated by a hot water system. The roof is utilized by the students as a promenade. An exceptionally fine view is here afforded of all parts of the city.

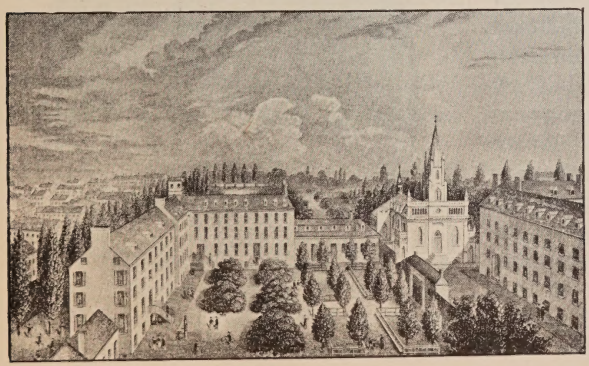
Directly across the yard is the present department of philosophy—the old St. Mary's College, the alma mater of many of Maryland's distinguished citizens. It is one hundred and twenty feet long, and five stories in height. Besides the public halls, class rooms and conference rooms, it contains nearly sixty private rooms.

At right angles with this building, but nearer Pennsylvania Avenue, stood the old seminary, erected in 1791. Some years ago it was greatly damaged by fire, and during the summer that followed was torn down to make room for new improvements. Mary's chapel, adjoining the main



THE OLD HOUSE, WHICH BECAME THE FIRST CATHOLIC SEMINARY IN THE UNITED STATES.

building, fronts towards Pennsylvania Avenue. It is a neat and beautiful structure, of gothic architecture, completed in 1809. The interior has a charmingly religious air. In the centre, upon a raised platform or sanctuary, stands the high marble altar. The space back of this is allotted to a shrine in honor of the Virgin Mother. In front are the pews, divided into two sections, running at right angles to the sanctuary, and facing each other. The stained glass windows are very fine. In this chapel are held the public religious exercises. Solemn high mass is said every Sunday, all the students composing the choir. One of their number is organist, another choirmaster.



OLD CHAPEL AND GROUNDS OF ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

At the entrance of the chapel is what is known as the Grotto of Lourdes, a reduced fac-simile of the famous grotto of France. It is constructed of many tons of granite rock piled to the height of twenty feet, wonderfully realistic. This work is said to have been entirely planned and executed by one man, Rev. L. Besnard, of the

REV. ALPHONSE L. MAGNIEN, D. D.
Present Superior of St. Mary's Seminary.

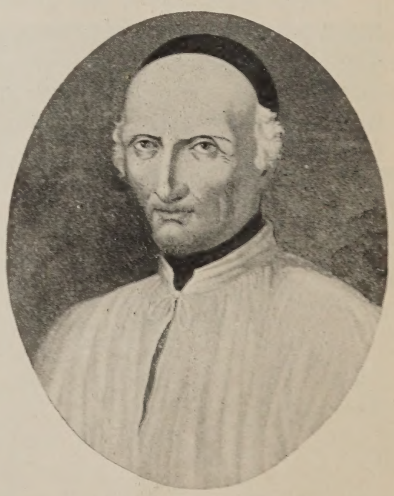
faculty. The beautiful statue of the Virgin, which stands in bold relief against the darkness of the deep recess in the rocks, was also executed by him. The little corner of the grounds on Druid Hill Avenue is a seminary graveyard, where most of the former superiors of the house lie buried.

The costume of the seminarians is a long black dress, or cassock, and a cap in the shape of a cross. It is obligatory on the seminarians, and while in the house must never be put off on any account whatever, except in case of absolute necessity.

On the whole the young men are extremely social and interesting talkers, not by any means narrow-minded or pugilistic in religious matters, and of a culture which elevates them above the extreme carelessness of manner and extravagance of self opinion characteristic of many students. None of them is under twenty-one years of age, and almost all have spent five or six years at college before their entrance to the seminary. They are very fond of out-door sport, and indulge in it whenever opportunity offers. Ordinarily, base ball is their chief amusement, and after dinner every day two nines are chosen then and there, and go into the game with great vim and earnestness. Regular nines, or, in fact, combinations of any kind are strictly prohibited. There are always some excellent ball players among the students.

The members of the faculty of the seminary are mostly of French birth. Rev. Father Magnien, the sixth and present superior, is well known in Catholic circles throughout the country. Rev. Father Dissez, first professor of moral theology, is a very old man, and a striking personage. He is one of the best known theologians in the United States. Most of his life has been spent in St. Mary's Seminary, and he is the only professor now living who taught Cardinal Gibbons when a student.

The course of study at the seminary embraces six full years, and presupposes a classical course of the same length of time. It is principally divided into the course of moral phil-



VERY REV. F. C. NAGOT.
First Superior of the Seminary.

osophy, and the course of theology, each of which has a department of its own, absolutely separate and independent. Hence the students are known as philosophers and theologians, and so call one another.

The first two years are devoted mainly to philosophy. The following studies are taught: geology, chemistry, astronomy, physics, Holy Scripture, elocution, Hebrew, and plain chant. Theology is studied for four years, both in its dogmatic and moral branches. The minor studies of this course are Holy Scripture, canon law, sacred literature, sacred eloquence, church history and plain chant. Three lectures of an hour's duration are given each day, except Wednesday and Sunday. The elocution classes are under the direction of the National School of Elocution, Philadelphia, two of whose professors attend bi-weekly. Every two months a written examination in the matter gone over is required, and twice a year an oral examination.

The seminary is empowered to give the degrees of D. D., S. T. L., S. T. B., A. M. and A. B. Three of its students have thus far attained the distinction of D. D.—Bishop Chappelle, Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, and Rev. George Lucas, of Scranton. An extra year of study is requisite to obtain this degree. The S. T. L.—licentiate of theology—is very seldom conferred, and only at the end of the sixth year. At the end of the fourth year Bachelor of Sacred Theology may be given; Master of Arts at the end of the second, and Bachelor of Arts after the completion of the first.

The seminarians are awakened at five o'clock every morning by a bell, after which the bell-ringer or regulator goes to each room separately, to see that the occupant is up. At five-thirty the bells call the men to the conference room, where three-quarters of an hour are spent in prayer, after which they go in a body to the chapel to attend the mass said by the superior. Breakfast is taken at a quarter before eight, after which a recreation of fifteen minutes is allowed. While the meal is being taken, seminarians must not speak, but listen to one of their number, who from a rostrum reads an article from some Catholic perodical. At nine and half-past eleven the morning lectures are given. Dinner is at one. During the meal a seminarian preaches a set sermon from the rostrum, or reads a philosophical or scientific essay. This is a positive obligation upon each in turn.

Recreation follows dinner, and lasts until two-forty-five P. M. At this hour, and also at five, the evening classes are attended, immediately after which a lecture is given by the superior in the conference room. The bell for supper rings at six-thirty. At this meal it is customary to listen to the reading of some historical work. A recreation follows supper until seven-forty-five, when the students go to their rooms, until summoned at eight-forty-five for the night prayer. At nine all retire for the night, and a quarter of an hour later the gas is entirely cut off from the house by the regulator, and the busy halls and corridors are shrouded in quiet and darkness. This regular order prevails, except on Wednesdays and Sundays, when it is somewhat modified. The only class held on Sunday is that of Holy Scripture, but all the students are compelled to attend both high mass and vespers on that day. Wednesday of each week is a holiday. In the afternoon the seminarians go to walk in a body, sometimes about the city streets, but ordinarily to Druid Hill Park.

The seminary regulations are very stringent. Silence is strictly imposed at all times, except during recreations, and even then in the private halls of the house. Tobacco is forbidden. A seminarian is not permitted, under pain of expulsion, to go into a fellow seminarian's room for any purpose whatever. Permission is not given to go into the city except at long intervals and for serious causes. To go without permission is an act punishable by expulsion. The same penalty attaches to any one who, while out, goes to a theatre or any public house whatever.

The goal of the seminarians is ordination to the priesthood. There are several preliminary steps to this crowning honor, which are so disposed that, every year after the first, a seminarian is raised to some one or other of them. The ordinations are given, generally by the Cardinal, at the Cathedral, twice a year—at Christmas and in June. The scholastic year is divided into two sessions—the first from September 15 to February 1; the second, from February 15 to June 23. The intervals are vacation; otherwise, there is absolutely no interruption to the course, except on Thanksgiving day and the days following Christmas and Easter, when the entire day may be spent away from the seminary. There are now nearly two hundred students, nearly every state in the Union being represented.

Among the faculty whose names are indelibly linked with the progress of the institution are such men as Father Dubourg, afterward bishop of New Orleans, and archbishop of Besancon; Father Flaget, who founded the see of Bardstown; Fathers Mareschal and Eccleston, subsequently archbishops of Baltimore, and Fathers David, Chabrat, Chanche, and Verot, all of whom were called to the episcopal dignity.

The first priest odained at St. Mary's was Rev. Stephen T. Bardin. He had studied theology in Orleans, France, and came to St. Mary's to finish the course. He was also the first priest ordained in the United States. The first American seminarian was William Matthews, nephew of Archbishop Neale. Ordained in 1800 he was, for fifty years, the pastor of St. Matthew's church in Washington.

The writer asked one of the seminarians whether he and his fellows did not sometimes tire of the monotonous life behind the high brick walls. He smiled contentedly, and said:—

"Imagine for a moment what it is to make your home for five years among those who are congenial to you in education and inclinations; whose prospects and present occupation are exactly similar to your own. The atmosphere of earnestness and piety, which breathes around, acts upon the newcomer like the invigorating ozone of pure country air. Has he a whim or hobby, an aptitude for any particular line of study or research, he will find plenty of sympathizers to discuss with him his favorite topics, or aid him in dealing with some question that interests, while it baffles all attempts at solution. If a man be of an original and energetic turn of mind, he will soon be the centre of a band of disciples and admirers. Sometimes a few strong characters may affect the ideas and doings of the entire community. One such movement I have known. It resulted in the formation of a society for the discussion of philosophical questions. In its meetings the positions and arguments of Mill and Spencer, of Bacon and Locke, and other great thinkers became as familiar to us as the pages of the textbook used in class. An added zest is given to this kind of study by the differences of opinion we meet among ourselves during the hours of recreation.

"Besides this society we have also two others for the treatment of literary subjects. With such occupations we find variety enough to spice what might otherwise be a monotonous life. Above all we usually enjoy the most excellent health. Our cuisine is not of such an elaborate type as to favor the development of

dyspepsia or gout. At present the culinary department is presided over by a little colony of nuns. They deserve our sincerest gratitude for the care and skill they have displayed in the gastronomical art."

Another student sung his sentiments as follows:—

"Behold, my friends, the student as he is,
Behold the happy portion that is his.
Fathered and friended here in this calm spot,
Sacred the learning, free from evil's blot,
To cherish virtue's cause and climb the hill
Of knowledge to a higher calling still.
And virtue reigning, each mild exercise,
Instead of lowering, helps his soul to rise.
In each companion he views a friend,
A father in each priest does God intend.
As vice is grief, so innocence is joy,
And no despair and gloom his mind annoy.
Earnest in study, lively in recess,
He feels the joys of either none the less.
For work achieved and sense of duty done,
Elate the mind, and make it relish fun."

A MADRIGAL.

BY MARY F. M. NIXON.

There's a tiny white cloud floating up in the sky,
And it saileth fast and free;
It flies far away to the bright, glowing South,—
'Tis a breath from my soul to thee.

There's a swallow now darting and skimming along
Through meadows, valleys and fields,
And it beareth a song from my voice unto thee,
Which my loving fancy yields.

There's a butterfly flitting from flower to flower,
Gathering sweets in its glee.
As it fluttereth upward with pure, fragrant breath,
It beareth a kiss unto thee.

Then Love, O my Love in the dear, sunny South,
Wheresoever thou may'st be,
Each white cloud and flower and butterfly gay
Bears something from me to thee.

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April number.)

XXIV.

The death of Mons. de Champlain was sincerely mourned by Gizella, and the recital of how he passed his last moments interested her greatly. The salutary reflections which death inspires aided her in facing the approaching departure more calmly.

March 10, Mons. Huault de Montmagny, Knight of Malta, had been named governor of Canada. He was to embark early in the spring, and the missionaries were to set out with him.

"My aunt and I passed all our time in working for them," wrote Gizella. "Our tears would flow, but we kept on working. Our missionary came to us every day, and seeing him so often was a great source of consolation and strength to me; it was so evident that his heart was filled with a joy far greater and higher than any which mere earthly happiness could have inspired. Every time he came he asked me to sing. At first it seemed to me impossible to comply with his request, but the desire of procuring him every possible gratification gave me the necessary courage. He always asked for songs expressing gladness and rejoicing, and he often joined in with these, carried away by his sense of overflowing happiness.

"I felt this thirst for sacrifice stealing into my own heart. It was a marvellous, a holy feeling, and when under its influence I experienced, more powerfully than ever, the influence which he had always exercised over my whole being. He was to leave Paris March 26, and on the eve of that day he came to see us for the last time. Every circumstance of that most painful hour is indelibly impressed on my memory.

"During the previous night my uncle had been taken very ill, and had become delirious. He did not recognize his son, of whom, however, he had been raving incessantly, attempting to rescue him from the savages. Charles succeeded in reassuring his mother, who was much alarmed about her husband's illness, and then approached his father, who was sleeping uneasily. For a few minutes he stood near the bed, gazing silently at the sick man. His eyes grew hollow, but remained dry and were unusually bright; he turned frightfully pale, and in deep silence, stooped to kiss his father, blessing him at the same time.

"His mother had sunk half-fainting on a chair, and he knelt down before her. "Mother," he said, "how grateful I am to you, how I love you." She gazed silently at him, as pale as death. It was evident that she was suffering terribly. He spoke to her of the brevity of life, bidding her remember that ere long they would be once more united in the eternal kingdom. Then, pressing her to his heart, he solemnly kissed her agitated face and tried to rise from his knees. She clung to him, however, moaning and sobbing and holding him fast in her arms.

" 'Mother,' said he at length in a commanding tone of voice, 'by your love of Jesus Christ!' Then tearing himself from her despairing embrace,

he placed her in my arms, half-dead with grief, and left the room without looking back.

"Poor woman! her first words, on regaining her composure, were to blame herself for having given way, proclaiming herself unworthy of being his mother. We passed all that night by the bedside of our patient, and the necessary cares to be bestowed on him diverted Mme. Garnier's thoughts somewhat from her overpowering grief.

"At daybreak I went to the Jesuits' church to hear Charles' last mass and to see him once more. I first heard Father Chastelain's mass for he also was leaving, and then I heard Father Garnier's. Hidden in a dark corner, I tried to pray to prepare myself for Holy Communion, which I wished to receive. But my grief at our separation was present to my mind in all its stern and terrible reality. It seemed to me at that moment as if we had never been separated. I recognized what a source of consolation and of sweetness our intercourse had proved to me, although it had seemed to me cold, austere, and seldom recurring. The thought that now I should see him no more, should hear him no more, came to me with agonizing persistence, and, like a person struggling with approaching death, I felt myself beyond all help, all reach of consolation. But he himself was praying for me, and God listened to his prayer. Just as he pronounced the words *Sursum corda* I felt in my whole being a sort of revulsion, a powerful and delicious consciousness of some weight having been lifted from my heart and my mind. An irresistible force raised me above the thoughts and feelings of earth. From the vantage-ground of faith I beheld in its true light that missionary life which had before struck such terror to my heart. I beheld it as it is contemplated by those who see everything by God's own light.

"It was but a fleeting moment! but it had illumined the depths of my heart. Yea, they indeed are happy who suffer for God! I saw it then, I felt it. And may God give me the grace of nevermore forgetting it.

"After mass, I went into the parlor. He soon came, and, seated face to face beside the little table, we had our last interview. A strange weakness seemed to take possession of me on seeing him; I felt as if my heart would break.

" 'Dear sister,' he said with unutterable sweetness, 'I beg of you not to cry thus. Where is your faith? Cannot Jesus Christ soften every blow? Can you for a moment imagine that He will abandon those who have left all for the love of Him?'

"He spoke quite calmly, and the heavenward gaze, so peculiar to him, had never seemed to me so beautiful and so touching. He seemed to be communing with the invisible world. If the natives are capable of appreciating the expression of his countenance, they will name him: *'The gazer into Heaven.'*

"He recommended his parents to my care. 'After God and the blessed Virgin, it is to you I confide them,' he said; 'I count on you as I would on myself, and perhaps with better reason.'

" 'I promise you,' I said, 'to devote myself entirely to their welfare and to do for them what, under other circumstances, it would have been my pride and my joy to have done for you.'

"He leaned his forehead on his hands and remained thus for a few moments. When he raised his head

again his eyes were moist but full of celestial brightness.

"'Gizella,' said he, 'God Himself came between us but He did not disunite us. Our separation on earth will unite us more intimately and more blissfully in Heaven.'

"These sweet words I am forever repeating to myself. I asked him to write them for me in my prayer-book. He complied with my request, and while looking at his fair head bowed over a table, a terrible and absolute conviction took possession of my mind that I was looking at him for the last time. I told him this.

"'It is my own impression also,' he said, in a sweet, serious voice, 'that I shall never return. But what matters it? We shall see one another again in Heaven.'

"He returned my prayerbook, and taking out a little blank note-book* which his Superior had allowed me to give him as a souvenir, he said, 'I will always carry this about with me.'

"He looked at the hour, and rising, said: 'It is you who have helped me to become a religious, a missionary—the souls I may be instrumental in saving will be your glory in eternity.'

"He was very pale, but his face glowed with heavenly ardor. As for me I could no longer keep up my courage.

"'Come, Gizella, the time has arrived,' he said with an indescribable air of command that it was impossible to resist and which imparted to me some of his own strength. I rose, and unable to pronounce a word, knelt before him.

"'Dear friend of my childhood,' he said, 'may you be ever blessed.' Laying his hand on my head he prayed silently for a few moments. Then he made me kiss his crucifix—his missionary crucifix—and pressing it to my lips he said: 'May the love of Jesus Christ dwell in your heart, filling it with heavenly delight.'

"The next moment he had disappeared into the corridor."

XXV.

(LETTER FROM FATHER GARNIER TO GIZELLA MÉLIAND.)

Our Lady of Angels,
June 21, 1636.

Dear Sister:—I have given all the details of the voyage to my parents and have reserved for you all that concerns New France. Having left Dieppe April 1, we cast anchor before Quebec in the night of June 11. I would have liked to behold Quebec's marvellous and wild beauty; but, in spite of my endeavors to pierce the darkness, I could see nothing but the roadstead and the reflection of the stars in the water. Too happy to think of sleeping, I awaited daylight on the deck. The night was calm and beautiful and the land breeze bore to me the perfume of the woods. Amidst this grand silence I felt happy praying, thinking of you all, of Mons. de Champlain, sleeping his last sleep near by, of the poor Indians still in the shadow of death. May God be blessed by His angels! Not till I reach Heaven can I fully appreciate His goodness in sending me to these missions. Laying down my life a thousand times would not suffice to repay His goodness to me. The *Magnificat* kept rising to my lips. Gradually the stars paled and Quebec stole out of the shadows of the night,

* In 1654 Father Le Moine, a missionary among the Iroquois, found in the possession of one of these savages a little written book of devotions which had belonged to Father Garnier. The Indian consented to giving up this precious relic, and Father Le Moine wrote: "I was more delighted than if I had discovered a gold mine."

you know this half-light, this tender gray tint of the early morn. My heart beat fast as one after the other, I recognized the spots I now beheld for the first time: the *habitation*, the chapel, Fort S. Louis. This latter, like an eagle's nest, is built on the very summit of the steep rock.

On board the vessel, the crew began to stir, and our cannon soon announced to Quebec that her new governor was in the harbor. The fort soon replied to our guns and through the smoke of the cannon I saw the white flag being hoisted. At the same moment, the sun, rising into view, lit up the river and illumined the magnificent scene of untamed nature. I would have liked to land immediately, and go in search of Our Lady of Angels, but Mons. de Montmagny had necessarily to be the first to leave the ship. A crowd of people soon thronged the shore and there seemed to be great excitement among them. Mons. de Montmagny, standing on the deck, was looking gravely and quietly on the animated scene. After having been the cause of some impatience on my part, he decided on getting into the boat which awaited him, and he invited Father Chastelain and myself to accompany him.

The governor, in full uniform, wore on his breast the blue enamelled cross of the Knights of Malta. General Duplessis de Brochart and Chevalier de l'Ile were with him, likewise in full regalia. The other officers followed in small boats.

On the shore, in the front of the throng stood one of our fathers, whom I supposed to be Father Lejeune, by the side of a distinguished looking military officer, whom I took to be Mons. de Chateaufort. I was right in my conjectures, and, after the usual civilities, the governor led the way to the chapel, followed by all present.

Perceiving a cross that had been erected at the foot of the mountain, he said: "This is the first cross that I have met with in this country. Let us adore the Crucified One in this image of Him."

Afterwards, the drums beating, we went up the "*Path to the Mountain*" along which Mons. de Champlain had so often passed. The chapel of Our Lady of Recovery stands three or four hundred feet from the Fort. This comparatively newly built white chapel, shaded by trees a century old, has a graceful, characteristic appearance.

There is a painting over the altar.* This painting, which is very beautiful, represents the Annunciation. *Ave Maria!* Never before did I say that prayer with such abounding fullness of joy. Father Lejeune intoned the *Te Deum*. Ah! dear sister, will it not be glorious when in Heaven we shall be able to sing thanksgivings to God incessantly!

On leaving the church Mons. de Châteaufort formally presented the keys of the fortress to Mons. de Montmagny who directed his steps thither to the beating of the drums, in order to take possession of it.

The Father Superior now led us by a mountain path to Our Lady of Angels. After having traversed the distance of about half a league, we found ourselves in a wild prairie, on the banks of a river. On the other bank standing in a large clearing that had been made in the thickest part of the wood, I perceived a low, humble-looking house, surmounted by a

* After the shipwreck, in which perished Fathers Vieuxpont and Noyrot, this painting was tossed about on the waves, and finally was washed up on the shores of Cape Breton. It had received no damage, and was sent to Quebec to be placed in De Champlain's chapel.

cross. This was Our Lady of Angels, the first Jesuit residence in Canada. Fields of wheat, barley, oats, and maize surrounded it, the whole fenced in with stakes. While Father de Chastelain and I were examining it Father Superior was seeking something among the rushes that grew on the river's edge. He soon drew out a bark canoe in which we all rowed across.

The house stands about two hundred feet from the water's edge and is built of rough planks, the interstices filled with mud. It is thatched with rushes from the river-side. The house is but one story high, twenty-eight feet by thirty-nine, and is divided into four rooms, one of which serves as a chapel.

This chapel is certainly very poor. But a short time ago the only decoration of the altar was a sheet on which two pictures had been pasted! Now, we have a picture representing the Blessed Virgin saluted by angels. It was in this beloved chapel that I celebrated my first mass in New France. It was the Mass of an Apostle, for it was St. Barnabas' Day. And, Gizella, with what triumphant joy did I read those words of my Master's: *I have chosen you out of the world.*

Father de Brébœuf has been for two years among the Hurons, three hundred leagues from here. Fathers Davost, Daniel, Pijart, and Le Mercier have joined him there. The Huron mission is incomparably the most arduous and dangerous of all, but it is also the most sought after. Among ourselves we speak of it as an earthly Paradise and are each of us anxious to be chosen for it.

Father Superior himself serves Our Lady of Recovery. He took me there the day after our arrival and allowed me to pay a visit to the Fort; a visit which left an indelible impression on my mind. Gizella, how present with me did Mons. de Champlain seem to be! and how affected I was when I entered his quarters in that beloved Fort St. Louis of his, which is perhaps the cradle of another France. Mons. de Châteaufort, whom I had met upon my arrival, was good enough to serve me as guide. There is nothing remarkable about the bare, sombre rooms. I must, however, except the large hall, a spacious vaulted apartment of imposing appearance. The high, deep chimney is a monument in itself. On each side of the hearth, fleurs-de-lis are sculptured on the stone, and on the upper part of the chimney is a cross in demi-relief On a frieze connecting the two side-pillars stands a statue of St. Louis. It was in this hall that Mons. de Champlain lay in state after his death. A French flag, which had always hung over his hearth, half covered his body and served him for a winding sheet. Mons. de Champlain's private apartment was beside this hall.

"Here is the table at which he used to work," said Mons. de Châteaufort to me; "here is his armchair and the bed on which he died."

In the bedroom I remarked a very pretty view of Brouage, Mons. de Champlain's native town. A telescope, a speaking-trumpet, a few astronomical instruments were put away in a cupboard. I looked at his books, ranged on a simple shelf. A treaty on navigation, a few books of poetry, of history, of travels, some lives of the Saints—these were the books that had charmed his solitude.

Mons. de Châteaufort gave me many details of the hero's life and death. My father spoke truly, Gizella, when he said: "Samuel de Champlain was one of the noblest among

the sons of France." With what respect did I not seat myself at his hearth! I would have liked to be alone, that I might weep, that I might prostrate myself on those stones, sacred in my eyes, and there pray God that the work which had cost Champlain so dear might never perish! that a New France might some day exist!

Mons. de Montmagny is going to erect a chapel over the hero's tomb. The monument that has been placed temporarily is simple and modest enough; just a stone cross with De Champlain's name engraved on it, and some branches of lilies whose buds are folded. I placed on the tomb the crown of *immortelles* you had confided to me for that purpose. There was a similar one already reposing there; it had been sent by Mme. de Champlain. I would have liked to remain there a long time, for the silence of death teaches us many things.

Dear sister, is it not a blessed thing to feel we have done God's will? that we have sacrificed everything in order to fulfil the glorious mission He has entrusted to us? I thought of all that as I went on my way homeward, to Our Lady of Angels, along the forest path.

Fathers Ragueneau and Adam arrived by the last ships. Father Jogues alone is still on the way hither. Our refectory, which is also our dormitory, is no longer large enough to hold us all, and some of us have to sleep up in the garret, but we all cheerfully bear with these little inconveniences.

I must acknowledge that I pray heartily to the Immaculate Mother—who has always been favorable to my prayers—that I may be sent among the Hurons as soon as possible. I shall there feel myself a missionary indeed.

Do not waste any pity on me if you hear soon I am with that tribe. Acts of self-abnegation are the steps up which love hastens us; and true riches consist in having no longer anything to renounce.

CHARLES GARNIER.

XXVI.

During this month of June, 1636, the Superior of the Jesuits might have been frequently seen walking on the banks of the River St. Charles, and plunged in deep thought. Father de Brébœuf had asked for a reinforcement; and some Hurons, who were on the way to the Three Rivers for trading, were to take the new missionaries up with them. "Send us *saints*," Father de Brébœuf had said.

Father Lejeune, repeating these words to himself, begged God to enlighten him in his choice. As time went on, more and more ardent prayers were offered around him. What fervent supplications were going up to the Queen of the Apostles, what vows were being made in her honor! Every one was hoping to be chosen, for the Huron mission was the post of honor, coveted by all the Jesuits at Our Lady of Angels. They were not, however, ignorant of what was awaiting them there, for here is what Father Brébœuf of heroic memory, the first Apostle of the Hurons, wrote concerning these missions, after protesting that he did not wish to cool their ardor but only to give them some good advice: "It is true," he said, "that the love of God, like death, can detach us from creatures and from ourselves. Nevertheless the desire felt to coöperate in the salvation of infidels is not always a certain mark of purified love. There may lurk in this desire some self-love, some self-seeking, especially if we confine ourselves

to dwelling on the feelings of satisfaction experienced through the consciousness of having helped souls to gain Heaven, and do not fully consider what sufferings, what work, what difficulties are inseparable from the discharge of these evangelizing functions.

"Therefore, so that no one may be deceived on this point, *ostendam illi quanta hic oporteat pro nomine Jesu pati.*

"It is true that the two last comers, Fathers Le Mercier and Pijart, had not so much to endure in their journey as we had; they were not obliged to take the oars; their companions did not fall sick as ours had done; they were not obliged to carry heavy loads. Now, in spite of all this, no matter how much the journey with the Indians may be facilitated, there is always enough discomfort left to appall any but the most mortified of souls; the good-nature of the Indians cannot shorten the road, cannot smooth the rocks, cannot get rid of the dangers of the journey. With whomsoever you may be, you must expect to be at least three or four weeks on the road; as companions to have only those whom you have never seen; to pass much of your time in a bark canoe, in a most uncomfortable, constrained posture, without the possibility of turning to the one side or the other; to be in danger of upsetting or being run upon the rocks fifty times a day. In the daytime the sun burns you; in the night-time you are the prey of mosquitoes. Some days you have to mount five or six falls, and in the evening, your only nourishment will be a little wheat pounded between two stones and cooked in water. As a bed, you can only count on having the bare ground and frequently rugged rocks; generally no shelter but the starry firmament; and all must be endured amid profound and perpetual silence. If you hurt yourself or fall sick, do not expect any assistance from these savages. If your sickness be dangerous, and you happen to be at some distance from the thinly scattered villages, I can by no means assure you that, if you cannot keep up with them, you will not be abandoned.

"When you arrive among the Hurons, we shall receive you with open arms, as if you were an angel arriving from Paradise, and we shall have every possible desire to make you comfortable; but we are utterly incapable of doing so. We shall have to receive you in so wretched a little hut that I know of none in France miserable enough to be compared with it. Worn out as you will be, we can only give you a mat for a bed; and besides you will arrive during the time of year when certain little miserable creatures called *tashac* here—in good English *fleas*—will for nights together prevent you from closing your eyes; for in this country they are more importunate than in France; the dust in our huts engenders them, the Indians bring them to us, we ourselves fetch them from the huts we visit; and this martyrdom lasts during the three or four months of summer, being supplemented by the attacks of mosquitoes, sand-flies and other similar little plagues.

"However great a theologian and teacher you may have been in France, you have here to become like a little pupil, and a pupil of such extraordinary masters! Of women, of little children, of all the savages, besides being exposed to their derision. It will be fortunate for you if you can stammer a little of the language at the end of a good space of time.

"And then, how do you think you will pass the winter here? Our cabin is built of bark, so well joined together that we have to go outside to ascertain what sort of weather it is. The smoke is often so dense, so acrid, so persistent, that for five or six days together, if you are not quite proof against it, it is all that you can do to make out a few lines in your breviary. In addition to this we are besieged by the Indians from morning till night.

"Besides all this, up to the present time we have had comparatively a bed of roses; henceforth we shall have Christians in nearly all the villages and will have to get to them at all seasons, remaining among them, according to circumstances, two or three weeks at a time amid inconveniences which cannot be mentioned. Add to all this, that our life at all times hangs by a thread, for besides our cabin being like tinder, so that fire may destroy it at any moment in spite of the pains taken to avoid such a catastrophe, the malice of the savages keeps us in continual uneasiness. Discontented Indians may cleave your head open or stealthily set everything on fire. Then, too, you are held responsible for the sterility of the ground and are looked on as the cause of drought. If you cannot make it rain, their first idea is to get rid of you.

"I have not yet spoken of dangers from enemies. Iroquois have been found hidden in the fields. The Hurons are a timorous and not a warlike race; they do not keep on their guard, nor take the precaution of keeping their arms in readiness; nor do they enclose their villages with stakes or palisades. In time of danger, they have recourse to flight. When the whole country is thus threatened, how can we feel in safety?

"Now, after all, if we were as we are in France, with regard to the exterior attractions of piety, we might do very well. In France the crowds of Catholics and their good example, the majesty of the splendidly decorated churches, all preach piety. Every day you have the consolation of saying your mass. Here, we have no incentives to piety. We are in the midst of a people who testify their astonishment when you speak to them of God, who often cannot open their lips without blaspheming horribly. Very frequently you have to deprive yourself of saying mass, and when you are able to say it, you have to do so in a little corner of your hut, which, even if you had the wherewithal, you are prevented from decorating by the smoke, the snow or the rain. I think I have told you enough; the rest may be learned by experience."

XXVII.

In the refectory at Our Lady of Angels, four rooms had been divided off; two small, square ones, the length of a man each way, and two others some seven or eight feet long, but with two beds in each.

Charles Garnier, with his traveling companion, Pierre Chastelain, occupied one of the latter. These two young religious had just been named for the Huron mission, and, on the thirtieth of June, they might have been seen in their little room, busily occupied in preparing their baggage.

"It appears that we are to take with us some raisins and some sugar to propitiate the little savages," said Father Chastelain. "The little Indians are very fond of sugar which they call *French snow*."

Charles Garnier smiled.

"If sugar propitiates Indian children, this ought to gain us the good graces of our guides," he said, taking up a somewhat heavy package which had been thrown on his bed.

When he opened the parcel, it was found to contain glass beads, awls, fish-hooks, and several dozens of pocket-knives.

"This is the coin of the country," continued Charles Garnier. "It is with this that we can buy fish along the road, with which to feast the Indians."

Father Chastelain took a part of the packet, and the two young men continued helping each other to tie up their bundles which they had to reduce to as portable a form as possible. When the last was finished, Pierre Chastelain went out and Charles Garnier, taking a manuscript from beneath his little pillow, approached the window.

The manuscript, in Jean de Brébœuf's round, firm writing, was entitled: *Instructions for the Fathers of our Company who are sent on the Huron Mission.*

Standing in the window, Charles Garnier remained a few minutes looking out at the pretty little river and at the green horizon which he already loved and which, after the next day, he would never see again. Then, opening the book in his hand, he read as follows:—

"The Fathers called by God to the holy mission of the Hurons must diligently consider beforehand all the work, suffering, and dangers that are to be encountered in the course of the journey, so as to be prepared for whatever may happen.

"They must love the savages, looking on them as bought with the blood of the Son of God, and as brothers with whom the rest of their lives is to be spent.

"In order to please the Indians, care must be taken never to keep them waiting to embark.

"Provision should be made of a gun or a burning-glass, or of both, so as to be able to light a fire in the daytime to smoke by, and at evening when they all are encamping. These little services win the hearts of the Indians.

"They must do their utmost to partake of the Indians' *sagamite* in the way in which it is prepared, although it be dirty, half-cooked, and tasteless.

"As for other things, which are numerous, which might displease the natives, they must be borne through love of God, without saying a word or showing any distaste thereto.

"It is well to take everything they offer you, at first—even if you cannot eat it—for when afterwards, you have become accustomed to it, you will find you have not too much.

"It is well to force yourselves to eat at daybreak, if you can possibly take the food, for the whole day is a long time to pass without eating. When on a journey, the Indians only eat on awakening and when the sun has set.

"You should be quick in getting in and out of the canoe, and you should tuck up your habit so as not to gather up water or sand and take them with you into the boat. It is best to go barefoot so as to be ready in a moment for passing the various falls, and you can carry your shoes.

"You must manage so as not to be troublesome in any way to the Indians.

"It is better not to put to them too many questions and not to give way to an inclination to improve yourself in the language by making remarks while trav-

elling; you must not annoy the others in the canoes.

"You must bear with all their imperfections without saying a word, even without seeming to perceive them; if there is any absolute necessity of finding fault, do so reservedly, making use of signs and words that bespeak love and not aversion. In short, try to be and to appear always happy.

"At the *portages* (carrying-places) let each one load himself with something or other, according to his strength—however little your burthen may be, your carrying something will please the Indians.

"You must not stand on ceremony with the Indians but accept whatever they offer you even if it were the best place in one of their cabins. Even what would seem to be most suitable will have much that is inconvenient in it, and all ceremoniousness offends them.

"Take care that your hat does not get into the way of any one in the canoe. It is better to wear your night cap.

"The Indians find no indecency in anything.

"Do not commence anything which you do not intend to continue. For example, do not begin to row, unless you want to row always. From the first take that place in the canoe which you would wish to occupy always. Do not lend them any of your clothing, unless you wish them to make use of it during the whole journey.

"Lastly, remember that the Indians will always retain the same opinion of you that they have formed on the journey, and anyone whom they think tiresome and hard to please will find it difficult to make them change their opinion. You will have to do with not only those who were in the canoe with you, but also, one might almost say, with every one else in that country, for the others will not fail to inquire of those who accompanied you, what manner of person you are. It is difficult to realize how they remark and remember the slightest failing.

"When you meet the Indians, as you cannot at first *speak* kind words to them, at least look pleasantly at them and show that you have borne the fatigues of the journey cheerfully. You will have made a good use of your journey if you have been able to gain the affection of the Indians accompanying you.

"These lessons I am giving you are easy enough to learn, but very difficult to put in practice."

XXVIII.

(LETTER FROM FATHER GARNIER TO GIZELLA MĒLIAND.)

Residence, Conception,
The Three Rivers,
July 10, 1636.

I have started for the Huron mission, dear sister, and I have permission to write you a line. It is here that we have to await the savages who have consented to take us with them, and it is here that we bid adieu to civilization.

The Three Rivers is a little trading-post which is much frequented. Two years ago Mons. de Champlain sent Mons. La Violette to build a fort here, and we also have a house here. Fathers Buteux and Du Marché reside here. It appears that very few Hurons have come down this year, on account of their fear of the Iriquois. Seven have arrived, however, with letters from Father De Brébœuf. I have seen them taking possession of a hut on the shore. On landing,

before coming into the presence of the Frenchmen, they oiled their hair and painted their bodies red, blue, and black. They performed this strange toilet among the rushes where they had hidden their canoes.

A feast was prepared for them and this pleased them well. One of them, the captain of the village Thonatiria, had taken up Father Le Mercier last year, and he said that he would willingly take up one of us if we would furnish the canoe. The canoe was soon found and Father Chastelain named to set out. The other Indians, learning that I was also wishing to go up, said that we ought not to be separated from each other, and they offered me leave to travel with them. Generally speaking one is obliged to beg and pray ere they consent to take him, and therefore Father Lejeune, who had joined us at The Three Rivers, was much surprised. I was not surprised, for I had placed everything in the Blessed Virgin's hands.

The affair being arranged, we gave a blanket to each captain and a coat or cape to each of the other Indians in the two canoes. We carried pease, bread, and a few dried prunes as provisions for ourselves and such among the Indians as had hidden no provisions on the downward journey.

Gizella, I often ask myself whether I am not dreaming—if I am indeed on my way to St. Joseph of Thonatiria. My heart is overflowing with inexpressible joy. How admirable is God in His ways! How has it all come about? How is it that I have severed every tie that bound me? How was it that I came to understand that true happiness is to be found in God alone? I cannot say. Light dawned on me gently, but invincibly —like the dawn of day.

I left Quebec July 1, with Father Chastelain. In order to impress the minds of the Indians with the greatness of the missionaries, the governor accompanied us as far as our canoes, and three cannon were fired from the Fort.

I know not why I had a presentiment that I should never again behold Quebec, but the farther I advanced, the more did this conviction grow on me, and yet I did not feel sad about it. On the contrary, it was with a feeling of profound peace that I repeated to myself: *Voluntas tua voluptas mea.*

From Quebec to The Three Rivers, it is always solitary for there is not a dwelling on the shore, nor a sail on the river. At times the feeling of isolation weighed on me, but prayer soon cheered my spirits. Dear sister, I can wish you nothing better than to possess the spirit of prayer. When you once possess it you will think no more about the miserable joys of earth, and your soul will bear any weight of sadness as easily as the river St. Lawrence bears along the weight of the dead leaves that float on its bosom.

Farewell, Gizella. It is my greatest earthly consolation to know that you are with my dear parents. I bless you with my missionary's benediction, unworthy though I be.

CHARLES GARNIER.

(LETTER OF FATHER GARNIER TO FATHER LEJEUNE, SUPERIOR OF THE NEW FRANCE MISSIONS.)

Lake Nipissiriens,
August 8, 1636.

Blessed be God forever! We arrived yesterday at the Nipissiriens, so joyous and so well that I am half ashamed of myself. For I much doubt whether our dear Lord would not have already given me a little bit

of His cross to carry had I been sufficiently courageous, since He acted otherwise with our Fathers who preceded us. Had He conferred such a favor on me I should be a little more depressed than I am now. Praised be He by all the angels! He has treated a child like a child. I did not row; I have carried nothing but my own bag, except that at the landing places, for three days, I carried a little packet that was given me because one of the Indians had fallen sick. Is not this being quite a spoiled child? The worst of it is that when we complain of our Lord having sent us nothing to suffer, we are sure to receive any subsequent sufferings in a very cowardly way. But what can I do in the matter? I can but place my poor, weak heart in the hands of my good Master and ask you to help me bless His Name for having given me hopes of one day being entirely His.

We arrived at the island on the eve of the Feast of St. Ignatius.

We bought some Indian corn, for our pease had run out. With that corn or maize we managed to get as far as here, for our Indians had hidden none on their way. We have found but little fish.

Farewell, reverend Father. By your prayers obtain for me that I may be what I ought to be in that land where you are sending me in God's name.

CHARLES GARNIER.

XXIX.

Have you ever given a thought to what a missionary's life really is? An illustrious writer speaks as follows:

"A missionary must divest himself of everything. First he must die to his family according to nature, he leaves it, he no longer belongs to it, and to all appearances, will never see it again. He then has to die to his spiritual brethren, with whom he had cast in his lot so that he might share their good works. Then, he must die to his country; he will have to go to a distant land where neither the sky, nor the soil, nor the language, nor the manners and customs will recall to him his native land; where even man himself has often nothing in him of the men whom our missionary has known, save only their grossest vices and their direst destitution.

"And when he shall have died these three deaths, there is another one through whose shadow he has to pass and which he cannot pass all at once, for it is a continuous one of every moment, enduring until the last hour of his last day; he will have to die to himself, not only to all the refinements and necessities of his body, but to all the ordinary needs of his heart and his soul. The missionary has no fixed dwelling, no temporary place of shelter, no stone on which to lay his head; he has no friend, no confidant, no permanent spiritual aid of easy access. He traverses vast regions. His parish and his flock consist of some few Christians hidden away in the depths of an immense territory. He visits this scattered flock perpetually amid incessant perils. Three kinds of enemies are ever around him—the climate, wild beasts, and most cruel of all, men.

"If God impose on him the burden of a long life he will grow old amid this terrible destitution; and day by day the bitterness of advancing age will fill to overflowing the cup of his sufferings. He will no longer possess that vigor of body and those soul-felt impulses which charmed fatigue, lent attraction to dangers, and imparted a sweet savor even to the bread of exile. He will have to

drag himself painfully along the roads watered with the sweat of his youth, which roads have borne him no flowers. In his soul he will bear that sorrow which was the gall and the wormwood offered to the lips of the Man-God, the sorrow of a father mourning over ungrateful children. Contemplating the faithlessness of his people, enumerating to himself their acts of cowardice, of disobedience, of refusal to coöperate with grace, of ever-recurring perversity, and alas! of such apostasy as would seem almost to render the blood of Jesus of no avail through man's malice, the missionary will bow his head while his heart will echo the eternal plaint of those sent by God. *Curavimus Babylonem et non est sanata!*

"Thus will melt one into another those days which, from their very commencement, have seemed to wither away. *Dies mei sicut umbra declinaverunt et ego sicut foenum arui.* Thus will he wait on until his foot strike against the stone against which he will fall, until his life catches on the thorn where it must remain suspended, his last abode being a hovel, a hole in the depths of the woods, a roadside ditch. For even the cemetery, an asylum in consecrated ground, is not always obtainable by the missionary, who, even in death, dies once more to self by depriving himself even of a grave in which he can sleep his last long sleep.

"Such is the life of a missionary. To the natural man it is incomprehensible and is inadequately described when called a slow and formidable death. Who can explain why men are always to be found ready to consume their whole selves in this obscure and cruel task; men who desire such a life, who seek it, who dream of it from their earliest childhood, and who, hiding their aspirations after it, even from their mothers, though always fostering them, obtain the fulfilment of their desires; and this fruition of their hopes they obtain from man through their own strength of will, while they obtain it from God through the urgency of their prayers. This is God's secret and it is the noblest mystery of the human soul. To the very last day men will always be found thirsting for self-sacrifice, illumined by a divine light, and, with their eyes fixed on Jesus, understanding perfectly that which ordinary men cannot comprehend. *In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.* By God's own light they behold the joys of life, made up entirely of immolation for God; they aspire to it, they taste of it, they long to satiate themslves with it; and the world can forge no flowery chains strong enough to bind them and prevent them from shackling themselves with those noble fetters."

To be continued.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

A ridiculous exaggeration of the nature and significance of the "Little Red Schoolhouse" affray in East Boston on the afternoon of July 4 has been made by the party which considers itself aggrieved, and by most of the newspapers which have taken up the incident for comment. An editorial tidal wave of censure has swept over the country anent the affair; but like all tides, it was largely influenced by moonshine. A throng of people, wishing to aggravate and insult a certain element of their fellow-citizens, devised a parade in pretended patriotic observance of the nation's birthday, and misappropriated thereto an emblem of one of the country's institutions, which the well-known antecedents and animus of the faction they represent gave them no right to regard as an illustration of the things they stand for in free and tolerant America. A crowd of misguided, irresponsible spectators, representing nothing and nobody in particular, conscious only that the demonstration was an affront, and knowing it to be a lie in action—goaded on, also, as there is testimony to show, by the gratuitous tauntings of some of the participants, attacked the mockery and precipitated just what its organizers had hoped for—a street fight.

It is fatuous to regard this disturbance as has been done by so many, editors of prominent influential papers included, as a demonstration against the school system of the nation, or an evidence of disloyalty to the country. If editorial writers and others who have been forming public opinion on this matter, have no clearer appreciation of the meaning of current events, than their writings and utterances on the East Boston riot show, they should lay aside their pens, and forever hold their peace. Their false or forced interpretations can only lead to greater harm than that already wrought, and lead to consequences they should shrink from contemplating. The East Boston tragedy was deplorable, no doubt. It was the result of a mistaken impulse, aroused by the circumstances and intensified by the excitement incidental to the day, in the minds of a few hotheaded onlookers. No class in the community regrets the affair more than the Catholic body, and none visits the share borne in it by members of that faith with greater severity than those who have to endure the odious aspersions engendered by it.

There is no need, under these circumstances of magnifying the import of the occurrence, or of straining it into an issue between two classes of citizens in the community. Sifted to its full analysis, it must be seen that the Catholics were not primarily responsible for the affair. It is true that two Catholic members of Boston's board of aldermen drew upon themselves the burden of blame for the responsibility of this fracas, and it is to be lamented that better judgment did not influence the position they assumed, knowing as they must have known, that the best way to convince America of the utter and malicious injury of Apaism to the country, is to give it free rein until it inevitably dashes itself to pieces against the solid wall of American intelligence and fair-play. The censured parties, however, are really guiltless of the results of the day. The true culprits—and their fault amounts to

criminality of the most heinous description, since it entailed the loss of human life—are the paraders themselves and the fanatical promoters of the hollow sham which they intended to palm upon the community as a showing of pure patriotism. If they were willing to concede to others what they so blatantly demand for themselves, their Fourth of July celebration would not have taken a form originating in a desire to accentuate religious differences and which, as might have been foreseen, could result only in a spread of sectarian hate and class antagonism.

Catholics have been counselled by their spiritual guides to moderation and forbearance throughout this whole pernicious opposition on the part of these pseudo-patriots. They have taken the advice to heart and have borne themselves with Christian patience thus far in the ordeal. Knowing the right and justice of their cause they have for years listened with equanimity to the putrid falsehoods of the Slatterys, the Bradys, the Fultons, and the Shepards of the day and their predecessors, who lived by their foul tirades against Catholicism and smiled in secret at the gullibility of those who drank in and applauded their maunderings. Catholics will continue to do as they have done to the present time, and an occasional revolt of outraged human temper like that of East Boston and Savannah will not interrupt the magnanimous Christian policy they have established, or prevent their real attitude and sentiments from being recognized by their decent fellow citizens.

Meanwhile what are the tactics of the Orangemen and their abettors? Are they willing to let the matter drop in order to allay public feeling and promote the diffusion of charity and mutual forbearance? Not they. They must prolong the excitement to the pitch of desperation. They must have an "indignation" meeting, forsooth, and outrage the sacred memories of Faneuil Hall with more of their contemptible, cowardly malignings. One would think that the blood of the unfortunate man who was shot to death by one of their own valiant adherents would be satisfaction enough for any real or fancied abuses they had suffered. Not at all. They must have more of it; more hate, more falsehood, more frenzy, more blood if need be, to foment and perpetuate the abominable agitation, which is rapidly turning American liberty and tolerance into an unmeaning sham. They say in France that the man who is in the wrong never forgives. Apaism is demonstrating the truth of this aphorism all over the land. Nothing further is needed to prove its essential selfishness, its obdurate blindness, its depraved fanaticism, and its grave peril to the spirit and institutions of this republic.

By a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois the Whiskey trust of that state, controlling eighty distilleries—only twelve of which were in operation, the others being closed to reduce production and increase prices—has received its coup de grace. The judgment of the court, confirming that of a lower court of the same state, is ominous to all the other illegal aggregations and monopolies of the country which come under the head of trusts. There has been an uneasy popular feeling regarding the impunity of these vultures of American trade and manufacture, which the decision of the court will go far to remove. It need no longer be feared that their millions put the law of the land in a

position of impotency or subserviency to their corporate influence. The example that has been made of the Whiskey trust, driven as it is into bankruptcy and practical confiscation by the state's strong arm, will be a powerful restorative of public confidence, and should be a terror to the other corporations which have been growing into fabulous wealth through methods condemned by the anti-trust laws, and in defiance of their existence. The forced collapse of the Whiskey trust is a good beginning. The people's interests next demand the legal disruption of the Sugar trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Cordage trust, the lead, wall-paper, and other monopolies throughout the country whose amalgamated greed and money have wrought widespread hardship among smaller producers, and brought consumers under a tyrannous compulsion to purchase at prices and under conditions from which there was no appeal. Illinois has set the country a worthy example, which public policy and individual rights demand shall be followed in every state known to harbor a combination of a similar character to the one it has abolished.

Again and again has it been asserted by upholders of the established order in the affairs of the workingman, that there is no moral side to the labor question; that the brawn, skill, and industry of the masses, are subject only to the law of supply and demand, to be justifiably obtained and employed at the lowest possible expense to the employer. Fortunes like those of the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Carnegies, and other multi-millionaires of the world are held to be the legitimate earnings of men possessing superior talent for the material things of life. There is no regard for human beings, as divinely created heirs of the earth's inheritance, in the minds of men who thus argue. Man to them is but an animated instrument, subject to the will or whim of his fellows, whom nature has invested with greater intelligence, accident placed in better circumstances, or moral indifference dulled to the laws of justice and conscience. Carried to its logical extreme, this principle bears with it the vindication of might as right, and the defence of all the human misery which that doctrine has wrought in the history of mankind. Human slavery, persecution, war, the denationalization of peoples, are only the ultimate issues of a reasoning that removes from the rich and mighty their natural and moral obligations towards the weak, dependent branches of society. The genius of paganism would sanction the opinions advanced in advocacy of prevailing wage systems, but the spirit of Christianity, which is supposedly regnant in countries where the laboring classes are at present justly contending for a larger share in the wealth they help to produce, is essentially and diametrically opposed to them. Moreover, as Christianity has swept away most of the other abuses springing from man's inhumanity to man, so is it destined to rectify the industrial anomalies which permit the few to monopolize the riches and treasures of earth, while the millions are deprived of the common necessities or at best eke out a hard and straitened livelihood. Economists, labor-leaders, legislators, and other agitators for the solution of the labor question will gain more for the workingman by insisting upon the moral right of his cause, and the un-Christian aspect of its oppression, than by any other

system of opposition to capitalistic greed and methods. Hardened monopolists and soulless corporations may at first laugh at such a plan of action, but in the end, which will not be long in coming, they will recognize its invincible force and will yield to its sway, if not cheerfully and willingly, then at least because they cannot escape the inevitable.

The newspapers startled us recently with an account of the phenomenal speed attained by a newly built electric railroad between Hingham and Nantasket in Massachusetts. The velocity of the run for a short distance was at the astounding rate of eighty miles an hour, which it was claimed could have been increased but for the accident of a hot-box on one of the wheels. The achievement has given a fresh impulse to the claims made for electricity and its probable destiny in supplanting steam in the rail traffic of the near future. Experts, however, are not so sanguine of the latter result, at least for a long time to come. It is conceded by practical electricians that for elevated roads, surface city railways, and short suburban lines, necessitating frequent service and numerous stops, greater satisfaction and economy are procurable through the electric motor than through the agency of steam or horse-power. They advocate its use in this wise, not only for passengers, but for mails, express matter, and light freight. In the case of long-distance transportation, however, many authorities on electric science dispute the idea that electricity can oust steam either in point of service or of economy. Where great speed is required the track and rolling stock must be at least up to the present grade of good steam railroad custom, and consequently will be as expensive as that now used; moreover, the running of trains at much greater speed than now obtains, will entail in all probability the fencing in of the roadbed over a private right of way. All of this signifies a more lavish outlay of money than most of the existing railroads could afford. Hence the indefinite postponement of electricity on the main lines of the country.

Pope Leo is said to have an unshakable belief in the continuance of his reign until all the great movements inaugurated by him during the past few years are firmly set on the road to fulfilment. His conviction is pinned to the prophecy of a sainted priest who died some years ago in Rome and who had foretold his election and its duration for twenty years. The story goes that when Pius IX was approaching his end Cardinal Pecci was not much known to the Romans. At that time there lived in Rome an old and saintly priest called Padre Phillippo. His superior said to him one day, between jest and earnest, "Padre Phillippo, who will be our next Pope?" Padre Phillippo, although he was the humblest and least pretentious of men, answered with promptness and simplicity, "Cardinal Pecci will be the next Pope, and he will reign twenty years." In 1878 Pius IX died, and on February 20, from the loggia of St. Peter's, a banner with the legend Pecci announced the election of his successor. Of course Leo XIII had heard of Padre Phillippo's prophecy, and he sent for the old priest that he might hear it with his own ears. "How do you know that I shall reign twenty years?" asked the Pope. "I know nothing but that you will reign twenty years and that you will accomplish much

in the world," said the old man. Leo XIII, so goes the story, made up his mind to accept the prediction and set his whole policy to that key. It was represented to him that a few matters of importance, well handled, would be of value to the Church, while many things just begun in the face of death would be useless. His reply to each objection was, I shall live a few years more, long enough to start this matter well." In this mood he took up all the great movements in Germany, in France, in England, in the East. America has its own proof of the Pope's belief in the prophecy—that he is bent on giving the hat to Mgr. Satolli, and yet delays the elevation.

There is a movement on foot to have Congress pass an act, establishing in Washington a national pantheon for the statues of illustrious American women. The idea is in line with the project recently advocated by this magazine, of having in the country's capital a "National Mausoleum" for the interment of the bodies, or failing that, the commemoration by statue, bust, or window, of the names and services of American men and women whose genius or lifework lift them to the level of the world's great characters. There is no need of a special memorial hall for the deceased great women of the republic. Their services having been rendered in the common cause, their monuments should stand side by side with those of their illustrious brothers. The National Mausoleum as outlined in the pages of this publication is all-sufficient, and if brought to a successful issue, would unite the deeds of America's greatest sons and daughters in the affectionate remembrance of the nation. It should be a building set aloft and apart. The present mode of commemoration in Statuary Hall is inadequate and incomplete. It is thirty years since Congress set apart the old House of Representatives for a national statuary hall, and invited each of the states to furnish two marble or bronze statues of deceased citizens, illustrious for historic renown or for civic or military service, and worthy of national commemoration, to be placed therein. A visit to the famous chamber where such memorials have been erected will show that many great characters in our nation's history and literature are not represented there at all. It is time that Congress should follow the example set by England and France, in a manner more befitting the memories of America's heroes, statesmen, scientists, authors, artists, and philanthropists, and in a way more worthy of the resources and gratitude of the American people. There should be in it no distinction of sex. One grand temple of fame for the representatives of both sexes who have conferred undimmable lustre upon their country is all-sufficient and should not be delayed. It is only a question of time when such a structure will be erected.

The expected has happened, though in an unexpected way, since our last issue. Lord Rosebery, after an ineffectual struggle with the adverse conditions hampering him since his accession to the British premiership, gave up his ghost of power on a nominal reverse, and retired with his colleagues from the government. In attaining the eminence of England's prime minister Lord Rosebery is said to have fulfilled one of three well known lifelong ambitions. This is about the only verdict that may truthfully be passed upon his admin-

istration, which from the start handled difficult and harassing problems in a weak and ineffective way. It would seem from the results of his official labors that he felt all along the forlornness of the hopes he had fathered, and either had not in him the qualities to turn obstacles into elements of victory, or was at heart indifferent to the principles to which his party was pledged. Before this number appears, the general elections will have taken place, and the Tories will have the ratification of the country for a new lease of power, as they already have of the Liberal party for the provisional guidance of the government's affairs. Tory rule means the relegation to the rear for a period at present indefinite, of the reform of the House of Lords, and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, not to mention Home Rule, which a variety of disgraceful causes, too notorious to need iteration, had put beyond the limits of speedy possibility long before the Liberal ministry's downfall. Forecasts of the election indicated the numerical reduction of the Redmondite faction in the new parliament, and the probable representation of Ulster by a majority of Home Rulers. This will be good as far as it goes—and all true friends of Ireland devoutly wish its realization—but it will not go far enough. The plan of contest for Home Rule and many of the men elected to carry it on, must be radically reformed before the mists obstructing the dawn of self-government for Ireland will lift. Such disclosures as those of the spiteful Healy, and manœuvres of the kind practised by the disgruntled Redmondite minority are more permanently injurious to Home Rule than the power of several successive Tory parliaments could possibly be. When the Redmondites and the Healyites are dumped into one political grave together, for the harm they have wrought in different ways to the hopes and rights of their countrymen, then will Home Rule be resuscitated into something like a prospective success. While present doings continue within the Irish party, neither Liberals nor Conservatives will bestow much real concern upon Ireland or its aspirations. Upon the real foes of Ireland's cause, unfaithful members of her own party, is to be laid the blame of the postponement of her autonomy, and the odium of what seems likely to be revived in Ireland during the Conservative regime, the oppressive and unjust coercion laws.

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If it be true, as announced in press despatches, that the executors of the will of Mr. Parnell have resolved to burn his political correspondence, the proceeding will be hard to reconcile with the world's idea of right and justice, and will moreover not tend to glorify the great leader's fame to posterity. The papers comprise, with others, reports of interviews with and communications from Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Earl of Carnarvon, Archbishops Walsh, and Croke, and other prominent men in England, Ireland, America, and Australia. A protest has justly been made against the destruction of these valuable documents. They cannot but contain a vast fund of inside facts in Parnell's career, which it would be a crime against history to make away with. It is to be hoped that the rumor of their contemplated annihilation is unfounded.

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It has often been wondered why the tragedy of "Macbeth," which, when read, sweeps the mind and the emo-

tions along at white heat, fails to move with nearly the same intensity when viewed upon the stage in an acted version. None of the world's great tragedians have succeeded in making this drama stand forth in their repertory with the distinction won by their Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Richelieu, or even Richard III. The commentators who have noted this difference of Macbeth from others of the great tragedies, assign as its cause the absence from the play of the gentler sentiments, like pity, tenderness, and love, and the predominance throughout of the sterner emotion of terror. A further and perhaps a more actuating reason is the failure of the play's construction from the purely theatrical point of view. A writer in the *Atlantic* demonstrates the great weakness of the fourth act, as seen by the spectators, a criticism not generally made by analysts. This act, according to the accepted canons of the stage, should sustain the interest by keeping the two principal characters and their fateful actions well before the eyes and minds of the audience. The opening part of this division of the play, however, the cauldron scene, consumes only a third of the act, after which Macbeth appears no more; and the act is carried on by Malcolm, Macduff, and Ross, subordinate figures of the story. Macduff's grief, moving as it is, comes like an anticlimax after Duncan's murder and the banquet scene. One need only study the audience to perceive this. Its chief interest is in the fate of the guilty king and queen. But when the curtain falls, Macbeth has long been absent from the stage, while Lady Macbeth has not appeared at all. At the theatre this act of "Macbeth" has a far slighter hold upon our attention than the corresponding one in "Othello," "Lear," or "Hamlet," where the absorbing motive is splendidly sustained.

It is a terrible arraignment of Spain which the rebellious Cubans make in justification of their attempt to throw off the yoke of dependency, and establish themselves among the free and independent peoples of the world. The American heart must sympathize with a revolt against conditions so like those which caused the colonies in this country to rise against English oppression a century ago, aggravated as these conditions are by circumstances peculiar to Cuba and the Cuban people and the method of government pursued by their Spanish masters.

Everything is taxed in Cuba, from the most insignificant act of life to the most important transactions in trade and agriculture. The native popular representatives are crushed in the councils of the nation by the metropolitan congressmen in Madrid, and the laws are all on the side of the Spaniards against the native element of the island. Of the annual budget of nearly $26,000,000, only half a million is expended on public works, and of this sum fully one-half is appropriated as salaries and perquisites by the Spanish officials, whose interest in the stations they occupy is limited to their individual share in the pay roll. The balance of the budget goes to support an army and navy almost as large as that of the United States, and to pay the interest on the public debt and the expenses of all the Spanish legations in America. Spain spends the Cubans' money as she will, asking no permission and rendering no account. The several government departments are notoriously corrupt, and badly administered, and

eighty per cent of the island's commerce is controlled by Spaniards to the exclusion of the Cubans, although the real wealth producers of the island are within ten per cent of the whole, all Cuban. Spain treats the staples of the island, sugar, tobacco, and whiskey, to a ruinous prohibitive tariff, which practically cuts off the market of the mother country from Cuban products, whereas she floods the markets of Cuba with all her own products and manufactures. It is no wonder that under such harassments the native Cubans, who comprise the best social, industrial, and educated classes, should assert their rights and look to this republic for sympathy and support. The legislatures of several American states have already passed resolutions of this sort, and all the others should follow suit. No foreign oppression of a native people should be tolerated on this side of the Atlantic.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We cordially invite every reader of Donahoe's to peruse our part-prospectus for succeeding numbers, printed among our advertising pages. To have secured for its subscribers such articles as are there announced from the pens of the Marquis de Nadaillac, Father de Smedt, S. J., and Mgr. de Harlez, sketches of whose lives and attainments appeared in the article "A Galaxy of Catholic Scientists" in our December issue, is a piece of good fortune with which few publications can hope to be favored. We have obtained them for our readers at great expense and trouble, but our efforts were cheerfully accorded, because we do not believe anything is too good for Donahoe's supporters, and because we desire our pages to afford education as well as literary entertainment. Study the contemplated series of articles carefully, and you will have imbibed the very cream of the thought and instruction offered to the students of the Catholic Summer Schools, now or lately in session. The inception of these articles will be found in our next issue, which will make that number the best of the year for new subscribers to begin with. The only evidence of appreciation we ask from new and old readers is that they will remit promptly the sum of their indebtness to the Magazine. We cannot command the best the literary market has to offer if our subscribers withhold their part of the enterprise. *Good material can only be obtained with Cash.* This may appear singular, but it is withal a very block of truth. If anyone doubts it, let him exchange places with the editor for just one number of the Magazine. Now, as we are unwilling to give our readers anything inferior to the best, and as the best costs money, our readers will help themselves to the best reading by sending us, in the amounts they owe, the wherewithal to buy it.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

A great many of our esteemed exchanges are omitting the customary acknowledgment of Donahoe's from their notices of current monthly periodicals. We have no doubt this is due, in a number of cases, to forgetfulness on the part of the exchange editor, and in others to the failure of the postal authorities to deliver the magazine. Many instances of the latter kind have been brought to our notice and remedied; we have not yet been able to find a relief for the former irregularity, or to ascertain definitely its cause. As, however, we are in daily receipt of requests for exchange from newspapers and magazines all over the English-speaking world, and

from many places where English is not spoken, but where Donahoe's is an acquired taste, we have decided to drop from our exchange list all publications which do not reciprocate the courtesy extended, in the usual manner, and to supply their places with new applicants. On second thought, we will include in the drop such papers as do us the favor of praising our issues, but exact a brotherly tribute by publishing our abstracts without credit. We would remind our exchanges that Donahoe's has not yet announced its conversion to that form of Socialism which regards every man's property as subject to the common appropriation. Our exchange list is necessarily limited as to numbers, and we are compelled for obvious reasons to honor only those periodicals which appreciate our friendly offices. To all we grant willing permission to use our articles for the acknowledging of them, and from all we likewise ask the favor of a review of each issue. *Noblesse oblige.* Our new list will go into effect in September. If after that, some of our present exchanges fail to receive Donahoe's, we kindly invite them to ponder what is, without malice, here set down.

Death of a Promising Young Jesuit.

Mr. William F. X. Sullivan, a young scholastic of the Society of Jesus, died at Boston College, on the morning of June 30 of spinal meningitis. Mr. Sullivan was born in Rockland, Mass., in 1870 and entered Boston College in the fall of '87. Here his vocation to the religious life manifested itself and he went to Frederick City, Md., where he completed his novitiate of four years, afterwards going to Woodstock College to finish his course in philosophy. About one year ago he suffered intensely from headaches and was obliged to interrupt his studies and repair to Georgetown University. The change did not benefit him, and he was finally ordered to Boston College. It was hoped that the air of his native state would restore his lost health, but he returned to his Alma Mater only to die. For eleven weeks he suffered with the cheerfulness and resignation of a martyr, no word of complaint ever escaping his lips. During most of the time he was surrounded not only by the fathers and scholastics of the College, who did much to console and comfort him, but also by the members of his sorrow-stricken family. In spite of the best medical skill, he failed each day, till finally on the beautiful feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, his soul bade farewell to its prison of clay.

The expressions of sorrow at his untimely death were many and heartfelt, as he was a young man of many beautiful traits of character and highly talented. He left behind a father, mother, six sisters, and two brothers, Rev. John P. Sullivan of Marlboro, and Dr. Joseph E. Sullivan.

The funeral was held from the Immaculate Conception church, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Over 100 priests and scholastics were present in the sanctuary, and the mass was said by Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., President of the College. The interment was in the beautiful little burial plot of the Jesuits at Holy Cross College, Worcester. Many priests and friends accompanied the remains thither. The Benedictus was chanted and while the college bell tolled solemnly, the body of the dear scholastic was placed beside so many others of his well loved order who have fought the good fight and who sleep in peace. R. I. P.

Empress Eugenie and the Prison of Saint Lazare.

In the month of December, 1867, I visited the Prison of Saint Lazare at Paris under the guidance of the Inspector of Prisons of the Department of the Seine, an enlightened man, familiar with all the prison systems then known in Europe or America.

In the workrooms my kind guide called attention to the ingenious and comfortable seats used by the women at their work, and said with evident pleasure, "These seats were made by order of our Empress. She saw how fatiguing the old benches must be to the women and had all the workrooms fitted with this excellent arrangement."

In the schoolroom he explained the plan for placing the children in good situations, and added: "The Empress sees to all that; she interests herself personally in the future of these little girls."

The Paris correspondent of "Truth" (London) tells interesting facts connected with the Empress Eugenie and her interest in the prison of Saint Lazare.

Mlle. de Grandpré, niece of the aged chaplain of the prison, succeeded, after many efforts, in drawing attention to the misery caused to the prisoners by working ten hours a day, seated on benches only a few inches wide. The Empress heard the story, and two days after the news of Maximilian's cruel fate reached Paris, she entered upon her new work; perhaps to drive from her mind the hideous thoughts connected with the Mexican tragedy.

The arrival of the imperial carriage was announced, and Mlle. de Grandpré, who was cooking her uncle's lunch, was told to go down and escort the Empress over the prison. Without pausing to dress, she ran down in a woolen wrapper to receive the beautiful lady and the two duchesses who were with her. Mlle. de Grandpré told her story with simple fervor, and soon the Empress was sobbing. The great ladies sat on one of the benches and declared it an instrument of torture. Much fuss was made by the Minister who controlled the Prison purse, as to expense, but her Majesty insisted, and the result was the most comfortable arrangement possible for workwomen.

Twenty-five years ago Mlle. de Grandpré, supported by the sympathy of the Empress, founded an organization for helping released female prisoners. "Truth" quotes a pretty letter from her to the ex-Empress, reminding her of the day when the good work began, and asking for her continued sympathy.

At Saint Lazare is the room of Saint Vincent de Paul, where the soft stone floor shows hollows said to be made by the frequent pressure of his knees in prayer. I saw there for the first time Sisters of Charity acting as prison guardians, tending the sick, teaching little girls, as quiet and sweet in their complicated work as they are in their usual religious houses. The great, rambling building was unsuited in many respects for a prison of the present day, but there was much to be commended in the system of government. Especially useful were the great courtyards where the prisoners could get fresh air and plenty of fresh water from a flowing tank in the centre. A magpie was hopping about

on the pavement, expiating no doubt some petty larceny, and quite reconciled to his fate. If, as from other offices of public trust, the Sisters have been banished from Saint Lazare, the beneficence of Mlle. de Grandpré must be more valuable than ever. If the Empress Eugenie is forgotten elsewhere in France, she is remembered at the Prison of Saint Lazare.

Practical Piety.

The following study in practical piety will be appreciated by those who love children.

"We can learn many lessons in our everyday humdrum life, if we keep our eyes open and admit every ray of light sent to us. Our best teachers are little children; in their naughtiness which mirrors our own failings and feelings, in their goodness more pure and free from selfish motives than ours can ever be. Look at their trust and faith in us grown people; is it not as strong an example as we can have of the attitude we should hold towards God? A child troubles itself about no daily cares or worries; it knows nothing of anxiety because it feels certain that mother, or teacher, or whoever takes care of it for the moment, will remove everything that could give it distress. If anything disturbs its cheerfulness, it runs to us, tells us its trouble with perfect faith in our willingness to give relief, and often while merely telling the story of its grief, happiness is restored.

"If we went with our daily anxieties to God as children come to us, our lives would be easier and happier. We need not leave our immediate duties to kneel down and pray, but while the active work or the present vexation is pressing upon us, we can send up short prayers for help, patience, courage, and the work itself will go on faster and more smoothly. Even those who have not full faith, can discover this truth.

"I met the other day a lady who does not profess to be a Christian but is much attached to a Catholic friend. The Catholic, who is an invalid, asked her friend to visit a certain chapel at a distance and pray for her. Out of kindness and loyalty this doubting soul used to go to the chapel whenever the duties of life led her near it, and before the altar she would say at least an Our Father in behalf of her friend. It was often a struggle and a sacrifice, but in many months she never failed in the self-imposed duty. The other day she confessed to me that she worked better on the days when she visited that chapel than on other days. If she who does not fully believe, receives help through prayer, how much more should we get strength from Our Father who waits and longs for us to come to Him.

"MARY ACTON."

This is a beautiful story; the only thing about it that we can doubt, is the unbelief of this constant visitor to Our Lord. She puts some believers to shame.

Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

One of the interesting reports of the past year is the fourth annual statement of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, founded by the late Mrs. Mary Hemenway. It opens with a list of professors where we find with many other well-known names, those of Dr. Enebuske, Dr. Emma L. Call, Professor Royce of

Harvard University, Drs. H. P. Bowditch, W. S. Porter, and W. M. Conant of the Harvard Medical School.

The Normal School of Gymnastics fits its students for one of the most useful and profitable careers now open to women. Their services are valued by physicians in assisting the recovery of invalids prevented by general or local weakness from taking exercise. The graduates of the school are also sought as teachers of gymnastics in all parts of the United States.

The laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are open to the students of the Normal School of Gymnastics for the study of chemistry, biology, and physiology.

Candidates for admission must have a general education equal to that required for graduation from a high school. Applications must be endorsed by two well-known persons. The term for 1895-96 will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 24. The tuition fee is $150 a year, $75 payable on entering, and $75 in January.

The School is at present held in Paine Memorial Hall, 9 Appleton St. It has a good collection of books and photographs, open to students, and is constantly increasing in resources. The gymnasium is thoroughly equipped with all the machines used in the best American gymnasia. Details can be had from the director, Miss Amy M. Homans.

Confraternity of St. Gabriel.

There is a pretty charity called the Confraternity of St. Gabriel which commends itself to those who are not rich in health, time, or money, though much of all three might wisely be given for its support. The society consists of members who by illness or isolation are cut off from the outside world, and of associate members who try to minister to their needs. The helpers sometimes find that the weight of obligation is on their side, so charming are the letters they receive, so keen the appreciation of their efforts to give relief. Those who wish to know more of this association can write to Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, 3803 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, and ask for the circular that gives its few rules. The only pecuniary resource of the confraternity is a small annual payment from "honorary members."

Members pay nothing; associate members have no expense except of the postage on their own letters, and on packages, if they have papers or magazines to send to correspondents unable to get good reading.

The members include converts living far from any church and from religious influences; invalids who need occupation, such as can easily be supplied to them through the package delivery service; those who are too ill to answer and yet like to get letters and papers. Even persons suffering from contagious diseases can receive from associate members much that may brighten life, without answering. A leper was one of Saint Gabriel's children at one time.

Once a year a pleasant magazine called *Sursum Corda* is sent to members and associate members. It has stories, poems, and essays. The names and addresses of officers for the year are given, and also of persons in various parts of the country to whom members can apply for information, as to all matters concerning the confraternity.

Household Comfort.

I have read in many journals written for women in England and Ameri-

ca, rules for making a sitting room look pleasant, and I see good reason to discard them all. What a room needs is to be lived in comfortably, cheerfully, and wisely, and by that process every corner becomes "a cosy corner," to use the favorite phrase of decorators in a lady's magazine.

If by one window is a writing desk or table, kept in good order, with light falling in the right direction, that part of the room will become with use a pleasant resort. A work table placed where you can best use it, whether by daylight or lamplight, is another attractive spot where children and visitors like to find you, and to think of you after they have left your presence.

A piano used as a kind of catchall for ornaments, is no addition to the charm of a room; but a piano that is used and loved like a friend, is a centre of attraction. Thus each part of a room becomes beautiful, even though the carpet is not new, though there are few draperies and those of a style not fashionable at the moment.

If it is possible to have an open fire, that comfort should be considered important to health. If one cannot have it, one must do without it, that is all that can be said. Any mantel piece, however plain, is in better taste than the structure of velvet often used to conceal its bareness. A centre table is not useful, as a rule, and it has a strange power of breaking in upon general conversation by separating talkers from one another. A round table is better placed at one end of a room than in the middle. There, if it has its use, it makes another pleasant place; otherwise it should be removed, for no piece of furniture that is not used, adds to the comfort of a sitting room.

A long, narrow room challenges the ingenuity of its occupant. The problem is to break its length and increase its apparent width. This is done by dividing it into parts, making arrangements for music, writing, reading, and sewing, so as to make skilful use of windows, lamps, and fireplace. Perhaps many experiments will be tried before one can feel satisfied; the battle must be fought in solitude for outside advice is useless. If one possesses a large mirror, the width of the room can be artificially increased by fastening it on one of the long walls.

Of ornaments there should not be many. A beautiful piece of color, whether in porcelain or drapery, gives pleasure to the eye and adds to the charm of a room; but decorations put here and there, "to fill up," have no appropriate place anywhere.

And the walls! Ah, there the adviser pauses, for pictures have a value to their possessors not to be stated in any catalogue of fine art. In every room should be some beautiful religious picture, and in these days of fine photographs it is possible to enjoy the greatest treasures of art that the world possesses.

Be happy in your room and make others happy there, and it will grow into beauty in the hands of Time, even while he is at work upon every article within its walls.

August is to many persons the weariest of the warm months, bearing on its shoulders the weight of June and July. A relief now and then from the necessity of preparing or eating hot dinners is imperative, and this relief can be obtained every alternate day by selecting such meats as are quite as good the second day as when they are freshly cooked. Lamb, veal, chicken or fowl, in fact, birds of any sort, are of this class. To most persons cold beef and mutton are dis-

tasteful. Of fish only salmon and halibut are good when cold.

Salads can be made in every kind of way, according to the fashion of various countries. If one likes names they can be found in Soyer or Francatelli and may add variety to the repast. Salads for common use are of three kinds:—one vegetable alone as, for instance, lettuce, celery, or tomato; various cold vegetables together as beans, peas, potatoes, beets, in endless combinations; and either of these kinds of salad combined with one sort of cold fish or meat. Recipes for salad dressing are found in all cook books and are briefly of two kinds; the simple French dressing where the art lies in adding oil, drop by drop, to the few other ingredients; and mayonnaise dressing, which takes much time to make but can be kept for several days on ice, provided it is made with ice-cold materials.

So much for the possibilities of having a cool repast on a hot day. As to dessert, cook books are full of excellent recipes, but if one must prepare these luxuries before enjoying them, familiarity is apt to breed contempt as the dinner hour draws near. Happily fruits are abundant, and so-called fruit salads give without much trouble many pleasant combinations.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Death of Madame Hurson, Religious of the Sacred Heart.

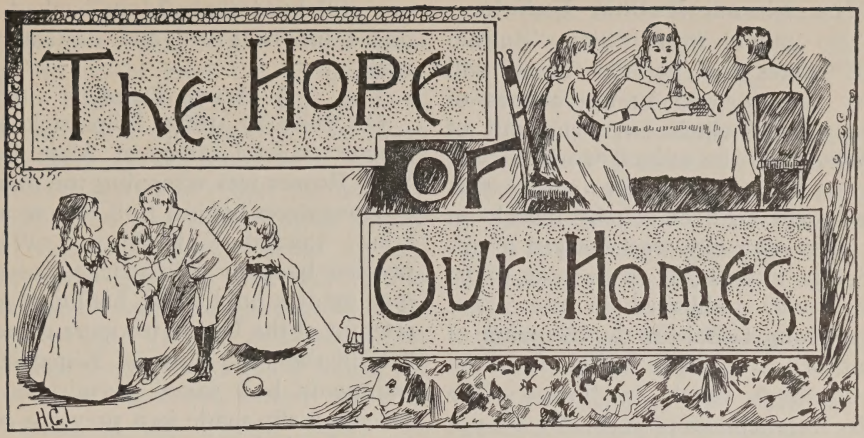
Among the many distinguished Ladies of the Sacred Heart, none will be missed more than Madame Eleanor Hurson, who died Tuesday, June 17, at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pa. The interment took place on Thursday and was attended by sorrowing relatives and friends from New York City and Philadelphia. The Rev. Father Smith of the Paulist Fathers, who knew the deceased from girlhood, was celebrant of the solemn high requiem mass, held in the beautiful chapel of the Academy. Madame Hurson was in her fortieth year and entered the order when she was but twenty years of age. She was born in New York City and was the youngest daughter of Sadie and the late Myles Hurson. Her sister, the late Mother Hurson, of the same order, died in Mexico four years ago.

The young ladies who were under her special tutorship, while she was at Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.; Chester Square, Boston, Mass.; Arch Street, Philadelphia; and Eden Hall, will not forget during their lives the grand character and indefatigable worker in all branches of study in the person of the late Madame Eleanor Hurson. May she rest in peace.

A Chance To Make Money.

I am out of debt and thanks to the Dish Washer for it. I have made $1,640 clear money in 87 days and attend to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass very much; people come or send for the Washers and every Washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure that I can clear $5,000 this year. My sister and brother have started in the business doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron Dish Washer Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault.

MRS. S. H.



A Huge Star.

Every boy and girl should know something of the geography of the heavens. On these placid summer evenings it adds to the pleasure of looking up to the beautiful blue vault, sparkling with millions of dazzling gems, if one can recognize the different planets, and pick out the constellations as they appear. There is a fixed star of the first magnitude called Arcturus, in the constellation Bootes, in the northern heavens, which every one should be able to identify, and which the young folks should ask their teachers to point out to them. Astronomers say that if the earth were situated midway between the sun and Arcturus, it would rceive 5,198 times as much light from that star as it would from the sun! It is quite probable, moreover, that the heat of Arcturus exceeds the solar heat in the same ratio. Astronomical reckoning seems to indicate that Arcturus exceeds the sun about 375,000 times in volume, and that its diameter is no less than 62,350,000 miles. Imagine the earth and the other planets constituting the solar system removed to Arcturus, and set revolving around it in orbits of the same forms and size as those in which they circle about the sun. Venus and the earth would perhaps melt like snowflakes at the mouth of a furnace. Even far-away Neptune, the remotest member of the system, would be bathed in torrid heat.

A New Use for Poultry.

An old Pennsylvania farmer claims that he can always foretell the weather by watching the actions of the turkeys and chickens when they go to roost at night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on their poles with their heads alternating each way; that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on. But when there is going to be a high wind they always roost with their heads towards the direction from which it is coming. He thinks there are reasons for these different ways of roosting. When there is no wind to guard against they can see other danger more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise, they face it because they can hold their positions better. But what he can't understand is how the fowls know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it.

The Almost Extinct Buffalo.

The animal from which "Buffalo Bill" takes his popular name will very soon belong to the classes of quadrupeds which have run out of existence in the animal world. There are so few of them alive to-day that the recent birth of a baby buffalo in its namesake city was deemed a sufficiently interesting news item to be extensively published in the press. The young buffalo is the offspring of a mother, brought to Buffalo from the Goodnough ranch in Texas. The baby weighed 100 pounds. It did not have to learn to walk, but ran and jumped about as lively as a little calf. Baby buffaloes do not have the dark fur of their mothers. Their hair is almost yellow in color and finely curled. Their eyes are wide open from the first.

In a wild state the American bison, or buffalo, is practically extinct. At present there are about 200 wild buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States.

In 1869 there were over 4,000,000 of them in America, roaming wild and free from Canada to Mexico over the mountains and prairies of the West.

The wicked, frenzied war of extermination began in the fall of 1871, and in four years the great herd south of the Union Pacific railway was completely blotted out. In 1880 the building of the Northern Pacific railway made the northern herd equally accessible at all points, and in October, 1883, the last thousand head were utterly annihilated in southwestern Dakota by Sitting Bull and a band of about 1,000 braves from the Standing Rock agency.

To-day you may travel across the continent without seeing either a live buffalo, a stuffed head or even a buffalo bone. It was the long range breechloading rifle and the murderous still hunt that did it, backed by man's inborn greed and destructiveness.

A Brave Deed.

On June 17, 1863, Kilpatrick and Rosser crossed sabers at Aldie Gap, Va. Rosser was screening the march of Longstreet behind Bull Run mountains toward Gettysburg. When pressed back by Kilpatrick, Rosser's men made a bold stand, baffling every attempt of the Union troopers to peep behind the veil. One of Kilpatrick's regiments had asked permission to redeem a slip made in a previous battle, and pointing to a barricade of rails around some sheltering haystacks held by sharpshooters the general said: "There is your chance. Go and take that position." The troopers dashed forward, and when their horses reached the barricades leaped from the saddles across the obstructions, engaging the enemy with their sabers. Colonel di Cesnola was under arrest at the time, but when the bugle sounded led his regiment so gallantly that Kilpatrick presented him his own sword. "Wear this," said he, "in honor of the day. You are a brave man, and I release you from arrest."

A Plant called after the Holy Ghost.

In Mexico, Central and South America, and in some parts of Cuba and Jamaica, a rare and beautiful plant called the "Holy Ghost plant" grows in great profusion. This plant, also known as "the botanical dove," is called the "Holy Ghost plant" on account of the shape of the flower, which has the appearance of a dove with expanded wings hovering over the stalk. The entire flower, which is pure white, opens from the end of a long green stem and is very fragrant.

Our Constitution.

Every reader of this department has no doubt read the Constitution of the United States, or will do so at the very first opportunity. To those who have already done so it will be interesting to know that the original constitution was written upon a long roll that was afterwards cut up and put under glass in five oak frames two inches deep and fourteen by nineteen in size. In four of these frames are parchment sheets easily filling the space, on which are written the constitution of the United States. In the fifth frame are the signatures and the resolutions submitting the document to the States for ratification. This is the original of our national constitution—the only constitution our republic ever had. Most states of the Union have had from two to half a dozen constitutions.

The lines of this original constitution of the United States run across the sheet, and the penmanship is very coarse. The preamble, which so many of you can repeat, is separated from the text by a narrow space, and there is no attempt at fancy lettering in the opening words, as there is in the articles of confederation. Many of the signatures are the same as are found at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence. The amendments, even the very first one, do not form part of this original, but are written upon separate rolls of parchment, and preserved in tin tubes that stand in the corner of a closet.

Queer Signs.

In Milwaukee there is, or was until recently, a firm of undertakers whose sign read "Knight & Day."

"Dadd & Sons, druggists," is a curio from the same city.

The city of Buffalo long pointed with pride to an auction house's sign which read, "English, Irish, French & Scott." "English & Irish" still carry on the same business.

"Bearup & Carraher" on a sign-board used to amuse folks on Grand street, near the East River.

"John Struckout," a peanut stand sign, is placed appropriately near the Chicago base-ball park.

Poor Boys who became Great Men.

When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a poor man who was unable to write his own name. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a plain and unpretending log cabin. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a poor boy and stupid at his books.

President Faure, of France, was a poor boy forty years ago, who had little idea that he would ever be president. It is related that one winter's night, when Felix, who is now president, was about 14 years old, the family troubles seemed to have reached a point where there was no bearing them. The father had just given to his wife the earnings of a week's labor, and as the woman looked at the small amount of money she could not conceal her tears.

"Mother, what troubles you?" asked her son Felix, placing his arms around her neck.

"My dear child, I am sad because we are poor and because, in spite of your father's hard work, he cannot earn enough for our needs."

"Don't worry, dear mother," replied the boy. "I am going to work. You shall see. Am I not tall?" and he raised himself on tiptoe. "I am

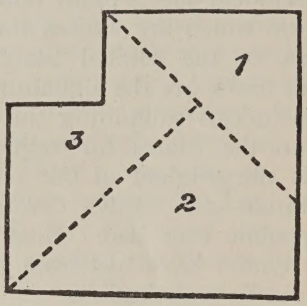
strong, and soon I shall earn money for you and all." That was the childhood of the boy who is to-day a very rich man and the president of the French republic.

Schoolchildren who have compositions to write should learn how to express their ideas in the fewest and clearest words possible. The following story of United States History is told in 100 words and won a prize as the best effort on the subject within the prescribed limits, offered by the Washington Pathfinder to its younger readers. Our little folks will find it interesting, apart from the historical facts contained in it, as an exercise in pronunciation and in the finding out of the meaning of all the words:—

"The revival of learning, commercial rivalry, and religious zeal in Europe led to Columbus' discovery of America in 1492. Conflicting territorial claims and parental animosity involved English, French, and Spanish colonists in wars culminating in English supremacy in 1763. England's oppression alienated colonial affection, induced revolution, hastened independence. Common cause and danger begat colonial union; the weakness of the confederation demanded a federal republic. Party differences tempted legislation. Negro slavery precipitated civil strife, secession, emancipation. Federal authority supreme, reorganization succeeded. Religious freedom, an unmuzzled press, invention, internal improvement, and universal education have conspired to prosperity at home and honor abroad."—W. T. GOODEN, Pana, Ill.

Japanese Puzzle.

First cut a piece of paper, or better still, cardboard, three inches square, and out of the upper left-hand corner cut a piece just one inch square, as shown in the diagram. Then cut the remainder on the dotted lines, dividing it up into three pieces. The puzzle is to rearrange these three pieces so as to make a perfect square. Try it, and if you do not succeed we will show you next month how it is done.



Transpose correctly these words:—

SAGTNONIHW—A city of the United States.

NOIA—Island in Scotland.

PALESN—Town in Italy.

BAENUD—River in Europe.

TTTGUARTS—Town in Germany.

OTRPOO—Town in Portugal.

TUALRND—Town in Illinois.

If accurately transposed, the initials read downward will give the name of a well known English town.

False Economy

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this new department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith and God's Church that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the 8th of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass."]

Inquirer writes: 1. Is it any harm for a person to celebrate the 4th of July, if his confession or communion day falls on that date? 2. What is to be thought of a Catholic who believes, but who attends church only during a mission? 3. A certain Catholic does not believe in Parochial schools.

1. There are celebrations and celebrations. One can enter into the spirit of a holiday and its enjoyment, without any harm to his conscience, or one can turn these occasions into days of sinfulness. There is nothing incompatible with the Sacraments in honest enjoyment or recreation; rather a spirit of cheerfulness and of joy should pervade the soul and the life of the devout Catholic who frequents the Sacraments.

2. You cannot think much of such Catholics. Their lives are a contradiction of their profession of faith, as their faith, whatever it may be, is not supported by good works. Our Divine Lord indicates such persons in the parable of the sower, when He says that some souls are like the wayside, when as soon as they have heard the word of God, Satan cometh, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts. Such persons are a cause of scandal and of grief to the Church, and unless, after the Mission they persevere in going to Mass and the Sacraments, they are Catholics only in name, not in reality.

3. Well, that Catholic does not understand the reason or the object of Catholic schools. If he did, he, and all fair-minded men, would believe in them. Read our answer to one of the following queries.

Subscriber seeks information on the following points: 1. Why were the Pope's temporal possessions taken from him? Was the church ruining the country and the people, as some Protestants say? 2. What is meant by the term a Catholic country? Is it that the Catholics are in the majority, or that the king or ruler is a Catholic? 3. Is there a Catholic signature to the Declaration of Independence? Was he an Englishman, and were all his ancestors Catholics? 4. How long is the parochial school in existence? Was it originated by the Popes? Do not Archbishop Ireland and other learned men in the Church look on it with disfavor, and uphold the public schools? Can a Catholic, without breaking the laws of his Church, send his child to the public schools?

1. The Pope's temporal possessions were taken from him for the same reason that every robber takes away the property of another. Victor Emmanuel wished to secure Rome for his place of residence, and being stronger with his army than Pius IX, he simply established himself in possession on the doctrine that might is right. As theft gives no just claim to property, King Humbert holds unjustly the temporal dominions that Leo XIII rightly claims as the patrimony of the Church. In the eyes of its enemies, the Church loves ignorance and degrades the people. This is a handy weapon for the spoiler to use. He comes as the wolf in sheep's clothing. The Americans who applaud the robbery of Rome from the Church should study history, and learn the difference between the Rome of the Popes who patronized the arts and letters, aimed at the happiness of the people, and the bankrupt, venal, and scandalous Rome of Crispi, and his minions to-day.

2. A country is considered Catholic if the bulk of the people is Catholic,

though the ruler be Protestant. Thus people speak of the Catholic Province of Quebec, though it is under the Protestant Queen, Victoria. Spain is Catholic both in people and ruler. A Catholic ruler will not be enough to give the title Catholic to the nation. If Victoria were a Catholic, England would still be reckoned a Protestant nation. This mode of speaking, however, is to-day less in vogue than formerly, owing to the growing separation of Church and State.

3. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was a Catholic of Irish descent, educated in Catholic France. The clan of the O'Carroll's of which he was a descendant, was from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries one of the strongest in Ireland. Bishop Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop in the United States, was a cousin of Charles Carroll.

4. The parochial school as it exists here in the United States is of course of recent growth. The Church has had her schools from the days when she emerged from the Catacombs, in connection with the bishop's house, and with monasteries. Then, too, she has established the great universities of the world. She has always fostered learning, and in the days when the barbarians overran Europe, she alone preserved learning. Ireland at one time was a nation of scholars, and her schools were all parochial schools in fact, whatever their name. In Boston, nearly seventy years ago, the present Archbishop Williams received his early education in a small parochial school. The system, and the idea behind it, is coeval with the Church itself. The Church is the teacher of men, so divinely commissioned. The present plan of parochial schools has been mainly spreading within the past thirty years, as our Catholic population has been developing, with its religious needs for the children. Archbishop Ireland certainly favors parochial schools. So do all men who understand their reason of existence. Any opposition to them is based on misconception of their ideas and causes. There are defects in the parochial schools, as in all human institutions, and these defects are not approved by men who study what is for the advancement of the young. Approval of the parochial school does not mean condemnation of the public school nor opposition to it. The Catholic claims that the public schools are good, have given a great impetus to knowledge, but he finds in them a great want, inasmuch as they are to-day agnostic, recognizing no religious training nor teaching, developing the mind but not the heart of the child. This is not education, and it leaves the child untrained for the battle of life in morality, for there can be no morality without religion. Thinking men and women of all classes and religions are acknowledgng this defect in the public schools. The Catholic would gladly see the remedy applied in the public schools, but as it is not applied, he seeks to apply it where he can, in his own schools, at the cost of much sacrifice to himself, with the certainty of being misjudged and unjustly blamed by his fellow-citizens. He simply knows "It is better to obey God than man." Catholics can and do send their children to the public schools. The burden still remains with the parents to provide for the soul of the child the absolutely necessary spiritual food. Where a Catholic school is in a parish, and provides a secular education as good as the public schools, no parent can hesitate in his duty. His duty, as the Church

requires, is to send his child where the whole child, heart and mind, will be trained, and the honor and respect due to God shall be rendered Him by the child and those who train him. Catholic scholars are every day proving in examinations that the parochial schools are at least the equal (in many cases the superior) of the public schools in secular knowledge.

J. W. asks: 1. What is the doctrine of "intention"? Are the sacraments valid if the priest or bishop have not the proper intention? 2. What is meant by loss of faith? 3. In case of fire in a church, would it be right for a layman to remove the chalice with the Sacred Host, if there were no priest at hand? 4. If a person forgets to confess a sacrilege, is it forgiven with the other sins? 5. What is a Vicar-Apostolic? Can he ordain and confirm? 6. Which is higher in rank, a Dean or an Arch-Deacon? What are their duties?

1. The intention means that the person who is the minister of the Sacrament should mean to confer the Sacrament. An infidel who does not at all believe in the Sacrament may have this intention and validly act. Thus a doctor to whom Baptism has no meaning may at the parents' wish baptize a child, saying the words and pouring the water, and the Baptism is valid, if the doctor had the intention of doing whatever the Catholic Church meant or wished by that ceremony. So a bishop or a priest, as our correspondent asks, may be wicked or even an unbeliever, and yet give the Sacraments really and validly, while he simply does what the Church requires, and for the purpose that she requires. If he were to do outwardly all that is required for the conferring of the Sacraments, and in his mind decide that he did not intend to confer them, as his intention would be lacking, there would be no Sacrament. The fears J. W. has regarding the existence of such a state of things being at any time possible in the Church, despite the remarks of Slattery, will be dispelled by remembering that God is to be taken into account, and His promise is that the gates of hell will not prevail against His Church. A strong proof is afforded by the example of Slattery and his ilk: they get out of the Church. God is over all.

2. Loss of faith may be partial or total. A man may deny his belief in one article of faith, while still confessing all others. Practically, his faith is lost, as he denies that God tells the truth. He makes his own reason, and not God's word, the test of his belief. A man may deny all revelation, and guide his life solely on reason. Then, too, faith in Catholics is rather weakened than lost, and when they speak of having lost the faith, they generally mean that it is not as strong as formerly, has not the same influence to arouse them to action, does not show them the same hideousness of sin. They wish to have back the fervor and energy of the old faith and its happiness, but as the man in health can easily throw away his strength, then sigh for it, but recover it not at all or only slowly and with many endeavors, so for the man who has made a bad use of his faith. Faith is a gift of God, to be increased, and not trifled with.

3. Yes. It would be his duty.

4. Yes, but the obligation remains, as for any other sin, to tell it at the next Confession, and to explain that it was forgotten.

5. Vicars-Apostolic to-day are nearly always titular bishops in places where Episcopal sees have not been established, or where succession has been interrupted. These are generally, therefore, bishops and have the power of bishops.

6. Deans and Arch-Deacons are not in vogue in the United States.

In olden times they had certain powers and duties in the Church, and to-day likewise in countries where they exist. The Arch-Deacon would appear higher in rank than the Dean, as the written law provided that the archdeacon had the right along with the bishop to elect the dean. In chapters, the dean presides, but in general his duties are like those of the canons. In Germany, the deans have a power almost equal to that of the bishop. The Cardinal Dean is chief of the Sacred College, and is generally the oldest Cardinal Bishop. In the United States, the Vicar-General corresponds to what the archdeacon was in the olden times in Europe.

Questioner asks: 1. If the church is divine, how can it be called the congregation of the faithful on earth? 2. Is a person late for Mass if he comes in while the first gospel is going on? 3. What is meant by buying unnecessary things on Sunday?

1. The Church is divine in its founder; it is human in its members.

2. If a person loses a considerable or most important part of the Mass, he loses Mass. It is hard to give any general rule. The only practical way is to get to Mass in time.

3. Just what is said; things not necessary.

NEW MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. — Instrumental: Dance of the Whippoorwill, polka, Helen F. Lowe; Minuet, Henry Levy; Bagatelle, G. D. Wilson; Moonlight Festival, caprice, J. J. Gallaher; Polonaise Brilliante, G. D. Wilson; March Romaine, mandolin solo, piano and mandolins, and mandolin and guitar, Vincent Leon; I Love Thee Tenderly, Morceau, H. Leston; Red Bird Caprice, H. F. Lowe; Cavatina, mandolin and guitar, C. de Janon; Echoes from the Woodland, Morceau, H. Leston; Graceful Dance in "Henry VIII," Sir Arthur Sullivan; Coriebelle Waltz, C. W. Bennett; Cosmopolitan Caprice, Jos. Marks; Shepherd's Pipe, pastorale, L. Gregh; Juliet Mazurka, guitar, H. F. Keefe; Queen of the Roses Waltz, 2 banjos, H. F. Keefe; Dance of the Wood Nymphs, Morceau, J. J. Gallaher; Mischief Polka Mazurka, Frolic Schottische, Brownie Dance, guitar, Annie Moore; Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond, Edward Hoffmann; St. Stephen's Club, Twostep, John D. Creamer; Sword and Musket March, banjos and piano, G. C. Knight; Contentment, First Waltz, Galop, Barcarole, Cradle Song, beginners' pieces, P. A. Schnecker; On the Wing, banjo and piano, G. C. Knight; Minuet, P. A. Schnecker.

For the voice: A Dream, 2 keys, J. C. Bartlett; By the Fountain, alto, S. Adams; I Love, and The World is mine, Harriet B. Wills; Baby's Left her Honey Boy, Percy Gaunt; The Song of the Shirt, J. C. Bartlett; Flower of an Hour, John C. Dear; Darling Emeline. J. E. Lakeman; Patter of the Rain, W. F. Sudds; Rosey is a Gaiety Girl, Percy Gaunt; The Comforting Christ, sacred, G. B. Nevin; I Need Thee, Precious Jesus, sacred, G. B. Nevin; Hark My Soul, it is the Lord, sacred, L. R. Dressler; I Asked Three Little Maidens, S. N. Penfield; Brownie Song, Annie Moore; O My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose, J. F. Hadley; Thou Alone, Percy C. Orein; Who'd Not be a Vagabond, bass, Sidney Brown; Remember, Oh, Beloved, C. Lamar; Such a Timid Little Thing, Percy Gaunt.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Loyalty to Church and State, by Mgr. Satolli, has attracted wide-spread attention, owing to the author's position and abilities, as well as to the subject-matter treated. Coming a few years ago, as a stranger to these shores, the Ablegate of the Holy See has absorbed the spirit of our institutions and customs, and is imbued, as is Leo whom he represents, with the certainty that this is a great nation, destined for even greater achievements. He understands and appreciates the relations existing here between church and state, and his public utterances as recorded in this book are all in harmony with these relations which are found so satisfactory in practice. The character of the monsignor's mission is outlined in his own words before the Carroll Institute: "Justice, charity, and loyalty to church and country are always and everywhere, true characteristics of papal diplomacy." The speeches contained in this book have been delivered by the Delegate Apostolic in the United States, and they cover a range of subjects of the utmost importance; questions of education, temperance, the press, the Papacy, and of American institutions. The proceeds from the sale of the book are to be devoted to a most worthy object: the training of Catholic missionaries to the colored people. Baltimore: Murphy and Co.

Critical.

Suppressed Chapters might offer as the excuse for its existence that, in a unique and striking way, it has entered the field of criticism on certain popular authors and popular books. It is with a keen relish that we have perused the imaginary supplements of Robert Bridges to Du Maurier and Ibsen. We have seen nowhere such a clever hit at Ibsenism as in the conclusion arrived at by two whose lives are to be devoted to that vile cult. "Under the shadow of this awful gloom we can go through the world together, doing our little best to thicken the sorrow and despair wherever we find it. This is our destiny." And alas! how many a novelist is an Ibsenite in this day of degenerate fiction. The chapters are not all equally good, nor are the criticisms all just, or likely to meet with universal favor. The book is worthy of perusal, and if in its way it helps to check the downward tendency of literature, it deserves commendation. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte, by Richard Whateley, D. D., is an ingenious and timely book. It was published anonymously in 1819, and the present edition is from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Bishop Whateley has brought his extensive and well-trained powers as a logician to bear upon the history of Napoleon, and even while Napoleon was yet alive, and a prisoner at St. Helena, the reverend writer advanced arguments and chains of reasoning to set forth the impossibility of such a personage as the reputed Napoleon, and the incredibility of the accounts concerning him. The sarcasm, the ridicule, the genial laughter the author has all to himself, afford many a lesson to those iconoclasts who are turning everything into a myth. And those who are easily seduced by the mockery and the expressions of doubt that ignorant and blatant men throw about the great facts of history, both religious and secular, should read this book, and learn that even the existence and achievements of a living man may be called into doubt and denied as readily as those of the Redeemer of mankind.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is at all times an interesting writer, and so we knew beforehand we should learn something from his *Essays on Scandinavian Literature*. Well, after making allowance for the clear manner in which Mr. Boyesen has treated — and expurgated — his subject matter, we have learned that most Scandinavian literature is good only in small doses, and we decline forming any more than a second-hand acquaintance with the subject. The professor has treated sympathetically whatever is meritorious in the writers, with most of whom he appears to have been personally acquainted. With regard to what is less praiseworthy, Professor Boyesen's attitude is best explained by his remark concerning one writer: "I am not attempting to apologize, only to account, for him." Mr. Boyesen makes no endeavor to conceal his contempt for the few English translations that have been thus far produced. In his preface, he explains that a contemplated chapter on Ibsen grew to such proportions that it was published as a separate volume. What a pity! Life is too short, and its duties are too vast, to waste even a useless hour— if there can be any such—upon Ibsen. The present volume contains much biographical matter of interest to the general reader. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fiction.

No one writes like Frank Stockton. The charm of his delicate humor, of his quaintness, caprices, and impossible fancies that he makes so real, is all his own. What a keen relish he must have in the conception and the unweaving of a plan. He is an artist. No detail is omitted, no incident that is necessary to give the semblance of truth is forgotten. Many a young and careless writer could study Stockton's work with profit, to find out how skill and experience can make the most improbable tales not only probable but real to the imagination. Among the best of his books that we have seen is *The Adventures of Captain Horn*. It is a summer novel, leading the reader gently along to the discovery and disposal of the vast buried treasures of the Incas? What next? is the question the reader is asking himself in the unfolding of the strange story, and the writer answers every query in a way that pleases and fascinates. Scribners are the publishers.

The Macmillans have issued a new and cheap edition of *The Naulakha*, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. This novel was published originally as a serial in the "Century." It attracted much favorable comment at the time for its graphic and weird descriptions of life in the Western United States and in India, each of the colaborers appearing to write his personal knowledge of the scenes and places. Kipling is deservedly a favorite, and the Macmillans are favoring the public in printing the works that are liked at accessible prices.

Sometimes we become so accustomed to seeing a subject indifferently treated that a faithful rendering of the same theme seems at first, erroneous. Thus in the eight short stories entitled *Maureen's Fairing*, by Jane Barlow, we note the almost total absence of the conventional Irish type. But no one who is familiar with the Irish people, and who compares the present apt rendering of their quaint, witty phrases with some of the senseless jargon that authors often impute to them, can doubt that this writer's knowledge has been gained at first-hand. The stories, while not pretentious, are bright and wholesome, and contain many truthful and poetic touches. The book would please the average boy or girl reader, and has, besides its literary merit, a very artistic make-up to recommend it. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Poetry.

A book of verses, entitled *A Bank of Violets*, by Fanny H. Runnells Poole, contains poems of an irregular degree of merit. The verses seem at times spontaneous, and again labored and far-fetched. There are indications of a strong love of nature, friendship, and heaven, but that love is sometimes fancifully rather than poetically expressed. The healthy and cheerful tone of the author is worthy of attention. There is no line of pessimism nor of despair. There is on every page the breath of the sweet violets, redolent with the fragrance of hope and of life. The volume has an unusually pretty setting. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Religious.

Father Elliott's mission work among Protestants had this among other good effects, to bring a number of inquiries from thinking and investigating minds outside the Catholic Church. Father Elliott's Question Box has been placed at the disposal of another member of the Congregation of St. Paul, Rev. George M. Searle, himself a convert from Protestantism, and one familiar with the creeds and denials, as well as the needs of the American people. The result has been a com-

pilation by Fr. Searle, entitled *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*. We must highly commend this book for Catholics as well as for Protestants. It is in a neat, handy form, is simple, direct, and charitable in its exposition of Catholic doctrine, and will greatly aid Catholics to answer the questions propounded to them every day in the shop and at the work-bench. The book is published at 50 cents, but we would like to see the sale of it so large, that the publishers could find it profitable to issue it at half that price. The book will do great good, and deserves a speedy and extended success. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange.

The lives of holy men and women have always a lesson to convey, and the busy world ought from time to time to pause in its labors, and look upon the examples of sanctity and devotion afforded by those who consecrate their lives to the betterment of the human family. This month we have at hand the lives of two men and of two women, representatives of some of the great orders of the Church.

St. Anthony of Padua is a name to conjure with. His life was one of marvels, one to astonish with its stupendous miracles, and one to edify for its intrinsic value and its consecration to prayer and to work. Father Ubaldus Da Rieti, himself a *Franciscan*, has written a simple and earnest account of the great son of the Seraphic Order, Anthony of Padua, and the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, has given a creditable dress to the author's exposition. Anthony belonged to the age of the Church that is most remarkable for sanctity in its children, and we need the spiritual element of a life as grand and noble as was his to serve as an antidote to the ignoble and materialistic spirit of to-day.

The year 1500 witnessed in Spain the birth of one whose influence as a man of piety and of learning was felt among the people and the princes of that kingdom, then in the zenith of her glory. The Augustinian Fathers rejoice in the beatification of one of their number, in 1881, by Leo XIII, and the account of the life of *Blessed Alphonsus Orozco* is from the pen of Rt. Rev. Thomas Camara, O. S. A., Bishop of Salamanca. The work has been translated from the Spanish by Rev. W. A. Jones, O. S. A. The most interesting portion of this book for the general reader will be that relating to the Saint's life at the Court of Philip II. We are all deeply interested in all that pertained to Spain during the century following upon the discovery of America. The Blessed Alphonsus had the yearning of the priests of his time to labor in America for the salvation of the newly-found souls, but Providence had other designs. Charles V, and afterwards Philip II, had him established as preacher at the royal court, and were accustomed to consult him upon the deepest affairs of state and of religion. They found him a fearless preacher, respecting not the person of men, and a wise counsellor, looking for the glory of God and the advancement of Spain. A page of especial note is that recording his utterances on the ever-present conflict between riches and poverty. His is the unswerving and never-changing doctrine of Christian charity. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

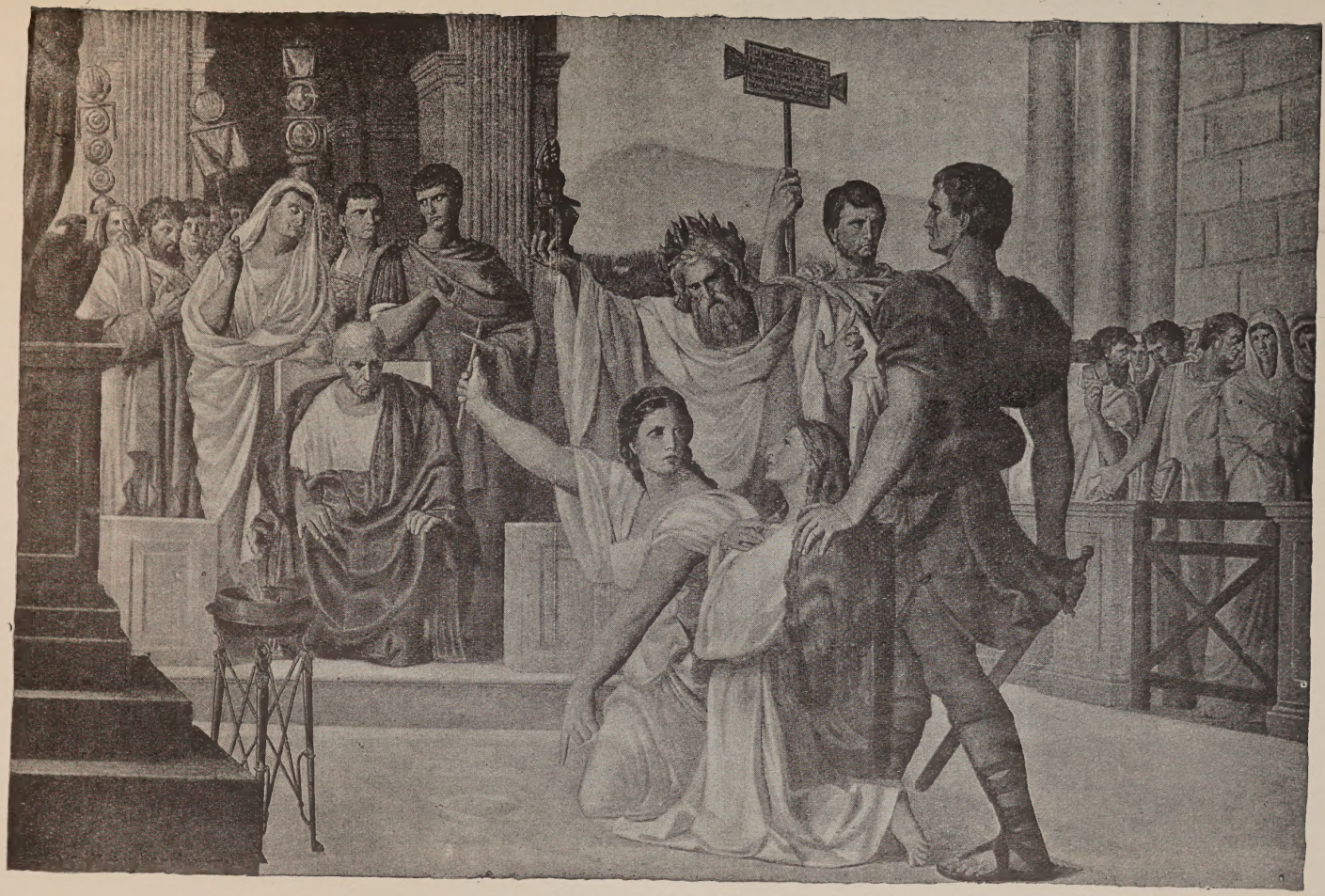
A book to which we extend a cheery welcome is *On the Road to Rome*, by William Richards. One who has journeyed over the difficult ways can best indicate the route to others, and there are always souls anxious to know the way to truth, and to the Church, that has been appointed as the guardian of truth. To such, this little book will prove a true friend.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, we have received an extensive work by Father Palladino, S. J. It is called *Indian and White in the Northwest*, and is a history of a half-century's Catholicity in Montana. The story of early missionaries to savage tribes, their successes and their defeats, the workings of grace upon the untutored soul, the progress and the development of the Church and of civilization in the wilderness, that is made "to blossom as the rose," must have ever a charm for the Catholic reader. Father Palladino has given us a work of remarkable simplicity, extending into the language and the numerous photogravures. The annals have the air of truth, so pleasing to the reader, and of truth that is stranger than fiction. Books like these will furnish the material whence the future historian shall draw. The question of Indian schools finds its ready solution in the accounts of a good work accomplished among the little ones, by those who gave their life's best work to the training of mind and of heart.

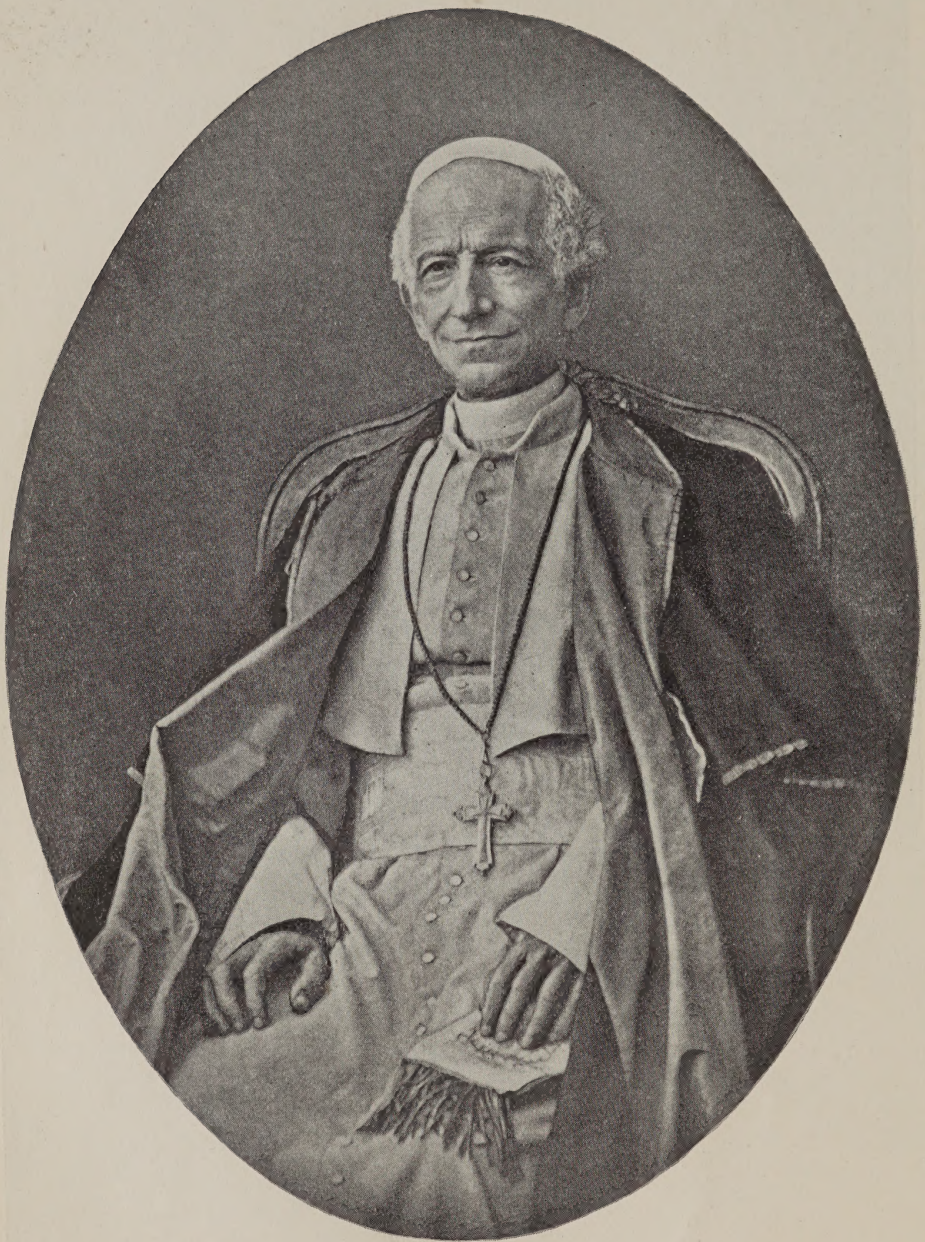
Miscellaneous.

Rev. D. A. Quinn, of Providence, R. I., has invented a science and a phrase in his *Stenotypy, or Shorthand for the Typewriter*, and the volume which he publishes under that title possesses sufficient originality to merit a close study of its theories. His system of stenotypy is practical only where a typewriter can be used, so that it does not compete with stenography in reporting public speeches, or in general commercial correspondence. Father Quinn's system deserves to be investigated by clergymen, lawyers, lecturers, and others who have occasion to prepare manuscript for private reading. It is very easily learned. Providence, R. I.: Rev. D. A. Quinn.

The Story of Patriots' Day is fittingly narrated by George J. Varney, who combines solid fact and graphic description in a measure calculated to impress upon the reader's mind those eventful happenings of "the most important date in our nation's calendar." The story of the "Midnight Ride" is told in Paul Revere's own words, as contributed by him to the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1798. The book contains also the poems brought out in the first observance of the holiday in 1894, and a description of the method in which different cities, towns, and societies celebrated the day. Boston: Lee & Shepard.



THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.



THE HOLY FATHER.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE POPE AT HOME.

BY BERNARD MORGAN.

YOU are in Rome, and are going to spend a whole day with the Pope by a special invitation, which has never been accorded anyone before. The streets are cool as you wend your way over the Sistine bridge skirting the walls of Hadrian's mausoleum, and straight on till you reach the great piazza of St. Peter's where the two large fountains are singing their morning song. You enter the great bronze doors on the right where — hypothetically — the Swiss guards let you pass without question or demur. Straight before you rises Bernini's grand staircase with its marvellous perspective, but you do not get so far, for you turn up another staircase on the right, where the walls and steps are gleaming marble, meeting on your way up a few more Swiss guards, one or two of the red-robed *bussolanti* and a stray chamberlain with purple cassock and soprano, and eventually reaching the first flight which looks out on the court of San Damaso.

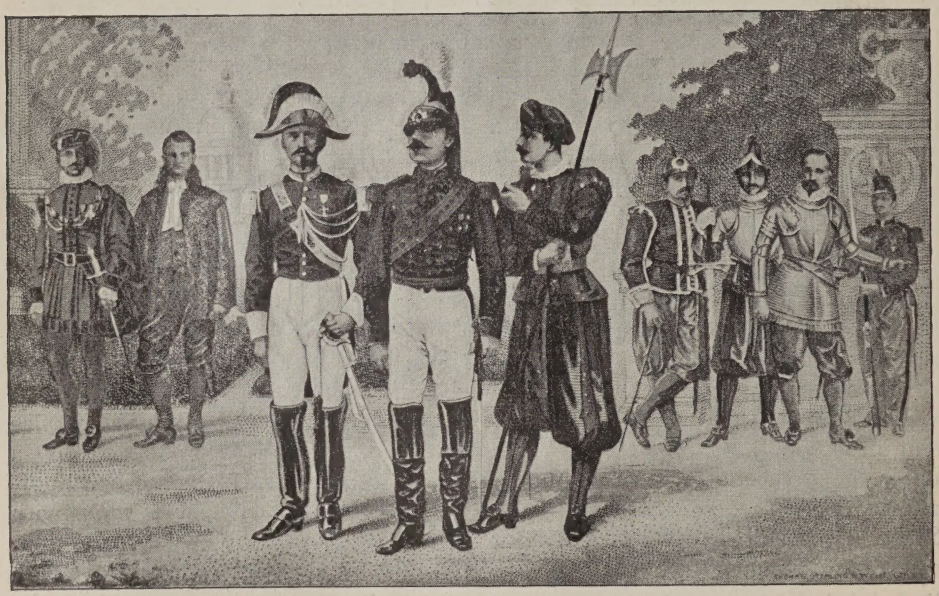
The immense vestibule with its deep vault covered with frescoes, and the general richness of the surroundings, prepare you for still more spacious and magnificent halls. You follow the example of one of the *bussolanti*, and lifting the heavy portiere find yourself in the *Sala dei Bussolanti*, where the marble floors catch the quick reflection of the red and purple robes of the moving figures. A minute more and the little clock on the credence table begins to strike — one, two, three — seven o'clock, but before it has finished, its call is answered by a number of others from the neighboring rooms, and the air is alive with the tinkling notes, chasing, catching, and blending with one another like a choir of sprightly fays, while the great mellow bell of St. Peter's booms a musical bass to their lively treble.

Among the group of attendants who begin to bustle at the sound of the clocks you may single out one figure, who, crossing the room, takes a key from his pocket and opens the door of a private passage, which enables him to avoid passing through the Sala degli Arazzi with its world-famed tapestries, the Sala del Concistorio where papal allocutions are delivered, cardinals created, and bishops confirmed, the Sala del Trono

where distinguished guests are received in private audience, and the three other rooms hung respectively in yellow, blue, and red silks which serve as antechambers to the Pope's bedroom. Here he takes another key from his pocket and opens another door, and you know now that this tall young *simpaticone* in the purple cassock is Centra, the Pope's personal attendant—and jailer.

"Jailer?" You query in surprise. It is, however, really so. To all intents and purposes Leo XIII is a prisoner in his own room from dark till daylight. When the evening closes, the Pope shuts himself in with a key of which he is sole possessor, while Centra locks an outer door with another which never leaves his person, except in the rare event of his being absent from the Vatican for some days.

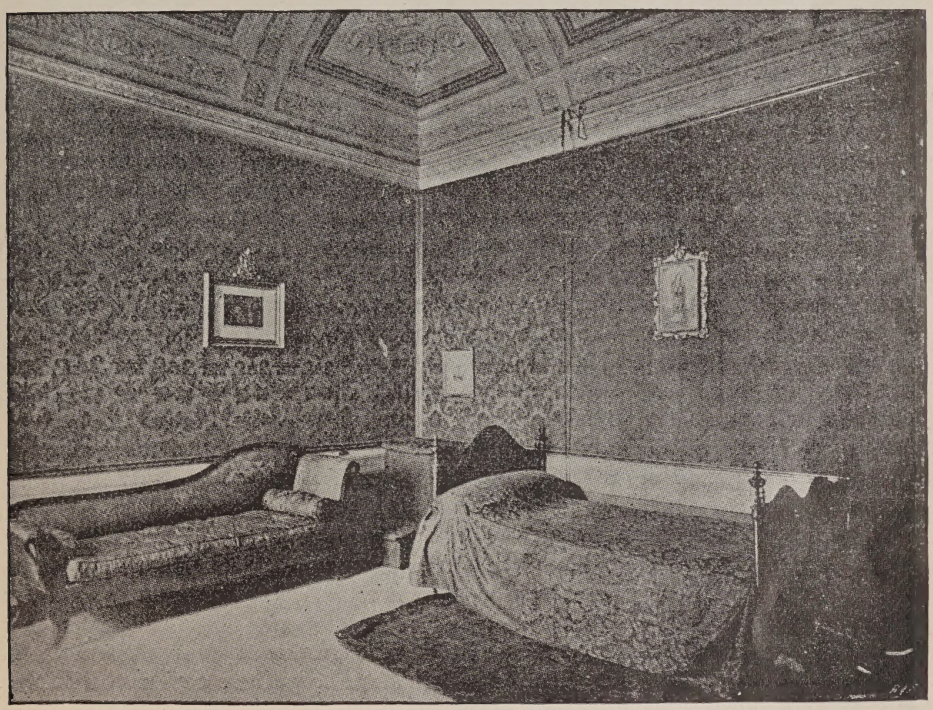
A bell rings from within and Centra enters to answer the inevitable question: "*Che tempo fa?*—What is the weather like?" The answer, "*Fa bello*" or "*Fa brutto, santo padre,*" means a good deal to the octogenarian pontiff, whose health and powers of work for the day are materially affected by the weather, especially if it chances that the *Fa brutto* means the breath of the sirocco as Romans call it now or the *plumbeus Auster* (the leaden south wind) as Horace used to call it, long ago.



OFFICERS AND ATTENDANTS OF THE POPE'S HOUSEHOLD.

Centra's first task is to assist the Pope in putting on the white woollen cassock, arranging the gold chain over his shoulders and fastening the pectoral cross in front. Then the pontiff kneels at the prie-dieu in his room and reads the prayers *ante* missam. This finished, he moves into the next apartment with a lighter step than might be expected from his years and cares. The room is arranged as an oratory with an altar

and vesting-table, and benches for the few faithful who are fortunate enough to secure admission to the Pope's mass. Mgr. Cagiano da Azevedo or Mgr. Bisletti (his private chaplains), is there to assist him in vesting, and in a few minutes he is at the foot of the altar. You can hear the strong, resonant voice beginning the *Introibo* and see the bent form bending lower still, as he strikes his breast and owns the triple *mea culpa* of sinful humanity.



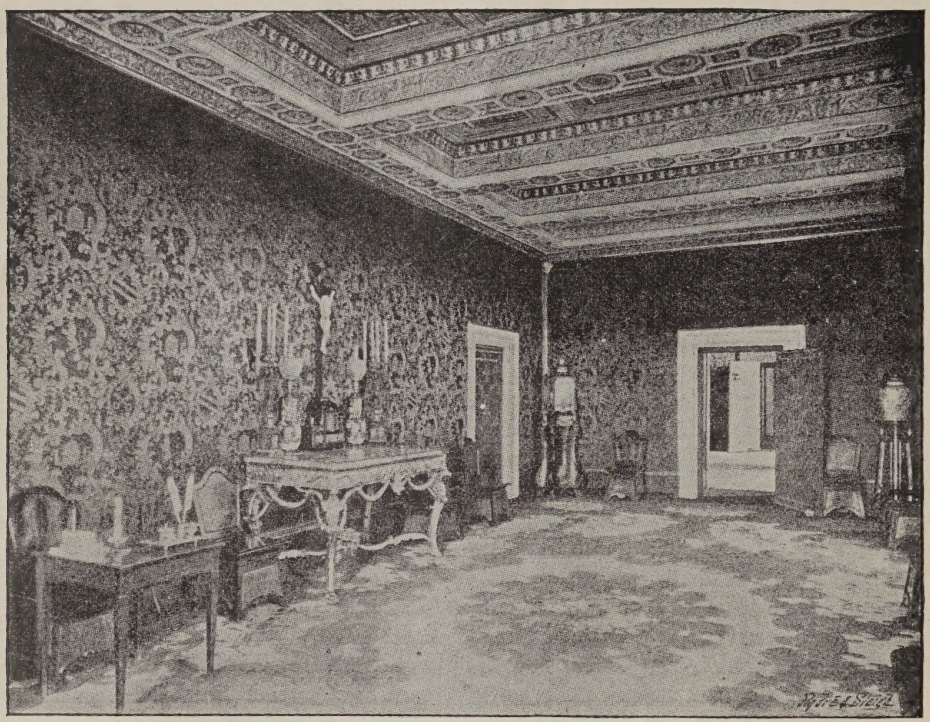
THE POPE'S BEDCHAMBER.

You know Pope Leo better after hearing him say mass once, than after a dozen private audiences. His whole character speaks out in every tone of the liturgy, in every movement of the rubrics. Every syllable of the Latin comes to your ear with its own meaning, and with Leo's feeling of it, and no young levite straining after preciseness in every detail of his first mass could observe the prescribed rules of movement, gesture, and voice more faithfully than does the priest of the Vatican. He does indeed deviate in one respect—when, moving from the centre of the altar to the side, he supports himself by resting his hand on the altar—a solitary and necessary concession to old age.

To the same old age you must ascribe the fact that the Pope's low mass takes nearer three-quarters than half an hour. When he leaves the altar, the chaplain is ready to begin his mass and the Pope, unvested, kneels at a faldstool near the gospel side to make his thanksgiving. For a few minutes he reads the prayers

after mass from a book held for him by one of the attendants; then his face is buried in the red cushion of the faldstool, and through the stillness, broken only by the prayers and responses of the mass or the turning of a prayer-book leaf, there rises every now and then a voice like the stifled moan of a lion, filling the whole chapel, and making you feel as if you saw the whole burden of the Catholic world weighing on the feeble shoulders of the old man. Before that prie-dieu, where a man is lamenting that he is pope, where a pope begs Him whose vicar he is to have pity on his weakness, you realize the crushing weight of that office which the medieval illuminators represented with a cathedral on its shoulders and the dragons of hell at its feet.

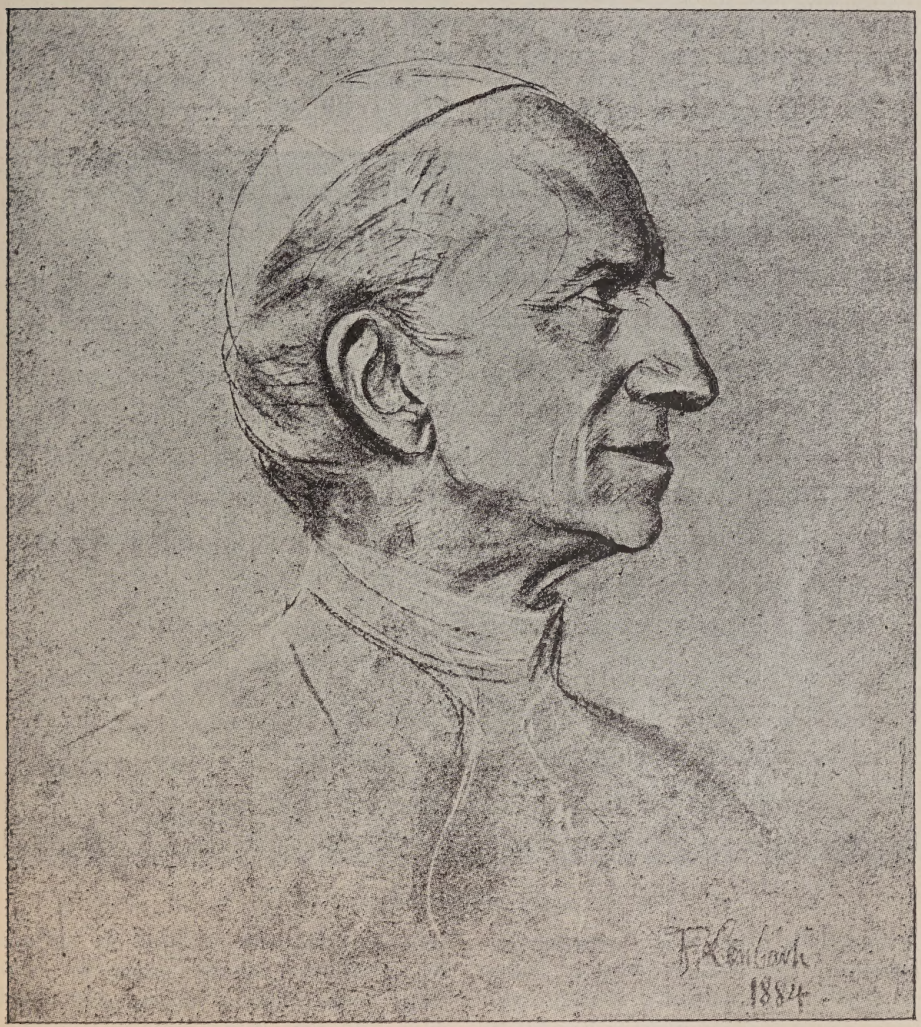
Mass and thanksgiving are over about nine o'clock. The visitors retire, unless they are to be received in audience, and the Pope returns to his study where Centra brings him the first of the slight meals of the day. This consists of a little consommé and a few chocolate pastilles, but you hardly wonder at the lightness of the repast when you forget the work that Leo will have to do on it, and remember only the shadowy body that looks as if it might have walked out of one of the frames of the ecstatic *Passioni*, with which the Crivellis and Mantegnas have adorned the Vatican.



ANTECHAMBER OF THE POPE'S STUDY.

The privileged visitors who are to be received by His Holiness are not kept waiting long. In a few minutes they are conducted by one of the chamberlains to the Pope's library,

where each in turn kneels before him. Here you will have the best opportunity of observing the singularly impressive presence of Leo XIII. When your turn comes to kneel at his feet and you raise your eyes from the embroidered cross on his slipper, you realize to the full what a frail figure is Leo's. Seventeen years of the Supreme Pontificate and eighty-five of an active, anxious life, have worn the scabbard of the keen blade. You feel almost as if the gold pectoral cross were too heavy an ornament for such a body. The hands resting on the chain, with the ring of the Fisherman gleaming on one of the fingers, prepare you for what you will see in the face. Every bone and vein in them is visible under the dull,

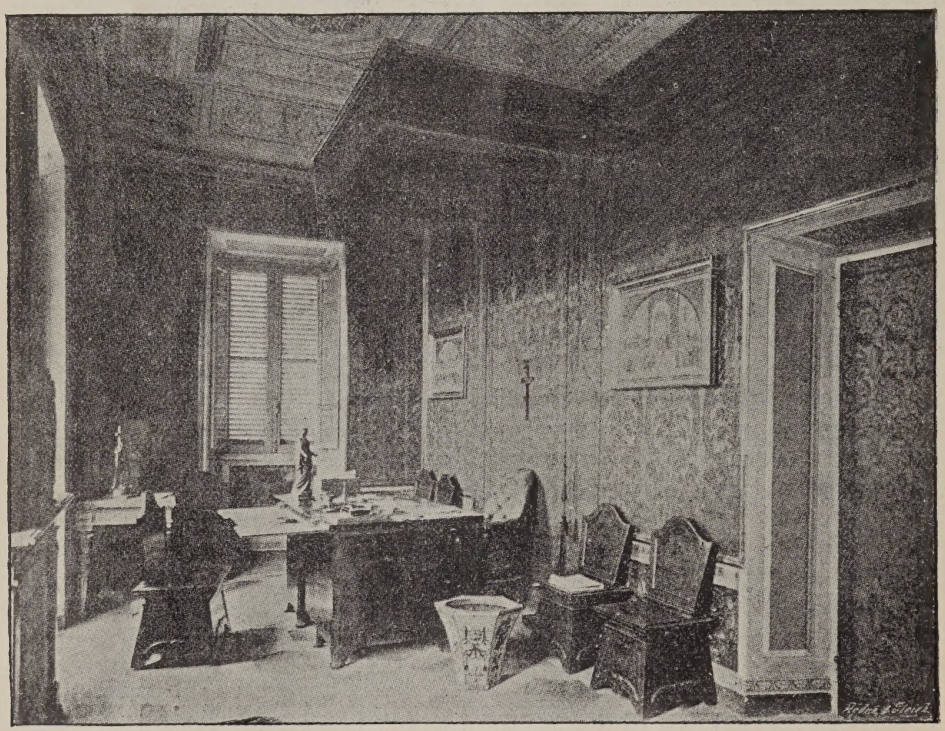


LEO XIII. AFTER LENBACH'S FAMOUS SKETCH, 1884.

alabaster skin, and every now and then a nervous current runs to the tips of the wasted fingers, that have penned so many world-stirring encyclicals.

But the face is what strikes you most forcibly in Leo's person. Colorless, except for the dead alabaster tint you have remarked in the hands, and the dull blue veins in temple and forehead, it gives you a strange impression of transparency. Taken separately the features, if characteristic, are certainly neither handsome nor regular, but the expression of the whole is well calculated to excite reverence; and when the coal-black, piercing eyes which still preserve all their fire and brightness, as if Leo's soul had deserted the rest of his body to dwell in them, light up with a smile of kindness, it will win love as well.

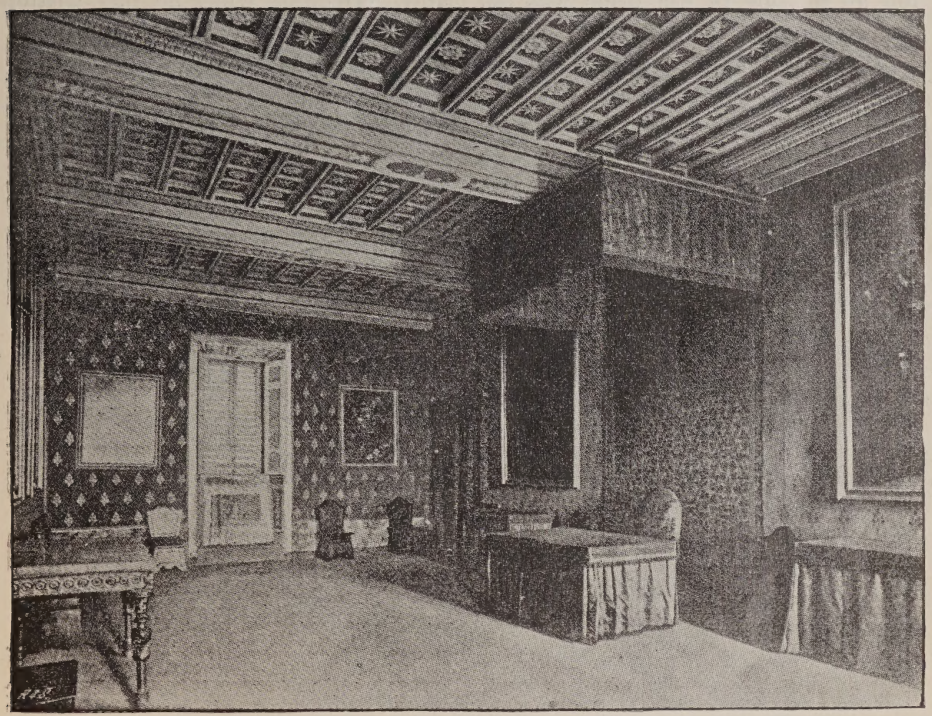
Everybody who has enjoyed the privilege of a special audience with Pope Leo has been captivated by the magic of his sympathy. Without possessing what might have been called the *bonhommie* of Pius IX, Leo is what the Italians describe as *sympatico* — which means just *sympatico*, without a word in the English language to express it. When he inquires about yourself and your home and family, you feel that he is not simply making talk, but that he really takes a personal interest in you. The Pope really delights in having a visitor who will speak to him. You run a poor chance, however, of saying much, as the chamberlains surrounding the Holy Father are past masters in the



THE POPE'S STUDY.

art of shortening an interview. Unless you are specially lucky, you discover that all the pains you had taken to brush the cobwebs from your Latin, French, or Italian—the only languages in which Pope Leo converses — are more or less in vain. But if you do happen to be successful in eluding the vigilance of the chamberlains, the Pope will surprise you by showing his knowledge of, and interest in, something of local interest to you, albeit you hail from wayback or from the tiny town of Skibbereen. When the writer had the privilege of a private audience some time since, the Pope, after hearing where he came from, knew at once who his bishop was, and made inquiries about a certain work which had shortly before been undertaken in the diocese.

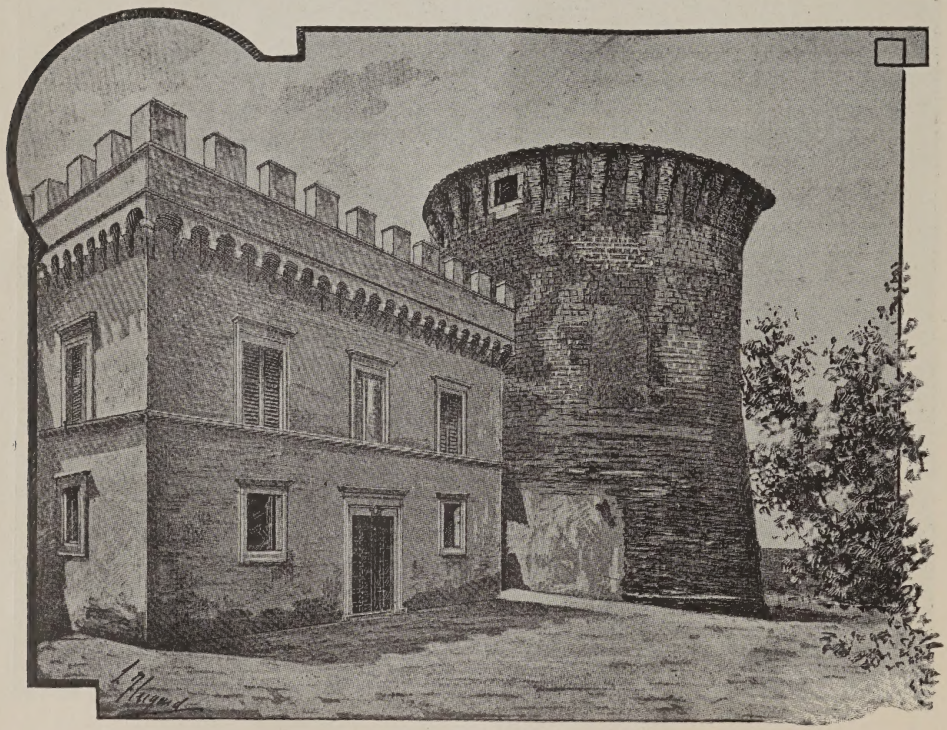
Audiences have become more difficult to obtain within the last few years, but efforts are made to gratify as many as possible of the tens of thousands who flock every year to the Eternal City from all parts of the world. Very few are purposely excluded—but there are some. A few years ago the writer met Mr. Stead on the day following his arrival in Rome. He had come fortified with a warm letter of introduction to the Cardinal Vicar from Cardinal Manning. The former editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has, as all the world knows, a great many ideas and he let it be understood that he was going to give the Pope a few useful hints about



THE POPE'S DINING ROOM.

the management of the Church. During the three weeks following, I, in common with thousands of others, read a series of letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* dated *The Vatican* and signed *W. T. Stead,* giving the most precise information of the Pope's plans. Alack for Mr. Stead's reliability, all he saw of the Vatican was the galleries open to the public, and all he saw of the Pope was his study. There is only one important piece of furniture in the room — the *tavolino* with its crucifix of ivory and ebony, its inkstand and goose-quill, and the crystal vase holding the snuff with which Leo every other minute stimulates his thinking powers.

Until 10 o'clock, the Pope's time will be occupied in erasing, changing, and perfecting what he has written



THE GREGORIAN TOWER, VATICAN GARDENS.

latest portrait in Federici's window! The late Francis Maynard of the Paris *Figaro* was equally unsuccessful, and Zola, during his late raking among the filth and offal of Rome, was of course excluded.

When the audience is over and the Pope makes an only half-successful attempt to raise his hand in blessing, you move away and Leo returns to the previous day. The rough idea jotted down the evening before on a slip of paper, is now polished *ad unguem* till it becomes rounded into the form which reminds us so much of Sallust, Leo's great model in Latinity. He is obliged to use both hands in writing, the left supporting the right and controlling the nervous twitchings of old age. When the work is

finished, the numerous little slips of paper will be sent to sleep in a drawer, the key of which never leaves the Holy Father's person, and will there remain until the time comes to piece them together and give them to the 250,000,000 Catholics and the whole civilized world, as one of those majestic encyclicals which are of such potent influence now, and which may-hap some Von Ranke of the thirtieth century may quote with approval.

While the worker is thus busy over his desk, the clock in a neighboring room strikes ten, and before the sound has died, a silent figure has glided into and across the study. He is a tall man with a dark, strong face, dressed in the red silk *feriola* and skull-cap of a cardinal, and carrying a portfolio under his arm. This is Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's Secretary of State. It is not often that Leo commits himself to open praise of any of his contemporaries, and therefore, his remark to the cardinal's mother, "Ah! Signora, you have a great son," is a very high tribute to the estimation in which he holds the silent, retiring Secretary. Every morning at ten precisely, he brings all the news of importance that has happened throughout the world, with written comments which the Pope at once proceeds to analyze.

After this come the affairs of the papal household. And what a household that must be where $5,000 must be found every morning — to say nothing of the twenty-five cents which Pope Leo allows for his daily food! The Pope personally supervises all the expenses of the Vatican, and knows the why and wherefore of every centime paid out of St. Peter's treasury. His public munificence and private charities are well known, and M. Boyer d'Agen tells us that the Pope takes delight in pilfering small sums from his own safe, and keeping them in his room or on his person, so that he may be able to distribute them privately. Whether this little trait is apocryphal or not, we cannot say, but it is certainly more likely to be true than another told by the same writer. Before the disastrous crash of the Banca Romana some of the papal funds had been invested in that concern. The Jesuits requiring some money, Pope Leo "suggested" that they should borrow from the bank at 6 per cent. A suggestion of this kind, the teller of the story naively remarks, was equivalent to a command, unless some means were devised to elude it. While the matter was still pending, the Pope was informed of a rumor (who ever could have started it?) to the effect that he was engaged on an encyclical *Contra Usurarios*—against the usurers. The story is not true of course, *ma è ben trovato* as the Italians say.

This carefulness and personal interest in matters of detail are entirely characteristic of Pope Leo. Every appointment at the Vatican is made by the Pope himself—generally at the last possible moment, and frequently of such a nature as to surprise everybody.

Amazement rather than surprise would be the word to express the general feeling in Rome when Mgr. Satolli was chosen as delegate to America. People are now beginning to suspect that the appointment meant a great deal more than a delegation, and that it may not be without influence on the next conclave.

While we are on the subject of appointments, we may remark on the extreme deliberation with which Pope Leo makes them. He speaks and acts about future appointments

and enterprises as if he had given himself a definite time in the future for carrying out all his plans. This may be partly explained by another story which has become current lately, and which we give with due reserve. It is said that seventeen years ago a pious old priest in Rome named Padre Philippo, being asked who would be elected pope in the conclave then pending, answered with perfect assurance that Cardinal Pecci would be pontiff and that he would reign for twenty years. After his accession the new Pope, hearing the story, sent for Padre Philippo and questioned him as to how or why he had fixed on the stated period. But the good priest could only repeat that he knew it would be so, and ever since Leo has acted on the belief that he and the century will make their exit almost simultaneously.

Meanwhile what is Pope Leo doing now? We have seen what a busy morning he has had thus far with mass, audiences, writing, and foreign and domestic affairs. Midday is the time usually fixed for the very special private audiences which are given to kings, princes, and celebrities of all kinds. In the case of a crowned head the Pope receives his guest in the throne room, surrounded by a few cardinals, who withdraw into a neighboring apartment when the monarch is introduced. People at the Vatican have not yet forgotten — Cardinal Rampolla, they say, will never forget it—how an emperor's son a few years ago, broke abruptly with all the stately etiquette prescribed for such occasions, by shaking hands with Leo and then passing on the pontiff's hand to his companion who also pressed it quite familiarly.

This function over, the pontiff sits down to his noonday meal. Etiquette requires that this should be eaten alone, but even if etiquette were not in the way, the meagre fare, consisting of a Roman *pagnotella,* some *pecorino* from Carpineto and a *frittata* of some kind would hardly tempt a gourmand.

Air, his *pabulum vitae* is what Leo chiefly requires; so after his morning's work and his noonday repast, he takes it in the Vatican gardens. A few steps through the rooms of his apartment bring him to Raphael's loggie, where the red portantina or chair, with its red-robed bearers, is waiting for him. He is then carried through the library and across the della Pigna courtyard, and is put down at the gate known as the Cancello della Lecca. Here his carriage is drawn up with a papal gendarme on each side and an officer in front. The Holy Father is assisted into the carriage and away starts the little equipage at a trot along the oak bordered avenues, while the *sediarii* follow leisurely on foot.

The Villa Pia with its rich but unfinished portico is soon reached and passed, a few turns are made through the winding avenues of dwarf oaks and rose laurels, and the cortege draws up where the little cascade of the Eagle is laughing in the sunshine. Here as a rule the Holy Father alights. Looking down the dark avenues which frame the sunny picture beyond, he can see the great round mass of Sant Angelo with its gleaming archangel on top, or the height of Monte Mario to its left. Sometimes when the air is heavy, the Pope leans on one of his attendants, but as a rule he trusts to the aid of his stick, and walks the short distance that separates him from his favorite vine-trellis, which forms a covered path to the famous old tower of the

Città Leonina. The Pope is very fond of this vine which he planted with his own hand, and every year, when the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" comes round, he may be seen with a basket in one hand and a bill-hook in the other gathering the fruits of his planting. Another of the Pope's delights is the tending of his exquisite tea-roses. The little plot might be covered by half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, but it fills more of the Pope's heart than half his Raphaels.

When he has finished his inspection of vine and roses, Leo moves slowly up the slope leading to the old tower and the annexed building raised during his own pontificate, his suite waiting below. It needs no very imaginative mind to be stirred by the latent symbolism of the picture, when the white, frail figure of Leo XIII enters within the thick walls that were raised by another Leo, and that have seen the days of sunshine and storm which have passed over the papacy for more than a thousand years. The top of the tower has now been turned into an observatory, but there is one chamber in it reserved inviolate for His Holiness. No business, no matter how urgent, is allowed to intrude here. The only exception to the Draconian law of exclusion has been made in favor of the painter Ugolini who has had all his sittings in this room. Leo is well aware that time has made its mark deep and heavy on him, but when asked how he wished to be painted his answer was *"Come papa"* — as Pope. To this reply we owe the smiling, youthful visage of Ugolini's well-known picture. Pecci has disappeared but the Pope is there, full of majesty, comeliness, and benevolence, and grace is knit with strength in the immortally youthful front of our Judas Maccabæus.

Entering the new building annexed to the tower, you find yourself in a little antechamber with a door opposite leading into another room, where the Pope receives any urgent embassies which require immediate attention. On one side is the staircase leading to the tower chamber to which the Pope alone has access. Two windows look out on the immense dome, and a balcony outside one of them conducts to a small room furnished with a couch and armchair. Here Leo takes the siesta which no Roman can do without when the days wax long and the midday heat becomes too relaxing for work. Half-past two is the dinner hour--the dinner being invariably two eggs and a little wine served on a small table near the desk in the room of the tower, where the rest of the afternoon is spent in writing or reading.

When dusk begins to fall and the old walls and trees and dome are touched with those inexpressible tints of gold and purple which nobody who has seen Roman sunsets can ever forget, the Holy Father's day "in the country" is over. The red *portantina* which bore him to the *Cancello della Lecca* in the morning now takes him back from the tower, passing on its way the pontifical coachhouse where, under their housings, the eight gilded carriages of oldtime splendor await the return of better days in the Eternal City, when the people will throng again about their wheels for the blessing of the papa-re.

From the city to the palace is but a step, yet what a contrast! There the lights are glancing on the yellow Tiber. The streets of a summer's night are thronged with merry-makers, and gay with festive shops and brilliant equipages rolling on

their way to ball or theatre, but within Bernini's giant colonnade girdling the piazza of St. Peter's, all is hushed save for the hoarse rhythm of the two great fountains looming out in the growing darkness. A stray light twinkles in one or other of the 12,000 Vatican rooms. Leo XIII has recited his daily rosary with one of his private chaplains, and when the tireless old man of eighty-five seats himself again before his writing table all the stars are in the sky. They are the same stars whose splendor Ovid hymned when he left the same Rome for exile among the Scythians. Only one star, a veritable *lumen in coelo*, is added to the constellation—the Pope's little lamp, gleaming like a beacon in the night and lighting up the wan face of the *People's Pope*.

THE MONARCH.

BY WILLIAM L. WILEY.

Bending before the mighty blast,
  Upon the mountain side,
Stands the oak of the century,
  The monarch in his pride.

In every gale its strength untold,
  Hath kept it fast and strong,
Its anchoring roots are deeper set,
  And firmer every prong.

There is no peer to rear its head,
  Beside its stately form,
Alone in all its majesty,
  Defying every storm.

KEOL SHEE.*

BY JAMES BENJAMIN DOLLARD.

Have you heard of the fairies of lone Knoc-Buee?
At the weird midnight
In measure light
They skip through the glens with elfin glee;
Gaily dancing all together
On the soft up-springing heather
Round the pale-flowered eglantine
That is fondled lovingly
By the closely-clinging bine.
This the echo of the melody on lone Knoc-Buee that rings,
This the burden of the ditty that the fairy-choir sings:

"When the fair fields bask in the glow of day
Deep down in the earth we hide away,
And our palace homes are richer far
Than the halls of Orient monarchs are.

"Hie away! Hie away!
Let the wide vales ring to our elfin play.
The pale flowers fold their petals bright
And the *banshee* cries in the lonesome night.

"But when shadows fall on the darkening hills
And all is peace save the restless rills,
When the horned moon sails full gloriously
A golden boat in an azure sea —

"Then hie away! Hie away!
From *rath*, and cairn, and castle gray,
From haunted hollow and shaded glen
We come to our eerie sport again.

"Softly our airy buskins fall
As we circle round the fox-glove tall;
Though light the sleep of the mountain-bird,
Not e'en by him are our footfalls heard.

"Hie away! Hie away!
Let the elfin pipers sweetly play
Afar as the yellow moonbeams glance
Our comrade sprites on the hilltop dance.

"Soft on each mountain the moonbeams rest;
They gloat on the valley's verdant breast;
In the dim-lit glynn by the haunted stream
Pale burns the glow-worm's fitful gleam.

"Hie away! Hie away!
From the midnight hour till the break of day
So in wild cadence the whole night long
Let the echoes answer our fairy song."

* Song of the Fairies.

BUDDHISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

BY MGR. CHARLES DE HARLEZ.*

MEN who by their human passions become estranged from Christianity, yet feel within them that aspiration after the Divine which is innate in every human heart, turn to some other religion for satisfaction for the cry of conscience, and those of them whose souls are accessible to lofty feeling naturally incline towards the doctrines which best correspond with those philanthropic needs and tendencies which obtain to-day in all civilized countries. Even in the eyes of many sceptics, the philanthropic character of a religion is held to excuse an adhesion which were otherwise the butt of ridicule.

Herein lies the explanation of the present popularity of Buddhism and of the attempt, equally irrational, to spread it among Christian peoples, even to the extent of substituting it for Christianity. This is why Buddhism, on the one hand is lauded to the skies, while on the other the religion of Christ is made out to be a copy of Gautama's doctrines—and a poor copy at that.

After this thesis has been established by arguments suited to the necessities of the case, nothing can be more natural than to add: The Gospel (a purely human work) marked a progress in the life of Western civilization, but the Gospel has had its day and must now give place to its long-neglected model; the kingdom of Buddhism has come. Many do not hold this latter conclusion, and stop at the former. Christianity is unmasked and antiquated—make room now for the cults inspired by human reason, or for unbelief pure and simple.

For the man who holds truth as the highest of blessings and is daunted by none of its consequences; who, at the same time, has deeply at heart the welfare of his kind, this picture cannot be other than distressing. He may well ask himself how men can so delude themselves, how they can blind themselves to the most evident facts that are before their eyes, or take for granted the assertions of men whose interest it is to justify their conduct by their principles.

God, who has commanded every one of us to have a care for his neighbor *(mandavit unicuique de proximo suo)* wishes us to employ our strength and knowledge for the enlightenment of our brethren under the sway of error, and in bringing home to them the reality of which passion or ignorance robs them.

This is the aim we have in penning these few pages—to reassure the consciences of our coreligionists, and to point out the right road to those who have been unwittingly drawn into devious paths. God forbid that we should in any way tamper with the truth, either to exalt the Christianity we love or decry the great religion of Asia. Far from that, we recognize in this latter one of the noblest attempts ever made by the human mind to pierce the veil hiding from us the invisible, the world of the soul and of the future life. We freely admit that after the religion of the early Chinese and Zoroastrianism, nothing greater is to be found among human works.

* Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Louvain.

Buddhism has inspired its teachers with sublime pages, which would not disfigure our books of Catholic piety. There is nothing surprising in this. The Avesta, the Kings, the laws of Manon, all contain the like—they are the outpourings of that heart which God has put within us, and which Tertullian has so justly described as naturally Christian.

In every system which is not entirely devoid of reason—and there are very few such—there must necessarily be some traits of resemblance with the religion of Christ, and these will be present in greater or less abundance according as the system is more or less rational.

But whatever the similarities, it is none the less true that neither of the two doctrines proceeds from the other and that one of them is far inferior to the other. We shall not have much difficulty in showing this.

In order to give a clear understanding of the nature and characteristics of Buddhism, we shall have to go back to its origin and see whence it springs and how it came to light. Too often an unscientific method is adopted, ending inevitably in misconceptions. Buddhism is taken at some particular epoch, as it is to-day for example, or as it manifests itself in a comparatively modern sect. The nearest book is consulted and quoted without any reference either to its age or origin, and thereupon a comparison is instituted between the teaching of Sakyamouni and that of the Gospel. Nothing could be more irrational or better calculated to engender the grossest misconceptions. To avoid this pitfall let us examine carefully, and in the light of the most ancient documents, the genesis of this wonderful system which has succeeded in gaining the allegiance of so many millions of mankind. For the better understanding of the question let us see what India was when Gautama appeared.

THE ORIGIN OF BUDDHISM.

When Buddha began his preaching, India from the Himalayas to far down in the south was under the moral sway of the Brahmins who had subjected it to an iron yoke. To make their influence secure they had fostered the formation of classes or castes, girdling them round with bonds of steel from which none might escape without falling into a state of degradation. To themselves, the priests of Brahma, begotten of the head of the universal God, they had adjudged a general right over all things, and the entire nation owed them a reverence bordering on adoration. To them alone were reserved the secrets of the cult and the means of attaining future happiness.

Under their supreme jurisdiction the Kshatrigos, or feudality, were charged with the civil and military administration of the country; the Vaisyas or traders owed submission to their government, while the Sudras or representatives of the native peoples were required to render passive obedience to all the other classes. They were serfs and even worse, in the fullest sense of the term.

Outside these legitimate classes were grouped those who had contracted marriage with a member of an inferior caste, and who were condemned to different degrees of degradation ending in the well-known condition of the wretched pariahs, who were looked upon as outside the pale of humanity. This hapless condition, which weighed on the majority of the people, was rendered more miserable by a religion of despair. For, according to the Brahminical

theory, this present life of sorrows through the long days of which no man can pass without falling into numerous faults, is followed by a series of more and more wretched existences, horrible hells and rebirths into the body as suffering men, animals, and even brute matter. And this might go on for ever.

Vainly might a person seek a termination to these misfortunes in annihilation. Suicide but precipitated the chastisement of the despairing wretch. Material force was not the means by which the Brahmins had thus made themselves masters of India. They had not laid on it a violent yoke which an outburst of revolt would end at once and forever. No, better advised, the strength of their rule lay in their doctrines, and in the conviction they had impressed on the minds of the people. The Indian was persuaded that what was taught was true, and that no efforts of his could alter a state of things which was founded in nature itself.

The pessimistic tendencies, however, had not escaped attempts at reaction, and more than one had already tried to find a means of attaining final deliverance without passing through all the unhappy existences to which the religious tradition condemned them. Even the Brahmins had conceived a very simple means of obtaining it — for themselves. It was found in the system of Pantheism, the belief that all things—but the Brahmin especially—and the God-All are identical.

I do not mean to say that this marvellous discovery had been already made in Sakyamouni's time, but certain it is that some attempts of the kind were rife at this epoch. The Kshatriyas in particular, wearied of the Brahmin yoke, and instructed by their example, made some bold speculations for a solution to the redoubtable problem. At the congress of Vienna a learned Hindoo spoke of this in the following terms: "While Gautama was founding a system of deliverance, Mahâvira of the Iñâtrika family was creating another equally atheistical, and it is probable that Vasudeva of the race of Yadayas formed a theistic theory."

Such was the condition of things when the princely heir of Sakyas became old enough to observe all the miseries which afflict man on this earth. Soon he began to manifest an intention of consecrating himself to the alleviation of these evils, and his father, fearing that he would relinquish the throne, kept him shut up in a palace, a perfect paradise of delights, from which he endeavored to exclude everything which could soften his son's heart. But it was all in vain. In spite of every precaution devised by his father's vigilance, Gautama was brought in contact with a wretched old man, a beggar, and a funeral procession. Imbued with the Brahminical theories, he recognized in these miseries the result of transmigrations produced by the faults committed in anterior existences, and he resolved from that moment to devote his life to the discovery of a means of escape from those sorrowful rebirths, and to teaching it to men.

With this end in view he stole away from his father's palace, donned the dress of an ascetic and went to live among the most celebrated of the Brahmins, who confided their secrets to him. But the mysteries thus revealed, did not suffice to content his heart. He saw that there was no salvation here, and resolved to look for it on his own account. For this purpose, he retired into solitude with

five disciples whom he had attached to himself, and with them led a life of exterior mortification and rigorous penance.

Six years of these exercises convinced him of their uselessness as a means of salvation. To the great scandal of his disciples he abandoned the practice of Brahminical penance, and went away to meditate at leisure alone. Regaining his health and strength, he sat down one day under a fig-tree, vowing not to leave the place until his mind received the light. There he successfully withstood the assaults of the demon and at last obtained the illumination which made him a Buddha (or Enlightened One) and revealed to him the cause of terrestrial evils and the means of ending them.

Such is a short exposition of the genesis of the Buddhist system. It issues from and is but a variety of Brahminism. Its principle is founded on the physical miseries of mankind, its aim is deliverance from them and from metempsychosis.

Here in a few words you have the genesis of Buddhism, the causes which called it into being and determined its nature. Needless to say, it has nothing in common with the origin of Christianity, and is entirely opposed to it. It would be a waste of words to enter into a detailed proof of this; but we shall have to return later to this point when we come to give a comparative glance at the two great religions of which we are treating. For the present let us continue our exposition and see the doctrine which is to issue from the meditations and the illumination of the prince of the Sakyas.

Here we find ourselves in a very embarrassing position which our readers will not readily understand, owing to the very misleading idea which prevails concerning Buddhism. The general impression is that Buddhism is a unique religion of uniform principles, presenting but trifling differences in its different schools.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Buddhism considered as a whole is a *pandemonium* where all kinds of beliefs, however opposed they may be among themselves, are grouped together — a veritable chameleon of ever-changing hues; the name Buddhism, is like a tent which covers all possible kinds of merchandise. The divergent, contradictory sects all claim that they owe their existence and their credo to Buddha, but this is the only thing they have in common. To give an adequate idea, in a few words, of the oppositions between them we shall content ourselves with saying that the sects of Buddhism range from fatalistic atheism to paganism and the most developed polytheism, and from the most rigid practices of asceticism to the simple prescription of constantly repeating the name of Amitâbhâ with faith.

Further still, the Buddha upon whom they rely is not for many of them, the Indian prince known by the name of Sidharta or Sakyamouni, but some divine being who varies in the different schools. I have treated of many of these divergent doctrines in two previous works, "*Les Ecoles Bouddhiques*" (in the *Universite Catholique* of Lyons) and "The Buddhist Schools of Japan" (in the *Dublin Review* of London). To reproduce them here would require more space than I can afford to give.

The existence of these divergences makes it clear that in order to form a judgment on the original relations which might have existed between

Christianity and the Hindoo religion, it would be necessary to ascertain what this latter was at its commencement. Until late years no doubt was felt on this point. The Buddhism of the South, of Ceylon, Siam, etc., was supposed to have preserved the primitive form. To-day the question is warmly debated, and Sanscrit scholars claim priority for the Buddhism of the North, which under varying forms obtains in Thibet, Mongolia, China, and Japan, and is found to be strongly tinctured with Brahminism and Hindoo polytheism.

The question for science to solve stands thus: Was Buddhism originally a mere sect of Brahminism, a particular phase of the speculations made by the Vedizing Cramanas, which by gradual purification and separation from its early surroundings came to assume a special character and constitute a doctrine *sui generis*, or was the opposition to Brahminism the point rather than the term of departure, and did Buddha from the first set himself in absolute contradiction to his former masters? We shall not enter into this discussion in this place; it will be considered when we form our conclusions upon it. For the moment we may pass it by and confine ourselves to the examination of that which lies at the very root of Buddhism and which is derived directly and immediately from its fundamental conception, viz., the means of attaining deliverance from unhappy rebirths. One readily understands that the complicated system with its perfect combination which forms the teaching of Southern Buddhism, did not issue in its entirety from the head of the founder of the sect; it must necessarily have been developed and perfected in the course of time. But as it amounts to nothing more than the development of the mother idea, we shall treat it in its broad lines, without stopping to inquire at what epoch it may have acquired any particular accretion or complement, in addition to what it originally possessed.

This method of treating the question is necessary to enable us to institute a scientific comparison between the faith of Christ and that of Gautama, and to judge which of them is intellectually and morally the superior.

To avoid misconceptions, and the more or less partial judgments to which preconceived ideas and the attachment to a particular system might give rise, we shall take this resumé not from our own previous writings nor from those of other Western authors—we shall allow the Buddhists to speak for themselves by giving a textual reproduction of their words. Two small volumes, in particular, compiled by Buddhists *to enlighten* Europe on the preëminence of the Asiatic religion contain all the information necessary. These are the *Bhikshu* or Hindoo mendicant monk Subhadra and M. R. Tiyishima, a learned Japanese Buddhist settled in Paris. We give textually (though only in extracts, to avoid intolerable or superfluous prolixity) what these pious Buddhists tell us about their beliefs:

WHAT IS A BUDDHIST?

He is one who reveres Buddha as the dispenser of spiritual light, the supreme teacher and guide of all living beings. He is at the same time one who, believing in his doctrine, observes his precepts and has given a public testimony of faith by repeating the formula of the three articles. This formula is in the following terms:

I have recourse to Buddha.

I have recourse to the Buddhic law (dharma).

I have recourse to the teaching and guiding community (Sanglia).

By this formula, faith in Buddha as spiritual master is professed, his teaching is recognized as the basis and essence of truth and righteousness, and the community of the elect is proclaimed as the faithful interpreter of the teachings of truth.

This formula is obligatory and it is only after having professed it before an assembly of the faithful that one really becomes a member of the great Buddhist community.

The triad of which it is composed is like three stars guiding the sailor over the sea of this world. Another formula expressing the reverence paid to this sacred trinity is to be added:

Reverence for the Blessed One who has conquered the world, to the Buddha, enlightened by himself.

Reverence for the pure and holy doctrine of salvation.

Reverence for the community of the faithful.

WHO IS BUDDHA?

Buddha is the founder of the kingdom of truth and justice, the Blessed One enlightened by himself, perfect in holiness, in wisdom, and in pity. He is not a god nor a messenger of God, come for the salvation of the world. He is a simple man but one infinitely superior to ordinary men, one of the members of the long series of sublime Buddhas enlightened by themselves, who appear in the world at long intervals and are so far superior, morally and spiritually, to suffering and dying humanity that the childish imaginations of the multitude make gods or Messiahs of them.

Buddha is merely a qualificative expression, signifying one who has acquired true science and moral perfection by his own efforts. The law is the true way of salvation, intuitively grasped by Buddha, announced by him, and consigned to the sacred books of Buddhism. These books contain the pure truth which is to be found nowhere else. Hence one ought to believe firmly in them. But do not by any means think that these truths have been obtained by a celestial or divine revelation. That would be an essential mistake. The Buddha is illumined, enlightened by himself, and is indebted to nothing beyond the light which was spontaneously generated in his intelligence. His revelation is his teaching* — his lesson to men buried in the darkness of ignorance and passion.

An essential feature of Buddha's automatic mission is the fact that he preached only out of natural goodness, and compassion for men, to aid them in escaping from that unhappy condition in which they are dragged from one miserable existence to another, from that current which carries them along through a thousand pains and sorrows from the cradle to the grave, and from one life to another. For the foundation and raison d'être of Buddhism is the system of metempsychosis which makes a man be reborn indefinitely in the conditions of animal, demon, god, or man—all more or less unhappy, and to escape from which at any price is the great question.

This was what Buddha was to dis-

* Note that in all this there is nothing miraculous. It is simply the product of unknown natural forces. It must be admitted that those natural forces have nothing in common with what we call the supernatural — an equivocal and misleading term.

cover first of all—the cause of all the miseries attending these successive existences; he found it in the desire to live, in attachment to life.* The great aim of the believer must be to quench this desire in his heart, and he will succeed in this, provided he knows and meditates on the four fundamental truths, viz.: (1) That this life is inseparable from continual miseries, (2) that these miseries have a source, (3) that this source must be cut off, and (4) that this can be done by the means prescribed by Buddha. The man who is convinced of the truth of those four axioms has thereby lost the desire of life—he is ripe for redemption.

The Buddha insisted strongly on the miseries connected with life; life for him was truly and only *the valley of tears*. Birth, disease, old age, infirmities, death, the loss of cherished and the unwelcome contact with hateful beings, formed the constant subject of his pessimistic homilies and of his exhortations to put away their cause, i. e., the love of personal existence, which ought to be eradicated even to the last fibre from man's heart.

But that does not suffice for salvation. A man must besides follow the sublime eightfold way, viz.: rectitude of view, of aspiration, of speech, of conduct, of the manner of life, of effort, of reflection, and of recollection. The faithful follower must abandon the opposite extremes of sensual pleasures which degrade and the asceticism which brings disturbance and sadness of mind without contributing to salvation. The middle path, which we shall presently explain, alone leads to wisdom, to perfect understanding, to deliverance, to *Nirvana*.

But what is Nirvana, this final state of delivered man, to which he must aspire with all his heart, towards which he must tend with all his efforts? Few conceptions have been interpreted so diversely and with less certainty than this. For some it means annihilation, for others absorption in the great All, others still explain it as a sort of paradise.

According to our Bhikshu it is a state of soul in which all desires and passions, all feelings of fear, pain, and wickedness have entirely disappeared, a state of repose, peace, and joy in the assurance of perfect and perpetual deliverance. But no words can give a definition of Nirvana and nobody can know what it is, until he feels it in his soul.*

Nirvana is the deliverance which may be obtained even in this life. Many are, however, incapable of attaining it in their present state. All

* To understand this it must be remembered that the whole structure of Buddhism rests on the following ontological principle: The Buddhist universe is composed (1) of the elements of beings, scattered throughout immensity and whose origin is a mystery, and (2) of the desires of life (whence or how originating, of what consisting, or in what manner subsisting is unknown), which by their natural power of attraction unite the elements that go to form a human or divine being and constitute an apparent personality. Death is the disassociation of all these elements. Nothing subsists after it but the desire, and this again reunites new elements to reconstitute a second apparent personality, a continuation of the former one. These impossible and contradictory explanations result from the fact that the Buddhists have begun at the end without troubling themselves about the beginning of things. They have been obliged as a consequence to make this beginning fit in, as best they could, with the apex they have taken as base. Another cause of the same difficulties is the Oriental tendency to word spinning without attempting to penetrate to the bottom of things.

* It is absolutely impossible that this can have been the primitive notion of Nirvana, taught by the Buddha. For him, it is more than probable that it meant the annihilation of one's own personality. We shall see further on that this is also the author's idea, whatever he may say in this passage.

that they can do is to assure for themselves a succession of rebirths increasing in happiness until they reach the final term. In itself, rebirth depends on our own will; it results only from our attachment to life. This is the true creative power which other religions have personified into God; it is the creative, preserving, and destroying agency, the true and only divine trinity. The conditions of rebirth depend upon man and upon his actions, or rather upon action or what is called karma. This karma, which works in us, is not an individual virtuality but a general power spread throughout the universe and working in every being; it is the law of cause and effect in the moral world, the law by virtue of which causes produce their necessary consequences, individualizing itself in every being and playing the rôle of what Christians call Providence, or destiny, or even God. But it is a blind and necessary power and inevitable in its operation.

The world was not created, did not come out of nothingness; it is not the work of a Divine Creator who is merely the fruit of human ignorance —there is no personal God and no such thing as creation. Buddha says nothing concerning the origin of the universe because he regarded such knowledge as of no avail for salvation.

Besides, human language cannot treat of this since finite forms are inadequate to express the eternal. All the explanations hitherto attempted have resulted in false and contradictory speculations. The perfect enlightenment will be understood when it is attained. But for this a man must be firmly resolved to walk in the eightfold way. Everyone can do this provided he works sincerely for it and enters into the community of the Elect, living retired from the world and striving without cease after wisdom. Very few are they, alas! who carry out this resolve.

It must be noticed, too, that Buddhism counts two classes of adherents, laics and ascetics, and that the first-named can never attain to perfection and deliverance. The conditions and duties of these two categories of the faithful are very different. The laics, or submissive adherents (upasakas) as they are called, are obliged only to the reciting of the three articles, and to the observance of the first five of the eight vows which constitute the perfection of the man of the world.

These vows are formulated in the following terms:—

1. I promise and vow not to destroy life.*
2. I promise and vow not to steal.
3. I promise and vow to abstain from every act contrary to chastity, not to seduce women or maidens.
4. I promise and vow not to lie or deceive.
5. I promise and vow to abstain from all intoxicating drink.
6. I vow not to eat after the noonday meal.
7. I vow not to dance, or sing profane songs or engage in worldly amusements.
8. I vow not to carry any ornament on my dress, or any perfume, or anything which savors of vanity.

The observance of the first five vows is required from all who wish to be counted among the disciples of Buddha. The advantages accruing from it are interior peace, the respect of other men, concord among the brethren, an increase of interior light, and a rebirth into a happier life than

* Whether of men or animals, even to the very lowest, such as worms, insects, etc.

the present one. These happy fruits are considerably augmented for the laic who, in addition to the first five, observes the last three vows either habitually or at least on holydays. On these occasions even the union between married people must be suspended.

For the Ascetics, who are known by the names of *Cramanas* (ascetics) or Bhikshus (beggars) the number of the vows is raised to ten by the addition of the two following:

9. A vow to sleep on a hard, low bed.

10. A vow of voluntary poverty and mendicity.

All thoughts contrary to these vows, as well as all words and actions, constitute a violation of them, culpable and fatal in its effects.

The laic is incapable of reaching Nirvana because of his attachment to earthly things and, consequently, to life. To attain it he must sooner or later embrace the life of the ascetics. As long as we continue to regard the renouncement of these goods and the following of the ascetic life as a sacrifice, we are far from the truth and from final salvation. We must therefore consider the ascetic life as a deliverance and adopt it with joy—otherwise we shall never reach salvation.

No Buddha, any more than anybody else, can deliver us by his merits. Nobody, not even God, can preserve a person from the consequence of his actions — it follows them as the shadow follows the body, and is the necessary result. No personal God can deliver the trembling sinner from the natural effect of his transgressions nor can he diminish the merit of the good works of the just.

Hence the entire Buddhistic doctrine may be summed up in the one word "justice"—mercy has no place in it. Merit is acquired by fidelity to the free or obligatory vows, by seeking the truth, by justice and goodness towards all creatures, but it depends solely on the mental intention and not at all on the external act. An act performed with a view to personal advantage is utterly destitute of merit. On the other hand, the man who can do good out of pure compassion and without any hope of recompense in his terrestrial lives, is very near the attainment of deliverance and of Nirvana.

Merit is acquired, therefore, by triumphing over selfishness, the source of all errors and transgressions and of every obstacle to well-doing, by avoiding evil—such as acts done with the intention of causing injury or for one's own exclusive advantage without regard to the wrong they may do to others—and finally by performing meritorious actions such as have been explained above.

But there are some selfish actions which do not cause injury to anybody; those are indifferent, neither good nor bad, but they are prudent, wise or foolish according as they procure some good to the doer or injure him in body or soul.

Towards himself a man has no duty —the supposed one of self-preservation is a gross error, a very mire of selfishness. Suicide is not a crime—man is the absolute master of his life —but it is a folly, because it does not prevent rebirths.

The Buddhist may not return evil for evil — he leaves the culprit to eternal justice, i. e., to the natural and necessary consequence of his guilt; he pardons him and pities him on account of those consequences which are so disastrous for the foolish man who forgets his duty.

Punishments, the consequences of even the most serious crimes, are not in themselves eternal. But we must add that they may become indefinite through the non-amendment of the criminal. These punishments do not consist simply in a rebirth into a more unhappy condition; Buddhism too has its abodes of darkness and tortures where the guilty soul must pay all its forfeits to the last farthing; until this is done, good deeds are powerless to produce any effect or bring back the damned soul to a terrestrial existence, to a new knowledge of the way of salvation, or even to the bare possibility of again entering upon it.

The Buddhist law proclaims also the existence of abodes of delight where the just man tastes the fruit of his good works until it is consumed and his action finished; after which if some attachment to life still clings to him he is reborn into a happy state. It is to be noted that there are some very grave crimes, the commission of even one of which may entail several successive unhappy rebirths.

The principle of perfect justice as conceived by the Buddhist, does not admit of children being visited with heavenly chastisements for the sins of their parents, or that the just man should be allowed to suffer while the wicked prospers. These daily occurring facts form a difficulty which our author does his best to solve.

If children inherit defects or vicious propensities from the temporal condition of their parents, this results from the working of the law of karma which constrains us to seek the womb of a mother similar to ourselves. In short we are the children of our own parents rather than of others because we resembled them at the termination of the existence preceding the one we have received from them; this is the reason why we entered one womb rather than another. Heredity — an empty word — therefore, has no reality except as the attraction of affinity, and the doctrine of karma by itself sufficiently accounts for the resemblances which exist between children and the authors of their lives. The differences, often very great, which distinguish them, are explained by the same law, since everybody has his own karma which impels him to actions peculiar to himself, and creates in him a character marked by particular virtues and vices.

If the just man has often to suffer on earth it is because of faults committed in one of his previous lives; in the same way the happiness enjoyed by some of the wicked in this world has been merited by them by meritorious acts accomplished previously. When all the fruits of those good works are gathered, the fruits of their present transgressions will be given them in the future existence of sorrow and trial. They cannot escape this either by suicide or in any other way, and subsequent good works do not hinder the evil ones from producing their fruits of sorrow and misery.

To be just, let us add, that suicide, according to our catechist entails a more unhappy rebirth because it is evidence of a state of intellectual and moral feebleness which must be expiated. By committing suicide a man shows that he is ignorant of the essential principles of the existence of beings, that he mistakes the fragile perishable form of his own being for its real substance; by this ignorance, this foolish attempt to change the laws of nature, he enters on the downward, darksome path that leads to sorrows and despair.

But if our present being is a mere form disappearing at death, what is it which survives in us and becomes reëmbodied by a new birth? None other than our will, our desire of life. This it is which constitutes the essence of our being and which by the operation of karma lays hold on the elements necessary for the reconstitution and adaptation to a new apparent form.

What, then, is the nature of this will which is capable of producing such phenomena? Is it something similar to what we call the soul? Not at all. The belief in an individual subsistent soul having but a temporary dwelling in the body is a heresy, a gross misconception, according to the Buddhists. The principle known as the soul is nothing but an aggregate of different faculties which is dissolved at the death of the subject. It is the individuality taking a new personality according to its karma, which is reincarnated after the decease. This new personality however is, for the seer, always the same, perpetuated from existence to existence till it attains Nirvana. Then only is individuality lost* and, with it, suffering, death, and rebirth.

It may appear strange that we have no remembrance of our previous lives, but this oblivion is accounted for by the veil of ignorance which clouds our intelligence and creates our corporal being. It is the same as in the case of several successive dreams; in a second or third dream we have no remembrance of the previous ones. Only the Arahats who have attained a high degree of sanctity and enlightenment, have consciousness of past lives. But for this they must have freed themselves from what are called the ten chains:— (1) Belief in one's personal and lasting existence; (2) doubt concerning the fundamental principles of the doctrine; (3) the superstition which begets belief in the efficacy of the exterior acts of worship, such as prayers, sacrifices, etc.; (4) sensuality; (5) feelings of ill-will and hatred; (6) love of terrestrial life; (7) the desire for a paradise; (8) pride; (9) belief in one's own justice; (10) ignorance.

Repentance for sins committed is good and may help to perfection and salvation, not by blotting out sins and their consequences, but by determining the believer not to commit them again and to follow the path of goodness. But it is not retroactive. The same effect may be produced by prayers, reading pious books, and hearing sermons. They animate the soul and lead it to acts of virtue—but nothing more. They are the means to be used by beginners and the Bhikshu must not have recourse to them. The cult of statues of Buddha and his disciples, without being wrong, is useless and may lead to dangerous errors.

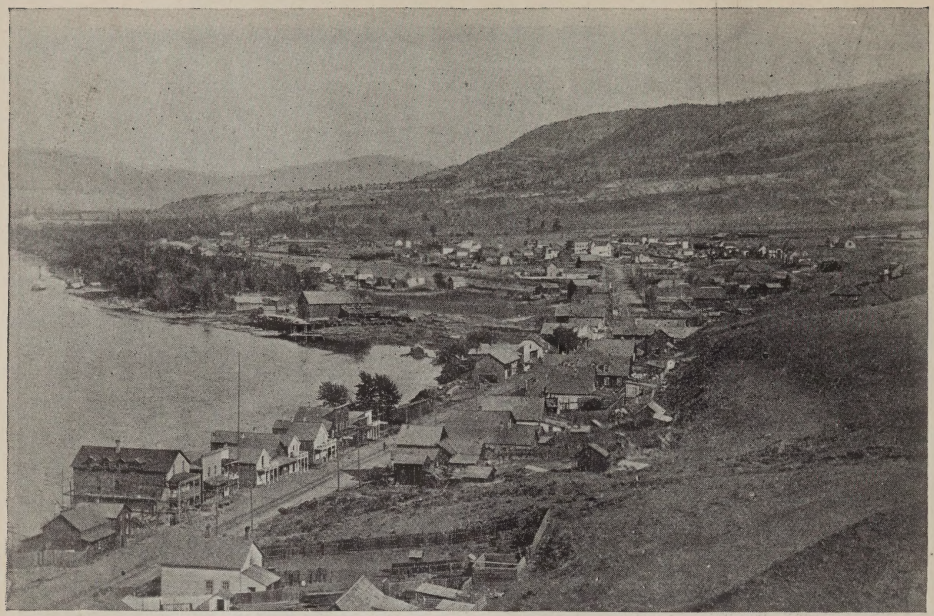
Buddhism does not admit miracles. Everything happens according to the universal laws which bind even the gods of the most elevated rank. The teaching, however, recognizes the existence of a host of facts which appear miraculous and which we cannot explain. They, too, are the product of natural laws unknown to the vulgar but perfectly understood by the Buddha.

This universality of purely fatal laws leads the Buddhist to recognize that salvation can be worked out in all religions. But the religion of Buddha makes salvation more easily attainable.

* This proves that Nirvana is in reality the loss of personal existence.

To be continued.

THE PORTIONLESS GIRL.



KAMLOOPS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE PASSION PLAY IN AMERICA.

BY MAIBELLE JUSTICE.

WHILE it may seem strange to us that foreign countries are sending missionaries to America as fast as we are dispatching them to other lands, the intelligence is nevertheless a fact. During the early settlements of America we were indebted to Spain for the good old fathers she sent to California, among the foremost and most devout of whom was the Franciscan priest, Junipero Serra. The work of these noble men has now passed down with the epochs of history, but anyone visiting the southern part of California may have the gratification of seeing the imposing edifices they built all over the country. Some of these grand old missions are still in use, and the chant of the fathers within the gardens and the chimes of the bells, as they ring out in the still eventide calling the devotee to prayer, effect a holy and ever-varying charm.

But we pass from history for the present and follow the Californian coast a few hundred miles north to the wilds of British Columbia. Here we will find something of vast interest in the work of the French Roman Catholic missionaries. France has sent many mission workers to America, and while a few of these take up with the negroes of the south, they settle in large porportions among the Indian tribes of Northwestern Canada. However in these British Columbia

missions, there is no wealth to erect imposing buildings of stone that will defy time and stand for ages. These earnest workers must content themselves with little wooden churches or tents pitched under the open heavens. Yet they have been able to accomplish their purpose, and have civilized and educated the Indians of this province in a remarkably short period of time.

The principal tribes of British Columbia are the Nicola, Frazer, Okanagan, Douglass Lake, Shuswap, Salishan, Thompson, and Chinook Indians, each speaking a different language, and among all of whom the missionaries carry on their praiseworthy work. These tribes are similar to those of the western states, with the exception of the skin, which is not so red. As a race they are strong, sinewy, and agile. While some of the Indians still prefer a wild life in the mountains to the reasoning and religious instruction of the missionaries, little by little these splendid teachers are bringing about their evolution with precision and perfection. Object lessons seem to be the most stimulating. What they can see and hear, the Indians will accept more readily than that which they obtain from books.

Of all religious lessons, perhaps nothing is so impressive as the Passion Play. Though the intelligence is remarkable in itself, the Passion Play is actually executed by the Indians in the wilds of this northern province. It has frequently been stated that this wonderful drama has never been given with any successful result outside the little village of its historic origin, Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrolese Alps; but here among the mountains of British Columbia, in an auditorium roofed by the cloudless heavens alone, where birds join in the chant of the Redemption and where the gorgeous valley of the Frazer forms a natural stage setting, this

GROUP OF THOMPSON INDIANS AT COLDWATER. PREPARING TO START FOR THE PASSION PLAY.

soul-stirring drama of the Crucifixion of Christ is attempted by pure American Indians having but the simplest appointments to serve the audience and assist the players. Tourists do not flock hither for miles around. The performance has been carried on with so little ostentation that its advent is practically unknown.

PASSION PLAY BY AMERICAN INDIANS. AS PERFORMED AT ST. MARY'S MISSION, B. C., JUNE 29, 1894.

So far, the Passion Play has been given but three times. Rev. Father Chirouse, a missionary of these parts, may be credited as the first to conceive the idea. The Passion Play was given for the first time at Seashell, on the Pacific coast, about fifty miles north of Vancouver, June 6, 1889; for the second time on June 2, 1892; and the third June 29, 1894, both of the latter performances taking place at St. Mary's Mission. At the appointed time the Indians assemble in hundreds, men and women on horseback and in wagons, all bringing their tents and cooking utensils. A few days are then required to make ready for the performance.

For a stage, imagine a small wooden platform elevated about twelve feet above the ground; for the background, as far as the eye can reach, the mellow, verdant-tinted valley and the winding ribbon of the River Frazer; for the foreground, a thick clump of pine forest, with numerous white tents pitched on all sides,

with a sunlit sky overhanging. This forms the setting of the Indian Passion Play. This drama is now conceded as the sublimest spectacle of civilization, and when the desire of the modern age to see and hear the drama at Ober-Ammergau is taken into consideration, what must be the impressions of this once savage race when it has accepted a Christian religion and looks for the first time upon the living pictures of Christ's crucifixion?

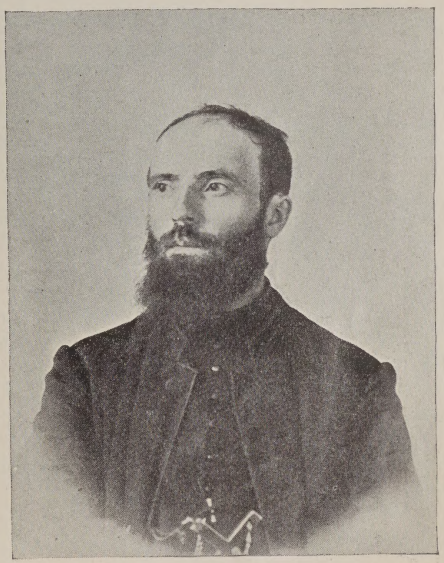
The very first trial had the desired effect. And now the Week of Passion is anticipated by the Indians with the greatest interest.

One remarkable thing is that the impersonators, all of whom are Indians, seem to take up the grave theme with heartfelt inspiration as if each were living the real part. Both men and women are employed in the drama, which has been given each time before about two thousand spectators, all Indians, except some fifty white settlers who join in camp. The assembled Indians represent not only one tribe but several, each speaking its native jargon. The play is presented with as much formality and imposing ceremony as the accommodations will allow. Meanwhile, the acts are not given from beginning to end. Rather, there are a series of striking tableaux, nine in number. For each tableau an appropriate stage-setting is made, and the following subjects are presented:—

In the first the subject is "Christ before Pilate." Pilate sits on a small platform, while Christ, bound with cords, with a ruffian on either side, poses as the central figure. A Roman lictor with a pack of rods and an ax by his side, stands near. Five or six other figures finish the picture.

The second tableau, "The Scourging," requires but three figures. Christ stands in the middle, his flowing white garment spotted with blood. One ruffian stands on each side, scourge in hand, as if to deal a stinging blow. The costumes of the performers are well chosen and the picture is remarkably impressive.

In the third scene, "The Crowning with Thorns," four actors are employed. Christ sits with a crown of thorns on his head, and a ruffian on either side presses it down on his bleeding brow. Another in front, on bended knee, lifts a rod as if to strike. The name applied to any of Christ's tormentors is "ruffian," and it is always used by the Indians in their descriptions of the play afterward.



PÈRE JEAN MARIE RAPHAEL LE JEUNE.

About this time, a procession is formed by the spectators; first the men of a tribe, chanting the old French hymn, "Au Sang Qu'un Dieu a Repandu," in Indian, their rich male voices reverberating afar in the clear air; next the women of the same

tribe, singing also, without any regard to the different tribe following behind. The next tribe sings the chant in its own language, and so on with the five or six following. The procession keeps in constant motion while the tableaux proceed. Over two thousand voices ring out the ancient Passion Hymn, each eye devoutly fixed meanwhile on the changing scenes before the singers. It is one of the most interesting sights imaginable.

Band of the Skwamish Indian Mission, Established 1883.

Tableau number four represents "Christ Carrying the Cross." Three impersonators are required. Jesus is bowed to the ground with a large cross, his followers beating him with scourges. This scene often excites a great deal of anger among the Indian spectators, whose souls seem to imbibe fully the spirit and portent of the representation.

A very impressive picture is made in the fifth tableau, where "Christ Meets His Mother." Five persons make up this setting, which introduces two women into the cast. Heretofore men only have acted. Each tableau is represented by a different set of people, each grouping already dressed, waiting to go on the stage at the appointed time.

In tableau sixth is depicted "Christ's Falling under the Cross." Jesus is prostrate in the foreground, the mob at his heels. At one side stand two women, one his mother, in distressed attitudes. Some bright coloring in costume makes this an imposing spectacle.

The seventh tableau is similar in setting to the sixth, and pictures "Veronica Presenting Jesus with a Towel." With this he wipes his brow and face. Four figures enact this scene.

"Christ's Crucifixion" takes place in the eighth tableau, in which five or six actors are required. Christ appears in a short, white, tight-fitting garment reaching only to the knees,

as he lies extended on the cross. The ruffians who hold the nails to the hands and feet are in rigid attitude, ready to strike with uplifted hammers. This is one of the supreme tableaux of the little play, and these dusky Indians, their faces drawn in suppressed emotion, their eyes and hearts centred on the awe-inspiring work in which they are engaged, is a spectacle which is weird and indescribable. Nature and her vivid hues lend a strange enchantment to the sublimity of the subject, and the Indian hymn, as it rings out in harmonious richness, cannot be forgotten.

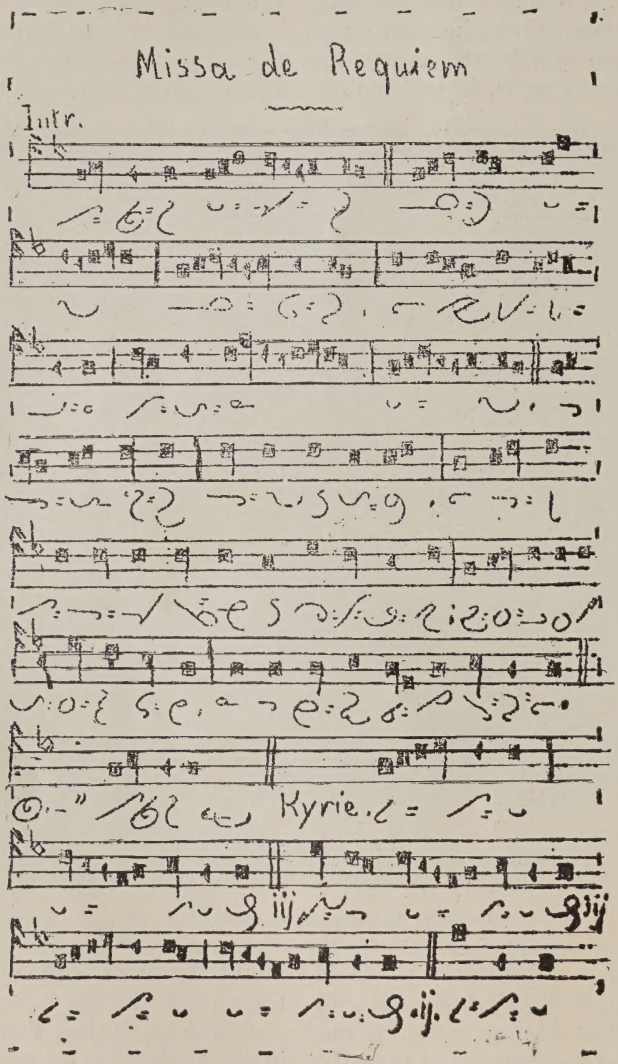
Group of Missionaries in British Columbia.

The ninth tableau finishes the drama. Here "Christ Dies on the Cross." The presentation is most realistic, being the one in our illustration. The central figure of this picture, however, is of somewhat different nature. It is a statue of Christ arranged so that red drops ooze from the brow, side, hands, and feet, the semblance of trickling blood. All the actors who have taken part in the other groupings, now congregate about the cross, with eyes bent upon the Crucified One.

At the same time there is a change in the procession of spectators. The dolorous chant has ceased, and the singers have drawn to a halt, all gathering on their knees before the stage. Many remain here in prayer long after the Passion Play is over. The statue of the Crucifixion remains on

the platform as long as the camp lasts, serving as a natural shrine for prayer. Thus, here in the peaceful valley, miles distant from habitation, the history of Christ's redemption of man-

a wonderful work, which undoubtedly will find its recorders in American history. While there are a hundred or more zealous workers scattered through the country, per-



SPECIMEN OF CHINOOK WRITING.

kind is rehearsed by a race, which but a few years before, bowed their heads to the "Great Spirit," knowing no other God but that of their pagan belief. The mission fathers have done

haps no one has accomplished so much as Rev. Father Jean Marie Raphael Le Jeune. Father Le Jeune left his native country, where he was brilliantly educated, in Pleybert Christ,

Finistere, France, to take up his abode among an ignorant people who, in 1879, knew little but their provincial jargon and the barbarous customs of savagery. In a short time he had learned several Indian languages, and began to travel from tribe to tribe. Some of these journeys had to be made on foot through unfrequented paths over the mountains, and with encounters with the deadly northern blizzards.

It was Father Le Jeune who first promoted reading and writing among these Indians. After he had tried in every possible way to instruct the natives in character writing, he adopted a system of phonetic shorthand. The result was marvellous. Hundreds of natives took it up and learned the system rapidly and perfectly. Charlie Mayoos, a young boy of the Thompson tribe, was the first Indian who mastered the "Chinook Writing," as it is called by the natives, learning the whole in less than a month. He was then Father Le Jeune's first assistant and helped many others to learn it. In time, Father Le Jeune began a little newspaper for the Indians, printed in the "Chinook Writing," and now there are no less than 2,000 subscribers who read and understand it. It contains general news of the different tribes, Bible stories, and religious instruction. The paper is called "Kamloops Wawa." Kamloops is the name of the town in which it is edited, Father Le Jeune's home, signifying the "forking together of waters," in this instance the two branches of the Thompson River, while "Wawa" means talk, echo, or speak. The "Kamloops Wawa" has now an honored place among educational departments in both the British Museum and the Smithsonian Institute. At the same time, students in French and Belgian mission schools are perfecting themselves in the "Chinook Writing."

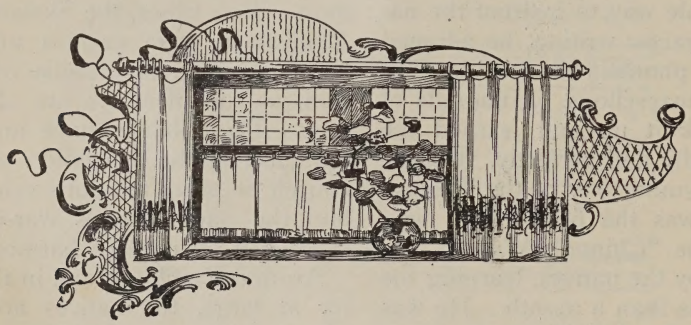
Civilization in these parts has been very rapid. Scarcely ever can one see a native in the old savage garb, nearly everyone adopting the civilian's suit, while the women are making their own dresses from modern fashion-plates. The sight of a papoose strapped to the mother's back is not so common, and generally, the men do not subject their squaws to the hardships of a quarter century ago. Even brass bands and music are not uncommon. Two tribes, the Skwamisk and Chilliwack, have each a uniformed band which gives promise of perfection, as the members are all young men. These bands have an important part in the dedication of a new church or other religious celebration, and the once hideous war-dance is succeeded by modern harmony.

Around Kamloops and in the country at large, the natives are industrious. A large number have become actively interested in agriculture, and make their living by farming. From November first to December fifteenth they are hunting and trapping in the mountains, after which they take to their winter quarters. During April and May they put in their crops of wheat, corn, and potatoes; then set off to the lakes for trout fishing. Returning in late summer, they attend to their crops, and occasionally do a little work for the white settlers in order to increase their meagre income for coming winter necessities.

As a country, British Columbia deserves mention. Here lies a field open for any enterprise, no matter what the nature. There are room and occupation for hundreds of thousands of immigrants. Gold, silver, copper,

iron, and coal have been extensively located and the province is looked upon with especial favor for future development of rich mines. In summer and fall the climate is ideal. Then the lakes are a rendezvous for pleasure-loving tourists and invalids, while for the sportsman, the country is a paradise. Trout are inexhaustible in every mountain lake, and the thick underbrush of the forest affords a habitat for wild animals. Artists and novelists find food here alike.

Apart, there have been historical incidents in connection with British Columbia of worldwide significance. Of early Spanish and British explorations there are volumes of reminiscences. Captain Cook visited these lands in 1778, followed by Vancouver. Soon after the skins of wild animals from these parts became articles of commerce the world over. The mission workers certainly have a romantic country in which to expend their toil. True the winters are bleak and severe, but summer brings fresh zest and inspiration.



THE SEA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The fisherman sings as he sails away,
  Guiding his boat o'er the laughing sea,
With a heart as light as the cloudless day,
  And a song as gay as song can be.

For the sky is as fair as burnished gold,
  And winds as soft as a maiden's face,
And the dancing caps which the billows hold
  Challenge his boat to a merry race.

But the beat of the waves against the shore
  Saddens the heart of the waiting wife,
For she knows the breeze may change to a roar
  And stir the passionate sea to strife,

And the sky which is fair as burnished gold,
  The mocking sigh of the tempest's breath
And the dancing caps which the billows hold,
  May lure the fisherman on to death.

BOSTON'S PAUPER BABIES.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"JUMP into the carriage, Willie, and see the ladies."

"Me won't, was the prompt reply. Me don't want to see ladies."

He was a grotesque little figure, sturdily defiant, not unlike a baby soldier in bivouac dress.

A long gray coat descending from neck to heels was girdled by a broad belt in which was thrust a small trowel; a muffler, red mitts, stout shoes, and a rabbit skin cap, tied under his chin, completed his rather unique costume.

"I hope you will excuse his appearance," said his guardian. "That's my Jimmie's coat; I don't want him to soil his own digging in the dirt;" then, lowering her voice, "when will you take him?"

"In a day or two," was the whispered reply. "Poor little man! I'm afraid he'll hate to go."

Though the glances cast at him were very kindly, the child instinctively retreated still further from the carriage.

"Come, Willie, talk to auntie," coaxed the motherly visitor.

"Me'll talk to auntie here," was the cautious reply, as he entrenched himself behind a tree trunk.

There was something very pathetic in his baby efforts at self-defence. His round eyes looked out from under the rabbit skin in shrewd distrust. He had found a home to his liking and was not to be lured from it.

Poor baby! his brief history was sad. He was one of Boston's wards, the little waifs of fate, who owe to public charity whatever love and care their hapless childhood is destined to receive. An island peopled with paupers, asylums filled with insane, and corrective institutions crowded to their limits form an appalling spectacle of misery in bulk. A first visit to such places is a heart-sickening experience never to be forgotten. Yet in this living panorama of poverty, suffering, and sin, there is no scene as saddening as that presented in the almshouse lying-in and nursery wards. Here are found babies of all ages, from the newly born to the toddler in short clothes; puny mites wailing their protest against life; happy, crowing babies, and sleepy little mortals; alike born to poverty, and alas! too many under the shadow of unhallowed maternity.

What becomes of these pauper babies?

Some drift out with their mothers to haunts of sin, and disappear in the human vortex; others, with the return of better times, are cared for by their parents, and others still, remain the charges of the city.

That Boston is a kindly parent to her infant wards no one may gainsay who has had the opportunity to visit them in the homes provided by civic charity. These homes are scattered over an area within convenient reach of the city, and are carefully selected with a view to promoting the children's best interests. Permanent adoption is frequently the happy result of this boarding-out system, and with this end in view much wisdom must be exercised in placing the children. Sometimes a trial is given, and if satisfactory to all parties concerned the child is legally adopted by its foster parents.

Such an opportunity had offered for little Willie, but his baby heart clung to his temporary guardian and to his little playmates, who drew nearer to him as if vaguely conscious of the impending separation. It must have been a relief to the tots when the carriage drove from the yard. A backward glance showed that the waif had emerged from his shelter, and with the trowel was vigorously spading earth which his chums carted off in a toy barrow.

"I think he will be very happy in his new home," said the official visitor. "It will be painful to make the change, but further on you will see the bright side of the picture.

It was presented in a homestead from which the children had gone to homes of their own, leaving an empty place in the old folks' hearts that was promptly filled by the adoption of a little girl, and the temporary care of three boy boarders.

"I couldn't get along without something to raise," said the house-mother. "I tried chickens and young turkeys, but land sakes! you can't fill your heart with sich critters; both father 'n' me were jes' hungry till we took in Lizzie."

Lizzie was a bright little girl in her sixth year; a pretty child with lovable ways, and a sunny crop of curls that shone red gold in the light. Despite her cheery disposition and evident happiness, her little face bore traces of suffering; the cause became apparent as she walked across the yard; she was permanently crippled by hip disease.

"She suffered a sight," said her adopted mother. "She was boarded with us first, an' took sich a hold on father, he jes' couldn't eat ef she wasn't handy. Now them boys"——

An animated discussion followed on the boys and their needs, during which the writer and the waifs improved their acquaintance. The leading question, "Do you like beasties?" being satisfactorily answered, the four young people hospitably undertook the entertainment of their guest.

"I'm adopted," said Lizzie, proudly conscious of the difference between her position and that of the three boys, who lined up under a window, like a kindergarten class; "them's boarders."

One of the boarders broke from his class position, and turning as red as his stubbly hair, jerked out, "I'll show you some beasties."

The writer professed to be delighted, and was courteously escorted around the farm-yard. On returning to the starting point the red-haired boy filled a pan with chips and carried it into the kitchen.

"He's the busiest child," said his guardian, "not an idle bone in his body, an' that good-natured"—Whereupon the other boys fell to work with a will to earn their meed of praise, the little girl improving the opportunity to beg her mother to dress her in her best for the ladies' benefit.

"We haven't time to wait, dear," said the motherly visitor, "you are very neat and sweet as you are. That is an instance of the truest charity," she remarked, as we drove away, "That child will always be lame, in constant need of care."

"And was there not race prejudice to be overcome?" was asked.

"Ah, you noticed that? The characteristics are not strongly marked, but the child has colored blood in her veins; that was one reason why Mr. ———-was so determined to adopt her. He said she was so bright and lovable that she'd stand her chance anywhere in spite of the lameness, but the other fact was against her."

Just then a heavy cart rumbled over

the road, and the horses were suddenly pulled up by a lusty "whoa." The driver leaned forward, a weather-beaten, sturdy farmer, his face bright with kindly interest. "Bin up ter see Lizzie? Found her chipper, didn't you?" There was an undertone of anxiety in his voice. The child's health was very uncertain.

"She's begun school," he added, on being reassured that the little one was "chipper." "The teacher seems ter think there ain't her equal for smartness. Glad you found her chipper," and the cart rolled on.

The next call was at a house well off the road, an old-fashioned structure with many out-buildings, evidently intended for poultry-raising. Something tied up in a pink muffler toddled after the chickens and on being picked up and unrolled proved to be Alexander, another waif.

Poor Alexander! Great only in name, he had passed through a sea of tribulation, and one couldn't help being pleased to think all was so nearly over. Such a frail tiny child! Blue veined and bloodless, not even the bracing air could flush his pallid cheeks. Wearied from the slight exertion of chasing the chickens he cuddled down in his nurse's arms and fell asleep. Care had come too late. He was fading in consumption.

On the next farm was found Alexander's opposite, a fat commonplace mortal, familiarly called "Tom," who trailed up and down the furrows after "fafer," sowing seed with a hand that was prodigal in proportion to its size. He had no time to waste on callers, so contenting ourselves with an admiring glance at his rosy cheeks and comfortable attire, we left him to his pressing agricultural pursuits.

At the next stopping-place our reception was, to say the least, uncomplimentary. The youth we had come so far to see fled shrieking to the barn, and buried himself in the hay from which no coaxing could dislodge him. When quite sure that we were going, he thrust his head from the loft window and called out "Good bye! Good bye!" in unmistakable tones of relief. His guardian assured us that he was an odd child, "didn't even know how to eat when he came."

"Billy! Bill-ee! here's ladies to see you," called the home-maker of an establishment where sixes and sevens held sway. She was a stout, cheery body, not given to worrying if stray cobwebs cast aspersions on her housekeeping. "Bill-ee!" she called again.

"Comin,'" answered a voice from somewhere, and the next moment a boy and a turtle pushed through the hedge. Carefully depositing the turtle in a tub, he came forward, caressingly stroking the horse before greeting the company.

"How are you getting along, Billy?"

"Fust rate. How's yerself?" he added with hearty courtesy. "Bin down ter the swamp fer turtles," with an apologetic glance at his mud-stained clothes, "take yer down ef yer say so."

The generous offer was declined with thanks, and we took our departure.

"He looked untidy," said the official visitor, slightly troubled.

"So would we, if we had gone after turtles," laughed her companion. "There might be greater hardships for a boy than a little outside dirt."

In spite of its disorder, good, happy children had been reared in that home, and poor Billy might not have been as happy elsewhere; he was mentally deficient.

"We will turn up this road to the right," said Mrs.———, "I have two

babies up there, and a young girl I wish to place out."

The babies were found pattering about, quite at home after a week's residence. One of them had a very impressive personality. She was a lovely child, slim and fair, with big blue eyes and a fluff of yellow curls; she had been sent into the country to recuperate after an attack of pneumonia, and already the change had worked wonders. The young girl was an interesting study, a typical child of the streets, pert in speech, uncouth in manner, shrewd, and yet kind-hearted, as was evinced in the way she straightened up one of the toddlers, and gave the other one a drink, wiping her mouth with a touch as tender as a mother's.

"When 'll you git me a place?" she asked, abruptly.

"As soon as you can wash dishes nicely, sweep out all the corners, and keep yourself very neat. I am pleased to hear that you are trying real hard."

"Oh, I'm gittin' along so-so," was the indifferent answer, though pleasure shone in her eyes. Praise is not a general perquisite of pauper children.

"She is good at heart," commented the visitor when once more on the road, "but needs breaking-in before she can take a good place. We are boarding her up there, but it wouldn't do to let her know it, she would become too independent to do chores. We will drop in here to see Katie."

Katie was a delicate, quiet child of four years; she had known no other home, and had no fear of removal, so she allowed herself to be "hefted" by the callers. "Getting heavier all the time," said Mrs.———as she put the child down. "Two years ago we brought her here on a pillow. She had a dreadful abscess in her stomach, and I was afraid she would die on the road."

"I held her on my knees for a week, night and day," said her guardian, "before she showed signs of pickin' up; she was gone to skin and bone, and it just seemed as if she'd go to pieces if moved."

The little one snuggled closer to her guardian, and rubbed her head caressingly against her shoulder; and so we left her, trustfully happy in a stranger's care.

At the next stopping-place, a prosperous-looking home, a child of eight years came slowly down the path to meet us.

"What, without crutches? well, we are getting on!" was the visitor's cheery comment.

The little one's eyes glowed with delight. "The doctor said I might try," she cried gleefully, "so when I saw the carriage coming, I planned to 'sprise you."

The surprise was a pleasure all round. The child had suffered much with spinal trouble, the result of an accident in her neglected infancy. She would never be strong, but care and surgical skill had done much to lessen her sufferings. The greatest shadow on her young life was the dread of being discovered and claimed by her mother. She had a vivid memory of a squalid home, and her terror of being dragged back to it was demonstrated by a pathetic incident. In the summer months, some children from the Marcella Street home had been boarded at a farmhouse, and one day, when Nettie's "uncle" was giving her a ride in the hay crib, they met the group of boarders enjoying a similar treat; one of the little strangers stared earnestly at Nettie, and then cried out in delight, "Why, there's my sister, Nettie!" The little invalid cowered down in the crib, and refused to acknowledge her. "I wanted to ever so much, for I love her dearly," she

sobbed when safe at home, "but I was afraid mother might find me."

What a commentary on the wrongs of childhood! A mother an object of abhorrence and dread!

A neat turnout passed us on the road, the driver stopping to exchange greetings with the official visitor. Beside her sat a little girl, prettily dressed, and supremely happy in the prospect of a drive to the city; she was another adopted child whose lines had fallen in a pleasant place. We were proudly told that she had begun school, and, according to the teacher, was "the smartest child in the district." The smile caused by this statement deepened into a laugh when twenty yards further on we met another adopted child, who had also begun school under the same teacher, and "was the smartest child in the district."

Home after home was visited, and as the day waned we found the fields and yards deserted. The waifs had gathered in for their evening meal, bath, and bed. It was a pretty sight to see the sturdy babies vigorously plunging spoons into bowls of bread and milk, or wriggling out of the clothes that hampered their chubby limbs. In one house, in an airy room, was a large bed in which slept two infants, one at the top, the other at the foot; they were daintily clean and sweet in their coarse little "nighties," their pink toes and tiny hands showing like curled rose petals. No fairer picture of slumbering innocence could have thrilled a woman's heart.

If all pauper and abandoned babies could be cared for like these it would indeed be well for society; in the years to come there would be less work for penologists, less need of a million-dollar House of Correction. Herding in institutions, where the lethargy of pauperism destroys independence, can never produce the beneficial results of the boarding-out system. An institution can never be a home, that hallowed spot, where a child creeps close to a woman's heart, and through her love first learns of a love divine.

The call on the sleeping babies marked the close of the day. Evening was on the land, fragrant with the indescribable sweetness of newly turned earth, springing grasses, and leafing twigs, the subtle odors of early spring. The sun was sinking in a glory of color, over thousands of homes where happy little children lisped their holy prayers; and alas, too, over hospital wards, almshouse nurseries, and tenement hovels, where waifs of fate offered in their poor distorted humanity, a vicarious expiation of parental sins. Alas for those helpless sufferers, practically at the mercy of the monsters who had inflicted upon them the torture of life; doomed to be starved, beaten, and abandoned during periods of drunken frenzy, cast upon public charity while their natural protectors served terms in penal institutions, dragged back with them on their release and pretended reform, to be again thrown upon the city when vice once more claimed its votaries. Such is the life hundreds of children endure in all large cities, such is their training for manhood and womanhood, and such abuse is too often permitted by the cry that a parent's right is sacred.

Sacred? yes, for all parents from the highest in the land to the poorest, meanest creature cast in the Maker's image, who accept a child with reverent recognition of the sacredness of the trust. But for the besotted, vicious element, who would destroy in body and soul the children born to them, there should be no maudlin pity, no false sentiment. The law has the

power to protect their offspring, and should emancipate them from the thraldom of such parentage. The wrongs of these children of the courts and slums form an appalling aggregate that will never be known to the public. The records of such institutions as the reform and truant schools and others are for the greater part an abridged history of parental culpability.

Imagine a boy of eight years being committed to a reform school for being stubborn, for breaking and entering, or for appropriating such spoils as a pie from a baker's window, a package of candy, or a scrap of lead pipe. The writer noticed such an entry and asked to see the culprit. He was told to stand up, and did so. Such a little child, under-sized even for his years, and yet a criminal haled off to prison by the strong arm of the law. Could nothing better be done for that little boy than to start him in life with a law-breaker's record? Suppose he escape the moral contagion of daily association with hardened apprentices of vice, and in the future should desire to live respectably, may not that record confront and crush him? If boys of eight, nine, and ten must be restrained by law, the compulsory education clause should meet their needs.

Lavish expenditure procures for Boston's public schools a skilled corps of instructors, whose work is supplemented and strengthened by special teachers of languages, music, art, elocution, manual training, and culinary skill. From the kindergarten to the college, the course is carefully planned for those fortunate enough to avail themselves of such unrivalled opportunities; the truant school is an adjunct of this great educational plant, an adjunct made necessary by the joint efforts of wretchedly incapable parents and unsympathetic teachers.

Do these wayward pupils, imprisoned to acquire the rudiments of education, receive in proportion to their needs the same advantages as their unfettered brothers and sisters? Do specialists go down the harbor to teach them industrial arts, or do they penetrate beyond the palings of the Marcella Street home, where are found five departments of boys and girls, guilty of no offence against society, the victims of poverty or parental neglect? These at least are deserving of the liberal opportunities so freely accorded to the children of comfort and opulence.

Surely one may be pardoned for asking for "more" for the little pariahs, so heavily handicapped in the battle of life.

In dwelling on such thoughts this sketch has digressed from its original purpose, which was not to present the insistent needs of the great majority, but rather to portray the happy minority, growing morally and physically strong in the pure atmosphere of real homes, where the loyalty, love, and truth stored up in childish hearts may blossom into deeds.

COUSIN CLARA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

A blazing day, and a dainty white envelope lying on the sidewalk east of the casino arch, at Narragansett Pier. The young man coming leisurely toward it has an air distinctly foreign. He is gazing out to sea; and in his dreamy, appreciative eyes is something of the speculation of the artist calculating perspective and distance.

As he nears the arch he glances up to note the time. The two hands of the clock are pointing directly overhead, as though in clasped entreaty to the vertical sun. The young man follows the custom of the place and takes out his watch to compare time. As he does so he notices the white square at his feet.

The address is up and boldly written:—

"*Robert Leighton, Artist,*
École de l'Art,
Rue St. Hilaire,
Paris."

With a quick movement he rescues the envelope from its position.

"Strange!" he says, wonderingly. "Impossible!" and oblivious of the curious people who are passing him on the sidewalk, he reads the superscription again and again, his face growing more puzzled and incredulous with each perusal.

"It is certainly meant for me," he says, at last, "but how in the name of all that is inscrutable did it happen to be lying here? It was evidently on its way to the post office, for it is not postmarked; and it is just as evident that the writer is somewhere in this interesting little town. I wonder who it can be? I did not know that I had an acquaintance in all New England, and certainly not one who knew my Paris address. I was sympathizing with myself as being a stranger in my own land; and lo, and behold! here I am publicly displayed on the sidewalk of this enterprising resort, in less than two hours after my arrival. Well, *c'est pour moi*, so I will open it."

He stands aside and raises his hat as two ladies pass. He does not know them by name, but they were in the same Pullman from Kingston, and one of them had bowed in acknowledgment of his services in raising a car window. He waits until they have gone by, and then follows as far as the shadow of the arch. A small boy whirls round the corner with an armful of newspapers, and he buys one mechanically and thrusts it into his pocket. When the sidewalk is again clear he takes out a penknife and opens the envelope.

The letter is brief, but does not go far to solve the mystery.

"Narragansett Pier, July 1st, 1893.
Cousin Robert Leighton:—
Your uncle directed in his will that all his paintings and curios should be forwarded to you. I did not know your address, or would have written before. Please let me know how to send. Cordially,
Your cousin Clara."

"The interest deepens" he mutters, as he folds the letter and carefully places it in an inside pocket. "Who is Cousin Clara? Which of my uncles is it who has made me custodian of his paintings? It cannot be Uncle Charles, for he has boys of his own and would scarcely bequeath his trea-

sures away from them. Uncle Will and Uncle Tom are both sea captains, and would hardly know a painting from a chromo; and, besides, I saw them in Liverpool only a few weeks ago. I wonder if it can be the old East Indian whom Aunt Helen married. He never saw me, but I was always a sort of favorite with Aunt Helen. Perhaps she communicated some of her liking to him. But where does Cousin Clara come in, and how did she get my address?" His face grows more perplexed as he shakes his head in confessed inability to solve the problem.

It is a hopeless muddle, he tells himself with sudden irritation, and he will forget the whole matter. But in spite of all his efforts he cannot throw the letter from his mind. As he crosses Exchange Place he glances sharply at the different faces. On the beach he finds himself watching all the ladies, wondering which one of them may be Cousin Clara, and if she has missed the letter. He has half a mind to return to the arch and keep watch.

Instead of standing apart, as is his custom, he seeks the largest and most talkative group, and skilfully absorbs himself into it. He is a good conversationalist and a sympathetic listener, and the coterie cordially accepts him. Now and then fresh material is added to the gossip, as new arrivals take the places of those who fall away. He listens attentively to the introductions, and tries to catch each name. At last he hears some one say "Clara," and he thinks his quest is to be rewarded, but to his disgust the owner of the name is a dumpy little girl of ten, and he turns away in vexation. Of course, he tells himself impatiently, there are probably a hundred Claras in the place.

The heat has called out an unusually large number of bathers, and the tents scattered along the beach, and the seats in front of the bath-houses are all filled with good-natured spectators. He walks back and forth under the awnings with curious interest. The scene is characteristically American, and he has been away from home long enough to feel a keen zest in its novelty.

Presently a young lady coming down the plank-walk drops her handkerchief, and he hands it to her with a slight bow. As he does so he looks into the same brown eyes that had thanked him that morning in the Pullman.

When he returns to the hotel for dinner, an hour later, he finds the same eyes on the opposite side of the table, and they are so pleasant to look into, that he cannot forbear a second glance, and is rewarded with a look of recognition.

He has never been much of a society man; but time drags heavily after a few days, and he is glad when a new acquaintance introduces Miss Stanton. She is very beautiful, and unusually bright and well-informed, attributes which he knows how to appreciate. He begins to join her in walks to the beach, and to the castle, and along the rocks. After a time he discovers that she also is an artist, and has had pictures approved by the critics. Sometimes she forgets his presence entirely, as she gazes out to where the white gulls sway back and forth across the horizon. But he does not mind. He likes to lie on the sand or rocks at her feet, and to look into the unconscious brown eyes and people them with odd images and fancies.

He had intended to stay a week at Narragansett Pier, but the week becomes two; then the stay is allowed to lengthen out indefinitely. He has not

forgotten the letter and Cousin Clara, but all his investigations have proved fruitless. He does not know her name, or whether she is young or old, rich or poor, or even if she exists at all. Sometimes he is inclined to think her a myth, or that she remained at the Pier just long enough to lose the letter and mystify him. He canvasses the hotels and cottages in a quiet way, and makes it a point to interview all the Claras he can find. He searches for them even in his dreams, occasionally; and he wakes in the morning with the grim determination of taking the first train to Kingston. But the brown eyes still meet his across the table, and he thinks better of it, and remains.

One day he finds a letter in his mail that looks familiar. It has been forwarded from Paris, and was originally post-marked at Narragansett Pier. He breaks the seal and finds it to be an exact duplicate of the one he has in his pocket, with the exception of being dated a few days later.

"Why didn't she sign her full name, or at least give some clue to her identity?" he questions, as he compares the two letters, and shakes his head in an exasperated manner. "She seems to take it for granted that I know who, and what, and where she is, and all about her. Probably she is expecting an answer to her letter by this time. Well, I will collect a few more Claras and analyze them; but I foresee it will be a hopeless job."

The next day he sets himself to work more assiduously than ever to cultivate new acquaintances. He even goes to the Times office and has a local put in the daily paper to the effect that "Robert Leighton, of Paris, is stopping a few weeks at Narragansett Pier." He is persistent in his efforts to get introductions, and is strangely eager to forget all about them after a few minutes' conversation.

One day Miss Stanton expresses surprise at his large circle of acquaintances, and that puts an abrupt end to the search. He is not ambitious of posing as a society man. He is very eager to unravel Cousin Clara; but after all, when it comes to a point of issue, she is only a secondary consideration.

In a quiet way Miss Stanton is proving herself to be a very fascinating person, but he does not fully realize his position until near the end of August; then he takes himself suddenly to task. There are but two courses open to him; an abrupt retreat, or an unconditional surrender, and only one of them seems feasible. He retreats.

There are few persons in the car the next morning. It is too early in the season, and decidedly too early in the day. But as he settles himself comfortably back in his seat and glances around, he encounters the brown eyes, and is conscious of a sudden thrill of consternation. They give him a look of pleased recognition, and he crosses over and takes a seat beside their owner.

"Going away?" he asks, guiltily.

"Oh, no; only up to Providence. I will return to-night. And you?"

He rises abruptly and places his light baggage in the rack overhead. When he sits down, the train is in motion, and he tries to keep her attention on the objects outside.

"That is Silver Lake off there," he says, as a broad sheet of water glides into view on the left. "Notice the sturdy little island in the centre, and the trees just awakening to the possibilities of color. It is worthy of a

frame, and a position beside Nozal's Bay of San Michel."

She smiles in pleased assent, and gazes at the small lake until intervening trees and rising ground conceal it from view.

"It is charming," she says, "I like the country down this way very much; it seems to be full of pretty surprises and pleasures. I have been through most of the villages, through the mills at Peace Dale, up to the Wolf Rocks, over to the Stuart Place, and—I cannot begin to tell you all the little trips I have taken. I enjoyed them, every one. I shall most certainly come here again!"

"Yes, it is very pleasant. I almost envy the small farmers."

"Envy? You?" she queried, incredulously.

"Yes; why not? There is no uncertainty about their work and pleasures. It doesn't matter so much whether a man is rich or poor, so long as all his friends are in the same condition. If I could have my—my friends with me I would gladly exchange places with the poorest farmer in South Kingston."

She gives him a curious look from under her long lashes. He notices it, and laughs constrainedly.

"You must not mind what I say. I feel out of sorts this morning—almost like a criminal running away from justice."

"So? I fancied that something was amiss." She speaks quietly, but there is a trace of sarcasm in her voice. "When you first glanced toward me, you started as though I were the sheriff you dreaded."

"You are," he blurted out, desperately. The conductor stops at their seat, and he hands him the tickets. After they are punched and returned, he continues, in a low voice: "I have felt like a criminal all the morning, but it seemed the only way. You know why I am leaving?"

"No." A delicate flush is stealing into her face, but she looks at him inquiringly.

"You are very rich, and I am very poor."

"Is that all?" The flush deepens, but the look of uncertainty vanishes from the brown eyes. They look straight into his now. "Is that all?" she repeats. "What a coward!"

"Miss Stanton!"

"Besides, I think there is a mistake." she continues, hurriedly. "I am not very rich. The Miss Stanton who is reputed to be so enormously wealthy is the one at the Rockingham. And, on the other hand, it does not seem to me that an artist who receives a thousand dollars apiece for his pictures, is deserving of much sympathy on account of poverty."

"Such sales are very rare. But how did you know? I never told—."

"No; but your Uncle Henry paid that for the 'Trout Brook' and 'Sunrise,' through his agent in Paris."

"Uncle Henry—who?"

"Your Aunt Helen's husband. Didn't you know his name?"

He shakes his head and leans toward her with an almost incredulous look in his eyes. But at this moment there is a sudden jolting of the train, and a stentorian voice calls out "Wakefield!" Under cover of the confusion he touches her hand.

"And you are—Cousin Clara?" with eager inquiry in his voice.

"Yes, by courtesy. Mr. Willard was my guardian, and after Aunt Helen came, I learned to regard her family almost as my own. She often spoke of you, and wanted me to call her Aunt Helen, and you Cousin Robert. She was very good to me."

"And you have known me all these weeks and didn't speak? Strange that I should have been such an ardent hunter of Claras and not even learn your first name! How did you obtain my address?"

"By the merest accident. You had changed places so often, we had lost all trace of you. Even the dealer in Paris could give no information. When I started for Narragansett Pier you and your bequest had about slipped from my thoughts. You can judge of my surprise when I picked up a bit of pasteboard from the seat and found it was your address. I could only imagine at the time that one of your friends had thrown it away. Now, I think that you dropped it when you raised the car window."

"And you wrote to me as soon as you reached the hotel," he says, wonderingly. "It is very curious, all of it. But why didn't you explain things after you met me?"

"I had nothing to explain. I had met several Mr. Leightons before and did not connect you in any way with Cousin Robert. I never thought of him as being in this country. It was only when you began to talk about Paris the other day that I suspected your identity, but I was not sure until you brought me that little picture yesterday with the initials the same as those on the two Mr. Willard bought. I did not speak then because—because I was waiting for you to discover me."

His hand is inclosing hers now, and there is a rapt, exultant look on his face. The train rumbles across a bridge and round a curve, between two yellow banks. She is looking from the window, with a soft, tremulous smile on her lips; and after vainly seeking the brown eyes, his own glance goes to the window and wanders out across the fields. Long rows of houses glide out from among the trees in the distance; two or three pretty cottages appear on the green slope; then a freight house and platform shut out the view, and the train comes to a slow stop.

It is only when they glide away from the station that the brown eyes come back to his.

"And so you are going away?" she asks, softly.

"Only as far as Providence. I will return to-night."

TO MY LADY'S WATCH.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

THING of beauty, made for duty,
Ever ticking without rest,
Thou art sleeping in good keeping
On a peerless maiden's breast;
Thou art nearest to her dearest
Hopes and longings all unguessed.

Oh, discover if another
Of her graces is possessed;
For her favor would forever
Make me dearly, doubly blessed,
And no burden e'er would sadden
If her love I once possessed.

AUBREY DE VERE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The House of the De Veres is a very ancient one. During the reign of Charlemagne, and many centuries afterward, the De Veres were members of the order of Chevaliers, who were barons, and the owners of the fertile province of Normandy, France. They were "as tall as Roman spears," as Thomas D'Arcy McGee sang of the Milesian followers of Finn McCool. These chevaliers were brave and stalwart. In the spacious dining halls of their chateaux they partook of haunches of venison, and quaffed bottles of cider. They chased the stag and the deer in the woodlands; with the aid of their fishing smacks they gathered an enormous amount of the finny tribe along the Norman coast.

In the year 1066, one of the branches of the De Vere family followed William, Prince of Normandy, who sailed with 5,000 chevaliers to England, then inhabited by Anglo-Saxons, and in the period of two years conquered that nation, and became its king. In 1657 Vere Hunt, an officer in Cromwell's army in Ireland, was remunerated for his services in subduing "the mere papist Irishrie," with one thousand acres of most fertile soil in Adare Valley, in the County Limerick. Though the De Veres' blood was lessened by that of the Cromwellian officer, the escutcheon of the Irish De Veres has been stainless during the last one hundred and fifty years. They were very charitable to the poor of the district around their mansion, Curragh Chase.

The father of the subject of this sketch was Sir Aubrey De Vere, baronet, whose poems were much admired by the London literary world of the opening decades of the present century. He was an adept in sonnet writing. The great English poet, Wordsworth, referred to Sir Aubrey's sonnets as "the most perfect poetical gems in the English language." He was the author, too, of an excellent drama, entitled "Mary Tudor," and of various moral and religious poems. Stephen De Vere, the eldest son of the baronet, succeeded to the title and estates of his father, who died on July 28, 1846. Sir Stephen is the author of "Translations from Horace," a volume which was one of the Canterbury series of books published by a London firm. The venerable baronet, who has owned Curragh Chase and its estates for almost half a century, is for many years a recluse, and a confirmed invalid. His brother, Aubrey De Vere, manages the estate, and is the real host of Curragh Chase. A younger brother also resides in the manor. Miss Mary De Vere, sister of this group of brothers, was also a poet. Several lyrics from her pen appeared in the Dublin "Literary Gazette" in 1830, the year of her premature death, at the age of eighteen.

Aubrey De Vere was born in Curragh Chase in 1814. After a primary and high school education by a tutor who was a graduate of Oxford University, he became an alumnus of Trinity College, where he perfected his knowledge of Latin and Greek, and became thoroughly versed in French, Spanish, and Italian. De Vere in his student days loved to go to the Corn Exchange to hear O'Connell's pleas

for Catholic emancipation. After having attended the course at Trinity, during four academical terms, he was awarded an M. A. degree in the year 1837, and returned to Curragh Chase at the age of twenty-two.

One of the loveliest, and most interesting places in Ireland, although it has never been a resort of tourists, is the district called Adare, which lies some twenty miles to the south-west of the city of Limerick. Gerald Griffin, the famous Irish poet, thus describes it:—

"Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more rarely tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides, and joy excelling."

Not far from the village of Adare, on the site of one of the Desmond strongholds, built of the delicate-hued limestone of the locality, stands the mansion of Curragh Chase, the home of the Vere-Hunts, now the De Veres, during two hundred years. It is erected on a gently sloping eminence which descends to a small lake. On the further side are dark woodlands, while in one place a rocky bank of the lake rises abruptly, and boldly to the sky, and is crowned by an Irish cross. Passing the Palladian portico of the manor, and entering its broad doors all is beauty, spaciousness, and order; books everywhere, statuary, pictures, and bric-a-brac of every kind, souvenirs Aubrey De Vere gathered while travelling on the continent of Europe in his early life.

After a year's residence in this manor, his father, Sir Aubrey, was prodigal of his funds to his son, who wished to travel. The young man spent the next few months in Wordsworth's home in the English Lake country, where also Southey and Coleridge had hermitages. Sitting at the tables of these three poets in turn, listening to their brilliant conversations, young De Vere first felt the impulse and inspiration of the muse. His walks with these eminent hermits through the forests that skirted the banks of the lakes interested the Irish youth, for Wordsworth taught him several pages of natural history, giving him information about the habits of the fawn, the deer, the squirrel, and other animals which inhabited these woodlands. When he left the abode of the poets, he visited the home of Tennyson, situated away in one of the northern shires of England, and thence proceeded to London, Dover, and Calais. He made an interesting tour through France, Belgium, and Switzerland, where he made several ascents of Mont Blanc, and the Righi, and visited the castle of Chillon. From thence he travelled over Italy.

As Aubrey De Vere was a High Church Anglican at that time, he was in raptures over the architectural glories of St. Peter's cathedral. He subsequently spent a year in the classic land of Greece. Here he ascended the verdant slopes of Mount Parnassus, Mount Helicon, famous for its Vaucluse fountain, and Citheron. He visited the groves of Academos, where Plato and Diogenes, Socrates and Pericles, discussed the attributes of a Supreme Being. "I saw Athens," he writes in his volume of travels in Greece and Turkey, "at a time when no judicial tribunal recommended the hemlock-cup to the lips of Socrates, and no Athenian populace sent Themistocles into banishment." His "Travels over Europe" are in style literary mosaics, vivid in color, scholarly, and highly interesting. These volumes occupied five years on

his return to Ireland, and were published by a London firm.

In 1848 his friend Tennyson, who had been enjoying a vacation in the island of Valentia, off the shores of Kerry, accepted Aubrey De Vere's invitation to the hospitality of Curragh Chase. The Poet Laureate spent a few weeks in this picturesque valley, promenading arm-in-arm, with his host on the banks of the Shannon estuary. Tennyson told De Vere some extraordinary experiences which he had on the island. Owing to his slouched hat, and the long locks that swept his shoulders down his back, he was looked upon by the coast-guards as a dangerous individual—an emissary of some secret society, who had come from "furrin parts" harboring deadly designs on the British Empire. Tennyson used to speak to no one on the island. He spent most of his time with a pipe between his teeth, examining all the nooks and crannies along the coast, or in gazing with spellbound eyes on the waters of the broad Atlantic.

In 1851 Aubrey De Vere became a convert to Catholicity, and his example and arguments induced his mother, Lady De Vere, and Sir Stephen to become members of the same fold. At this period England was suffering from the virus of bigotry towards Catholics, and the secession of the De Veres from the Anglican Church, and their entrance into the Roman Catholic Church, were savagely denounced by the evangelizers of Exeter Hall, London. The De Veres remained passive before the storm.

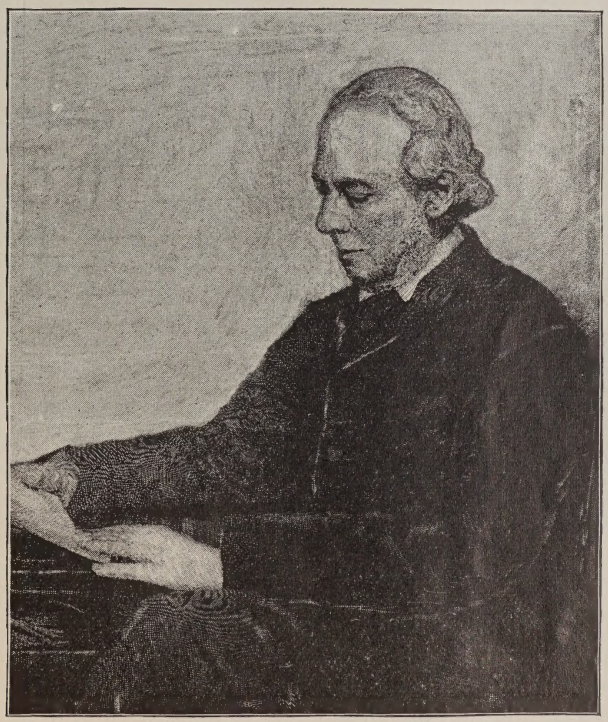
Much of his life has been spent in travel, and much in his Irish home. His career, apart from his literary achievements, has not been an eventful one. He is conversant with public affairs, and has written several valuable treatises on Irish political questions, such as "English Misrule, and Irish Misdeeds" (1848), and "The Church Settlement of Ireland" (1868), in which he favored the disestablishment and disendowment of the state Anglican Church in that country. He is impressed with the belief that the Protestants of the British Empire could be converted in thirty years to Catholicity, if a host of active and zealous missionaries were sent among them. Ireland, he believes, should give up her political aspirations for a separate parliament in order to devote her entire strength, and spiritual forces to the religious regeneration of the Empire.

Among his volumes of poems are the following "May Carols" (1857), "The Sisters, Innisfail, and Other Poems," London (1861); "Innisfail: a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland," Dublin (1862); "The Legends of St. Patrick," London (1872); "The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age." His poetry is like the art of the sculptor; it chisels his thoughts and fancies into wonderful works of beauty. The latest collection of his poems is entitled "Selections from the Poems of Aubrey De Vere: edited with a Preface by George Edward Woodberry." This contains a large number of De Vere's best and choicest poems.

Though he is most assuredly the greatest of living Catholic and Irish poets, his volumes are, strangely enough, not patronized by Catholic Americans, or by the Irish people themselves, by whom he is regarded as unpopular in his political ideas, which are of the Tory type. Yet De Vere has written a volume of poems treating of the history of Ireland, entitled "Innisfail," a book which Thomas Davis, one of the leading and

most inspiring poets of the "Nation" of Dublin in its early days, and its editor, suggested as a befitting one for Duffy's Irish Library of that period, 1842-1845. Aubrey De Vere is also in keen sympathy with Irish character and Ireland's persecution on behalf of the Catholic faith.

His "Ancient Irish Legends," "The Foray of Queen Meave," "The Sisters," and "Bard Ethell" deal with Irish life and the martial customs of the Milesian period of Ireland's history. "The Foray of Queen Meave" is one of his most excellent poetical legends. Cuchullain is the hero of the tale. Were it not for his assistance Ulladh and his forces would not have triumphed over those of Queen Meave. After the battle was over, Ferida, who was a soldier of the queen and an old friend of Cuchullain, was asked by the arch-Druid, through the medium of Queen Meave, to fight the leader of her majesty's enemies. The bribes which were offered to Ferida he rejected with scorn; but he eventually resigned himself to fight, having been smitten with love for Finobar, daughter of Queen Meave. Here is a description of the scene:—



AUBREY DE VERE.

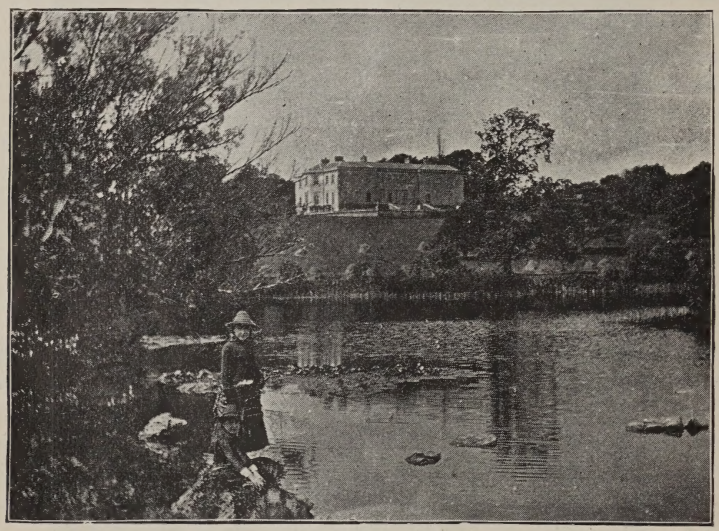
" Fearful she turned
On him those luminaries of love, and death:
Her eyes, like stars in midnight waters glassed;
Turned them, but spake no longer. Thro' his brain
Shivered their shrouded lustre; through his blood
The sanguine currents from the warrior's heart,
Long sad, to female sympathies unused,
Drank up at once that splendor, and the tears,
That splendor's strange eclipse!"

Ferida and Cuchullain meet, and fight. The former of the two warriors falls at the edge of his old friend's sword. The victor, stung by remorse, weeps over his corse.

"The Legends of St. Patrick" are of a veritably Celtic spirit. A dialogue between the Saint and the Bard Ossian is a faithful translation of an old Gaelic MSS. De Vere's sonnet to

Where the thronged marbles awe the passer by;
True rest is this; the task, the mission o'er,
To bide God's time and man's neglect to bear;
Hail loyal Sarsfield! Hail high-hearted Clare!"

Among the most excellent works of De Vere are those in which a great historic theme is treated in a mood of imaginative meditation as illustrating



CURRAGH CHASE, HOME OF AUBREY DE VERE.

Lord Clare, and Patrick Sarsfield who fell at Landen, Belgium, in defence of the Bourbon lilies, and who said, before dying, "Oh, would that this blood were shed for Ireland!" runs as follows:—

"Silent they slumber in the unwholesome shade;
And why lament them? Virtue, too, can die;
Old wisdom labors in extremity,
And greatness stands aghast, and cries for aid
Full often: Aye, and honor grows dismayed;
And all these eagle hopes, so pure and high,
Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky,
Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betrayed.
Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor
Of this exulting earth, nor peace to lie

some movement or conflict of spiritual forces in the world. Such are his well-wrought dramas, so full of intellectual and moral interest, "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" and "Alexander the Great." Yet it is in his Irish themes that we find his tenderest touches. "The Year of Sorrow," a threnody on the Irish famine of 1848, is the most impassioned of all his lyrics. The old man in his declining years has the face of a prophet—a mystic countenance, pale, dignified and meditative. Though he sorrows for Ireland's destinies he has hope for his land as well.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

ON FINDING AN AUTUMN LEAF IN A BOOK.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

Forgive the teardrops falling
On the yellow leaflet sere;
Across the darkness calling
Comes a voice I used to hear;
And I see a face of sweetness
In the fitful firelight there,
A form of rich completeness
And a lady's graceful air.
But white and cold
'Neath hair of gold,
Is the frozen forehead
I behold!

Alas! for the useless sighing;
Alas! for the tears we shed;
Alas! for the hapless dying,
For the chill and mouldering dead!
Alas! for the hopeless living
For the poor that weep and yearn,
And for Death, the unforgiving,
From whose bourn there's no return!
Alas! for Life
With troubles rife,
An empty hour
Of noise and strife!

The gold and crimson lingers
On the leaflet dry and bare,
But, oh! how changed the fingers
That silently placed it there!
Where now the look of splendor
On that patient, pale, dear face,
The liquid eyes so tender
And the airy, matchless grace?
Ah, still and cold
Within the mould,
Lies the lady sweet
With hair of gold!

Ah! never a bell is ringing
But a patient suff'rer dies!
Ah! never a child is singing
But another faintly cries!
Ah! never a dawn is breaking
Over the dark, sullen sea,
But a widowed heart is aching,
And some eye weeps silently!
There is no joy
Without alloy;
No rose that frost
Will not destroy.

LEADERS OF MEN.

II.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

IF THE measure of man's power were ever the good he had accomplished for his kind, few names would be dearer to the race—at least of English-speaking people—than that of the great Saxon Alfred, who in fifty years so changed the world he lived in. He found Britain a nest of petty rivalries and intrigues; he left it a unit. He won peace at home and respect abroad, by a sword as swift and strong as it was patient. He preserved the results of victory by the same energy in prudence and diplomacy, which he had before expended on the field; broadened the narrow fields of science by new discoveries, and enlarged the domain of human usefulness in strangely opposite directions; added private virtue to public worth, and elevated the claims both of learning and religion.

If ever that much abused phrase, "The Great," carried force or truth to the minds of men, it was embodied, in England in the ninth century, in the slender frame of one frail man, who could bend to his will pagan Dane and wolfish Angle, and lay the foundations of Britain's glory in the face of such difficulty and disappointment as human soul has scarce ever known before or since. Remembering Alfred to-day, is recalling the richest treasure of manly Christian virtue which those early ages have left as heritage. Yet his name has never had the subtle inspiration belonging to many of lesser force. Carlyle did not choose it among his heroes, to be deified with the ambitious tyrant Frederick, or damned with the equally ambitious but more generous Napoleon. Mayhap he was too Christian to suit the mood of the Nestor of modern cynics.

One hundred and fifty years after, the world was made fragrant by one of the sweetest flowers chivalry ever nourished in her bosom. The leader by excellence, The Cid, Roderigo Diaz de Bivar, was one of those whom both fact and fancy combine to make illustrious. The marvellous fame of this Castilian hero is still a mine of wealth to poet and dreamer, as when the wandering troubadours sang his prowess in the courts of Castile and Provence. There is scarce in Europe a language in which the epic of his life has not been brought home to the people through the mouth of a great singer like the French Corneille or the English Southey. The hare-brained daring which won his title from his brave enemies, the Moors; the fiery and indomitable vigor of his endeavor to free his beloved Spain from the stain of Saracen usurpation; his dramatic vengeances and no less dramatic generosity of pardon; and the touching evidences of his filial devotion, make strong hold upon the heart and imagination. If popular opinion has done less than justice to Alfred, for his spirit at once brave and submissive, royal in humility as in pride, it has made up the difference in its estimate of the same qualities in the Spaniard. The romance of his marriage to the

beautiful Ximenes, and the primitive justice of the act of expiation he makes her, are as delicious to the taste to-day as when they made the theme of song in joust and tourney. He has slain in open fight the Count Lozano, for an indignity offered his venerable father; the daughter of the dead knight comes before the King, clamoring for revenge; and here is

> And in place of thy dead father
> Offer thee a husband honored!"

Truly is one tempted to say:

> "Was ever woman in such humor wooed,
> Was ever woman in such humor won!"

And did ever such happy wedded life as that of Ximenes Gomez de Bivar result? His life was one long strain of high adventure, broken by short intervals of idyllic peace and love at

"His Life was One Long Strain of High Adventure."

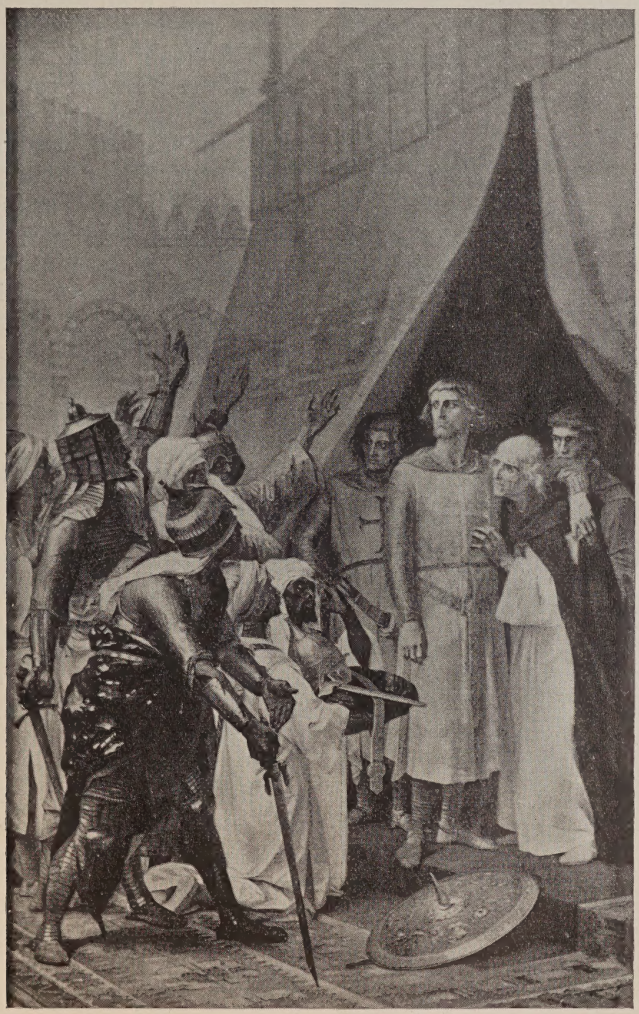
the simple means by which the hero cuts the Gordian knot of the dilemma. He kneels before the injured lady, and bending the proudest head in Christendom, speaks the soft word that turns away wrath:—

> "I did slay thy sire, Ximenes;
> But not like the thief in ambush.
> Breast to breast we stood together
> To avenge my father's honor!
> Man I took and man I give thee!
> Here I stand as thou hast ordered;

home, where he sat by his wife's broidery frame like Hercules by the spinning-wheel of Omphale.

Much as exaggeration has doubtless entered into the portrait of The Cid, drawn from the enthusiasm of his age and admirers, there is enough left to make fitting food for hero worship. Poetry and reality did their best for him; and although the hammer of the iconoclast has battered off

a chip here and there, or marred the perfect finish of the godlike figure, it has still—thank Heaven!—left it firmly planted on the pedestal whence it



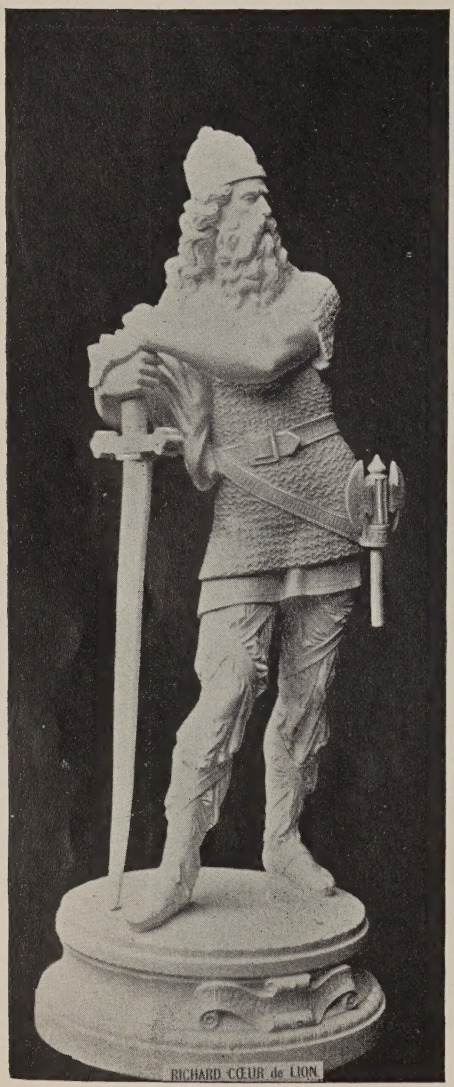
"The Dramatic Force of the Conflict which Paved the Way to the Holy Land with the Bones of the Crusaders, has Never Been Approached in History."

has so long strengthened hearts of men, who

"Do lead forlorn hopes, and die — to live!"

The twilight of The Cid's day merged into the dawn of the Crusades; that frenzy of glory and folly that for centuries convulsed Europe. In its van stands the strange and meteor-like personality of Peter the Hermit, who inflamed the world with the fire of one enthralling idea. The dramatic force and color of the conflict which paved the way to the Holy Land with the bones of the Crusaders,

has never been approached in history. Dominated by the insane frenzy of a single thought, Peter so strongly impressed the impetuous spirits of



"It is Tradition and not History that Has Crowned Him."

the Church Militant with his scheme of conquest and revenge, that a pandemonium of unreason raged in the minds of men; and around the clear central idea of devotion and fervor, every mist of passion, prejudice, and cruelty gathered to cloud the scene. In spite of all the heroism and faith of the Crusades, the Christian idea gained little from these religious wars of the middle ages. The incongruity of such bloody strife about the sepulchre of the Man of Peace and Lord of Love, was too obvious even to natures bred on lust of wealth or glory. There never was a holier cause more travestied in its supporters. But Peter himself, flame of pure devotion, that burned its way into the hearts of all with whom he came in contact—eloquent, sincere, exalted—was a leader in the dramatic sense of the word, whose equal is hard to find in the eight centuries that lie above his dust.

To him we owe many another subject for our theme. The brilliant but stormy splendor of the Lion-hearted Richard, that spoiled darling of fortune, who gathered into his swift, stormy career so many of the vices and virtues that endear man to man, and give a fictitious value to character! It was the fate of this prince to blaze his path through the world with such audacity of daring, such large-hearted disregard for prudence, that his worst follies are covered with a mantle as broad as charity, which leaves him better loved than better men. The romance of courts and camps, the glowing fantasy of beauty and valor with which The Field of the Cloth of Gold enthralls imagination, belong to the name of Richard as wisdom to Alfred, or sanctity to Louis of France. It is tradition and not history that has crowned him. But—at least in this prosaic age—it is easier to spare the King than the Bohemian—the first of his name in the line of the Plantagenets, than the royal vagabond wandering through the hostile

ranks of his enemies, and waiving the privileges of a crown, for the joy of lusty manhood. For myself, I have never dared look too closely at ancient screeds, lest that lovely legend of Blondel, seeking his lost master through the world with his lute—even as Orpheus sought Eurydice—might prove unfounded. I would not lose the song that has made music now for seven hundred years, or its answering echo stealing through the night from the dark tower, for all the facts in science.

To Peter we are also indebted for the star of Moslem glory; that Salahaddin, who was the dearest foe and friend of Cœur de Lion. No tale in the Arabian Nights is more full of enchantment than this of the hero of the East, who sprang from the peaceful obscurity of pastoral life on the plains of Kurdestan, to the absolutism of imperial power and the glory of a fame that dazzled alike Saracen and Christian. Brave, generous, high-minded, humane, irresistible in that dash of picturesque unreason which is the final fascination of the masses, the story of Salahaddin will never lose its charm while great deeds hold their savor in the nostrils of men. Few indeed among the Christians could equal this Mohammedan in the practice of lordly virtues; and fewer approach him in rigid observance of the laws governing his religious belief. A thousand accidents of circumstance may limit or determine a creed; only the rectitude of conscience can hold a man obedient to its principles. One smiles to read on the dry page of history, the poetic superstition which perfumed the Mosque of Omar with rose water to remove the obnoxious odor of Christian sanctity. But it is a graceful weakness; and the East may fairly challenge the West for a brighter example of chivalry than that of the Great Sultan.

Perhaps his nearest type came three hundred and fifty years afterward, in Bayard, that "adopted child of Dame Courtesy," the Chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche." Despite the glamour of his Castilian brother in arms, perhaps he best deserves the crown of ideal knighthood. Purity of life and absolute unselfishness were the high lights of a nature already radiant with courage, loyalty, and splendid prowess. The saint blended with the warrior. A magnanimous enemy, a chaste lover, lavishing with full hands the princely spoils that fell to his share, the brilliant prestige of the soldier pales under the holier light of exalted manhood. No wonder "The Loyal Servant" who has left us the quaint and beautiful memoir of his master, calls him ever "the Good Knight," and fills page after page with the story of his humanity.

Once in the Italian campaign, a conquered city had revolted from its new allegiance; and, again subdued, had sought to appease the righteous anger of the invaders by a bribe of all its wealth in silver and gold which was humbly offered. Given by the general in command to Bayard, in honor of his matchless daring, "The Fearless One replied: 'Monseigneur, I thank you most humbly for the kindness you do me; but please God, nothing belonging to such wicked people shall ever enter my house. Misfortune would come with it.' And he took one by one all the vessels, returning each piece to him that had brought it. And," adds The Loyal Servant, who chronicles the master's every word and thought—as Boswell might Johnson's, and who believes the harsh word only chosen to hide

the audacious generosity of the deed, "My Good Knight kept not a single crown for himself."

It is one of the redeeming traits in human nature, a vindication of its right to respect, that this lovely and refined soul, though never crowned by large honors of power or place, is still cherished and brought from among the ranks of true and modest gentlemen to stand with kings and conquerors in men's esteem.

"Only Her Unfaltering Trust in 'The Voices' Could Have Sustained Her." P. 1012.

In the same halo of loving and tender regard must be placed the stainless life that preceded it by half a century. It is not overmuch to say, that

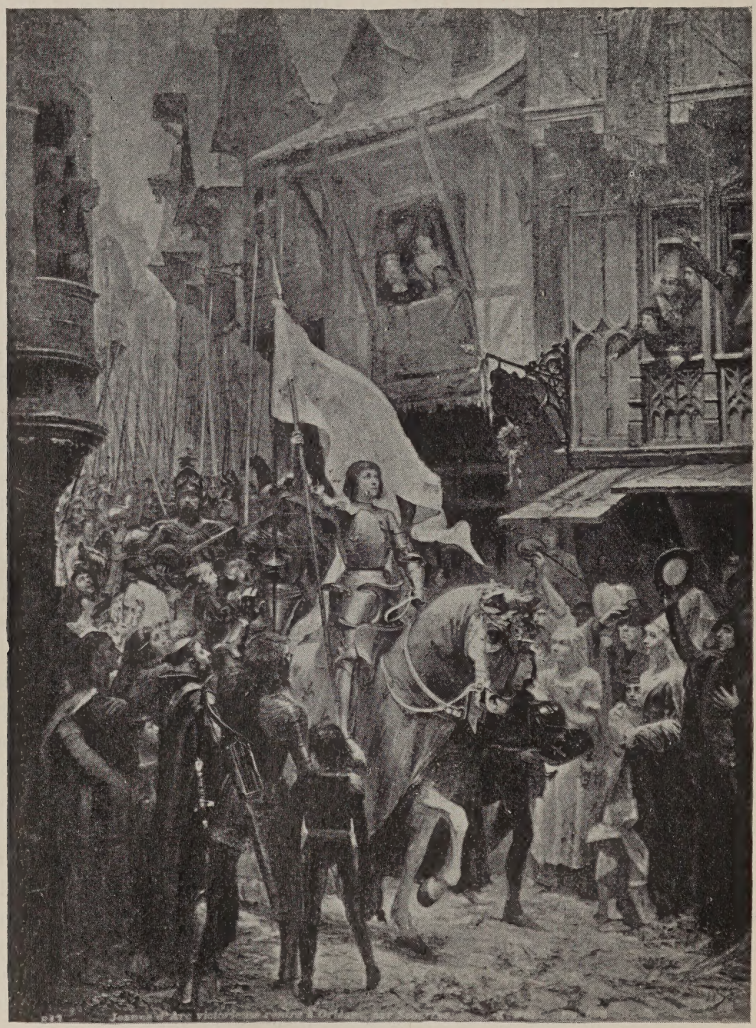
viewed in all its relations, measured by the integrity with which pure soul kept pact with purer conscience, and both these with duty to the neighbor, the life of Jeanne D'Arc is one of the most beautiful as well as extraordinary in the record of human action. Dreams of ambition, longing for power, some stress of virile passion tugging at the heart strings, cloud in some measure fairest fame, and play some part in moulding highest destinies. But for this timid girl, watching her flocks in quiet Domremy, or doing menial service in the humble huts of her people with gentle sweetness, for this child in mind and heart, there was no such impulse. Compared with the sensuous splendor of Cleopatra, the blood-stained fame of Semiramis, or the tragic majesty of Zenobia and Boadicea, her history is like the stainless and fragrant lily among the rank blossoms of the upas tree.

All that we learn of her is gracious and lovely. Early biographers speak of her "mine gracieuse et riante," and of her joy in meeting smiling faces. There was no hectic morbidness in the young maid whose pleasures were so few and whose heart was so happy. The silent rapture with which she listened to the chiming bells in the old church tower, and the love of retirement which from time to time drew her to solitude of woods and fields, did not prevent her joining in the games and dances of her companions, nor from making friends among them. Except for a more pronounced shyness than that of her rustic playmates, and a deeper religious sense, there was no portent of her future career. Neither did the visions which later made themselves apparent, offer any grave peculiarity in the beginning. An age of faith and ignorance had made many before and after her subject to the same impressions. It was only when her "Voices" began to mark a certain line of conduct, and overcome by their insistence the native diffidence of her character, that the soul of the young girl became troubled.

One cannot but follow with affection and sympathy the throes of this innocent soul, being pushed by an unknown force out of safe, quiet and dear comradeship, into the vague terror of the great world beyond, the strangeness and horror of war, the enforced obedience to an awful destiny. One can fancy the dismay of Jacques D'Arc and Isabelle Romée his wife, honest common folk, at this wild swan, lifting her head among their peaceful nest of ducklings. To primitive people of simple nature, there is no menace so great as that of the unusual. To find the docile little house-daughter, whose thought had been bounded before by her distaff and the altar of the parish church, suddenly speaking of messages that pushed her on to the leadership of armed men and the pomp and circumstance of war, would be a rude awakening even in the license of modern times. What must it have been to a poor French peasant in the year 1425! And through what agonies of apprehension, doubt, and terror, must not the heart of the young girl have passed before she found herself kneeling at the feet of her "Gentil Dauphin" at Chinon.

It was a strange vision—this child who became the reawakened spirit of a great nation sunk in lethargy and despair. On that slender figure in white armor riding in advance of the troops of France, the hopes of her country rested. Doubt was about her, and jealousy; in the minds of the

soldiers she was leading to victory, in the heart of the man she was dying to save. Only her unfaltering trust in "the Voices," and her supernatural



"On that Slender Figure in White Armor Riding in Advance of the Troops of France, the Hopes of Her Country Rested." P. 1011.

devotion to the native land, could have sustained the weak girl. How she looked, as she plunged into the smoke and flame of her first battle, the quaint record of eye-witnesses has left for us to read. "The Maid hath a low

forehead, with eyes that are in hue between green and brown; a look in which gentle thought and sad do mingle; a nose straight and well made, a small mouth with thin, red lips. Her skin is extremely white and clear; her locks of a fair chestnut, and these falling in round curls about the face and to the nape of the neck, after the manner of the knights of the time.

Her face hath a lovely oval, somewhat long; in figure is she slight and somewhat tall; truth and innocence, an echo of angelic purity, reflection and sweet melancholy meet in her expression. Her speech is winning, and the voice of great sweetness." Truly a gracious picture of womanhood asserting itself amid most untoward surroundings.

From henceforth, the outer life of this child of the people was passed "in the white light that beats about a throne." Hatred, ignorance, and envy did their bitter worst to sully her fame and impugn her motives. But Time restores all things to a proper perspective. When we are too close, the small foot-hills of mediocrity may hide the white mountains beyond; but these wait, silent and eternal, until distance sets them before the clearer vision in their native atmosphere of majesty and enchantment. It is so with reputation. The nearness or the noise of some petty reputation, may for a space obscure the greater; but the illusion does not last. The nineteenth century, which, with all its follies, has struck many a good blow for truth, has begun to set in its true light the wonderful hidden life of this strange girl, who led for a time the affairs of the world, yet never relaxed the reins of self-respect and self-denial which guided her own conduct.

It would be idle to say that in this she stands alone. The great army of saints and martyrs who have made heroism glorious since they first began to follow in the footsteps of the Master, have also worn the outer mantle of glory over the haircloth and the discipline. But outside their ranks it would be vain quest to seek such heroic simplicity and abnegation as marked the life of Jeanne D'Arc. Temperate of life and speech; prudent beyond her years, and brave in advance of the chivalrous age to which she belonged; generous and merciful even to the brutal cowards who insulted her chastity when they could not sully her matchless courage—the Leaders of Men boast no braver and brighter spirit than this poor village maid of Domremy.

In these same ranks of the sainted, this countless multitude that has championed the hopes and the rights of humanity, what a host of souls have guided out of bondage the material life and the immortal spirit of man! What an endless roll of honor—fighting crime and sin, sorrow and pain, suffering of body and soul, despair and the shadow of death. In all climes and seasons, unswerved by victory or defeat, dying with shouts of triumph which arouse a new legion to fill the places of the fallen! Xavier and Ignatius, Thomas and Vincent, Teresa of Carmel and Catherine of Sienna—the golden names wind like a strand of light through the dark woof of the ages, or rise like the "pillar of fire by night and cloud by day" that guided the steps of the Israelites toward the Promised Land!

Let us now look at some of the less picturesque but equally stalwart figures of modern times.

To be concluded.

PEDRO.

BY ROSS B. FRANKLIN.

"Ha, ha! You? You want to be a curé? A pretty looking curé you would make! Who ever heard of a hunch-back curé? And that nose, Pedro, that nose! People would think that the devil had come to get them! See, boy, this is the only way you will ever be able to save souls!" And old Mantez tightened the strap over his knee and resumed his work of driving pegs into the bottom of an old shoe.

Nobody cared for Pedro. He never knew a real kindness except from his dog. He could not go to school for lack of books; and old Mantez would buy him none. "What would be the use of buying books for a puny hunch-back, who would likely die as soon as he had learned something? No, no! If Pedro ever becomes stronger, he shall help in the shop!"

The boy had been nursing the idea that perhaps he might become a curé. Many a night he had lain in a heap on his pallet, his large eyes wide open and picturing in the darkness the scenes in a curé's life. He would have a leather-covered missal with a bright brass clasp, like Abbé Merchaud's, and a gold-topped stick; and then people would no longer make fun of him. Now, when the neighbors' children are cross or refuse to repeat their prayers, the parents say: "Be careful or you will get like Pedro—with a hump on your back and a big nose!" If he was a curé, the children would walk with him and hold his hands, and he would tell them about God. He would be good to the poor, and the sick, and the unfortunate; and on Sundays the people would come to hear him. How proud he would be! With that thought Pedro would stretch his legs on the bed as far as he could. "Oh, yes, I am tall enough! Maybe they will fix an altar for me, not quite so high as common; if not, I can stand on a block."

"And who ever knew a curé who lived in a garret? He would have a window in his room; he would have books, and a nice, painted box in which to keep his clothes and his Sunday robes. And on fête days! The streets would be crowded; he would come along a little late; perhaps he would have been to see the sick! What joy to hear the people cry: "The curé! the curé! make room for the curé!" Everybody would like the curé then, even though they despise Pedro now. Yes, he would be a curé, that is, if his father would give him the money and the opportunity."

Picking up his cap, he left the room when old Mantez had finished speaking. For a long time he sat thinking on the steps of the church down the street; then he arose and hurried along until he came to Abbé Merchaud's house, and while climbing the steps from the street he thought: "How nice to be an abbé!" Would he dare enter? Surely they could no more than tell him to leave, and that would not be half so bad as the rebuff which he had just suffered from his father.

Abbé Merchaud looked kindly over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the little cripple standing before him with downcast eyes and twirling his cap in his hands. Pedro did not tell the abbé that he wished to become a curé, but only that he wanted something to do that he might earn a few sous. These he would save to buy a missal and a gold-topped stick; then he would see.

What could he do? "Anything! See, Monsieur l'Abbé, I am strong!" and by way of illustration he lifted a great chair and carried it across the room. The abbé smiled. "Come to me Sunday morning," he said. Then Pedro left with a light heart, and spent the remainder of the day in the vicinity of the church.

Long before day-light Sunday morning Pedro was awake. Maybe he was to carry the cross; that would be fine, indeed! The sun was shining brightly and great throngs of people were already arriving at the church when the abbé and the boy entered the rear door. The little hunch-back's face was radiant. He cared not what his work was to be, so long as he was in the church. Peeping out upon the congregation, he felt his heart beat faster, faster, for wouldn't he someday be a curé, perhaps, and preach to all that great throng?

In the choir stood the big pipe-organ and below was the little box where Pedro was to work, the abbé said. When the bell tinkled, he must set the fans in motion, and he must not stop until the bell tinkled again. If he did his work well he would receive five sous.

Five sous! thought Pedro. He would soon have his missal and his stick. "Ah, ha, Father Mantez! You may yet live to see a hunch-back curé, with a big nose!"

What music! He had never heard such wonderful sounds. The deep rolling tones sounded like the roar of a mighty wind and seemed to shake the church. More than once Pedro was tempted to pause at his task, that he might hear better; but each time he remembered the abbé's admonition and kept on with renewed vigor. "Five sous!" he repeated aloud as he stood panting and almost exhausted. Then "Five sous!" louder and louder yet; nobody could hear him above the organ's tones. It delighted him to say those two words, "Five ——!" The bell tinkled, the music stopped, and he was free to sit down and rest. Soon he heard the abbé's voice; he would like to see how the good man looked in his robe. Could he ever talk like that? Of course he could, after he had learned his Bible.

Once a month Pedro carried his franc to the garret and hid it in the wall. Old Mantez hammered away at his trade. Sometimes he would pause when Pedro came into the shop, to look at the boy; but it was for an instant only, after which he would give his wax-end a decisive jerk and shake his head.

One Sunday Pedro was in his box awaiting the signal. His eyes seemed larger than usual, and shone with an unusual brilliancy. He was thinking. Tomorrow he would have his book and his stick. Tomorrow! He heard the surpliced choristers march through the chancel and take their places in the choir. "Tomorrow!" he murmured as the signal came. The Kyrie burst out grander than he had ever heard it, and he seemed endowed with superhuman strength.

Suddenly the organ's tones grew faint; the deep base notes sounded no longer; instead, there issued only a feeble sound as the higher notes were struck. The organist turned dumb-founded upon the singers. Fainter and fainter grew the music, then it ceased altogether—only the voices of the choir continued. Hastily the organist ran below to chastise Pedro, but instead, he stooped and picked up the poor, thin body of the little hunch-back,—who now would never be a curé, with a leather-covered missal, and a gold-topped stick.

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April number.)

XXX.

Twenty-four days had elapsed since the departure from The Three Rivers. Seated among the Indians, four in number, Charles Garnier was telling his beads. His fine, sunburnt face, that showed many a mark of mosquito-bites, bore no look of discouragement. He often paused in his prayer and, with ardent, joyful impatience, examined the shores of Georgian Bay.

"Ihonatiria?" he asked of his guides from time to time.

These impassible-looking men would continue to row without saying a word.

Towards evening, however, as they were entering a creek, the Jesuit being employed in reading his breviary, Kioncké the captain of the canoe, attracted his attention by pointing with his oar in the direction of the woods, murmuring a few words of which the only one Charles understood was "*Ihonatiria!*"

They were at their journey's end.

Charles Garnier looked at the sombre forest, at the unfamiliar shore, at the uncivilized Indians surrounding him. A mortal sadness suddenly took possession of him. His thoughts turned to his own country, to his beloved family. In imagination he beheld Bois-Belle, its cheerful hearth, the welcoming looks that greeted him always on his arrival there. All the affectionate tenderness and innocent joy which he had sacrificed passed in review before his mind's eye, while the life which here awaited him presented itself in its true colors and stern reality, a thousand times more horrible than death itself.

But the young missionary did not long allow his mind to dwell either on the soft or on the terrible visions conjured up by his imagination. "*Voluntas tua, voluptas mea*" he murmured, pressing his crucifix to his heart.

The first to spring on shore, he kissed the earth which was to be watered by his sweat if not by his blood. As he rose from the ground he saw issuing from the woods a man of tall stature and strong frame, dressed in black.

"Héchon!" whispered the Indians.

"Father de Brébœuf," said Charles to himself, and baring his head, he approached the Superior of the Mission who was hastening to meet him.

The new-comer's good looks and noble bearing, as well as his youth, attracted Jean de Brébœuf.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" said he, embracing Charles. For a moment they wept in concert, then the Apostle of the Hurons, laying his strong hand on Charles Garnier's fair head said to him:—

"I am well pleased to see you here. The wish I form for you is that you may spend your strength and your life in the service of our poor savages. Are you very much fatigued, my son?"

"Not too much," replied the young missionary, smiling through his tears.

"God be praised! You were with good Indians. You have neither been obliged to row nor to take off your shoes. Father Chastelain arrived yesterday and gave us news of you. We have been expecting you all day. Do not mind about your baggage for here is Lecoq and he will carry it for you."

Robert Lecoq,* a powerful looking young man, bright and cheerful, was one of the class who had "*given themselves*" as it was called—heroes unknown to fame who devoted themselves to the missionaries.

He saluted Father Garnier, and drawing a long strap from his pocket proceeded to fasten together the various packets, the two religious helping him. Then, throwing the package over his shoulders he disappeared in the woods.

Charles had retained his bag. His Superior took it from his hand authoritatively, and though the younger missionary had often found it inconveniently heavy at the carrying-places, it seemed to weigh no more than a feather in the powerful hands of Father de Brébœuf.

They continued along the coast for a time. The tops of the tall trees were reflected along the edge of the water, and in the far-stretching distance the calm lake mirrored the bright hues of the sky.

"How beautiful it is here," said Charles.

"The Indians call it '*Karegrondi*,' said Father de Brébœuf, stretching his hand toward the lake, but Mons. de Champlain named it Freshwater Sea. *Thonatiria* is about three quarters of a league from here, and is not a very considerable village. You had better keep a little retired till you are better acquainted with the language and customs of the Indians."

"Was it here, Father, that you were left alone on your arrival two years ago?"

"In this very place. We had taken thirty days to come up from The Three Rivers, and with the exception of a single day's repose among the Bissirinians, I had rowed the whole way—so that I had been reduced to reciting my Breviary in the evening by the light of the burning logs. Having arrived here, my Indians abandoned me and left me all alone just as night had fallen.

"Now you are going to make acquaintance with the roads of this country, for here is the shortest road to our dwelling," said Father de Brébœuf turning into one of the forest paths.

This path, originally made by the wild animals, had been afterwards somewhat enlarged, so that by pushing aside the larger branches, the two men could walk abreast. Overhead, the forest, as old as the world itself, stretched like a dome in motion. The warbling of the birds, mingled with other vague, harmonious sounds, floated to their ears on the breeze, and everything around gave forth a balmy odor, and seemed instinct with life.

"What a lovely road," said Charles Garnier, forgetting his fatigue.

"Yes, during fine weather these roads are pleasant enough," said Father de Brébœuf, gently.

"And what did you do, Father, when you found yourself left all alone?"

"The place was not strange to me, but the village of Toanché, where I had lived five years previously, had disappeared. I must confess that I felt sad enough, but not very long.

* He perished in 1650, during an encounter with the Iroquois.

I thanked God who had brought me as far as that. I saluted the guardian-angels of the country, and then, after hiding my baggage in the wood, taking only the sacred vessels with me, I set out to seek my Indians."

"You speak the Huron dialect well now?" asked Charles.

"I understand all that my people say to me and manage to make myself understood, even when speaking of our most ineffable mysteries. My first pupils, Fathers Daniel and Davost, are beginning to talk Huron a little. We have worked hard, and are still working."

"Are the difficulties of these languages very great?"

"They are endless. But our principle weapon among these people consists of a knowledge of their language. We have made a little dictionary, and are preparing a grammar. To write down our notes we are reduced to using birch-bark."

"You have no paper!" exclaimed Charles.

"Only very little. Father Davost had the greater part of our paper and our books in his packages. The Indians in his canoe stole many of them and obliged him to throw the rest into the water, after which they abandoned him on Allumettes Island. He was half dead when he was rescued. Thanks be to God no one perished."

"I now perceive that my Hurons were indeed, the cream of the tribe," replied Charles. "And yet I must confess, I had trouble in repressing myself enough to be able to show them a good-natured countenance."

"These poor Indians!" said Father de Brébœuf gently. "Their coarseness, their dirt, are a constant source of suffering to us. Then we have to live in a greater state of deprivation than you can possibly imagine. The necessaries of life even are wanting.

"While coming up I met Father Daniel, barefooted like the Indians; he had an oar in his hand, his breviary hanging from his neck, a shirt in rags, and a cassock torn across the back — the very personification of want and hunger. But in spite of that, he looked so happy, so contented, that one could not help envying him."

A sweet smile lighted up Father de Brébœuf's face.

"What Jesus Christ is to those who have left all for His sake," he said in a low voice, "no one knows who has not had the experience of it; and it is impossible to conceive the joy felt on baptizing a poor Indian who dies shortly afterwards and goes straight to heaven!"

Charles listened attentively, deeply moved.

"Do the Hurons begin to give any hopes of their conversion?" said he.

"They acknowledge that God's law is beautiful and reasonable, but they hold to their superstitions and their infamous customs. Our greatest suffering is seeing them close their eyes to the light of faith. But we must await the moment of God's own choosing. Having done all we can, we must be contented with having done nothing.

"It is on this foundation that God wishes these new churches to be built. Besides, however barren the soil may be, the seeds of life never perish altogether. We have instructed and baptized several adults on their death beds and very few children die without baptism. But we meet with much contempt and many insults, while our heads have to be ready for the hatchet any day."

"That is not sufficient," exclaimed Charles. "We must suffer whatever horrible torments can be invented by savage cruelty."

"That is saying a good deal," said Father de Brébœuf quietly. "Last year an invasion of the Iroquois was much apprehended. Our poor Hurons do not know how to organize, or how to defend themselves. Therefore, every day we prepared ourselves for death or for being dragged to slavery."

Charles Garnier looked at his Superior with tender and infinite respect.

"Father," said he, "some amongst us will be martyrs. Would it not be a sort of malediction for the country if there were none?"

"The blood of martyrs is the seed from which spring Christians," replied Father de Brébœuf pensively. "That is a well-known maxim in God's church. But I sometimes ask myself whether the life we live here is not almost tantamount to martyrdom. It is certain that night and day, we are exposed to perishing by fire or by the tomahawk."

The younger religious listened to all this with the greatest calmness. As a Protestant author has said*: "Brébœuf was the lion of the Huron missions and Garnier was the lamb, but the lamb was as intrepid as the lion."

The forest was growing thinner before them.

"We have arrived," said Father de Brébœuf, "you are at St. Joseph of *Ihonatiria*."

Father Garnier hastily pushed the branches aside. Before him in the middle of a large clearing on which rested the golden vapor of approaching night, a number of funnel-shaped birch huts might be perceived. Little beds of Indian corn, of beans and pumpkins surrounded these miserable dwellings, and opposite to one hut, which stood a little apart from the rest, a large red cross was planted.

"Here is what you have come in search of from the other side of the world, dear brother," said the founder of the Huron mission. "Here is the vine covered with thorns which our hands are to pluck out, here is the field of battle where we must contend even unto death, with the Prince of Darkness."

As if by one accord, the two Jesuits knelt and prayed for a few moments, then rising, embraced one another like two warriors swearing to shed their blood for the same cause. They then turned towards the entrance of the fence enclosing the village.

All around the light of the setting sun tinged the summits of the swaying trees with rays of fire. All was at peace in the village. Some of the men were smoking their pipes, stretched lazily on the greensward; others were seated in a circle playing at knuckle-bones. Near the stream which flowed through the village, women, dirty and hideous, were occupied in drying fish. The silence was unbroken save by the voices of the children who were practising shooting outside the enclosure. No one seemed to take any notice of the missionaries as they passed along.

At the door of one of the huts there hung a bloody scalp. Charles turned his eyes away in disgust. His Superior perceived this, and pointing to the red cross before their own hut, said:

"What a consolation to perceive the sign of redemption amidst all this barbarism!"

"Does the sight of this cross please

* Francis Parkman.

the Hurons?" asked Father Garnier, respectfully baring his head.

"I have had much trouble in preventing them from cutting it down. Last year, we had a great drought. It was really frightful. Everything was drying up and the medicine-men were summoned to procure rain.

"After having dreamed, danced, and feasted quite uselessly, they took it into their heads to pronounce that it was the cross standing before the Frenchmen's door which prevented the rain from falling. The Indians decided on cutting it down. I said to the elders of the tribe: 'I cannot prevent you from doing what you will, but I will never give my consent to the cross being cut down.' I made them take notice that rain had frequently fallen since the cross had been erected, and I urged them to come in a body, men and women, to ask Jesus to send them rain. They were reduced nearly to a famine. They acceded to my request, and that very day the rain fell in abundance and the delight of the Indians was at its height. One after another they came to tell me how good Jesus was, and they heaped all manner of abuse on their medicine-men."

As the two religious were passing before one of the huts, a little boy, some five or six years old, ran out to kiss Father de Brébœuf's beads.

"That is the first Huron child that I baptized," said the missionary, taking the litle fellow in his arms. "Is he not a fine child? When I baptized him he was nearly dead."

The father addressed some words in Huron to the child, who replied by making the sign of the cross. Father Garnier, quite charmed, forgetting the child's state of dirt, lavished caresses on him.

"Look," said Father de Brébœuf, "here are your brothers-in-arms coming to meet you."

François Le Mercier, Pierre Pijart and Pierre Chastelain were running towards them, and rivalled one another in the warm and joyous reception they gave the new-comer.

"Come, come," said Father de Brébœuf, cutting short these effusions of welcome, "Father Garnier is exhausted with fatigue and hunger. We must be doing the honors of the house to him."

"All is ready," exclaimed François Le Mercier. "Father Chastelain took us by surprise, but you, dear brother, were expected, and we have prepared you a feast. How do you like the looks of our house?"

The house, built of bark, was thirty-five feet long by twenty feet wide, and for a window had nothing but a hole made in the upper part of it for the smoke to pass through.

"It is not much like Bois-Belle," said Father de Brébœuf gaily, opening the door, "but believe me, the more you have left, the more will you bless God."

The hut was divided into three compartments. In the first of these, which served as an antechamber, the provisions were stored. The missionaries occupied the second division, which was much longer than the first. No tables nor chairs were to be seen. On each side against the bark walls, were long benches on which were piled cases holding their books, clothing, etc. The fire was lighted in the middle of this apartment. The Jesuits passed into the third division, which had been converted into a chapel, and there intoned the *Te Deum*.

During this time, Father Mercier, who had remained behind, spread a

rush mat in a corner of the centre room, placing on it a wooden platter and little drinking-vessel made of bark. Then from among the hot ashes he drew forth a small loaf made of Indian corn flour which he bore to the mat adding a dish of *sagamite*,* as also some large leaves containing raspberries and blueberries. He then ran to fetch pure water from the spring close by the hut, and when the religious came out from the chapel a few minutes later, they found him on his knees before the hot ashes, very busy toasting slices of pumpkin and heads of corn.

Delighted at finding himself once more among his own religious family, Charles Garnier knew not how to give expression to his joy.

"But please eat something," said Father de Brébœuf. The young missionary sat down on the ground and plunged his wooden spoon into the dish of sagamite.

"How good it is! How clean everything is!" he said raising his tired head and looking delightedly at his brethren. "I am terribly hungry."

"You must be in great need of sleep also," said Father Chastelain. "I assure you I could not hold up at all yesterday."

"Your room is ready," said François Le Mercier, pointing beneath the shelf, where, in a sort of niche were spread a sheet of bark and a blanket. The Indians sleep round the fire anywhere, but we have found means of having bedrooms."

And these brave trespassers on Satan's domains all laughed heartily.

* A thick sort of porridge made of Indian meal and water. and seasoned with pounded smoked fish.

XXXI.

(FATHER GARNIER TO GIZELLA MÉLIAND.)

St. Joseph of Ihonatiria,
June, 1637.

Dear Sister: — For the last nine months I have been living among the Indians. Certainly there is much to be endured, but do not pity me too much. I assure you I do not need your pity for, in spite of hunger, cold, and all imaginable inconveniences I have more real happiness here in one day, than I could have elsewhere in a whole lifetime.

Believe me, the less human consolation we have, the more does God enter into the heart and help it to realize how preferable is His love to all imaginable happiness that can be found in creatures. Ah! Gizella, what a grace God bestowed on me when He called me to this apostleship, choosing me in preference to so many others that come here and bear His cross.

I arrived here the evening of August 13. Father de Brébœuf came down to the canoe to meet me. I must acknowledge that I felt deeply moved on first seeing him. Everything about him spoke so plainly of great, holy, ever-blessed poverty. He has aged. His big shoulders are somewhat bent. It is easy to perceive that he has wrestled with fearful difficulties, that *in solitude has he borne the overwhelming weight of the love of Jesus Christ.*

How can I describe my emotion when I found myself at the end of my journey! when on issuing from the forest, I perceived the bark roofs of Ihonatiria and the large red cross erected before our hut!

You are acquainted with the manner in which the Hurons dwell. From without, our hut exactly re-

sembles theirs, but within we have made some improvements which have excited the admiration of the whole country. For instance, in place of the skin or sheet of bark used to close the entrance of an Indian's hut, we have a door made of polished wood; and we have also partitions that divide off our hut into three apartments. The first of these is our storehouse as well as our antechamber. We live in the second apartment, and our furniture consists of some log seats, a hand-mill, a mortar in which to pound the Indian corn, and a clock. All the Indians want to turn the handle of the mill, and as for the clock, it has been the admiration of the whole country round. The natives look on it as a living being — something most wonderful. They call it *the captain of the day.* On arriving our visitors always ask how often the *captain has spoken.*

The third compartment serves as a chapel. There are two pictures, one of Mary, and one of St. Joseph, hanging on the bark walls. In spite of the chapel being well aired by numerous cracks in the exterior, it resembles the rest of the house by smelling very strongly of smoke.

Our manner of living resembles that of the Indians. Our bed consists of a sheet of bark spread on the floor and covered with a blanket. Even for the sick, no such things as sheets must be thought of. The ordinary food consists of Indian corn ground and cooked in water. In winter, we have no other light than that of the fire by which to recite our office, to study, or to pursue any other occupation. Our greatest inconvenience is the smoke. When the wind is in certain quarters there is really no standing this smoke, it is so hurtful to our eyes.

In spite of the difficulties of our position our life has somewhat of the regular community rule. The bell for rising rings at four o'clock, then comes meditation and afterwards our masses. Then we make our spiritual reading and recite our Little Hours, for it is the only time we have to ourselves for our religious exercises.

After breakfast, at eight o'clock, we open our door to the Indians. The fathers who are not nominated for home duties now go out and visit the cabins. Those who have to stay at home teach catechism to the children and the catechumens, keeping a good lookout all the while on their visitors, to prevent them from carrying everything away. Between the instructions in the catechism, the Indians sit on their heels around the fire smoking their calumets. At two o'clock comes the examen—followed by dinner. The grace before and after meat is said aloud in Huron, on account of the Indians who are present.

At four o'clock or five, according to the time of year, we send away the Indians. We recite Matins and Lauds and confer together on the progress made, and compare notes concerning the Huron language. Each one mentions whatever he may have remarked anew in the way the savages have expressed themselves, and by putting together what each one contributes, we try to arrive at understanding the Huron language, which is very rich in expressions, but very strange, and abounding in verbs. At half-past six we sup, and the evening is occupied in talking over the affairs of the mission, in reading and study. As I have already told you, we have no other light than that of the fire while the sound of the *Chichikone* and the noise of the dances disturb

us frequently. We end the day by singing the Litany.

We are six missionaries, all in good health in spite of privations and fatigue. Our fatigue is great, for since last autumn a sort of pestilence is making frightful ravages among the Hurons. Father Jogues caught the malady one of the first, soon after his arrival, last September. I had commenced my annual retreat, which I interrupted in order to take care of him, and I caught the malady. Our hut was turned into quite a hospital, but through God's great goodness, there were always some of us well enough to take care of the others. Father Le Mercier, our infirmarian, had also to fetch the water and the wood as well as to do the cooking. His broth was a great trouble to him for game is very scarce here. At first, as we had no game of which to make broth he made us decoctions of wild purslane. François Petipré, the only one of our lay helpers who remained afoot, was constantly out killing what game he could find.

We all of us recovered completely, but as for the Indians, we could not get them to exercise the slightest prudence. Nearly all their sick died and the contagion spread daily.

Among the Hurons sickness is attributed to one of three causes: to natural causes, to the soul of the sick person desiring something, and, more especially to witchcraft. A famous magician had offered to *breathe* on us while we were ill, and furious at his offers being refused, spread the report that we were the authors of the contagion—that we had thrown spells. In addition to this the Indians who have returned from Manhatta* where the Dutch are settled, maintained that these latter had told them, "Do not trust the Jesuits. Wherever the Black Robes settle, the country is soon ruined and depopulated."

They are very much excited. Among other absurdities, they think that we keep the illness alive in our house, as we would a domestic animal. God alone knows what will come of all this. We leave all to His adorable will and feel not a shadow of fear. Whatever may happen, Gizella, I am where God would have me; and I seek Him alone. This thought is a boundless abyss of joy.

Farewell, dear sister; continue to pray and to sing.

CHARLES GARNIER.

XXXII.

(FATHER GARNIER TO GIZELLA MÉLIAND.)

From our residence of Conception,
Ossossané Village,
May, 1638.

Those who preach the religion of the Crucified One must expect crosses of every description. We experience this every day, dear sister, and this year has been a hard one for us.

In my last letter I told you that an epidemy was ravaging the country. This form of malady, which had hitherto been unknown, has spread in every direction. It has destroyed whole villages, amongst others Ihonatiria, where we were living, and our Hurons are convinced that the *Black Robes* are the cause of all their misfortunes.

These poor savages! The most intelligent among them cannot understand the motive that has made us leave France to come and establish ourselves here. They see that we do not seek our own profit, that we spend ourselves in work and fatigue, and recognizing that we must have some

* New York.

great object in view, they conclude that we want to gain possession of their country after we shall have caused their death.

In all the villages they have lighted council fires to consult as to the best means of ridding the country of the *Black Robes*. Together with others of the fathers I had to appear before one of these solemn assemblies. It was eight o'clock in the evening. The chiefs of three Huron nations had been convoked. Sad and dejected-looking, they sat on each side of the cabin which was lighted by the council fire. It was indeed a lugubrious spectacle.

After the profound silence prescribed by the ceremonial, each chief rose in his turn to depose against us, with deep groans enumerating his sick and dead. Father de Brébœuf asked permission to speak and did so with that manly assurance that always secures a hearing. As you may well believe, he had no trouble in repelling the accusations made against us, bringing forward arguments and giving reasons that no one could contravene. But the chiefs still kept on pressing us to produce the bewitched stuff, whatever it might be.

As we were leaving the council an Indian of athletic form fell beneath the blow of a hatchet.

"Was not that blow destined for me?" asked Father de Brébœuf, who was under the impression that the assassin had made a mistake, being deceived by the darkness.

"No," replied the Indian who had dealt the blow, "you can pass on; he was a sorcerer, but you are not."

In a country where every one has a right to rid himself of sorcerers, it is really miraculous that we have not perished a thousand times. It is true, our cabin has been set on fire, that, hatchet in hand, the natives have invaded our precincts to put us to death; on one of us were dealt furious blows to prevent him from conferring baptism. Our death has been decided on many a time in the public assemblies, but nevertheless, thank God, we are all alive and well.

In spite of threats and rebuffs, we visit all the huts. Generally speaking, in each hut there are five or six fires and two families at each fire. When, through the smoke and fitful firelight, we perceive these hideous savages, we may be almost said to have a vision of Hell. Alas! but too often these unfortunate creatures refuse to listen to us. Some of them even cover up their eyes so as not to see us; others again accuse us to our very faces of being the cause of their sufferings.

Regular help has been organized. Some of us have more than forty cabins in charge, and to do our duty, we have to go to each of them more than once a day, for God has His elect among these miserable creatures. Without speaking of the dying children, nearly all of whom we baptize, it often happens that some among the sick open their eyes to the light of faith. What a joy it is, Gizella, to baptize them and then see them die! Tell me, have you ever thought of the astonishment, the overwhelming gladness of a poor savage who passes at once from the extremity of suffering and want to the joys and splendors of Paradise?

After seeing one of these happy predestined ones die, and issuing from a smoky hovel, whose threshold one cannot cross without being covered with filth and soot, how often have I not stopped to gaze on the sky, my heart throbbing with joy, my own fatigues and sufferings being

charmed away by the thought of the eternal happiness that we are the means of bestowing on these people. Would to God that through a thousand-fold more suffering we could procure salvation for them all! When one is not entirely ignorant of the value of an immortal soul, it is the seeing them hastening to their ruin that is our greatest suffering, our deepest grief.

The conversion of the Hurons presents formidable obstacles. Much time and patience will be necessary ere these cannibals will accept the gentle teachings of the gospel, or abandon their gross superstitions, their infamous pleasures. But we are all full of courage. As our Father Superior says, we must begin before we can make an end.

Fathers de Brébœuf, Le Mercier, and Ragueneau are here with me. The others are at St. Joseph of Tenaustayaé, a considerable village.

Ossossané is also a considerable village—much more important than Ihonatiria. It is even a sort of capital, for it is here that the treaties of the country are concluded, and, every ten years the natives celebrate here the *Feast of the Dead*, the greatest of all their solemnities. Ossossané, called La Rochelle by the French, is beautifully situated, surrounded by a forest of pines and firs sloping down to the borders of the lake. At the distance of a gunshot from the village, built on a little promontory, there stands a little chapel consecrated to the Immaculate One. For here, beside our bark cabin, stands a chapel built of boards, which was constructed by some French workmen who came up from Quebec. It is thirty feet long by sixteen wide and is twenty-four feet high. It is a sufficiently elegant structure.

We have some sixty Christians here now, and during the most extreme winter cold they may be seen arriving here, half clad, on a Sunday morning. So that they may not suffer too much from the cold we keep vessels filled with live wood coals. It is delightful to see them kneeling down, awkwardly enough it is true, and to hear them saying their prayers aloud before the Blessed Sacrament. They receive holy communion along with our workmen.

I often shed tears of joy, for the apostolate is a foretaste of Paradise. Do not be sorry for me therefore. A missionary is in a preferable condition to that of the Blessed. Believe me, the harmonies of Heaven cannot be sweeter to the ear than the voice of an Indian proclaiming: I believe in Jesus Christ Our Lord.

CHARLES GARNIER.

XXXIII.

In the summer of 1639, Charles Garnier heard of his father's death, and among the letters which he received on that occasion his mother's was particularly precious to him.

"My dearest son," she wrote, "at the last hour you were his greatest consolation, for the thought of what you were suffering in making known the name of Jesus Christ, filled his heart with joy and content. He said that our Lord had had pity on him for your sake. He was incessantly blessing His name for having given him the strength to allow you to follow your vocation. He often remarked to me that the more painful may be any sacrifice that we make, the more will it console us at the hour of death. I fully believe this, my dear child, and every day when kneeling beside the bed on which I saw

him die, I will repeat these words over and over again.

"Your brothers are very good to me and do all that they can, but I were much to be pitied were it not for Gizella. I cannot express to you what she was to your father and what she is to me. No daughter could possibly be more attentive to her parents or show them more consideration. Since your departure we have lived a very retired life. This was Gizella's wish and she devoted to us her whole time.

There were no bounds to your father's affection for her. Her voice always delighted him. During the latter months of his life he could only listen to very soft music, but this he longed for, and Gizella sang for him whenever he asked her to do so. These subdued sounds seemed strangely sweet in that sick-room. Now, she sings for me, and while listening to her my tears flow more sweetly and calmly. At times, I fancy you must have left with her some of your own radiant faith. I admire the great elevation of her soul. Sometimes she will say to me: 'Are we not happy in having sacrificed to God one whom we loved a thousand times more than ourselves?'

"Yes, I well know what a happy mother I am, but I feel sad when I think that I shall never behold you again.

"Dear son, my glory and my cross, pray for your poor mother."

XXXIV.

Chateaubriand has remarked that it was in the terrible Canadian missions that the intrepidity of the apostles of Jesus Christ shone forth in its full glory. This may safely be said, and amidst all the heroic deeds of holiness that have been recorded there is nothing more worthy of our admiration than the sanguinary tale of the Huron missions. No more horrible dangers have ever been faced, never was more suffering encountered in *sowing the seeds of life in the kingdoms of death.*

As Father Garnier had written, the conversion of the Hurons presented formidable obstacles and was rendered still more difficult by the sickness which ravaged the country after the Jesuits had established themselves there. These epidemics continued for several years, spreading universal mourning over the face of the country, and causing the faith to be held in horror, and the missionaries in execration.

But the invincible constancy of the Jesuits, their untiring patience, their contempt of death gained them at length the respect of the Indians. The Hurons began to open their eyes to the light of the gospel, and many conquests to the faith were made amongst them.

Nevertheless, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence this nation, the first that had embraced Christianity, was destined to disappear almost entirely. Up to that time, the Iroquois had only made war against the Hurons by means of occasional ambuscades, but now, seeing their victims diminished in number by constant sicknesses, they resolved to exterminate the whole race, and their terrible incursions followed more and more frequently. Fear took entire possession of the Hurons.

The missionaries continued their work through the whole of the ensuing war, which was the most sanguinary and cruel on record. Sharing in their sufferings and danger, they witnessed the frightful struggles of the unfortunate tribe, who had no longer any hope except in their Jesuit fathers, and as Mr. Parkman remarks, through

the whole record of that terrible epoch there is not a line nor a word breathing the slightest suspicion of the Jesuits' having drawn back or failed their people for an instant.

Among these soldiers of Christ, Charles Garnier was one of the bravest, and, in his case, his natural gifts lent him a charm, an influence to which even the Indians themselves were not insensible.

"An indefatigable worker," says the Superior of the Huron Mission in the *Relations*, "he had every gift of nature and of grace which could contribute to his perfect success as a missionary. He spoke the native language so well that the Indians themselves admired his fluency in it. He knew the way to their hearts and spoke to them touchingly and eloquently. His eyes, his whole countenance, his very laugh and gestures were instinct with holiness. I know several who were converted by the angelic expression of his face, which inspired devotion and purity in all those who came in contact with him, whether he were engaged in prayer, absorbed in contemplation, speaking of God, or even, through charity, engaged in conversations that reposed his mind. The love of God reigning in his heart was manifested in all his actions, and sanctified them.

"His virtues were heroic, there was not one which he did not possess in the same degree as the saints. During the contagious sicknesses, when the doors of the cabins were shut against us and when nothing was spoken of but our massacre, not only did he force his way wherever he knew there was a soul to be saved, but by his excessive zeal and charitable ingenuity, he found means of penetrating even where entrance had been denied, and of overcoming all obstacles, having even recourse to violence when this was necessary.

"What he most dearly loved was aiding those who were the most utterly abandoned, and however repulsive a person's behavior, however insulting he might be, the father yearned for his welfare like a true mother, not even omitting to perform acts of corporal mercy. He has been seen dressing ulcers of so disgusting and offensive a nature that the savages themselves, and even the nearest relations of the sick person could not approach them. He alone would dress these sores daily for two or three months, although he often knew them to be incurable. He would take sick people on his shoulders and carry them one or two leagues away, in order to gain their hearts and have a chance of baptizing them. He would go ten and even twenty leagues a day during the hottest season and through the most dangerous roads, frequented by the murderous Iroquois, running himself out of breath to follow his Indian guide, in order to arrive in time to baptize some dying person or some prisoner of war who was to be burned that very day. He would pass whole nights in out-of-the-way roads amidst the deepest snow and in the most intense cold. No inclemency of the weather prevented him from exercising his untiring zeal.

"His mortification equalled his love. Night and day he sought every means of exercising this virtue. His food was that of the Indians, which means something worse than that of the poorest and most miserable outcast in France. During the last year of famine, acorns and bitter roots were his most delicate food. And all this although he had been delicately brought up and was of a noble and rich family."

To be continued.

"THE RAIN-GHOST."

BY CECILE JOYCE.

"Are you the Monarch of pity, dear?"
I asked of the tender rain,
As a few drops fell from the ashy sky
On the thirsty, scorching plain.
"Are you the Monarch of mercy, dear,
And love you this parchèd land?"
But the patter ceased ere I had spoke —
And I did not understand.

When lo, with a mighty swirl it broke
And a thund'rous gust swept down,
Till the far-off hills looked wan and worn
Neath the blaze of their lightning crown.
"Oh Monarch of wrath—of *wrath*"—I cried,
"Would your hatred strike us prone?"
Lo, again I found that while I spoke
The thund'ring rain had gone.

And then for a long, long while it slept,
Till the world grew cold and gray:
I open'd my shutters wide apart
To lean in the darkened day.
A sad, sad wind from the east blew up,
Like a breath of vanish'd pain,
And its soft touch woke my startled soul
To the *weeping* of the rain.

"Are you the tears of the Past?" I said
In a whisper dim with awe,
For it seemed that thro' the heavy clouds
A crown of thorns I saw.
A crown of thorns and a bleeding face,
The price of a ransom gained,
"Are you the ghost of the sins of men?"

* * * * *

And it rained—and rained—and rained!

OPPORTUNITIES.

BY MICHAEL J. DWYER.

HE course of the world might have been vastly improved, if men had always understood the full significance of the word *Ready*. Opportunities, seized and utilized, have raised men, and communities of men, to the summits of greatness, wisdom, and wealth; opportunities lost, either through failure to perceive them, or unfitness to lay hold of them, which oftenest happens, have condemned both individuals and nations to the dismal level of inutility and even hardship. Man, forced by nature to seek happiness in the material as well as in the spiritual order, will generally attain his end if, guided by the dictates of reason, he carefully develop and direct his mental faculties, and fully employ his physical energies, in the pursuit of a worthy ambition.

Opportunities, as we commonly understand the term, are those contingent, or, if you will, accidental happenings, which open to a man the goal of his earthly desires. They bring him the means of realizing in his career before men, those possibilities of fame or of material success with which nature has endowed him. That such occasions exist for all men, none but the thoughtless, the mind-soured, and the infirm of purpose will deny. The common expression in regard to most successful men, that they ever made good use of their opportunities, and in regard to other men, that theirs are lives of wasted opportunities, attest, not alone the universal conviction that opportunities exist, but also the recognized sentiment, that it is chiefly as we have been faithful or unfaithful to the occasions afforded us, that we win or lose the guerdon of earthly success and happiness.

To deny the existence of opportunities is not only to utter a statement at variance with fact and truth and common experience; it is, in a certain sense, to impugn the Providence of the Almighty, signifying, in effect, that He has made too many of us, or that, having created and endowed us with reason, talent, energy, force, character and ambition, He deprives us of the power of bringing our resources to their legitimate fruition.

It is of course true, that all have not the same opportunities; that many apparently auspicious beginnings turn to disappointment and failure; that numerous lives cease before coming to their expected good; and that others are prevented by circumstances from filling such stations in the world as their mental, moral, and physical qualities would naturally justify them in expecting. But these truths are only phases of the common axiom that all things human are subject to accident, mutability, and reverse; they cannot and do not alter the fact that to every human being is given, at some time or other, the chance to realize fully in himself all that the Creator and nature intended.

As a matter of practical experience, it is not those upon whom have fallen the burden of the world's vicissitudes and disappointments, that most bewail the lack of opportunity. They, for

the most part, comprehending the essential transitoriness of life, are not beaten down by misfortune, but employ their native energies and abilities to conditions around them, and achieve the ends of living in other ways than those they most desire. The railers against Opportunity are generally those who, through moral weakness, infirmity of will, or lack of character, have already proven unequal to the opportunities afforded them, and endeavor to explain individual failure by denying the chances for success. James Russell Lowell has well said: "It is a morbid self-consciousness that pronounces the world of men empty and worthless before trying it; it is the instinctive evasion of one who is sensible of an innate weakness, and who retorts the accusation before any one has made it, but himself. To a healthy mind, the world is a constant challenge of opportunity."

It is a mistake to suppose that opportunities come alone to those whom nature has blessed in a superior manner to their fellows. Genius, talent, wealth, social position are gifts that carry shining opportunities with them easily and naturally; but the experience of the world demonstrates that none of these things is necessary to enable any one to turn existence to the highest possible advantage. The best opportunities are those which a man makes for himself, and the most encouraging feature of the subject is, that a man can so mould his life and will and character, that opportunities will spring up around him, created by his own native energy and resource.

What if nature *has* denied wit, great talent, riches, a place in society, a fair countenance, or even a perfect body! Nature never wholly forgets any of her creatures; if she is niggard in one respect, she is generous in others; and there is no one so ill-equipped for the affairs of life, that he cannot turn his time to profit; broadly speaking, there is no one so humble, no intellect so barren of the powers and graces that adorn the human mind, no condition of body or of circumstance so unfavorable, that, properly guided and disposed, cannot wrest from the world the crown of a noble, worthy career.

Human energy and will force are the great levellers and equalizers of men. Their potency in material affairs has never yet been exhausted. They have elevated the patient plodder ofttimes above the genius. They have made the average industrious man the peer and frequently the superior of the possessor of a gifted, brilliant mind. Human energy and will, rightly employed, have shown over and over again that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. By their dogged force, persevering effort, and constant alertness, men of the commonest stamp, have pioneered the way of human progress and development, oftentimes when the luminous intellects, which might have cleared and made easier the path, were content to conceal their light, and confine their resources beneath the bushel of indifference or sloth.

Men can best create opportunities, or be ready to grasp them when presented, by the preparation they give themselves for the duties and requirements of life. If their years are spent in grounding themselves upon healthy principles of mental and physical living; if their energies are applied to the development of those qualities of mind and soul which have ever led to worthy eminence; if they train their perceptions to celerity in reading and

interpreting the signs of the times, and of the sphere in which they move; if they, beyond all this, possess themselves in patience, until the ripeness of time, the opportunity will never be wanting.

"Men are sometimes masters of their fate
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Opportunity then, may be called the way that leads from preparation to achievement; and preparation, readiness, fitness, may be designated the only road to real opportunity. Preparation is everything, for even if opportunities *do* come at times to unfit, incapable men, they invariably revenge themselves by exposing or destroying those who appropriate them without suitable qualification. Men sometimes force their opportunities too soon, but their o'er-vaulting ambition defeats the very end of opportunity, which is in its essence timely, and conducive to success.

Memnon was a brave soldier and a skilful antagonist; but when, in foolish conceit of his prowess, he attacked the mightier Achilles, he lost both life and reputation, sacrificing to the vain impatience and overweening confidence of youth a career which experience might have ripened into usefulness and glory. There is nothing more beneficially suggestive than the saying that nothing is to be done too soon, nothing too late, and that everything is to be done at the proper time. Lowell again aptly says: "As there is always a Coming Man, who never comes, so there is always a man who comes too soon,"—and, let us add, another, who is always notoriously too late, who arrives on the scene of Opportunity just after Opportunity has taken its departure into the realm of the bygone, from whose bourn it will never return.

The world is full of "might-have-beens." They fall about us daily like the blossoms of springtime, but unlike those harbingers of fruit and promise, they leave behind no sign or embryo of a future accomplishment. Whittier was but the last of a hundred poets, philosophers, and essayists, to embody in a popular aphorism the significant thought that a good opportunity is a priceless treasure, and a lost one an irretrievable misfortune. "A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds," wrote Bacon; "To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good within our reach, is the great art of life," added Johnson; "The wealth of both the Indies cannot redeem one single opportunity you have once let slip," moralized Thomas à Kempis; "Opportunities are more powerful than conquerors and prophets," thundered Disraeli.

Life, history, experience, all endorse these profound sayings, and if further enforcement of their strength be sought, we shall find it in the pages of the Sacred Book itself. "Observe the Opportunity," says Ecclesiasticus, and in the parable of the five foolish virgins, Christ Himself has stamped with the force of his Omniscient wisdom the warnings of the sages and seers of the world.

The pages of time do not reveal any lack of opportunities; the woful want has been men to meet them when they arose. The record of mankind begins with a lost opportunity; and Lost Opportunity has left its ineradicable imprint upon the course of the race ever since. Lost opportunities are inscribed on most of the gigantic failures and misfortunes of history; they robbed Eden of its happiness, and threw the destiny of man into ceaseless disorder and strug-

gle; they depleted the cohorts of heaven; according to the pronouncements of theology they constitute the prime element in the unhappiness of the damned. Some of the greatest figures and most puissant nations of the past, went down to ruin in the shipwreck of golden opportunity. Christianity itself can trace some of its irreparable losses to the failure of some of its leaders to rise to the height of great opportunities, and the world to-day has constantly before it the anomalous spectacle of an entire race vainly waiting the coming of an opportunity, which from their own sacred writings must have arisen nearly 2,000 years ago.

The individual man is an epitome of the world. He comprises within himself the possibilities, the hopes, and the dangers that have marked the history of the race. His life may manifest the lustrous results of time and resources well employed, of favorable chances carefully utilized, of happiness achieved by persistent, manly, courageous endeavor; or it may reveal only a useless chaos of misdirected or misspent energy and power, a tale of possibilities never developed to their true, legitimate uses and ends.

"It is," therefore, "high time," in the words of that wise old pagan, Marcus Aurelius, "to consider what kind of a world we live in. Remember," counsels the philosophic emperor, "how often you have postponed minding your interest in the past, and let slip the opportunities the gods have given you. Remember that you have a set period to act in; that, unless you improve it, it will quickly run off with you, and be lost beyond recovery. Let every action tend to some point, and be perfect in its kind. Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Be good for something while you live, and it is in your power. Give out the best you have got, make the most of your opportunities, and be pleased with yourself, useful to society, and complaisant to the gods."

There is sound wisdom in these meditations of the pagan sage. His advice is as good to the American young man and young woman of to-day, as it was to the Romans of the second century. We may always be successful, if we but start out aright, proceed upon right methods, and mould ourselves upon the imperishable principles of conduct that have ever animated superior souls. The true philosopher and energetic worker is not bothered about his opportunities. He is sure of them. He selects as his goal of accomplishment the best, the highest tendencies of his nature and his intellect; he prepares himself diligently for his occasions; he does not fret nor carp at delay, nor grumble at the earlier success of his fellows. Serene in self-confidence and determination, he calmly awaits his day, and swings into his proper sphere with the ease and inerrancy of a star. Such a man is always ready for the flood-tide which Shakespere tells us sweeps through the affairs of men; he is equipped and waiting on the shore; when the current serves, he commits himself to its favoring impetus, and is borne along, beyond the shallows of obstacle and discouragement, to the haven of contentment and success.

"MADONNA MARY."

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

We talked of art and artists, of "form" and "color" and "hue,"
Of Correggio, and Murillo, and "Raphael the Divine,"
Of many a memoried canvas in court, and shrine, and hall,
And the glamour of matchless genius glorifying them all.
And one, who for artist craving had stood beneath Peter's dome,
Recounted the pictured treasures of much bestoried Rome,
Milan, Versailles, and many a name repaying tourist quest.
Still wandering on, we questioned: "Who was it painted best?"
One quoted a "Raphael" angel, one a "Murillo" saint,
And one a "Reynolds" beauty of pose and gowning quaint,
A peasant, one remembered, Millet bade forth to stand,
By artist brush transfigured as by magician wand.
To each the ready tribute! then one common thought expressed,
Who painted Madonna Mary had wrought and chosen best!

Oh! the remembered Marys! — she of the mantle wide,
Proffering the sinner shielding, shared with the Crucified;
Mary, regnant and glorious, trampling the serpent's seed;
Mary, with hands enfolded, and heart upraised to plead;
Mary, the Temple's chosen; Mary, the Judean Maid,
Hearkening the lilied angel, startled and sore afraid;
Mary, of many dolors! who shed the human tear
And felt the human anguish, sharp as centurion's spear,
The mother love and sorrow — life and lees of the wine;
Accepting the Cross as human, bearing it as divine,
Suppliant or triumphant, thrice tried or trebly blessed, —
Who painted Madonna Mary hath wrought and chosen best!

For me was a memoried "Mary," many a league away,
Whose pictured smile was sunshine through childhood's cloudless day;
Who smiled on the morning offering, and smiled on the evening prayer,
And was one child-heart's ideal of the "beauty past compare."
For her were the snowdrops gathered, for her the violets sought,
And she smiled with daily newness on every garland brought,
Till the day when a new-made orphan called her that sweetest name,
And looked through the tears' hot torrent for the smile that was not the same,
But fraught with the benediction true mother-smiles impart,
And the child-heart felt its sorrow was known to Mary's heart.
Was it then the thought was born, of many now expressed,
"Who painted the Mother Mary hath wrought and chosen best?"

Or in the prosaic present — that scene of yesterday,
Where stands a pictured Mary as a memory come to stay?
Gold in the commonplace grayness! light in the dusky place!
Flashed on mine eyes the vision of the Mother's smiling face.
'Twas the ward of a woman's refuge * — a woman's thought taken root
In the midst of the busy city — wholesome of cult and fruit.

* The lines were suggested by seeing in the ward of a Woman's Refuge, a non-sectarian but certainly non-Catholic institution, a beautiful copy of The Madonna, the gift of a non-Catholic physician who had said in presenting it that "every woman was the better for keeping a good woman always in mind, and so he chose the best."

Sometime they said 'twas sorrow that sought an entrance there,
Sometime 'twas sin unrecking, and sometime gaunt despair.
Oh! not hard to fancy how oft in that quiet place
Were fought the wordless battles twixt sin and guardian grace;
One fancied the hours of silence, the dawning's lonely gray,
Dispelling a weary vigil to usher a hopeless day.
But lo! where earliest sunbeam might light the beauteous face,
Smiled the Madonna Mary with the Child in close embrace;
Smiling from height symbolic of Queendom and Motherhood,
With hand of aid extended towards earthly deeps she stood!
Never on jeweled altar, never in stateliest shrine
Beamed the Madonna Mary on mission more divine.
Well hath the charity builded to offer refuge and rest,
But the hands that placed the canvas are the hands that "builded best."

GREAT MEN AT PLAY.

Recreation is as necessary in the economy of life as work. There is profound philosophy in the nursery lines about all work and no play. Health of body and vigor of mind are essential to the full enjoyment of life; and recreation, amusement, diversion, is a really important factor in the promotion of this desirable condition. It stimulates the imagination, and lifts us out of the ruts along which the routine of our ordinary life forces us to travel. We learn by laughter as well as by tears, we grow strong by rest as well as by work. The breeze playing round the temples is as necessary to the vigor of the mind as a dose of metaphysics or a chapter of Plato. Dean Swift's favorite maxim was, "Vive la Bagatelle!" He thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself.

Mr. Gladstone's recreations take the form of writing pamphlets on theological controversy, or felling trees; and no professed wood-cutter is more expert in laying prostrate a mighty oak than the right honorable gentleman. Chemistry engrosses the leisure moments of his political opponent, Lord Salisbury. Carteret, another English statesman, when driven from office, "retired laughing," says Macaulay, "to his books and his bottle." Fox found relief from political work in his loved Greek authors. Peiresc, a French antiquary, found his amusement among his medals and intaglios; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints, of which he collected about one hundred thousand, which are now in the National Museum of Paris. Rohault, a Cartesian philosopher of the seventeenth century, wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labor. Goldsmith tells us of a famous painter whose whole delight, during his confinement in prison for debt, consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. King Louis XIII of France spent much of his time in catching small birds or making *jets-d'eau* with quills.

It is said of George Herbert that

"the one delight of his life in the way of recreation was music, setting and singing his own hymns and anthems to viol and lute." Many learned men have found recreation in the same way. A bye-work of this kind always provides a delightful rest or change. Bishop Warburton confessed that music was always a necessity to him when engaged in intellectual labor. Addison says, "A man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of these arts." Milton loved music, and used to play upon an organ. Carlyle tells us that "the main recreations" of Frederick the Great "were music and the converse of well-informed friendly men"—two things of which, we may remark, George Eliot was also passionately fond. Dr. Johnson, it would seem, had no sympathy with those who thus amused themselves. A lady after performing a sonata on the pianoforte with the most brilliant execution in the presence of the great Doctor, turning to him, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music. "No, madam," replied the philosopher; "but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable." He would agree with the poet who says:—

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better, than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

The favorite recreations of the late Field-marshal Count Von Moltke were chess and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner. The Count was an authority on the culture of roses; and at Kreisau, where he spent most of his time after his retirement from active service, he possessed one of the finest and most unique collection of roses in Germany.

Sir William Temple relaxed his mind from the affairs of state by clipping his apricots or cultivating his tulips. Gardening was an exercise in which he much indulged. An epicurean himself, he says in his famous *Essay on Gardens:* "Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden. There he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed," he goes on to say, "no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquility of mind and indolence of body which he made his chief ends."

In Pope's letters there is a characteristic account of the mode in which men of learning take exercise. "I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while." Archbishop Whately was seen to most advantage at Redesdale, his country-seat near Dublin, gardening, tree-cutting, graft-

ing, and romping with his children and dogs. With him, as with many eminent men, Bismarck, Sir Walter Scott, Hogarth, Rubens, Henry Irving, and others, dogs were great favorites. One especially, which he possessed at Oxford, was noted for his climbing performances; and it was the great delight of Dr. Whately to exhibit his feats in Christ Church meadow. On the very morning on which he had received the letter of Lord Grey offering him the see of Dublin, a visitor who was a stranger to him was asked out to see the feats of his climbing dog. The animal performed as usual; and when he had reached his highest point of ascent, and was beginning his yell of wailing, Whately turned to the stranger and said: "What do you think of that?" "I think that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world if they could get down again." A striking remark just then for one who was not aware of the offer Whately had just received.

While Kepler worked out the secret of the heavenly bodies, "going over his calculations sixty times," he now and then turned aside to write almanacs for his daily bread. So the weary worker took his recreation. Addison in his later years used to retire to the picture-gallery of Holland House, called afterwards the Long Room. There he sought repose and the solace of strong waters. The tradition is that he placed a bottle and a glass at each end of it, and so alternately exercised his lips and his legs. Now and then, by way of change, he would stroll down to a coffee-house at Kensington to drink his solitary glass, and thus endeavor to forget awhile public business and domestic troubles. It used to be a pet amusement with Molière, the French dramatist, to ensconce himself in the corner of a barber's shop and there silently watch the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original sketches of character, from the middle and lower classes, with which his pieces everywhere abound, and which made his plays so popular among his countrymen. "Courage, Molière," cried an old man from the pit; "this is genuine comedy." And the success of the poet vindicated the critical wisdom of the old man.

It may be mentioned that some learned men have found amusement in composing works on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death; Pierius Valerianus wrote a eulogium on beards; and a French author has in modern times composed with due gravity and pleasantry a learned treatise entitled *Eloge de Perruques* (a Eulogy on Wigs). Gaspar Taliacotius, of whose feats of surgical skill Butler in his *Hudibras* gives an amusing account, wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, and other members of the human body with proper instruments and bandages—a book which has passed through two editions. Dr. Johnson somewhere observes that it seems to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer, the bees of Virgil, the butterfly of Spenser, the quincunx of Sir Thomas Browne, and the "little celandine" of Wordsworth.

BY BOAT AND BICYCLE.

BY MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

Tom Reed may one day be president of the United States or he may not; but whoever has tried to wheel over the roads of Maine, will feel but little enthusiasm for her favorite son. If a bicyclist is an enthusiast for anything, it is for good roads. Maine hasn't these; and if Mr. Reed is looking for the great nomination next year, he will at least enlist the support of that portion of the army of voters which goes a-wheeling through his own state, if he use his influence for the improvement of her highways. "Dirigo" is Maine's motto, and she will justify it in the mind of every wheelman if she lead in that direction.

One pleasant evening a few weeks ago four of us—an artist, an actor, a student, and the writer—wheeled into Lincoln Wharf, Boston, from one of the Hub's pleasant suburbs, and having stowed our safeties in the hold of the steamer, went to the upper deck of the "Kennebec," and began our bicycle trip through Maine. It seems that nearly all bicycle trips to that state from the outside begin with an evening on the boat. Augusta, the capital of Maine, was our objective point. The night was beautiful, and our spirits rose in anticipation of the treat before us as we gradually withdrew from the wharves of Boston, and sailed out of her strangely perverse harbor.

We stayed on deck to enjoy the radiance of the sun's departure. We lingered there while the twilight deepened, and watched for the coming of the stars to speak the glory of the night upon the waters. The vessel plodded on her course, "the white foam flew," the sturdy engine labored, the great beam rose and fell, and still we chatted in the restful gloom. After a while we joined the crowd assembled near the piano in the cabin, and passed a pleasant hour listening to the music furnished by a blind singer.

A fog came on in the night, and sleep was driven off by horn and whistle and bells. By what intuition the pilot found his way safely to the landing at Popham Beach about 4.30 the next morning, I cannot divine. Even in the dawn, you could not see halfway across the deck. Some passengers landed, some came aboard.

While awaiting the rise of the fog at the Popham wharf an old soldier informed himself very audibly that he must have a drink and go to bed for another hour or two. Some women heard the soliloquy and informed the veteran of the evils of whiskey.

"Lord bless ye, ladies, ye remind me of me own darter. That's jest how she talks to me."

Wouldn't he promise not to drink any more whiskey?

"Kill me, would ye?" And with a wave of his hand, and a shrewd laugh he was off, saying: "Waal, I'll have me drink, and I'll have me sleep, and good luck to ye."

The ride up the Kennebec was charming. At Bath we saw the melancholy indications of what our shipping ought to be. There is work going on there, but it is insignificant in comparison to what it could be. It is not so far in the past when we can remember the busy wharves of East Boston, Chelsea, and Newburyport, where staunch vessels were built and launched

to sail the ocean. Their builders, too, had reputations the world over; and the vessel that brought John Boyle O'Reilly a part of his gallant course in his escape from Australia to America was built by a man whose yards are now deserted, and his wharves crumbling ruins. It should be otherwise. The lumber of our forests, the iron of our mines, and the mechanical skill of our workmen can build not only a navy, but a merchant marine, that would enrich our land, and cause the stars and stripes to wave from countless mastheads. We await the advent of the circumstances and the patriotic statesmen that shall bring this to pass.

At Gardiner, we reached the head of navigation for vessels of even moderate draught, and we were transferred to a lesser craft. One feature of the freight destined for this prohibitory state attracted our attention particularly. This was a number of half barrels of beer. There was no attempt at concealment, as the name of the brewer and their several points of destination were plainly stamped on the kegs. From our observations through Maine, there is but little difficulty for any one to procure liquor there. In one of the larger cities, making some purchases in a fruit store, we heard coming from the rear of the shop the voices of men calling for "one more whiskey before dinner." Portland, the home of Neal Dow, has more liquor stores than it could have under a high license law.

At Augusta, we mounted our silent steeds. The student, giving his tire an airing, injured the valve. Here was agony at the very start. But your true philosopher knows that such beginnings mean good endings. We discovered a repair shop and two willing mechanics. Their services were enlisted, and their work well done. The charge? "If we meet with an accident on the road, we like a helping hand. It's all right, gentlemen." An example of that comradeship that bicyle riding is doing much to introduce. We were off,—in more senses than one. Augusta is very hilly, and you scarcely seem to be well awheel, when you have to dismount and wearily push your bicycle up some steep incline. They call Augusta the Rome of Maine. It certainly has at least seven hills.

We visited in Augusta the two Catholic churches, one for the English-speaking, the other for the French, inspected the noble capitol, of which Maine is justly proud (not so proud, perhaps, of the expense), and the residence of the late James G. Blaine. The plumed knight loomed up again in memory as the writer saw him one day a few years before his death, perched on the front seat of a coach from Poland Springs, stern and calm, but with the flash of exciting pleasure in his eye. What was there lacking in the make-up of that brilliant man? What was it that made him fail in supreme moments?

Togus is well worth a visit, and every traveller who can find time should give a few hours to view the government's treatment of its veterans. Such a group as they form, so quaint, so dilapidated, so humorous, so serious. "Come day, go day, God send Sunday," seems to be the motto of the greater number.

The afternoon passed quickly away, though the hills and the sandy valleys were wearisome. We wheeled into the little town that was to give us shelter for the night, not four abreast as we had planned, for one had punctured his tire, and had no pump for the emergency. We consoled him

with the reflection that actors are generally credited with being good walkers.

At Winthrop, we called a halt. We were in a beautiful spot. On either side stretched a beauteous expanse of water, to the north Lake Maranacook, to the south Lake Annabessacook. We sought refreshment, and after a stroll through the village, rested after the toils of the day, undisturbed by fog-horns and dreaming only of our contemplated conquest over the fish on the following day. Here let that conquest be recorded. The student declared to a villager that the total catch of the day was seventy-four. We all saw the four, but the other seventy were beyond our ken. But the student and the artist were both good at figures.

The days came and went happily. We despised railroads. The weather was perfect. Even the rain came only during the night. Wherever we went a-wheeling we went a-climbing. But our efforts were always rewarded with splendid visions of far-reaching landscapes, stretching away from the cultivated valley to the wooded hill-top, and everywhere, 'twould seem, a lake. There is a charm in the sight of a large body of water spreading itself out at your feet; it helps the glory and the calm of nature amid the solemn grandeur of the hills.

One day we came upon a little red schoolhouse. The student carefully examined it. I was puzzled at his interest, until he told me he thought red a unique color for a school building, and that this was the first he had seen of that color. We met the little schoolhouse frequently, but no more red ones.

The number of Catholics scattered over the large territory of Maine is small, and the priests few. It is no uncommon thing for a priest to journey thirty or forty miles on a sick-call. What hardship this entails on a cold winter night, through unbroken and sometimes almost impassable roads! No one can travel through Maine, and not understand that this is still a missionary country. Once, in company with a priest, I travelled forty miles, to the home of an old man, a convert, who needed the priest's ministrations. We journeyed all day by team, as it was the only way, and the next morning my companion said mass in the old man's room. It is something to remember with gladness, the joy of the invalid on receiving his Saviour. Truly, there are compensations in hard work, and where kindness inspires, the reward of the missioner in the good he accomplishes among his scattered people must be great.

One thing that struck me most favorably in some of the small towns and villages was the absence of an intolerant spirit towards the few Catholics. They were treated and respected as neighbors, and valued for their personal worth. In one place, the postmaster, appointed by President Harrison, had chosen for his assistant a young Catholic woman. There were only two English-speaking Catholic families in the place. The Democratic postmaster appointed by Mr. Cleveland retained the young lady in office. Ability was recognized, and no one in the village was ever known to criticise either official, but rather to approve the wisdom of the choice. Compare this with the boycott attempted against the daughter of General Guiney, in the environs of enlightened Boston.

Had time permitted, we would gladly have visited some of the old Catholic landmarks of Maine, or have gone to the Catholic Indian settlements. In

Portland, the Maine Historical Society has, in the upper part of the public library building, some relics of Father Rasle, the Jesuit missionary killed at Norridgewock. The bell that summoned his Indian converts to the holy sacrifice, and the priest's strong box, made of wood, bound in skin, and fastened with brass nails, were noticeable. His writing materials, after all their years of disuse, stand as suggestive mementos.

Portland was the terminus of our bicycle trip. We arrived in the evening, after a day spent in traversing sixty miles of the roughest roads a wheelman ever encountered. The roads could not be excellent at the best, but they were at their worst after a heavy rain, and the teaming had roughened them beyond all endurance. Two of the riders met with mishaps to themselves and their wheels, but good-nature and patience overcame all difficulties.

The two Catholic churches of Portland, the Cathedral and St. Dominic's, are a credit to the Catholics. The latter is a new church, and is the most beautiful in the state.

Portland is delightfully situated. Its Eastern and Western Promenades are magnificent driveways, and afford an excellent view of its harbor. A sail down the latter, among the numerous islands, rich in verdure and trees, and variegated with summer residences, is a joy that lingers long in the memory. It is not hard to believe that Portland has one of the finest harbors in the world.

But our outing was fast vanishing, like a bright dream or phantasy, woven of the threads of golden opportunities, and the affectionate kindnesses of warm friends. But it dwelt with us in its reality, and as we came near the end of our journey, we held to the memory of its delights, its genial comradeship, its trials, and its triumphs. It was at night we sailed out upon the waters of Casco Bay; and as the lights of Portland grew dim in the receding distance, we turned, and lo! the silver moon arose and its sheen seemed to dance upon the rippling tide a welcome to the returning wanderers.

THE FLAG AND THE CROSS.

BY HON. BENJAMIN F. BURNHAM.

Open out aloft, "Old Glory"!
Gleam in gladness every star!
Still stand forth its hero story
First, forever and afar!

When combining foes would take it,
And weak traitors turn away,
Never shall our souls forsake it!
Here be hearts and hands to stay!

With our holy cross are wedded
All our sacred flag enfolds;
In their blended lustre steadied,
Faith our trust unwavering holds.

Welcome, then, light, lore, and reason!
Rampant Wrong and Wrath shall cease,
While thou wavest, lands and seas on,
Harbinger of power and peace.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

There is a phase of citizenship in all countries in which the people have a voice, but especially in a nation governed wholly on the democratic principle, which it is incumbent upon every individual to take to heart. The citizen of a republic who fails to interest himself in the government of his country, in the methods by which the people's representatives are elected, and the ideas of public and social policy put forth by the assemblies created to enact laws, is worse than the serf fettered by the autocratic will of a despot. Such a man is unworthy the boon of liberty, which has for its true object the free exercise of the intelligence and will of every citizen, in determining the scope, character, aim, and end of every governmental power and function. The elective act is not optional in a republic. The ballot is a duty, and only as citizens prepare themselves for its proper use by careful study of the men and problems presented to their choice, and cast it according to their conscientious convictions, can they be deemed fitting fellows of a free and independent people.

There are, unfortunately, too many thousand Americans guilty of culpable indifference to the essential elements of a freeman's life and character. They eschew politics and the voting booth altogether, because they are subject to abuse and perversion, and permit corruption to flourish because of their own callousness to the obligation of eradicating it from public affairs. Americans of this description cannot flatter themselves that they are right, because they feel too good or too fastidious to take a hand and a voice in political matters. The rogue who busies himself in public affairs for "what there's in it," and the ultra squeamish abstainer who will not do his duty at the ballot box or in the caucus, are not far apart in the injury they inflict upon popular rule. The complete realization of Christian manhood implies the individual's adequate share in the affairs of city, state, and nation. In so far as any American lapses from this participation, he is perfidious to his bond of fellowship with patriotic citizens, false to his allegiance to the republic, and recreant to his duties as a man. Such an one has no sphere in the United States.

Another object lesson to the world of the perfidy of the white man in his dealings with the American Indian is shown in the uprising of the Bannocks of the Northwest in defence of their indisputable rights. This is a case of conflict between the state laws of Wyoming and treaty privileges accorded by the federal government. The Indians are wholly blameless, but their innocent disregard of the contravening authorities will undoubtedly cause the almost total extermination of this particular tribe, at the hands of the government which granted it the rights it has sought to enforce. By treaty the Bannocks, who are exclusively hunters, living solely by the results of the chase, were allowed the right to pursue their means of livelihood upon the unoccupied lands of the United States, as long as game could be found thereon. The laws of the present state of Wyoming, which was a Territory when the compact was made, forbid the

shooting of game during the close season. This restriction the Bannocks violated, as the provisions of their treaty seemed to justify them in doing, and a number of them were shot down. Hence the digging up of the tomahawk, after nearly twenty years of peaceful living on their part, and the massacre of white settlers in the townships contiguous to their reservation. Of course the strong arm of the government can put down the rebellion, and avenge the slaughter, but it is unquestionably the government's fault and responsibility that there should have been any massacre to be atoned for. If Wyoming's statehood gave her authority to pass measures which interfered with the Bannocks' federal treaty rights, the Federal government should have made the deprivation good to them in another way, since these Indians are obliged either to hunt or to starve. Nearly every Indian war which the United States has undertaken, had its original provocation in some such treacherous neglect or callousness on the government's own part; and these outbreaks are destined to be repeated, until the last Indian tribe has been extirpated by force of arms, or until the government proves worthy of its guardianship of the redmen, respects the solemn covenants it makes with them, and teaches them in return to regard the principles and transactions of civilization as superior to the customs of savagery. The reservation system is primarily responsible for this trouble. This plan of providing for the Indians has long since proved its obsolete ineffectiveness. While there are "reservations" for the Indians, there will be unscrupulous, greedy white men to covet them, and to bring about disturbances which they know will end in the Indians' dislodgement and their own possession of the lands. When the reservations are apportioned to the Indians individually, and instruction and means provided the owners to make them productive, the Indian question will be settled, and the remaining tribes brought into amenability to the canons of civilization and law.

Boston's first and thus far her only Catholic mayor, Hon. Hugh O'Brien, died after a brief illness on August 1st. Though a native of Ireland, Mr. O'Brien's childhood and youth were spent in Boston, where he imbibed the strong spirit of liberty and democracy so thoroughly assimilated by the representatives of his people in America. He grew to manhood through the years when ignorant and fanatical opposition to his race and creed fastened the sterling principles of both more firmly in his character, and it was his privileged destiny later, as chief magistrate of one of the first cities of the republic, to prove the essential loyalty of his class to American forms and institutions, and give the lie to liars, by a record of practical, efficient, honorable service to the municipality which elevated him to her chief executive office. Mr. O'Brien, as alderman and mayor, was for a dozen years a leading factor in the city's government, and his official acts during all that period were signalized by sound executive capacity, business shrewdness, good sense, high financial skill, patriotic fidelity, and unimpugned honesty and conscientiousness. His reputation was always above suspicion, and he leaves an unsullied and respected name. As a journalist, his profession in private life, his work was marked by the same accuracy and trustworthiness evinced in his public career, and in the other

positions of trust and responsibility which he held in various corporations, he manifested the sterling qualities, born of earlier experience with conditions that make for steadfastness, uprightness, and reliability of character. It did Hugh O'Brien and his generation no harm to pass through the know-nothing ordeal of forty years ago. His fellow citizens of the same race and creed to-day will profit by the present transient revival of that insane issue, which always defeats itself by ultimately benefiting those it aims to destroy.

Eight months of the Wilson Tariff have created a revolution in its favor among hundreds of manufacturers who hailed its coming with denunciation, and among thousands of operatives who viewed its enforcement with undisguised, if ill-founded, alarm. The woollen industry, in particular, has felt its beneficence in a marked degree, and no stauncher friends nor firmer supporters of its provisions are to be found to-day, than are many of the wool manufacturers and the producers of materials allied with or dependent upon that business. They realize now, what many of them feared would not eventuate, that the Wilson Tariff is not an obstacle to their manufactures, a fact abundantly substantiated by the greatly increased imports of wool for clothing making. The latter statement contains also the evidence that the new tariff has materially aided the operative. For if we are importing more foreign wools than we did under the McKinley bill it must be clear that the wool is converted into cloth by American labor, in place of coming to the country in a manufactured condition; a decided gain to the laboring people. It is also evident that the practical working of the law in the reduction of duties, while lessening proportionately the cost of our manufactured goods, and thereby furnishing the laborer with cheaper clothing, has not reduced his earnings, when one considers the advance in wages that has been made in the last few months all through the manufacturing centres. So far as this branch of American industry is concerned, the Wilson bill is destined to remain, and to grow in favor with manufacturers, machinists and consumers. The evidence of its good effects in other lines of trade is equally encouraging.

God bless Senator Hoar! He is singlehanded doing more noble and effective work against the A. P. A. than all other eminent public men in the country. If the senators of all the states were to speak out without fear or favor on this subject as does the *senior* senator from Massachusetts, the fanatics would soon be reduced to silent impotency, or, to adopt the senator's own phraseology in his letter to one T. C. Evans, an advocate of the Apaists, they would be confined to the dark cellars where their secret machinations are hatched, and whence their curses against their Catholic fellow citizens would issue ineffectually through the gratings of the windows. Senator Hoar's outspoken denunciations and the good results ensuing from them prove what has been contended by this magazine from the outset, that the fight against the A. P. A. is not a Catholic one, but the battle of intelligent, patriotic citizens of all religions against a principle which is essentially harmful and inimical to each.

All America is on the *qui vive* for the coming contest between the De-

fender and Valkyrie III for the America's cup. The general sentiment is on the whole a sanguine one that the great trophy will remain the prized possession of this country, but it is well to be a little wary in forecasting the result. While the Defender has proved a wonderful racer, beating by ample margin the fastest yacht that has ever yet sailed American waters, her coming competitor has also won astonishing victories at home, and confidently expects to surprise Americans in the exhibitions she will make in the trials off our shores. Mr. Iselin, manager of the American syndicate which owns the Defender, has given the opinion that the victory, whichever way it went, would be a matter of seconds only, an expression of belief from an expert, which it is well to ponder seriously before hoisting the flag in anticipation of the American yacht's success. Meanwhile the interest in the race is limited only by the boundaries of the Union, and men who never saw a yacht are thrilling with eager expectancy of its results. We won't begrudge the cup to Valkyrie III if she wins it, but, to be really frank, we want the result to prove that, as regards that token of superiority, the Defender has been rightly christened.

Our compliments to the esteemed Catholic Standard of Philadelphia. Its criticism of the poem "A Prayer," from Donahoe's for August, was pungent and, as Horace Greeley would say, important, if true. But, bless the critic's perceptions, the criticism failed totally in the latter most important requisite. In the first place, the strictures upon the use of the verb "descend" in the line

"I pray, O Lord, descend thy meed."

where the critic evidently regards the verb as used in an active transitive sense, for "send down" or some similar paraphrase, are based upon a misconception or unfamiliarity with poetic construction. "Descend thy meed," means in this instance, "May Thy meed descend," just as the pious critic, in reciting the "Our Father" daily says, "Thy kingdom come." The present tense of the subjunctive mood of the verb is employed, with the auxiliary allowably omitted, and there is no effort at an "original" or forced application of its meaning. In the second place, the writer's discovery that the sentiment of the poem is un-Catholic, and dangerous in a Catholic magazine, will be startling intelligence to the sender of it. The latter, a well-known priest, whose writings on behalf of Catholicism have made his name familiar throughout the country, perhaps even to the critic of The Standard, will be surprised to hear that he has become sponsor for an anti-Catholic effusion. Of course the fullness of its Catholic sentiment is unmistakably set forth in the poem's last line, where the poet prays that those pious souls referred to in the verses as outside the Church,

"Will some day find *the Way*."

But perhaps the critic did not read so far as the last line.

Governor Morton will hardly fail to commute the condemnation to death of Maria Barberi, the illiterate Italian girl who murdered her betrayer in New York a year ago. There is a universal demand for mitigation of the sentence, a vast number of petitioners even asking an absolute pardon for the convicted woman. The provocation she had for the deed was great enough to warrant a much lighter punishment than the electric chair,

though it is difficult to see how, under the prisoner's own admissions at the trial, any other verdict than murder in the first degree could be legally found, the consequences of which are, by the laws of New York, death. There is one aspect of this case, however, which invites comment of another character. The prisoner being a female, the New Woman has come to the fore with a word on her trial and sentence. The formulated opinions are very impressive as to the wisdom of permitting women a larger share than they now enjoy in shaping the laws and government. A very pronounced view of the case is to the effect that the woman should not be put to death,—because women had no part in framing the law that condemned her. There's richness and weight of thought for you! Next comes Miss Susan B. Anthony with the sapient conclusion that the state should not murder (sic) a young woman who cannot understand our language, and for a crime "that is condoned in a man with scarce a reprimand." To say nothing of the first brilliant bit of reasoning, the question arises, in what state of the Union can any man murder a faithless woman with impunity, or be condoned with "scarce a reprimand?" Lastly comes Mrs. Mary A. Livermore with a truculent air, and figuratively brandishing a bludgeon, who delivers this ukase, which no one will accuse of being temperate in counsel or sound in principle:—

"A jury of women would have acquitted Maria Barberi. I would have acquitted her. When a woman undertakes to avenge her innocence she is condemned to death. And yet they say that women have their rights! I, for one cannot blame Maria Barberi. If the law will not protect women — and it won't — they must protect themselves. I would have done what she did myself. I say now, as I have always said, that if a man had the temerity to ruin a daughter of mine I would strike him dead without hesitation. He would not occupy the same planet with me. The Governor should pardon her."

There! Mrs. Livermore does not make the circumstances under which she would knock a man's brains out particular to a wrong in her own case, hypothetically assumed. She would extend them to the second and perhaps the third and fourth generations of Livermores. Well, we might all do the same thing under similar conditions ourselves, but we would hardly go so far as to expect to do it according to law. The opinions uttered on the Maria Barberi case by the New Woman have had sentiment pure and simple as a basis, and many of them have been ultra violent in tone and dangerous as precedents to establish. Perhaps it would have been just as well for the New Woman, from the start, to have left the issue to the Governor.

If Frau Anna Seuron's revelations of Count Tolstoi's character and habits are true,—and she claims to have had a coign of vantage for her observations, in years of habitation as a governess in his family—the reputation of this professional altruist is gone by the board. Tolstoi has had his critics before now. His tenets as to life, religion, morality and society have been unsparingly overhauled, and his own honesty in their promulgation freely doubted. His mental sanity even has been hotly disputed. This latest contribution to his literature unveils him in the despicable character of a hypocrite, a preacher of what he does not practise, an advocate of principles to which his own mode of life gives the lie direct. Frau Seuron's book, which has just come out in Berlin, declares that the theories of the Russian novelist and his private ac-

tions are miles apart. For instance she writes:—"After firmly refusing, for more than a year, to touch meat, he allowed his family to persuade him to eat poultry, though he maintained that he intended to adhere to his rules. But the attentive observer would hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room during the night, and the next morning the cold roast beef which had been left on the table would be found half devoured. He also indulged surreptitiously in a smoke, after preaching against it."

His advertised love for poverty and the poor finds no practical exhibition in presence of the most pinching distress. Beggars go from him as they came—emptyhanded, or with a lecture on the blessings of their state. Frau Seuron continues:—"When the peasants of his village, Yasnaya Polyana, had but three spades among them, and lacked all the implements wherewith to cultivate the land, he refused to help them to buy the necessary tools. He said that 'precisely this lack of implements made them lend to each other, and that was an act of helpful brotherly love.' When the Count, who was constantly writing about brotherly love, talked with a begging peasant, it was as if abysses lay between them. An evil look came into the Count's eyes, and the petitioner went away shaking his head."

The worst feature of his character as drawn by the writer is the obstinacy with which he persists in sending forth views diametrically opposed to his real opinions and self-indulgence. On this point his accuser writes:—"When he finds that his sins and his principles cannot be reconciled by any amount of discussion, he turns a somersault from his point of view, withdraws to his study, and begins, with all the more zeal, to set down in writing his laudations of the elementary principles of life, which he has just outraged."

In spite of all these damning disclosures, Frau Seuron, somewhat inconsistently, remains one of the Count's earnest admirers.

It has come at last. The A. P. A.'s have now a magazine of their own, in which, as its prospectus says, the "cream of all that is best in the patriotic papers" will be served up to palates that have a taste for it. This taste it will be necessary for the reader to cultivate, for unlike other cream, the A. P. A. kind is skimmed from the bottom, where the dregs lie, and is rejected with disgust by normal appetites. The new magazine's advertisement to booksellers is right in stating in advance that it will "conflict with no other publication," and that "a customer made for it will not be a customer taken from any other periodical." This is a very gem of truth from the pen of the sapient publisher. The minds that enjoy such literature as the A. P. A. press dispenses, give no promise or hope that decent publications would have any interest for them. The A. P. A. Magazine will have a clear field all to itself, and no other self-respecting periodical will stoop to harrow the rank and putrid ground it will plough.

"The Long Arm" was brisk, graphic, and interesting, but its sketchy thinness went far from reaching into Conan Doyle's intricate detective preserves. Miss Wilkins' reputation will not shoot very far upward from its present altitude on account of her prize story, though the monetary returns, for the labor involved, will probably far exceed those of some of her other stories of equal

effort. Her first chosen field is undoubtedly her forte. The contest out of which the $2,000 story bore the palm recalls an operatic competition recently held in London, and the dictum given upon the result by a well known musical critic. When the winning opera was publicly presented, the significant criticism made upon it was that all the others must have been pretty bad. It must not be taken as a real disparagement of Miss Wilkins' and Mr. Chamberlain's joint effort if the query of a popular Boston paragraphist anent the competition gain ground:—"What could the other stories have been?"

In France they have passed a law which hitherto the world-accepted doctrine that the state can do no wrong, made impossible of enactment, but which abstract justice would seem to demand in every civilized country. There is no reason why an individual should suffer an injustice at the hands of the state, any more than from another individual; and none why, if actual injustice on the part of the state can be proved, he should not receive full compensation for the injury by legal process, just as the state would enforce it in his behalf if his wrongdoer were a private citizen. The law referred to provides for the revision of the sentence of a convicted person, if new developments manifest his innocence of the crime for which he was condemned. Until the present time a man, though unjustly convicted in a criminal court, could be reinstated in society only by an act of executive pardon, and restitution could only be made by special legislative grant. The new law gives four instances where such a case can be legally reopened and the victim indemnified for the wrong inflicted upon him. The conditions are:—

"1. If proof is obtained that the supposed victim of a murder case is still alive.

"2. If another person is found guilty of the crime for which some prisoner has been sentenced.

"3. If one of the witnesses in a criminal case is convicted of perjury. If a new trial is granted in such a case, the perjured witness may not again be called to the stand.

"4. If new facts are brought to light, or documents discovered which were unknown during the trial which ended with a conviction.

"In the first, second, and third cases revision may be asked by the convicted person or his lawful representative, in the fourth case the Minister of Justice alone can demand a revision."

On the subject of damages obtainable by wrongly convicted persons the new law's provisions are ample and explicit:—

"The demand for damages may be made at any time during the new trial. The state is responsible for the payment of the sums awarded, subject to the possibility of collecting the same from the accusers or false witnesses who caused the conviction. The preliminary expenses of the revision must be borne by the persons demanding a new trial; if this be granted, the state assumes the responsibility for the costs. If an innocently convicted person dies before the innocence can be established, the next of kin are entitled to the damages — spouse, children, and parents. Other relatives must prove that they have personally suffered by the miscarriage of justice."

All of which should be submitted to the consideration of every American legislature. It is almost incredible that the passage of such a law should have been left to the year 1895.

No one doubts that, if a young son of General Flagler's had been shot by a colored girl for stealing fruit from her father's appleyard, summary proceedings would have followed the outrageous act. The case being reversed it is dismissed with simple regrets.

It makes all the difference imaginable whose ox is gored in the sunny clime south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and, for that matter, in many sections of the territory north of it. Black America has many reasons for complaint regarding the manner in which the Fourteenth Amendment is exemplified in practice, and is perfectly right in protesting against the many existing abuses of its significance and purpose. Pilfering from orchards, undoubtedly, is not one of the rights conveyed to the negro by the Act of Emancipation. Neither is it a crime punishable with loss of life; and he or she who thus recklessly and cruelly vindicates it, should be held to a strict accounting before the law. Miss Flagler's mild rebuke by the jury is a sheer miscarriage of sentiment as to her criminal responsibility for her impetuous action. It intensifies the opinion, already well demonstrated, that neither theories nor constitutional amendments can eradicate inborn prejudice. It moreover justifies the paradoxical assertion that though American justice may be sightless, she is not always color-blind.

A Florida dentist has been experimenting upon the force capable of being exerted by the human jaw. The instrument used was limited to a register of 270 pounds, and this was easily reached by a physician. Speculation is now rife as to the jaw-pressure of barbers, drummers, insurance agents, and the New Woman. But the ideal place for a test of this sort has been overlooked by the inventor. He should have increased his register to something like a thousand horse-power and gone to Chicago during the Horr-Harvey silver debate. That was an exhibition of jaw worthy of any sized instrument. It broke all the jaw records extant, and—sad to say—left the jaws intact.

Edward Atkinson in a comprehensive article in "Harper's Weekly" on the subject of governmental expenses and revenue, thus summarizes the subject:—

"The true annual cost of supportng this government, including civil and military service, naval service, the construction of public works and improvements, miscellaneous expenditures, interest, pensions, sugar bounties, and other charges, has been, from 1880 to 1894 inclusive, on the average, a fraction over two hundred and eighty-two million dollars ($282,000,000); the average revenue during the same period, a fraction over three hundred and sixty-five million dollars ($365,000,000). The surplus, mainly applied to the reduction of debt, has averaged eighty-three million dollars ($83,000,000) a year. Of course annual expenditures increase somewhat with the growth of population. During the last administration expenditures were increased both in amount and in proportion to numbers. They are now being diminished in the aggregate and yet more in the ratio per head of population.

"From 1882 to 1889, the cost of our government was only $4.58 per head, while the revenue was $6.50 a head. Since 1890 excessive expenditure and diminished revenue have brought about a temporary deficit, but if the future congresses are reasonably economical, 'there can be little doubt that the revenue at $5 per head will develop the surplus of $1,200,000,000 in the next fifteen years, which may be applied to the final payment of the debt of the United States.' In that event 'the cost of the government, interest, and diminishing pensions will be $4 per head.'"

With the close of this year's sessions of the Summer School at Plattsburgh, a few noteworthy points in the development of this movement in American Catholic educational and social life are worthy of record, and also of serious consideration, on account of their importance to the permanency and full realization of the good derivable by the Catholic community from the successful existence of Summer Schools.

The attendance was the best yet known at Plattsburgh, and perhaps 60 per cent of it was made up of people who had never attended the Summer School before; an indication, that many who declared they would not go until the school was established on its own grounds, have kept their promise, and may be depended upon to return another year. The session showed distinctly more vitality than that of last year, and this was largely due to the fact that meetings were held in the school's own building on the grounds, and thus made the attendants more familiar with the idea of the Summer School in the woods, away from the din and dust of the town. More enthusiasm was consequently manifested by those present, and more devotion to the work, excellent gains, attributable largely to the beauty of the location, with which in previous sessions the people had little acquaintance because there was nothing to attract them to it.

It would be hard to say what subjects drew the greatest audiences. Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston's lectures on The Novel, Abbé Hogan's on French Literature, and Rev. J. A. Zahm's on Evolution were powerful attractions, but it would be difficult to distinguish between the subjects and the lecturers as magnets, for the course was very carefully made up, and strong matter scattered throughout the entire session. Everyone had praise for the schedule of studies, and many were warmly enthusiastic upon several of the courses.

The faculty sought in this session to develop the social side of the school more than ever, because it was felt that this was a strong element of attraction to the people in a school of this kind. The receptions held this year were remarkably successful, and they affected the studies of the school by making the school attractive. The social pleasures of the school offer an inducement to the young to come within the reach of the Summer School thought, and while the social side does not disturb the intellectual, it relieves the intellectual of much of its weariness.

The school will be permanent at Plattsburgh. Business relations, the work already done there, the labors expended in making the place known, the associations connected with Champlain both in religion and in patriotism, all these and other considerations urge the fixed establishment of the school in that place. The outlook for next year's session is most promising, as the management has perfected plans by which it will be able to care for the people upon the school grounds, the only thing hitherto lacking to insure success from every standpoint.

The presence of the Papal Delegate at the opening of the session gave to the school the highest sanction of the church. A public mass was said on the grounds during the session for the first time, and all the surroundings were of such a character as to give enthusiasm to the management and to the people, and make them feel indeed that the finger of God is in this work.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Words for Women.

In the Chicago "Home Journal" lately, there was an interesting article on the elevation of women through devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

"Do you seek for force of character and strength of will?" asks the writer, who is no less an authority than his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons: "You will find it in Mary, but it is a force of will which springs from an upright conscience and sense of duty . . . . It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the amiable and tender qualities of Mary and of other holy women, without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their characters . . . . It is only heroic virtues, or virtues practised in a heroic degree, that the Church canonizes.

"The Catholic Church, following the teachings of the Gospel and of St. Paul, proclaims woman the peer and equal of man . . . . As man and woman are made of the same clay, and have the same destiny, so are they equal in dignity."

Not long ago Miss Wordsworth, the principal of Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, made an address on the higher education of women. I shall quote a few of her wise words, because no one has more delicately touched the matter of extravagant emulation of masculine independence. Every age has its follies and exaggerations, the nineteenth no more than any other century. Too often coarse self-assertion is met by coarse rebuke, and sarcasm by sarcasm. Miss Wordsworth in a most kindly spirit says:

"It is a curious thing that among the women who join most loudly in the cry for women's rights, and who protest most eagerly about the equality of the sexes, are some at least who, forgetting, I suppose, that imitation is the sincerest flattery, pay men the very doubtful compliment of imitating them in dress, demeanor and habits, and sometimes outdoing them in the very ways which a good man would most deprecate; and seem least alive to those things which are God's special gift through women to the world—beauty, grace, tenderness, charm, playfulness, repose, unselfishness, modesty, tact, common sense, orderliness, bountifulness, and the like . . . A woman is a creature full of delicate subtleties; every tone of her voice, every movement of her frame, every look in her face is part of what she brings to the well-being of the world, and especially of that little world of home which she, and she alone, can make."

These are the words of a woman of wide experience and wide sympathy, who has helped to prove once more that scholarship is as fit for women as for men. It is strange that the fact should need proof in this century, for it was received without discussion four hundred years ago, and thrice four hundred years before that. Side by side with the fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries stand women saints celebrated for intellect and fortitude. Nuns as well as monks were the illuminators and transcribers of the middle ages. Soon after printing was invented, nuns became printers. And with what are our schools of design in all countries occupied to-day? The restoration of the arts of embroidery and lace-making, as they were practised by women in ages gone by. When the history of the elevation of women shall be truly understood, our present tone of exultation may turn to one of regret over the time lost since the middle of the sixteenth century.

A Hymn for September 29.

In the second volume of Lowell's Letters there is one dated Mar. 30, 1888, which opens thus: "I was seeing things all night long; they were all beautiful and bright. One night I saw Michael with his scales, and made a poem of it next morning,

which rescued me from a prose article I was trying to write for a young fellow in Chicago. I sent him the verses (which cost me but half an hour) instead. You will see and like 'em too, I hope."

A few months later I came home after a long period of sick nursing, exhausted with a sense of the sorrows of life, and I found in my room a copy of "America," the only specimen of that magazine that I have ever seen. In it was a poem of James Russell Lowell's called "St. Michael the Weigher." I gave the poem to a near friend of Mr. Lowell's who had never seen it; and in a few days I received, not the printed poem, but a copy in the poet's own handwriting, with a number of small, but significant alterations made by him. It is from this autograph copy that I transcribe the poem, hoping that it may comfort others as it comforted me that dreary dog-day in 1888.

A CHRONICLER.

Saint Michael the Weigher.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's doing, dreaming, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward sought for Paradise
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

Waking I beheld him there
With his fire-gold, flickering hair
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand.
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both Heaven and Hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thy function is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so:
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good and ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few:
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that broke for man.
Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While Earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down.

J. R. LOWELL.

Madame Clara Schumann.

The following interesting account of Madame Clara Schumann will give pleasure to our readers, and the younger musicians may wish to know a few leading facts in the life of this great pianist.

Clara Wieck was born at Leipzig in the year 1819, and under her father's tuition developed exceptional musical ability. At twelve years of age she appeared as pianist in a Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig, and fifty years later received an immense ovation at Leipzig, when she played there in commemoration of her childish triumph. At twenty Clara Wieck became the wife of Robert Schumann. As his widow she has been the great interpreter of his compositions for the piano. She is still a most interesting figure in the musical world, and, though surpassed in technique by many young pianists, no woman has ever taken her place as interpreter of the highest order of classical music.

Herr Julius Stockhausen, referred to in this paper, is the most celebrated teacher of singing in Germany.

Being a pupil of the elder Garcia, he carries on the traditional method of that great teacher.

At the Hoch-Conservatory of Frankfort, we who were pupils of Julius Stockhausen and of Clara Schumann, formed a clique by ourselves, and looked down with scorn on the rest of the students. We felt proud of our position. There was nothing we were not capable of doing to show our enthusiasm and loyal admiration for these two great masters. Who could fail to love and admire Mme. Schumann after hearing the pupils talk of her? Just below my room at the *pension* was the room of a charming Genevieve B. who was preparing to be Mme. Schumann's pupil under one of her daughters. And at Julius Stockhausen's Sunday morning gatherings I used to meet Marie Wurm, one of Madame Schumann's most promising pupils, since well known as a good composer and successful teacher.

Clara Schumann's pupils were her friends; indeed were like her own children. She gave them not only the best of her musical knowledge and experience, but also the force of her moral influence, and even looked after their physical welfare. She did not allow her pupils to practise more than three or four hours a day, because she said it was impossible to concentrate the mind upon the work for a longer time. To practise without complete intellectual concentration was, in her opinion, a waste of time and an injury both mental and physical to the student. Her daughters prepared pupils for her instruction, and their pupils as well as her own were allowed to be present when she gave lessons, that they might share the benefit of her comments and criticism. The stories of her kindness were without end; as, for example, — of the pretty dress given to a débutante for her first concert, with a handsome evening cloak; and of the complete education secured to a child of musical talent who had no resource except her bounty. Madame Schumann is personally most generous, and her rich friends are glad to aid her to accomplish her many charitable plans.

I used to meet her sometimes, a short, stout, elderly lady, with large, intelligent, expressive eyes, heavy features, and, as I thought, quite a severe look. She was severe to her pupils, yes, she could even be hard if it was necessary; and then she would relax, and charm them with her sweetness and motherly interest and sympathy.

How I longed to hear her play, the widow of Robert Schumann, the first living woman pianist! At last my chance came and I heard her play a concerto of Beethoven at a great concert, and afterwards on several occasions I heard her play sonatas of Beethoven and some of her husband's short compositions. The first thing that impressed me was the dignity and simplicity of her appearance. Even at that time her playing was wonderful, though she was over sixty years of age. Hers was the most objective playing I ever heard; there was an entire absence of personal display; her strength of mind seemed to be bent on giving the meaning of the composer, not her own. And yet her playing was not cold; on the contrary it showed great warmth and poetical appreciation. She played in a most intellectual manner, and in the short pieces by her husband, so familiar to me, she revealed so many new beauties that they ap-

peared like music never heard before.

Nothing could sound harsh from her fingers. She had a peculiar singing quality in her tone, made by the pressure of the soft parts of the fingers on the keys. She could not endure the unmusical touch that makes one hear the action of the piano, or any sound of the fingers striking the notes. This delicacy of tone she preserved in spite of severe rheumatism, which obliged her to prepare for playing in public by a long course of massage.

Madame Schumann, has given only the best music to her pupils; she has played only the best music herself; she has never lowered her standard to please the public. In this her conduct has been in sharp contrast with that of Liszt and the large school of his followers, who seem to live only to produce effect, and thereby have involuntarily debased the public taste.

Meanwhile, perhaps, they shrug their shoulders at the old-fashioned ideas of Mme. Schumann, who has done nothing for the sake of personal display, and all for the sake of the highest and noblest interests of art.

I shall say nothing in defence of the imitators of Franz Liszt. Of him it must be said that he was the most remarkable pianist of this century of piano players; and that he was a generous man who made greater efforts to call notice to the genius of other men than to illustrate his own.

M. G.

The Lunch Basket.

A wise writer in the "New England Kitchen" gives this advice about packing a lunch basket for a child going to school.

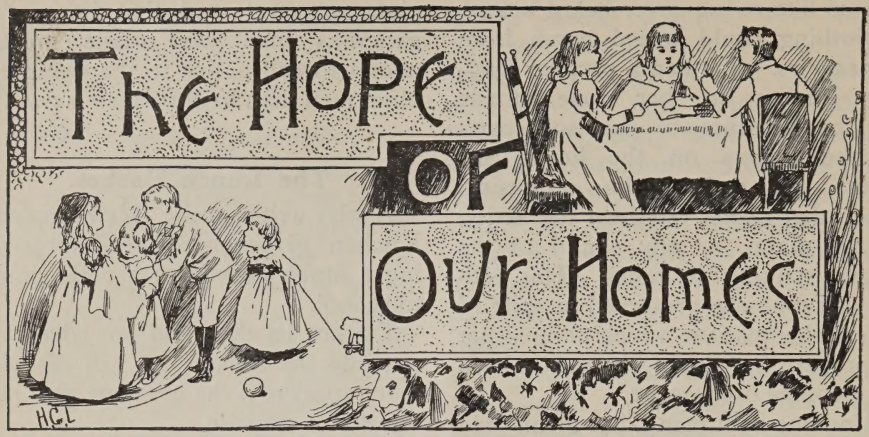
Do not let the child see what you put into the basket; he will eat with more appetite if the contents give him a pleasant surprise.

Have the basket clean, and well aired, and keep different kinds of food separated by parafine paper. A sandwich, a simple cake, and some kind of fruit make a good lunch for a child. Keep one spoon for the lunch basket, and a flask for milk.

Sandwiches can be made of meat or fish minced for the purpose, of a little potted meat mixed with hard boiled egg chopped fine, or with grated cheese, if the child likes cheese, and it agrees with him.

Cup custard, or any plain puddings baked in a cup make a good change from fruit or cake. Of fruits the most convenient are apples, pears, oranges, and bananas.

EMMA FORBES CARY.



Gyp.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

There was consternation in Baird's Military Academy. For some weeks small articles had occasionally been missed, and now it was an open secret that there was a thief in the school. Good old Dr. Baird was not usually present at the opening exercises, but this morning he stood by his desk, pale and constrained. He was very proud of the school, and all the boys were dear to him. He felt the disgrace keenly.

As the boys filed in he looked at each one searchingly, apprehensively; as though he feared to read guilt in the faces of those he loved. After they were seated he raised his hand impressively.

"Young gentlemen," he began, with a slight break in his voice, "I wish to say a few words before we open the school. Many of you have lost trinkets and small sums of money; all of you know of our disgrace. It is hard for me to judge—and condemn—one of my own boys. But there is no other way. A thief is among us, and the honor of the school demands that he be cast out. I have little sympathy with boys who tell tales, but in this matter I trust you will see the necessity of the culprit being discovered. If you know anything, or have any suspicion, I hope you will not let a false sense of honor keep you from making it known. I fear it will be useless to appeal to the thief himself; his work has been too thorough and systematic to be that of an amateur." He paused and waited gravely. None of the boys stirred.

"I would rather not subject you to the disgrace of being questioned separately," he went on at length, "but I can see no other way. Are all here?"

Even as he spoke the door opened and a tall, bright-faced boy entered hurriedly. As he crossed the room and took his place among the larger pupils he looked flushed and embarrassed. Dr. Baird's eyes rested on him graciously. Harry Lawrence was one of his best scholars, and the son of an old friend.

"Do you know anything about the stolen articles, Harry?" he asked, thinking perhaps the boy might have heard something, or have formed some suspicion.

Harry rose to his feet.

"Yes, sir; I am to blame. But I

think I can restore most of the things."

There was a long silence. Dr. Baird's face grew white and stern. The boys stole quick, frightened glances at him and each other. Harry Lawrence the thief? It seemed impossible.

"You may come forward."

The voice was calm, but the boys scarcely recognized it as belonging to the kindly old doctor.

As Harry crossed the open space in front of the desk he presented a marked contrast to the other pupils. His hair was tumbled, and there were cobwebs and bits of straw on his clothing. And instead of the neat school uniform he had on a rough, heavy coat which he had been accustomed to wear outdoors in stormy weather. Dr. Baird looked him over disapprovingly.

"Well, sir?"

Harry colored.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Baird," he said, hurriedly, "but you see I—my squirrel Gyp has been lost nearly a month, and just before the bell rang one of the boys told me that he saw him going up the garret stairs. I put on this coat to save my uniform. And—and I found something up there that made me forget everything else. I did not think of my appearance until after I entered the schoolroom."

Dr. Baird's face did not lose any of its sternness.

"Your coat is a matter of small importance just now," he said. "I need not tell with what sorrow and astonishment I heard your confession. Of course you understand that you must leave the school."

Harry's face grew suddenly white.

"Why—what! You don't mean—" then a red flush of comprehension succeeded the whiteness on his face. "Oh, Dr. Baird! You don't think that I stole the things?" He bent his head and gave a low, peculiar whistle. Instantly a pair of bright eyes peeped from his pocket, then a full-grown gray squirrel ran up his sleeve and took a position on his shoulder. The boys began to titter. Dr. Baird looked at him inquiringly.

"I always had a lot of pets at home," explained Harry, "so when I found a a nest of young squirrels last spring I could not resist taking one. I kept him in my room, and after he grew tame used to let him run out on the branches of the big elm. He always came back, and if my window was closed would chatter until I let him in. He was very fond of raisins and nuts, and I taught him to search my pockets after them. Last month he disappeared, and I thought he had gone back to the woods." Harry reached up and stroked the squirrel gently. "I suppose he has been in the house all the time, and—and has been rifling the boys' pockets during school hours."

There was a low murmur, which, not being checked, rose presently into a ringing cheer. Dr. Baird looked as though he would like to join them.

"What reason have you for supposing the squirrel took the things?" he asked.

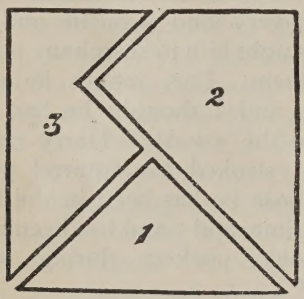
"I found them piled up behind one of the old trunks in the garret," answered Harry, "and Gyp was sitting on them, rubbing his paws and chattering. He looked as though he expected me to praise him for doing so fine a thing."

Again there was a low murmur which Dr. Baird instantly quelled by raising his hand. But all the sternness was gone from his face.

"I am afraid I shall have to carry

out my original intention, Harry," he said, smilingly. "The thief must be banished from the school. However, you may take Gyp down to the gardener and have him make a nest for him in the barn."

Correct solutions to the Japanese puzzle and transposition of words offered the children last month, were promptly received from several of our young readers. The first on hand with right answers to both was Bessie Newton of St. Paul, Minnesota, who gave "Windsor" as the reply to the word puzzle, and this drawing as the solution of the Japanese puzzle:—



We are preparing a great contest for the department, to be announced after school begins, when our young people will have put on their thinking caps again, after the freedom and frolic of their long summer vacation. We hope every boy and girl has enjoyed the holidays to the full, and has acquired from them a great amount of new energy for their school work, and a zest for the coming trial of skill which the department will propose next month. The contest will be along lines that will be helpful to the participants in their studies and will have several interesting features. Who can guess what it is going to be, and who is going to win it? The successful competitors will have a merrier Christmas this year than ever before, as the contest will remain open until December first, and the prizes will be awarded in time to add to the good things which Santa Claus will drop into our little readers' Christmas stockings. Now then, be ready for the announcement next month, and meanwhile prepare yourselves for entering the lists, by hard and earnest study from the first school day.—Editor of the Department.

The Altar-Boy.

His boyish face is fair to see
His youthful heart is light and free
A soldier of the Cross is he.

His only armor for the fight
His cassock folds and surplice white
His shield of innocence and right.

Now on the altar step he kneels
What sacred sense is that he feels,
That beauty, grace, and truth reveals?

"Dominus vobiscum," Oh,
He hears the priest and answers low,
"Et cum spiritu tuo."

He marks the grand old "Sanctus" swell
'Tis sweet to him; he loves it well,
As rings the deep-toned altar bell.

Beside the priest, with measured pace
The Stations of the Cross he'll trace
His taper shining on his face.

A voice there speaks unto his ear
He answers, without doubt or fear,
Like Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for I hear."

O soldier, dost thou realize
The duty that before thee lies,
The path that leads thee to the skies?

Dear boy, that thou might'st always stay
As fair and pure, as brave and gay
As fearless as thou art to-day!

And mayest thou, in the good fight,
Preserve thy shield of spotless white,
Forever keep thy armor bright.

GRACE L. McCARTY.
Sioux City, Iowa.

There was once an Amphibious Frog,
Who dwelt in the depths of a bog;
He remarked with a sigh:
"My voice is not high,
I can't reach high 'C'
Tho' my best I do try,—
So contented I'll stay in my place;
With the rest of my friends I'll sing bass;
For 'tis better, by far,
To stay as you are,
Than to strive after fame
And by so doing, mar
A performance of beauty and grace!"

Edwin S. Fisher

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

G. M. asks: How were the people saved in ancient Bible times before the Church of Christ was established, and before we had the Sacraments as we have them now?

All salvation comes through the merits of Christ, who gave His life in redemption for *all* the children of Adam, and for Adam too. In anticipation of His Son's sacrifice, God was pleased to apply beforehand the merits of the Redemption to those, who in a true and contrite spirit sought for pardon of sins. The people of God, though they had no Sacraments, had many sacrifices, images of the great sacrifice of Calvary, and many ceremonies that were figures of our Sacraments. God was pleased to look favorably upon those, not for any intrinsic worth they possessed, but because they were figures of His Divine Son's sacrifice and the Sacraments He was to establish in His Church to convey to men the benefits of Calvary. Even all the graces that Mary received before the coming of her Divine Son were given her by anticipation of that coming and the death to follow it.

M. O'C. writes us: Will you kindly explain the Catholic doctrine on foreordination? If God has ordained each one to die at a certain time or place, how can prayer or good works be of avail to prolong or save life?

God not only knows what is absolute, but He knows all the contingencies that may arise. He knows the possibilities as well as the realities. He governs all things according to their nature, which He has given. So He governs man as being a creature with understanding and free-will. That prayer may avert death, or may change its time or place may be explained in this way. At such a time, at such a place I shall die, *unless* my prayers alter it. God knowing that prayer shall be said, decrees that what would have been the time and place of my death shall not be. Take this example from the Bible. Jonas is sent to Nineveh to announce the destruction of that city. "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Then the people repented of their sins, "and God had mercy with regard to the evil which He had said He would do to them, and did it not." If they had not repented, they would have been destroyed, as Jonas preached. God reckons on our prayers, knowing whether they shall or shall not be said, and deals with us accordingly. His decree does not change, but our free action is considered and measured. And, furthermore, have we not reason to say that with God there is *knowledge* of the time and place of our death, rather than a fixed decree. The Scripture says: it is decreed for all men once to die," but once placed here in life, natural causes operate on us to take away our existence, and prayer comes in to avert for a while something of this action, and to save us from accidents that would otherwise have happened, or to bring back health for the prolongation of life.

G. G. inquires: 1. Does the Catholic Church consider it a sin to purchase any article on Sunday? 2. Is it considered wrong by the Catholic Church to travel on Sunday in steam and electric cars?

To hear Mass on Sundays and to abstain from servile works, is the law of the Catholic Church. Now, in the fulfilment of this law, the buying and selling of certain articles, must be considered wrong. But common sense tells us that the purchase of a loaf of bread or a quart of milk is of necessity on Sundays for the poor. And so, necessary articles may be purchased on that day. And we find, at least in New England, a sensible custom, whereby a few stores, like bakeshops and news stands, are allowed to be kept open for a few hours of the early morning. But to make the day a day of traffic is wrong. As regards the sale of liquor on Sunday, the 3rd Plenary Council of Baltimore says: "There is one way of profaning the Lord's Day that is so prolific of evil results, that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the Day of the Lord into a day of dissipation, to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point may not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics for the love of God and country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize nor countenance it."

Travelling on Sunday is not considered wrong. We must be sorry for the labor entailed upon the employees of the different roads, but for them the work, all things considered, has become a necessary work. Inasmuch as travelling has become a great source of recreation for the poor, and as we know that the spirit of the Church is not to prohibit "such popular enjoyments as are consistent with the sacredness of the day," we can allow the necessity of recreation, while deploring excesses that people at times indulge in while availing themselves of a legitimate privilege.

E. V. inquires: 1. Is there anything in the theory of Evolution contrary to the teaching of the Catholic Church? 2. Why is a dove used to represent the Holy Ghost? 3. If God gives to some efficacious grace, and to others merely sufficient grace, how is He equally just to all? 4. Is there an intrinsic difference between efficacious and sufficient grace, or is the difference merely in the will that freely accepts a grace given to all?

The theory of evolution advances the doctrine that the body of man was not created directly by God, but evolved itself through a series of developments and a process of natural selection from lower forms of life. This theory is held by a few eminent Catholic scientists, and is not opposed to Catholic faith so long as it admits the immediate creation by God of the human soul, and postulates only the development of matter, which in its primordial state was also created by God. If it advances any opinions at variance with the revealed word of Moses, it condemns itself. It is very hard to reconcile this theory with the Biblical statement that God created only one Adam and one Eve. Evolution would seem to require myriads of Adams and Eves. It is hard also to see what has become of evolution since the advent of man ino the realms of matter; it is so far impossible to find the "missing link," whereby a few scientists (just a few, because today most biologists, Catholic and non-Catholic, reject the evolution of man), seek to connect man with the lower world. When the claimants for evolution have no longer mere theories to offer, but incontestible proofs, it

will be time enough for us to listen to their arguments. The advanced scientist must have his hobby, one to-day, another to-morrow. Meanwhile, the direct creation of Adam's body as told by Moses is good enough for us. We may notice, however, in this connection the great freedom the Catholic Church accords for the discussion of facts and theories, and how she checks only those who throw aside revelation without positive proof as to the soundness of their own views.

2. Because the Holy Ghost was pleased to manifest Himself in that way. We read in Matthew 3, 16: "And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon Him." In Luke 3, 22, it is written: "And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape as a dove upon Him."

3 and 4. Christ died for all. He wishes all to be saved, and He offers to all the graces necessary as means to this end. Some coöperate with these graces, and render them thereby efficacious, in accomplishing the end for which they were intended. Others refuse to coöperate, shut their hearts against God's benefits, refuse to be helped by grace, and so render the graces that in themselves are sufficient for their salvation, inefficacious.

Inquirer seeks information on these points: 1. Is it right to strike the breast at the Sanctus and at the Consecration of the Mass? and why? 2. What book will inform me of the ceremonies of the Mass?

1. Yes, because to strike the breast is a mark of compunction for our sins, and of humility for our unworthiness to be present before God, the infinitely Holy One.

2. "Teaching Truth by Signs and Ceremonies," by Rev. James L. Meagher, "The Beauties of the Catholic Church," by Rev. F. J. Shadler and Father O'Brien's "History of the Mass," are excellent.

J. W. wants to learn: 1. The reason and powers of a Prefect-apostolic? 2. Whether imperfect contrition suffices in confession for the pardon of sins? 3. The difference between perfect and imperfect contrition, penitence and remorse? 4. What is development of doctrine, and what dogmas the Church is likely to define, as she has recently defined the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility? 5. What is to be thought of "faith cures?"

1. In England, Scotland, Denmark and other countries the Catholic religion was once flourishing. After the Reformation, for some hundreds of years, the number of Catholics was very small in these nations. Latterly, this number has increased, and the Church has provided again for her children. First, priests were sent to administer the Sacraments, and then one would be sent with the power of a bishop, but not as a bishop of that country, until the Church judged it wise to re-establish the hierarchy. In England and Scotland, we have once more the regular hierarchy of bishops and archbishops. But in Denmark, there is as yet no hierarchy, and the one who holds there the real position of a bishop is a Prefect-apostolic.

2. Yes, imperfect contrition joined to the absolution of the priest is sufficient for the pardon of sins.

3. In the ordinary act of contrition, we say we are sorry for our sins, not only because by them we have lost all right to Heaven and have deserved Hell (herein expressing motives of imperfect contrition), but also because by them we have offended God who is so good and deserving of all our love (this is the motive of perfect contrition). So the difference between imperfect contrition, called also attrition, and perfect contrition is one of motive or reason. To be sorry because of our loss or punish-

ment deserved is an imperfect motive. To be sorry because God is good in Himself, a Being of infinite perfection to whom sin is hateful, is a perfect motive. In the imperfect motive we have regard to ourselves: in the perfect, to God. Another important difference is in the effect; imperfect contrition alone will not take away sin. It will when absolution is joined to it. Perfect contrition will by itself take away sin from the soul, because a person loving God for His own sake is separated from sin by that very love he has for God. He must (if he thinks of it) have the intention of confessing his sin when he can, or when duty obliges him, or devotion inclines him to go to confession. A person who dies without the Sacraments, who has not time to have the priest, can be saved, no matter what sins are on his soul, by making an act of perfect contrition, by loving God who is good, and thus going away from his sins that kept him away from God. A practical conclusion for every one is to make at least once every day an act of perfect love of God and of perfect contrition. Even if he does not succeed in having the motive of perfect love of God in his heart, the very endeavor for it, practised daily, will be likely to bring him the grace if ever he should need it, in case of a sudden death. The salvation of his soul may depend on his knowing how to turn to God in perfect love in an instant.

Magdalen was a penitent, and had penitence for her sins: Judas had remorse. Remorse bites the soul, tells us we have done wrong, gives us no peace, at least while it is with us, but it does not necessarily make us abandon sin. If it leads us to abandon sin, then we are penitents.

4. It may be said that all we are obliged to believe is contained in the Apostles' Creed. Many books have been written to explain the few short words of the creed. Many councils have been held to develop the meaning of the doctrines therein proclaimed, and to remove objections raised by heresies. When a doctrine comes into dispute, the Church may judge it opportune or even necessary for the preservation of the faith, to give an explicit definition, and to establish as a special article of faith what was heretofore believed by the faithful, and contained implicitly in the Church's dogmas. When Luther appealed from the Pope to the General Council of the Church, he disagreed with the practice and belief of Christendom. But no Catholic could even think of such an appeal since the promulgation of the decree concerning Papal Infallibility. Whether the Pope speaks alone, or as the head of the General Council, his definition of faith and morals for the Catholic world is one and the same.

We are scarcely privileged enough to foresee what the future may need in the way of new definitions of faith. We might by way of example suggest that a denial of Mary's Assumption into heaven might lead to the Church's defining this as an article of faith. The question of evolution too may involve consequences such as to require the plain and positive statement of the Church. As we say in answer to another question in this issue, Evolution as explained by Catholic scientists is not against the Faith, but it is at best a mere hypothesis, a plausible explanation, and comes very near the danger line when interpreting the Holy Scriptures.

5. Investigate them. Know beforehand the subject of the cure thoroughly; the degree and kind of the malady, the certainty of the cure, its

perseverance. As boys, we often stood in wonder before some fakir who gave strength to the weak, and made the deaf to hear. But the hearing and the strength were ephemeral. They went even before the fakir went. We have known "doctors" who practised faith cures with great success (for a while), and we have seen them hurriedly disappear from the city and from the wrath of their victims. Imagination is a powerful factor in many alleged cures, and under the spell of an aroused and excited imagination, one may declare himself entirely cured. But is he? There are, indeed, cures, and sudden and most wonderful healings in response to prayer and faith. The power our Divine Lord exercised for suffering humanity, He still exercises. But we must do as the Church does: believe only on most positive and reliable proof. These are days of imagination, of hypnotism, and of kindred issues, and every excited cry of "I'm cured, I'm cured," is not to be heeded. At Lourdes in France, and at St. Anne de Beaupré in Canada, there are every year miracles performed and persons healed. And of these cures, there are incontestible proofs.

Mothers Read.

Your child's health is dearer to you than the apple of your eye. It can easily be assured if you use The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. A thousand testimonials confirm this statement. Ask for them from the New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Science is proud. With each new discovery she exalts her head, and claims the worship of the multitude. She would dethrone religion. Her votaries are too easily imbued with her own superb spirit. Science and religion are destined to be companions, and each in her own sphere can help the other. Having run to extravagance of opinion in its evolutionary theories, science is recoiling from its vagaries, and scientific men are willing to acknowledge the domain of religion, and certify that some way or other, Moses was right. Wonder how he knew so much so long ago! But still the tendency of the leaders of independent investigation and of untrammelled thought is away from God. Having started with the theory that they must prove his non-existence, they have at last reached in their conclusions that He is Unknowable. There is the irreligion of to-day, the spirit of agnosticism, the wise smile that says: "Nothing is known nor can be known, of God. We are investigating and if we find Him or any missing link that leads up to Him, we'll let you know. Meanwhile don't know anything."

The Rev. George Lucas, the first to receive the Doctorate of Divinity at the Catholic University of Washington, has attacked this tendency of the age in his book: *Agnosticism and Religion.* He has divided it into two parts, one setting forth "The History of the Rise of Agnosticism from Xenophanes to Spencer"; the other being "The Examination of Spencer's Religion of the Unknowable." He has done his work well, and the scholar will find great profit in the perusal of these pages. But the general reader will have much labor to comprehend their full meaning. As to comprehending the agnostics, his endeavors would be in vain. They do not understand themselves, nor have they any settled doctrines or principles on which to find them. Murphy of Baltimore publishes the book.

Fiction.

After much experience and success as a translator, Miss Ella MacMahon appears under the patronage of the Macmillans, and in their beautiful Iris series, as an original writer. She paints her picture of *A Modern Man*, and she presents him to us as young, endowed with natural good qualities of heart and brain, and capable of winning recognition and a fair meed of success. "A Modern Man" may well form the theme of a story in these days when the "New Woman" seems to have the press almost to herself. Miss MacMahon in her book illustrates the futility of struggling half-heartedly against temptation, and her work is a protest against morality without a religious spirit as a guiding influence. An element of comedy is furnished by the Judge, his quick-witted daughter, and a young woman known as "Breeze," with a shrill voice and a liking for cigarettes.

That the playwright should turn novelist is out of the usual order. Con. T. Murphy is well and favorably known to the frequenters of the theatre by reason of his plays "The Ivy Leaf" and "The Fairies' Well." This story, the *Miller of Glanmire*, will add to his fame, and its dramatic action may yet afford him the chance to fit it for the stage. The story is lively, and the interest sustained; the demands of "poetic justice" receive due attention, but the women, with one exception, are not at all good-looking. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, and the author has given some very good descriptions of Irish customs, notably of "snap apple night" and its "divarshuns." The line of fiction to-day is away from the old conventional tale, wherein the good were very good, and the bad were very wicked, but still there lingers with us a fondness for stories where the hero is exalted, and the villain made miserable to a satisfactory degree. The "Miller of Glanmire" has followed the old lines. (Chicago, Geo. W. Barker.)

Historical.

The Indian is fast disappearing from the land, and as he recedes into the night of oblivion, we ought to seize the few scattered accounts that remain of his dominion. Francis Parkman and John Gilmary Shea, the historians, have done much and laudable work to preserve to us the history of the earliest days, when the newcomers from old Europe had to struggle hard for their existence among the native tribes. The history of these days found State and Church in closest proximity, and manifested the priest, the black-robe, bearing the cross and its tidings to the benighted savage, while the sturdy adventurer entered his domains. The religous orders sent out their devoted sons to martyrdom, and in what forms to-day New York and Canada, the fierce Iroquois, the suspicious and bloody warriors of "Five Tribes," sent many a priest to the eternal gates robed in the red garments of the martyr. Any account of the labors of the holy missionaries among the red men is full of interest and of the very charm of romance. The Rev. Thomas Donahoe in his work *The Iroquois and the Jesuits*, has given us a simple and unvarnished tale of what were the heroic struggles of the Christian priest to establish the knowledge of God and of His Christ among the Indians. He writes principally from original sources, the "Relations," or letters written by the Jesuits from their field of labor to their superiors at Quebec, and his book has consequently historical value. (Buffalo Catholic Pub. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

Following close upon its Golden Jubilee, comes the *Jubilee History of the University of Notre Dame*. The fifty years that have intervened from the humble foundation in the wilderness to the Great College of the West, that to-day challenges our admiration, are traversed by a sympathetic pen. The reader can trace the development of the grain of mustard-seed planted by Father Sorin, and nurtured by Fathers Dillon, Lemounier, Corby, and Walsh, until he sees it a great and expansive tree. The half-tone cuts of the buildings and their founders add to the pleasure of the reader. The growth of the Catholic Church among us is marvellous, and the study of its expansion in one of its institutions of learning is full of deepest satisfaction. May Notre Dame Du Lac still flourish in the great and growing West!

Professional.

A priest of the Congregation of the Mission acquainted with the needs of schools and colleges has written an admirable series of questions and answers, entitled *Questions on Vocation*. He has afforded the answer to many an anxious and inquiring mind, and he has given to the instructors of youth a useful manual to guide them in helping to determine the career of the children who pass under their hand. God in creating us has given to each one "his proper gift," and has chosen for each one the state in which He wills him to be saved. It is of supreme importance then, that every means be placed at the disposal of the young to choose aright their pursuit in life. (P. J. Kennedy, New York.)

Religious.

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," sums up the life of *Mother Frances Schervier*, foundress of the congregation of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. This book has been written by Very Rev. Ignatius Jeiler, O.S.F., and translated by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. It is a faithful and rather too enthusiastic sketch of the character and life of the foundress. It is indeed a record of many a struggle and endeavor to aid the poor, and it recounts the wearing and unrecognized labors of the good sisters in their various houses both in Germany and in the United States. It is a book to edify and lead good souls to imitation of sacrifice and work for God's poor. St. Louis: B. Herder.

A woman whose literary work has brought her into favorable notice is the subject of a memoir by Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P. In the Protestant world to which she belonged this woman was Augusta Theodosia Drane, and in her life in a Dominican convent, after her conversion to the Catholic faith, she became *Mother Francis Raphael*. Mother Drane's was an extraordinary life. She was a woman of great force, intellectually and spiritually. Her writings indicate this, and they are used by Fr. Wilberforce to set forth the beauty and majesty of her life. No one can read this *Memoir* without bearing away much healthful fruit for mind and heart. Many a book that is being read nowadays leaves a bad taste in the mouth. This book will impart pleasure, edification, and instruction. The biographer has given us an excellent volume, and the reader is fortunate that he is not obliged to read of Mother Drane through the medium of a translation. Translations have done more to relegate the lives of holy men and women to the bookshelves than all other causes combined. The

lives of the good are attractive, and if only set forth in pleasing garb, they would win readers, whereas the style, dry, insipid, eulogistic, strained, and forced, that has been long in vogue, has only repelled the ordinary reader. Longmans, Green & Co.

Literary Miscellany.

Max Nordau's "Degeneracy" has awakened some lively and pertinent discussion of several literary questions. One of them is the relationship existing between a writer's mind and his writings, or in how great a degree readers are justified in judging an author's character by his productions.

Here Nordau takes an eminently sensible view by stating that the repeated creation of characters that are vicious, as those of Zola and Ibsen, points to a diseased mind, but that strongly contrasted characters are generally the production of a healthy mind.

Nordau's arraignment of the "impressionist" artists who paint everything green, as simply being color-blind, shows either that he takes too serious a view of such things or that his natural humorous bent has been somehow turned to pessimism.

So far he seems to have succeeded in maintaining a logical position — which cannot be said of all his critics — and lack of brain-power is not likely to be attributed to him.

In a street-car recently two men were discussing the quality of Edgar W. Nye's literary productions. One was an admirer of the humorist, and labored earnestly to convince his companion that Nye's wit is unique, spontaneous and sparkling. He adduced several specimens, as that of the cows which do not supply his family with milk because they are "camera" cows; the adjustable piece of furniture which becomes anything and everything "on being properly approached"; the grief he feels at his widespread "knowledge of what isn't so" and several of his famous rules of etiquette. The other party put these all aside with a wave of his hand and a "heard 'em before," and finally when the argument grew heated he settled matters with "I tell you Bill Nye is no humorist. I'll allow he is one of those funny duffers that can make you laugh occasionally but his work is absolutely lacking in finish and technique."

Which after all is not a very bad impromptu criticism of "Sweet William."

Sidney Lanier's forthcoming volume of poems will meet with a far more cordial reception than ever was accorded to his work during his life.

His career was a strange one, saddened by grim consumption, and hampered by his doubts as to the choice of a profession.

Before turning his attention to letters, the soldier's life, the law, and music each attracted him for a time, and he was somewhat successful in each pursuit. Now that he has been dead many years, men are realizing that he was a sonnet writer of exquisite finish.

Our encomiums of Rev. John B. Tabb on the occasion of his recent volume of poems, have received much and well-merited confirmation. Andrew Lang, writing from England, hails Mr. Tabb as a genius, and the lovers of genuine poetry have eagerly absorbed the first editions of his latest quatrains. So delicate is Father Tabb's perception of beauty, and so rare his power of expression, that four or eight lines suffice him to give us the polished jewel of a perfect song. This hard working, simple priest, whose life is devoted to teaching young boys at St. Charles' ecclesiastical college in Maryland, is one of the quaintest and happiest of mortals. He is happy with his boys, and in his freedom from care, and he is happy with his pen, which he wields from a genuine love of his art.

The summer novel has gone by, and we may now hope that the publishers will give us something of worth with the advent of the cool weather. The New Woman is still with us, and her writings do not cease. She writes because she is thereby "emancipated," and also because she is read. If only some woman of genius would advance, with purity and morality marked upon her ensign, and lead the way to higher and richer fields. With our women feasting on the erotic productions of the day, productions devoid of sense, of beauty, of style, of literary merit, and the young men of our great colleges finding their pabulum in translations of the French novels of dirt, and their idiotic American imitations, what is the outlook? While we as a people seek for morality apart from religion, it is hard to see where to find a remedy.

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

An old truism most applicable in the affirmative sense to the B. & H. lamp. They are certainly handsome, while the variety is the largest in the world. What do they do? Why, they give the very best light with the least consumption of oil. An old claim, but in this case, A FACT. The reason is, the B. & H. lamp has a double centre draught, and you burn more air and less oil. Insist upon getting this lamp, as no others have the double centre draught. Write to Bradley & Hubbard, Meriden, Conn., and get their illustrated book of lamps, fixtures, and metal goods, sent free.

A BACHELOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

TWO GAZELLES.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE IRISH PLAY AND THE ENGLISH STAGE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

TWO decades ago the production of an Irish play by such a genius as Boucicault was an event for the dramatic world, in which critics and public, dramatists and managers had a deep and justifiable interest. Theatres of the highest class lavished on such a play the richest resources of the stage-manager's art. To-day the critics declare that the Irish drama is dead, and managers and authors support the declaration by shutting out the so-called Irish plays from first-class theatres and from literary consideration. Neither in London nor New York could any Irish drama get a moment's notice from critic or manager at this time, both having agreed that the literary and salable article died with Dion Boucicault.

The dramatists seem to have accepted this judgment as final. The only Irish plays written are of no value in any shape except as money-makers, and they are written and played by inferior authors and actors, presented in second-class theatres, and, instead of being pictures of Irish life and character, are rather variety shows; disguised in what might be called a Boucicault masquerade. They are built like certain lumber-boats of Lake Champlain; of one material and the same pattern, a hundred feet at a time, sawed off in lengths to suit, with bow, stern, and name made to the taste of buyers. When we recall the high position once held by the Irish play on the English stage, the present condition of the Irish drama is lamentable. It is worth while to inquire into the causes of its decay, and to discuss the finality of the critics' dictum, that the Irish drama, as far as the English stage is concerned, is dead beyond the hope of resurrection. They are having an Irish literary revival in London; perhaps in it may be found the elements yet to revivify the Irish play.

Dramatic critics are, like all professional critics, very well informed on the matters they take up for discussion. To maintain their position in this instance, they have only to point, as would a good physician, to the decomposition of the body, clearly shown in dramatic pieces like the Ivy Leaf, or the Fairy's Well, or the Cruiskeen Lawn; where ear, eye, and nose suffer such offence as only the grave can provide. Judged by such dramas the Irish play might cheerfully be buried and epitaphed. They are the toadstools which grow in the Boucicault shade. It is evident from the manner

in which the critics refer to them that their knowledge of the Irish drama centres around Boucicault's career which began over sixty years ago in London. The average critic can be excused from intimacy with any preceding period, always excepting the records of the luminaries of the stage, as a matter of course. But Dion Boucicault was by no means the great light of the Irish drama, nor the first, any more than he will be the last, and hence to arrive at a careful and decisive judgment on the future of the Irish play, one ought to know much of the traditions and masters who gave us the clever author of the Colleen Bawn.

The rather startling ignorance of present critics as to these masters and traditions has led to misconceptions of Boucicault himself, and to exaggerated estimates of his powers both as actor and author. His plays are undoubtedly clever, but they are not the best expression of Irish life and character in our possession, nor are they of equal strength and truthfulness in themselves. Three generations are familar with the excellences of his best plays, the picturesque Colleen Bawn, the vigorous Arrah-na-Pogue, and the successful Shaughraun. The first-named is the matrix of all the others; not in the sense that the work of a dramatist carries ever the impress of his personality, but almost as if the others came from the same mould.

As a matter of fact Dion Boucicault was acquainted with but one set of conditions in his native land; he gave them to us in his dramatization of Gerald Griffin's story; and he repeated them as often as he wrote a play. We all know the virtues of his work; the vices are as interesting at this moment. His worst was the repetition of plots and characters, as if Ireland had no inhabitants but the gentry and the peasantry, no gods *ex machina* but English soldiers and Tory magistrates. Thus in his most successful plays there is always the same percentage of redcoats, magistrates, trial-scenes, dancing gossoons, and warbling colleens. In order to make a happy ending to the story of The Collegians he outraged human sympathy by giving cowardly Hardress Cregan the bride he would have murdered, and sent brave, manly Myles-na-Coppaleen adrift, quite satisfied with his canine service to "the masther." In the Shaughraun he devised a wake-scene which stirred the indignation of the Irish everywhere, and presented in the character of Conn a creature who might have easily had his counterpart in life, but who certainly would not have had the presumption or the chance to court such a girl as Moya, the priest's niece. His audiences had to be pleased naturally both in England and America, hence, in spite of their popularity, the Irish people were never satisfied with plays in which the hero was so often a British officer or a castle hack, while the purely Irish characters were as often servile like Myles-na-Coppaleen, or disreputable ragamuffins like Conn the Shaughraun. In Arrah-na-Pogue Boucicault touched a moral standard not attained in any other of his popular plays. The dignity of the Irish character seems to have dawned upon him in portraying the soul of Shaun the Post; and although he lost it regularly in the movement of the play, the impression of dignity remains with the audience.

A capable player, acquainted with the Irish character, would be able to diminish the offensiveness of many of the characters in playing them; but Boucicault always intensified it in his acting. Not only did he cheapen the

Irish character in writing, he too often vulgarized it in the acting. He was utterly without force, and could not portray the towering indignation of an Irish peasant, or his moments of rage against all things English. He was equally without power to express the depths of Irish pathos; his one talent was vivacity of the graceful sort, and he used it to conceal his deficiencies in all other directions. Nevertheless it weakened the inherent strength of his own plays, and other actors of more vigor but less fame have done better work than he with the same creations. It also left a miserable tradition to the actors who followed him; for they adopted vivacity as the one characteristic of the Irishman, and have never pretended that he had any other. Barry Sullivan played Shaun the Post in a way that would have utterly shamed Boucicault, so finely moulded, so manly and strong did the character become in his hands.

Therefore, while admitting the claims of Dion Boucicault to admiration for the success of his work, and the interest which he aroused in his native country as he portrayed it, it must be said that his range was limited to a single specialty, that he cheapened the Irish character by his dramas and vulgarized it by his acting, and that he left to both actors and playwrights a tradition which has brought them to the dust. They simply followed his specialty, and a quarter of a century has worn it threadbare. It never occurred to Boucicault that residence in Ireland and study of the new conditions were a necessity for the Irish dramatist; nor did it occur to his successors.

The money-making Irish plays of recent date were written by men unacquainted with Irish life, and acted by American graduates of the variety stage, mostly Irish-Americans with a knack for the brogue and the breakdown, and some acquaintance with the Irish colony in this country. They are mere imitators of Boucicault, all wit and repartee, ready with the dance and the song, pathetic only to give wit more pungency, and inspired with the music-hall ambition to keep their audiences laughing. As a result of this gradual descent during fifty years, the Irish play is on its last legs in this country, and has but a poor place in England; and the Irish character has become the clown of the dramatic circus, an absurdity in the variety stage, and a genteel fun-maker in the polite drama. So indifferent have stage-managers become to the Irish character, that even in so perfect a theatre as Daly's, Irish parts are given to actors who must learn the brogue for the occasion. They play the part as delightfully as might a Chinaman.

To this has imitation of Boucicault brought the actor and the writer of Irish plays. The blame must first be laid to Boucicault's failure to appreciate his own vocation, then to the servility and supineness of his imitators; for had he made constant study of Irish character and the traditions of the Irish drama, his plays would have been something better than picturesque, his characters would have been more varied and virile, his development would have been upwards, not into the ditch, and he might have left behind him a school of original workers, not imitators. And had these imitators gone straight to the source whence Boucicault drew his inspirations, studied Irish life of the past and the present, and mastered the traditions of the Irish play on the English stage, it is more than probable the present day

would have seen a notable development of the Irish drama.

Naturally Boucicault's influence affected even the variety stage, whose actors found it profitable to accent his vivacity and vulgarity until wit became obscenity, and vivacity turned to horse-play. Strangely enough, the Irish character, as pictured on the variety stage, took on a process of development, rose from the sketch to the three-act farce, and under the lead of a successful variety actor, Mr. Edward Harrigan, made a desperate attempt to secure a footing on the legitimate stage. It failed precisely as the Boucicault drama failed. It stood for nothing but the actor's or author's idiosyncrasies after the first set of actual conditions had been described. Harrigan has faded from the metropolitan stage, and his motley crowd of imitators have no standing except as the clowns of the amusement world; they must make the world laugh, or be slain. A few notable plays of late years have admitted the Irish character into their casts, always as the clown whose bulls, brogue, and blarney relieve the tension of heavy melodrama. Almost without exception these characters are the children of Boucicault, and shame the Irish as he did, when in the last act of the Colleen Bawn, before the gentry of Cregan castle, he wiped his nose with his fingers! Poor Boucicault! His fame, his reputation, and his plays decayed together, and went out with his life like a snuffed candle, smoke and smell; and the smell remains in the unutterable folly of his successors!

With this preface we can take up the confident declaration of the critics that the Irish drama is dead beyond resurrection. It is rash to dogmatize with regard to the stage. Its very breath is successful catering to the popular taste, and all things are grist to its mill. Dialect and brogue have always been an element of interest in the English drama; the German, Frenchman, Swede, New England Yankee, American negro, Yorkshireman, Scot, French-Canadian have contributed their broken English and racial oddities for the amusement of audiences. If the Irish character has taken precedence of them in holding public interest for a longer term and over a wider area, this is due to certain happy circumstances with which the Irishman is favored. He was introduced to the English public early in the last century by a coterie of Irish playwrights and Irish actors whose popularity, though great, was not unmatched by their genius.

From that date until the production of the Shaughraun, the Irish play and the Irish character have never wanted for exponents and defenders among the critics, dramatists, and players of each generation. The public found in the Irish character a flavor that had hitherto been lacking to the English drama. The brogue was delightful in itself, and in comparison with other brogues, or with the broken English of foreigners, had the merit of being easily understood; the resemblance between the English and the Irish was strong enough to excite sympathy, or at least to favor a common understanding, while the antagonism was even bitterer between the two than between the English and the French. The pleasant humor and charming wit of the Irish were an acceptable sauce to the race whose wit and humor are below the average for pungency and keenness. Finally the Irish character had a European reputation after the fall of the Stuarts for chivalry and romance, for reckless daring and headlong courage, and for romantic

fidelity to the fallen fortunes of exiled kings. These happy circumstances, the presence in London of a host of Irish writers and actors, and the contributions of Goldsmith, Sheridan, Lover and others to the English drama, sufficiently account for the immense popularity of the Irish play and the Irish character on the English stage, and their long continuance in public favor from Garrick's time to the death of Boucicault.

I think it a safe assertion that brogue and broken English and dialect characters will never lose their hold on the stage as legitimate sources of dramatic power. Three of last season's successful dramas demonstrated this; and the Irish character still remains the most popular with the average audience as the representative of dashing humor, witty repartee, romantic daring, and reckless courage. London and New York are crowded with Irish literary men, who fill all sorts of positions in journalism, from the chair of chief editor down. They are critics of art, music, science, and literature, and a few are dramatists. They have influence and ability, and have never shown themselves unwilling to aid their native land. The better understanding which Gladstone brought about between the English and the Irish, and the romantic and chivalrous part taken by the Irish of America in the War of the Rebellion, have made the Irish character still more comprehensible to audiences and secured for it a real sympathy.

The prominence of Ireland in English politics has added to the general interest in the island, and the spread of the Irish through all English-speaking countries has provided for the dramatist and player a splendid audience in many parts of the world. This does not look as if the Irish play were dead beyond the hope of resurrection. To my mind the elements for a lively and brilliant revival, both from the artistic and the monetary points of view, are all present, awaiting only the touch of the magician to blend them into one. And if, in spite of the happy circumstances here detailed, the Irish drama has fallen so low, it is because Boucicault strayed into a bypath from the main road, and so led himself and his followers into the swamp. It remains for the writers and actors of Irish character to get back to the highway with all speed, and take up the journey of progress so disastrously interrupted.

This means that they begin the study of the successful plays and actors of the past, who made the Irish drama so powerful on the English stage almost a century before Boucicault and the Colleen Bawn appeared in London. Little has been heard of them for half a century. Dramatic critics pretend to believe that Irish drama began and ended with Boucicault. The beautiful Miss O'Neill and Barry Sullivan are remembered as English actors of English plays, but the men and women who won fame as exponents of Irish character, Moody, Johnstone, Drew, and Tyrone Power, the leaders, are forgotten; and the plays in which they delighted splendid audiences are to be found only in the dusty corners of dramatic libraries. It would be impossible to give here more than a rough sketch of these early actors and dramatists. Their career and their methods would take a volume alone. It is curious and pleasant to learn that the English statesman, George Canning, owed his education to the affectionate interest of the first Irish actor who presented to the English public creditable interpretations of Irish character. Then as now the

stage clown often appeared as an Irishman. London actors provided low comedy characters, whose vulgarity was thought very Irish, in face of the fact that the English stage shone with the talents of Irish actors and dramatists.

John Moody was the name of the young man who first presented to an English audience in Drury Lane Theatre the character of an Irish gentleman. The play was *The West Indian* by Cumberland, and the part of Moody was a well-written, well-conceived officer of the famous Irish Brigade, Major O'Flaherty, dignified, humorous, explosive, but gentleman and soldier all the time. The actor scored a success in this part, and in after years increased his reputation as Teague, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, and Captain O'Cutter in the respective farce and comedies of *The Honest Thieves*, *Love a la Mode*, and *The Jealous Wife*. He never stooped to burlesque the Irish character, and where burlesque was the intention of the dramatist his acting raised the part to decent truthfulness. He was followed in the same line of parts by Jack Johnstone, a grandfather of Lester Wallack. The success of these men led to the adoption of the Irish as a stock character in the popular plays of the time, and really helped to introduce the authors of professedly Irish plays to London audiences. Sheridan contributed the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger to the stage, the Hon. Mrs. Norton created King O'Neill, a type of the Irish soldier in the French service; and a host of writers gave life to drama, comedy, and farce, by portrayals of the Irish character.

Hence it was comparatively easy for Samuel Lover to get a hearing in England, and the ground was well-ploughed when Tyrone Power appeared to ripen and reap the harvest. In him shone the virtues of all his predecessors, and none has since surpassed him. He is the microcosm of the Irish stage world. The best dramatists of the day supplied him with characters and plays, and their noblest and happiest conceptions gained much in his portrayal. He played with equal facility the gentleman and the peasant. Competent critics of the time aver that both in farce and comedy, in contrast with English characters and surrounded by Irish scenes and characters, he presented a consistent and honorable picture of the Irishman. He was not a lover of burlesque or vulgarity, and while the scenes were often enough inclined to buffoonery, and have since been presented such by inferior actors, Tyrone Power never lowered the dignity of his nation anywhere. His favorite and successful parts were numerous; Sir Patrick O'Plenipo in the farce of *The Irish Ambassador*, the title parts in *Rory O'More*, *Paudheen O'Rafferty*, *King O'Neill*, and soldiers of fortune in *St. Patrick's Eve* and *The West Indian*. Among his plays were *The Irish Lion*, *The Irish Attorney*, and *the White Horse of the Peppers*. Among his successors it is worth noting that John Drew was eminent in low comedy parts; John Drew, whose widow and children are so famous to-day on the American stage.

Some of these dramas have been seen on the modern stage, and were often played years ago by amateurs; but with so poor a knowledge of Irish life and character that they became mere displays of vulgarity. The mere text of a play conveys only half the meaning of the author. It must be played by a competent actor to be clearly comprehended. Incompe-

tency, ignorance, malice can distort its original meaning as easily as heretics distort the Scriptures. This fate of distortion has overtaken the Irish plays of the past, and only an actor skilled in the traditions which Moody, Johnstone and Tyrone Power left behind them can enjoy the full worth of these compositions.

Tyrone Power, Samuel Lover, and the lesser lights of those and later days demonstrated the beauty and the vitality of the Irish character and the Irish play, and its consequent right to a place on the English stage. The decay and degradation of our days came about through an unfortunate departure from the proper standard and methods. It follows then that a return to the original standard, the study of the right methods, the use of the perfect material, ought to result in the resurrection of the Irish play and its reinstatement in popular favor both among dramatists and audiences. As was pointed out above, the Irish writers are numerous and powerful in all English-speaking lands, and the Irish character is better understood and appreciated than ever; while Irish colonies are scattered everywhere through the countries of the English tongue. What then do we need of simple elements to revivify the Irish play? Only the Irish actor, the student trained in the school of Tyrone Power, in love with the ancient traditions, skilled in modern methods, acquainted with modern audiences, and eager to dare much and suffer more, if only the Irish drama can once more return to its own. In this respect there is a mournful deficiency. So long has the Boucicault drama held the stage that actors have considered naught else; and in the United States there is but one actor who would fairly answer the requirements. Of this man and his history it is impossible to speak without the highest commendation.

For the last fifteen years James Connor Roach has been connected with the American stage, and is well-known to his profession as a capable actor in many parts, a severe critic of the degenerate Irish drama, a successful interpreter of Irish character, the author of some clever plays, and a man of unblemished integrity. Well acquainted with the Irish drama of the past, his one regret has been its absence from the modern stage; his one effort, to restore it to its rightful place. For this he has labored without discouragement for the past twenty years, refusing all inducements to enter other fields and risking more than once the savings of years in the effort.

Single-handed, opposed by the indifference of his own, the stolid inertia of critics and managers, who have made up their minds that the Irish play is dead, Roach has fought his battle for the truth; and in this day he has had the double satisfaction of witnessing the downfall of the Boucicault and Harrigan schools, and of presenting to the American public an Irish play built as closely after the old traditions as the American public will stand for the present. A study of this melodrama will give a better idea of the conditions I have been describing, and the standard which is to be attained, than a mere statement of theories. Mr. Roach's career is assurance that if any actor can aid in the resurrection of the Irish drama, his early training and present qualifications make him the man. To my mind he has amply proved this in the construction and the acting of his latest drama, *Rory of the Hill.*

No task is more difficult than win-

ning the multitude to a truth which must in the acceptance destroy customs, habits, traditions, prejudices, sins. Modern skeptics tell of their war against Christian philosophy with tears. All innovators and restorers are forced to appeal to the crowd under the symbols with which the crowd are acquainted and easily pleased. When Huxley tells us of his respect for religion, only the leaders know his true meaning; the crowd thinks he means *their* religion. Truth and error, as innovators, must unveil themselves by degrees. This principle Roach has adopted in Rory of the Hill. He has used the old signs, and given them a new meaning. The first impression of the play is that it belongs to the Boucicault school; there are the old, familiar characters, the fox-hunting squireen and his sycophants in red coats, the colleen and her broth of a boy, the toady attorney and the castle villain, the spy and the police, the Irish mother and the lady of the Hall. The Boucicault scenery is all there, so are the Boucicault incidents. About the only impression which an ordinary spectator would take away, different from those produced by the Shaughraun, for instance, is that of force, variety, and manliness, and a decided lack of the sensuousness so marked in the Boucicault drama.

A study of the play, however, reveals clever and astonishing work on the part of actor and author. The squireen has strength and logic in his despicable make-up, is really a successful business man and makes few mistakes; and his lovely daughter is the heroine of the play. The attorney and the villain are evidently faithful portraits of real castle servants, for they are never entirely on top, and never wholly overthrown, and they have human moments. The spy is the most terrible of the portraits which the stage has yet given of this type, and the sincerity of his malice pierces the heart; and after all he is not a spy, but a violent character whom the suspicion of a great wrong has driven into the police service that he may get full revenge. The lady of the Hall is a sweet, reserved woman without any dread of the past or fear of blackmail. The Irish mother matches her in sweetness and dignity, speaks low, laughs rarely, does not dance nor fight, and is on the best terms with her neighbors. The colleen is simple in her manners, dresses well, does no high kicking or jigging, and displays all the reserve and modesty of a real Irish girl. The hero as Roach portrays him is a big, honest, capable boy, rough but sweet, humorous often, but oftener serious, respectful to his superiors, distant with the women, shy with his colleen, afraid even to touch her dress. He never breaks into song at any moment of the play, dances but once, only to oblige his friends, and then takes only a few steps. He has little to say about fighting and less to do. His rough courtesy is continuous, and perfect of its kind. His rage and his pathos are emotions to see. His patriotism is felt in his words, seen in his actions; from first to last he is so natural, so different from the creature paraded too often in Irish drama that one wonders over him. He is less picturesque than Myles-na-Coppaleen, and more vehement than Shaun the Post. There is more action than sentiment in him, yet in the tender moments of the play, in love for his mother and colleen, in devotion to his friends, his feelings have finely tender expression. One is struck by the presence of new characters, the absence of familiar ones. The priest has no place in the play,

for which we can be thankful after a long experience in stage-priests. The English magistrate, gentlemanly, refined, quite ignorant of the people whom he is to judge, is new to the stage; as is also the poor madman, whose heart and reason broke together when famine slew his wife and child. The motive of the play provides it with an atmosphere altogether novel. It is a picture of present conditions in Irish life, and, consequently, the old servility to "the masther," so prominent in the Boucicault drama, is absent. In its place is a healthy independence, which is displayed in the refusal to let the hunting party trample the harvest fields, in the prison scene, and in the scene of the eviction.

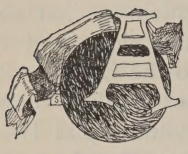
Instead of a weeping, cringing and suffering multitude in these scenes, we find a people able to care for themselves, and not at all overcome by the terrors of unjust law, and the lofty scorn of little magistrates. The impression made on the observant critic with regard to the whole play is, that in Rory of the Hill the rich color and picturesqueness of the Colleen Bawn are mingled with the vigor, activity, and independence of modern Ireland. Yet the play is still far from that standard which its author has so long striven for, but does not dare to attain too suddenly in the present state of public and critical opinion with regard to the Irish drama. Only by degrees can the vitiated taste be restored to normal health.

In conclusion, I may ask the careful reader, are the critics justified in their dogmatic pronouncement that the Irish drama is dead? There is but one element lacking that made it a power years ago; which is, that the American stage has a rich fund of native humor, akin to the Celtic in its sparkle, whereas the English stage had nothing which could equal Irish wit, humor, and fun. Therefore the American stage does not feel an absolute need of the Irish drama and character as did its prototype. Nevertheless, the unquestioned superiority of the Irish drama in the field of tender and real sentiment, of romantic adventure, of witty and humorous dialogue, of chivalrous incident, the number and influence of the Irish writers in all departments of literature; the splendid traditions handed down to us by Tyrone Power and his school; the great vitality of the Boucicault drama in spite of its limitations; and the sympathetic audiences that everywhere await the true Irish drama; one and all are assurances that the English stage will long have room and need for this specialty in dramatic work. It remains for the interested to make the initiative in its revival and to support it with enthusiasm. Looking at the question from the standpoint taken in this article and the facts provided to back that standpoint, it seems reasonably clear that the Irish drama has yet to reach the maturity of a very brilliant career, before it succumbs to that death so stolidly taken for granted by present critics.

LEADERS OF MEN.

III.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.



AS the perspective of time shortens, the figures which it discovers become less clear, because of greater crowding. Something too much in the way of facts and figures, or too little in the power of estimating values, blurs the focus in which acts and actors of our own day are set. Greatness is like a mountain around which must ever gather mists of passion or prejudice, while mediocrity rests unobscured in the plains below. All manner of misconception, whether of love or hate, centres about the figure of him who woos or compels the attention of mankind; and humanity revenges itself for its bondage, by refusing to be convinced of the force that compels it.

It would be no detriment to the present to say that it produces figures of less heroic mould than those of past ages, but it would scarcely be true. It is more a shibboleth than an axiom that declares the decadence of spirit and of action in the history of our own days. The old standards have passed with the old times, and a new rule must be found to measure achievement. Greatness is a relative matter; the stature that towers among pigmies, may be insignificant enough amid a race of giants. So that, although we may scarce hope again to match the glory of those single points of light which illumined the past, the average of accomplishment and its range is so far higher, that one can mark by scores what before was counted by units. The very lack of shining, solitary example, is in itself sign of advancement. When the heavens are glowing under the equal radiance of the full moon, one sees fewer stars.

We must seek now for greatness under so many forms. Where once there stood but the warrior and the priest, there press, waiting for recognition, the vast, silent army that is moulding opinion, or shaping human life by the power of higher knowledge and the impulse either of love or ambition. In spite of the march of progress and peace we still find exemplars even of those impostors who inspired the devotion and obedience of the masses by sheer virtue of audacity, or daring of effrontery.

"El Mahdi," Mohammed Achmed, who gathered modern Egypt to his standard almost as did his namesake of 1200 years ago, and whose career is one of the few romances of modern times, offers a case in point. The son of a poor carpenter, with the merest rudiments of education, possessing tact enough to identify him with the wrongs of the poor and enslaved among his people, and hypocrisy sufficient to win a reputation for holiness by pretended austerity of life and withdrawal from affairs of men, he succeeded in a few years in gathering about him all the material available for purposes of revolution in his own land. A series of carefully calculated marriages strengthened him by alliance with influential houses; while a judicious system of divorce — which, strangely enough, did not appear to destroy his amicable relations with the families of his discarded wives, and still left him within the pale of regula-

tions prescribed by the Koran—increased his prestige with his followers.

Grown strong enough at last to offer show of resistance to the ruling powers of Egypt, we find him taking the field at the head of a strange rabble of fanatics, who made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in training, in arms, and even in numbers. They fought with such desperation and success as to force recognition not only from the native authorities but from their English allies; and their leader was confirmed as Sultan of Kordojan by General Gordon himself. For some years, El Mahdi conquered in every engagement into which he led his undisciplined troops, until his increasing power became a menace to civilization. Among the millions of Mohammedans in the East, he gained recruits in such numbers as to ensure success whenever he met the enemy. Such victories as that snatched from the army of Yussuf Pasha where the opposing force lost two hundred men, three thousand rifles and four pieces of artillery, added to his repute and the strength of his followers. So did the battle of Khasgil, where he defeated the troops of Hicks Pasha. His subsequent career, and the downfall which dragged with it so many valuable lives, is too well known to need repetition.

The memory of Achmed calls to mind the pathetic but grand story of his noble enemy, "Chinese Gordon," the "Just and Humane" as his shining record reads; whose whole brave life, though passed amid the tumult of battle, was a poem of gentleness and forbearance. In his generosity to his fierce enemies, as well as his perfect fearlessness, he calls to mind The Cid, and Bayard, modified by a modern atmosphere and softened by the more quiet surroundings of the nineteenth century. His daring was ever in the interests of order and of law. Whether we take his career in China or in Egypt, the Christian elevates the soldier, and humanity is uplifted in his name. In his small leisure, he fought the pauperism and crime of the East End of London, as he had the Taepings of Soochow. This, and the final abolition of the slave trade from Africa, will be the crowning glory of his life in the years to come, bright as is his record for bravery and fearlessness. The "Times" said in his obituary: "There is no other name in history with which so many striking achievements will be permanently associated."

We may not be prepared to go quite to the length of this eulogium. But when it is considered that over and over again, he placed his own life in jeopardy to save that of another; that he undertook the dangerous post of Sanitary Inspector with the same eagerness with which he accepted the command of battalions; that his desperate courage, so plainly was it used in the interests of right and brotherhood, was more an attribute of peace than war,—we can afford to be generous. In his charity, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity as from arrogance, his strong sympathy with suffering, his religious feeling, he may be taken for the finest type of the modern Christian soldier; filling the place which Alfred the Great and Roderigo de Bivar took in earlier ages. To find in this materialistic generation, that faith, devotion, and sense of duty have been the patterns upon which a great life has been modelled, is to win hope for the future.

From the consideration of General Gordon's career, we are inevitably led to the thought of one yet more lofty and remarkable. The eyes of England were upon the English officer who was carrying her name and fame

into the darkest depths of Asia and Africa. Echoes of his renown were in the ears of men; the gifts of Fortune came often to inspire him with fresh courage. But to the greater hero whom his name conjures up, there were none of these spurs to action. Patience and perseverance had not even the hope of ultimate success to keep them alive. No help from the outside world of men came to renew strength in the heart of Damien. It was not until late in life, when the stigmata of blessed wounds made him still more like the Master, that the heroic priest of the lonely island of Molokai knew that the world was aware of him. And it affected him not at all, save as it gave promise that the sacred trust he had taken upon himself would never be allowed to lapse but go on increasing in virtue. What ride of the Six Hundred, or storming of bastion, or battle charge on desperate field, or leading of forlorn hope, but pales before that long, fierce fight with disease more horrible than death, in the ghastly little leper settlement of the Pacific? With only the grime and squalor of hopeless suffering for inspiration, and the lowly company of outcasts for assistants, what fire of Divine Love must have upheld that steadfast soul, and overcome human weakness.

It renews one's faith in the ultimate regeneration of man, to find the supernatural beauty of this radiant life acknowledged by friend and foe, atheist and believer, until the spontaneous burst of homage bound a world in charity. The cry of sorrow and of pride that rang from every land when Father Damien laid down his life for his flock, bearing his revered name to ears that had never heard it uttered, will echo to the glory of the nineteenth century long after louder music is mute. No crowned saint has better right to his title than the great, humble, rich soul, that perfumed its generation with fragrance of paradise. And no such immortal flower will bear its blossom of sweetness and light from the heart of our times to that of ages yet to come, as that which sprang from a little Belgian town fifty years ago, and faded in the horror of that living tomb on the shore of Hawaii—nay! rather bloomed from it into eternity.

When we enter upon the larger intelligence of broader life—but not till then—will we comprehend the glamor which the soldier pure and simple still throws over the imagination of mankind. Better than better men, his brethren love him. In spite of reason and enlightenment, of the teachings of prudence and Christianity, the reckless dash, the splendor and the panoply of war still capture the mature mind as the fife and drum do the ears of childhood. From the meteor-like glory of Napoleon, that filled with lurid light the opening of the century, the mantle of homage has fallen upon an army of martial figures, more human if less dazzling, even into our own days. Last, but not least, comes that brave Stambuloff, whose assassination has just placed him in the rank of martyrs to duty. The heroic struggle of this one intrepid young man against the mighty power of mighty Russia, the energy with which he conducted the fortune of his native Bulgaria through crisis after crisis, until he had won the adoration of his people and the jealous hatred of his rivals, his transparent sincerity and open contempt for subterfuge—made a character as brave as any paladin of old whom history crowns with laurels. The armed patriot is always a plaything of Fate. His courage and ardor rouse animosity in the very people who are most to

be benefited by them. Even the brave Curtius, who spurred his horse into the gulf to save Rome, probably suffered at the hands of those less unselfish, who read but presumption in his act. And there are always the accidents of failure or success to determine the estimate of action. One is reminded of that clever verse of Matthew Arnold:—

> Rebel or Patriot? Well, heads or tails.
> Toss up a penny and see how it reads;
> The Rebel is a Patriot who fails;
> The Patriot a Rebel who succeeds.

May a kindlier verdict await poor Stambuloff!

One must not forget among military leaders who greatly won the hearts of men, our own Phil Sheridan; who, far more than his superior officers, Grant and Sherman, captured the enthusiasm and love of his men, and the world that regarded him. A certain spice of unreasoning hot-headedness, a clatter of horse hoofs in that wild ride, the echo of a bit of audacious Irish exuberance in that immortal "You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"—make the little general an ideal figure among his equally brave but more sedate brothers in arms.

Before the host of spirits who clamor for recognition as agitators and diplomats, in that later form of bloodless warfare which appeals to the force of moral suasion instead of Gatling guns, one is puzzled to choose the name or two which shall serve as examples. O'Connell certainly, first and greatest, since most consistent with the principles of modern intervention; holding to his purpose through good report and evil; moulding opinion, compelling attention, educating the people to a knowledge of the righteousness of their own claims upon justice and their own power of compelling it. With the volatile Irish nature easy to rouse but difficult to restrain, quick to feel, but quick also to forget, only those of their own race can measure the effort necessary to hold, as did O'Connell, their hearts and action. The long campaign of Parnell would never have been possible but for the training of this elder leader, and the apprenticeship to which he bound the nation. "The only man who ever made England listen!" said Wendell Phillips in first introducing the great Home Rule Chief to America. But it was not the only time the splendid orator sacrificed exact truth to poetic justice. The British lion had heard — and obeyed—an earlier master.

In the front rank too, stands Phillips himself, who swayed by his golden eloquence, first the few and then the many; whose scathing invective scourged slavery from his native land, and redeemed her proud boast of freedom to all men; who was the most successful demonstrator of the nineteenth century, in proving the power of principle over that of tradition or of greed. It is given to few reformers to see with their own eyes the happy ships bringing rich cargoes over the peaceful waters of seas they have roused into health-giving fury of revolt. Phillips did, and was blessed.

Connected in a way with these and kindred spirits, yet separated by a bottomless abyss of sentiment and methods, come the leaders of another stamp, lawless under the name of law, unprincipled in the advocacy of what they choose to call principle, making the end to justify all manner of unrighteous means. Let Cavour or Bismarck have failed in their final purpose of unification, and they would have been branded as examples of such unscrupulous effrontery as the world had rarely seen in the construction of governments. Cromwell's methods were not more sanguinary or

abrupt; the snatching of imperial power by the First Napoleon, or the Coup d'Etat of the Third, were marked by no less show of deference to popular opinion. The motive and action of the two men run in almost parallel lines, yet the world makes a great difference in its estimate. Many who look upon Bismarck as the savior of Germany, regard Cavour as a scourge; yet in the main points of desires and results, there is not the turn of a hand to choose between them. Both were patriotic to a degree, ambitious to a higher point, and conscienceless to the limit of possibility. Of the two, the aim of Cavour was nobler since it essayed to rid his country of Austrian despotism.

In spite of prestige and honor, and as simple matter of fact, the career of the Prussian statesman, from the moment when he dissolved the National Chamber of Deputies, because it had the daring to vote against his Budget, has been one long display of absolute dictatorship. Only a line has divided it from the effrontery of high-handed outrage. Determined that nothing should stand in the way of the federation of states under a central government, he coerced the smaller sovereigns, intimidated those he could not bribe or convince, and bound the scattered and incoherent map of the German States into the single force of the Empire. To accomplish his end, he overcame all obstacles; forced a war with France, which his astuteness recognized would be a common link between German-speaking peoples; and drove the Jesuits with other religious orders from Prussia, lest they should find fault with the act or its motive.

This last was the one oversight of which the keen and crafty intellect was guilty. It is that which carries within it the germs of danger to-day, to the fair fabric he has raised to such a dizzy height. While fearing socialism, as the hidden plague spot that endangers the health of the whole body politic, he nevertheless drove out of the Empire the only force that has ever been able to cope successfully with its advances. He did his uttermost to strike at the roots of religion, and thereby weakened every element of lasting power in government. That before his downfall he was at last forced to a different attitude was credit neither to his head nor heart. It was simply matter of policy. How long the work of his hands may survive with this loose stone in the foundation, remains for time to determine. The white horses of the King of Hanover still wait in their stalls the return of their master; in spite of greater prosperity and glory the iron of subjection still rankles in many hearts. The Great Chancellor has been cunning, strong, and well-nigh omnipotent. But neither in his schemes nor in those of Cavour has justice been done, or right made the basis of action. There is a flaw in the armor that the future will be sure to find.

There are more gracious subjects for consideration, in the persons of Gladstone and Castelar. The Grand Old Man of the English-speaking world, and the influence he has wielded on the race he represents, are too well known to need comment. He too has been exalted into the higher realms; between him and common humanity must rise clouds of misconception and false points of view to breed doubt. But in persevering fidelity to principle, in readiness to avow error and to rectify mistake, in upright and honorable action, there are few figures to compare with the Nestor of modern statesmen. His name is dearer to those he led to defeat than that of many a victor, for he kept unsullied his own hon-

or and theirs. In a lesser degree, we find a like pleasure in the character of Castelar. Sharp and bright as a Toledo blade, he has known how to combine the highest honors in the gift of his nation with rectitude and honesty. His repute as a writer is equal to his renown as a diplomat. The extreme views on socialism and democracy which disfigured his earlier years, have given place to sound and ripe judgment; the old prestige of Spanish wit and wisdom is revived in him. But the great Englishman excels him in staying power. Gladstone at eighty is as strong as was Castelar at forty, with the greater weight that attaches to the opinions of maturer years.

Nor can the American who loves his country forbear to remember that shrewd, quick-witted, clear-headed, large-hearted champion of human rights, whose following of love and admiration has been surpassed by no leader of modern times, and whose name will be forever a watchword. Whether Abraham Lincoln moved the minds of men by the homely and truthful logic of his younger years, or discovered the way out of some dilemma in politics or government by means of parables that explained his views better than sermon or argument; whether he spoke with the holy inspiration of Gettysburg, or the irresistible force of one cleansing the world from some stain of its original sin,—he was always the leader, feared, or beloved, but ever honored. Ungainly of figure, homely of face, he nevertheless exercised a fascination greater than any that belongs by right to grace or beauty. There is a certain form of physical ugliness, which becomes so refined by the inner flame of intellect, that it is more pleasing than symmetry. Mirabeau possessed it and knew his power. "I need but fifteen minutes," he said, "to outdo the handsomest man in France." Lincoln had it, and used it with the unconsciousness that belonged to a sweeter and purer nature, whose kindliness and innate courtesy shrank from display, and who would not acknowledge, even to himself, the cause of his success.

That he greatly moved every one with whom he came in contact, that he dominated events and carried points, when louder speech and championing had been futile, can be denied by no one who has read history, or known the events which make it. A man whose least action as well as his greatest was signalized by a rugged uprightness that carried conviction, whose motives were never impugned by the fiercest partisan, and whose quiet reserve carried into the fierce glow of public place and fame the homely virtues of the fireside, deserves the honor he has won. Beside him, how melodramatic and unstable, like actors who play to the gallery gods for plaudits of vulgar souls, are men like Garibaldi and Gambetta, who pose as patriots and chiefs. In one of the fiercest political conflicts of modern times, where closeness of relationship lent the final touch of bitterness to the struggle for supremacy, the innate nobility of the man showed bravely. Tenderest of judges, he hated the sin but loved the sinner. "With charity toward all men, and malice for none," his golden memory claims love as well as homage from human hearts great enough to admire forbearance, and honor the quality of mercy. More than most does Abraham Lincoln deserve to be followed, in high-minded thought, in eloquent word, in brave and gentle deed.

If those who greatly aid in promoting the happiness of their race, by smoothing away hardships and increasing comfort, are to be honored as they deserve, then should the names of the

great inventors stand in golden letters. When Gutenberg and Faust tried their rough type on rougher paper, a beacon light shone out before which the shadow of ignorance fled like night before dawning. So on to the roll call of honor which resounds to our own times and country. Franklin, the modern Prometheus, snatching fire from heaven to quicken the life of man; Morse, annihilating time and space with the divine spark, making it bond between nations, and spanning with it land and sea; Elias Howe, who made light the labor and the heart of woman, and won the gratitude of millions yet to be; Fulton, with his little boat steaming slowly but surely up the windy Hudson, and so to immortal place; Eli Whitney, brooding over his cotton gin in the fields of Georgia; Charles Goodyear, living and dying in abject poverty, that he might leave the invention to which science and humanity owe so much; Ericsson, and McCormack and Edison, bringing new worlds to be conquered by genius and experiment, — only to mention such names would be to fill a volume.

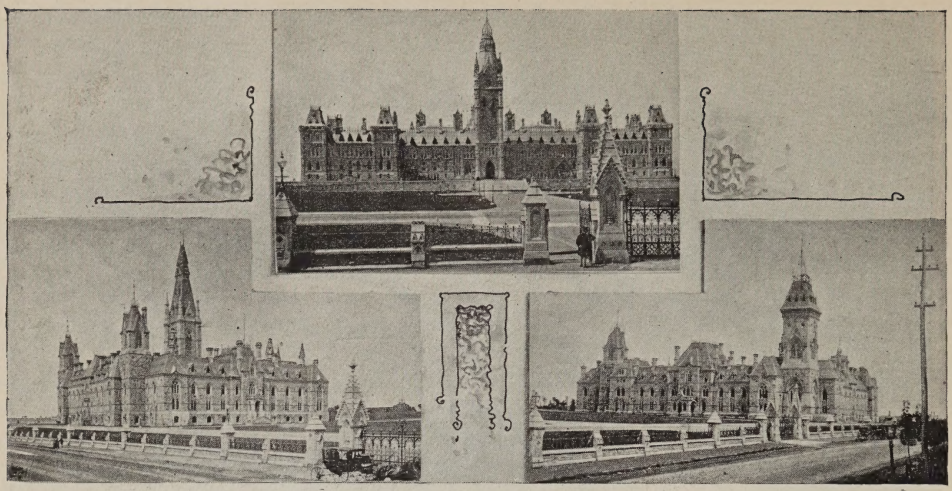
And what shall be said of the other great hearts, whose good works lie in the domain of the soul—like that beloved Father Mathew, whose apostles rise in every land as an army with banners risen from dishonor to honor, from darkness to light? Or the humble French Abbé, who, working in faith and prayer, and in such obscurity that his name is unknown to the hurrying world, has given speech to the dumb, and voice to the voiceless? Or those brave scientists who toil ceaselessly and patiently over dull formulas and strange elements, amid a thousand noxious forms of disease and horror, to give to their suffering kind the blessed forgetfulness of ether, or the beneficent antidotes of Roux, and Koch, and Pasteur?

Or how pass without mention those leaders of men, in the best sense—the goodly company who, with Homer and Shakespeare, Milton and Dante, have come down through the ages, rejoicing the souls of their brethren, making care less and joy greater, moulding thought, ennobling the weaker spirit? What a brave array of names,

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,"

to the hearts that owe them strength, and hope, and courage for the future. Froissart and Cervantes, Molière and Göethe, Austin and Thackeray, Dickens and Landor, Anderson and Grimm, Browning and Tennyson, Ruskin and Newman,—even to the last and dearest lover of his kind, who sleeps above the mountain crest of Samoa among the people who loved him. Grave and gay, comrade and guide, but friends all and benefactors of mankind. If the poets had been mute, what a grave and silent world would have remained behind them, with none to interpret the music of the spheres, or that loftier longing of the soul that craves expression! It would be as if perfume had been banished from the flowers, and voice from the birds. Amid the hubbub of trade and strident voices of ambition, the ignoble greed for gain and sordid pettinesses that rise like froth from the seething cauldron of life, it is to them we look for salt and savor. Bards and sages to keep the old themes of renown loud in the hearts of mankind, saints like Damien to mark new channels of divine grace for the needs of the world, beautiful and strong souls to purify, to strengthen, to guide—while these still are borne upon the swell of each wave of human need, in each age of human progression, there is no fear that the rank and file of God's creatures will be left without captains and chiefs.

AN OCTOBER BRIDE.



CANADIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

PROMINENT CANADIAN COMMONERS.

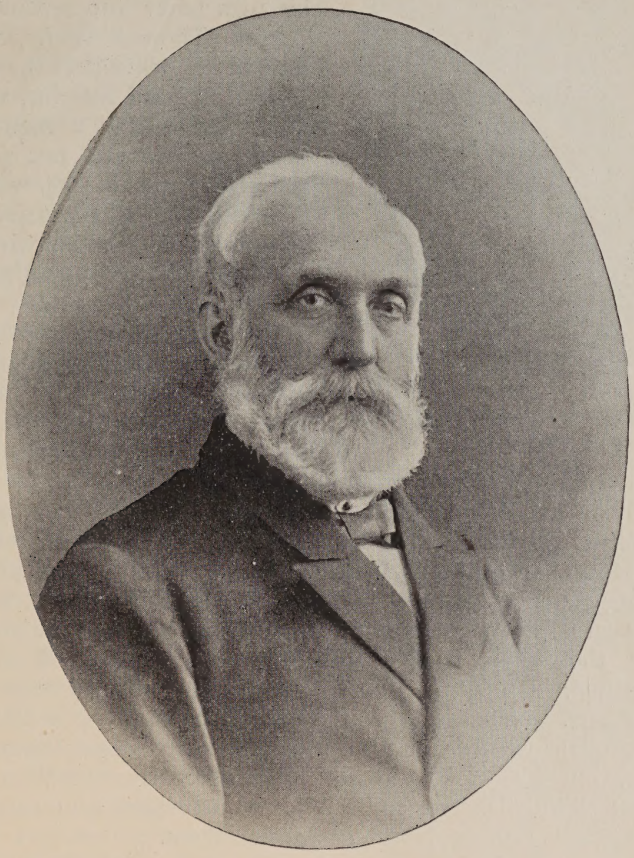
BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.

THE Canadian House of Commons is known as the People's Chamber. It bears this title justly, for it faithfully reflects the genius of the Canadian people—the pulse of their progress, the strength of their common character, the versatility of their intellectual gifts, the hopes, the desires, and the growing needs of their embryo nation.

It is a mistake to think that the act which led to the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose. Of course it would be idle to say that the Canadian people are a unit upon all questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the Dominion. The geographical interests of Canada are so varied, that there must necessarily be at times some friction and clashing of provincial needs and ambitions. This is the case at Washington; this is the case, too, in so small a confederation as the Cantons of Switzerland.

A stranger visiting the gallery of the Canadian House of Commons, is struck with the dignity and decorum which mark the proceedings, and surround even the warmest and keenest of debates. Parliamentary procedure being rigidly adhered to, there is little room for unseemly encounters, which usually grow out of uncalled-for personalities in the heat of a discussion. Sometimes, however, when the House has been sitting for hours, wearied with the prolixities and incoherencies of some member from "Wayback," suddenly, as if through unity of

desperation, the usual dignity of the House is relaxed, and grave members from such intellectual centres as Montreal and Toronto play the schoolboy and outvie one another in "shying" blue books at the heads of slumbering and inoffensive members.



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, CANADA'S PREMIER.

At such a time as this the work of legislation is bald routine. Even the members of the press gallery who sit just above the Speaker's chair, take little or no interest in the proceedings and compress a stream of rural rhetoric which has been deluging the House for an hour or more, into a report of six lines for the morning papers. This is not very encouraging to the Canadian Cincinnatus who left his plough at the call of duty to mingle in the oratorical fray of legislation. If, however, he desires a more lengthy report of his Parliamentary effort he must go to the official columns of the *Hansard* where he will find his sentences rounded and his adjectives properly pruned. The trouble is this polished report never reaches his constituents, and is it not their goodwill and endorsement which he particularly seeks?

Of the two hundred and fifteen members that make up the House of Commons, in point of ability and gifts twenty per cent of them are below

HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M. P.
Now a member of the Irish Nationalist Party in the Imperial Parliament.

mediocrity; twenty per cent occupy the plane of mediocrity; forty per cent possess admitted ability, and the remaining twenty per cent are men of commanding talent. During the past few years death has removed from the House some of the most gifted, if not the most brilliant speakers. The late Sir John A. Macdonald was not an eminent speaker, but he was a great leader, a most skilful debater, and a statesman of high rank. Nothing was more interesting than to watch him marshal his followers in the House and through them outgeneral the enemy. In argumentative jousts he could detect at once the weak point in the armor of an opponent; and by showering blows to the death upon the vulnerable spot, he would unhorse the unwary antagonist who dared encounter his practised lance.

Sir John Thompson, who died last year at Windsor Castle, while the laurel which the loving hand of his sovereign had placed upon his brow was yet green, was a man of preëminent gifts, a debater of wonderful clearness and acumen, a statesman of high moral purpose, a leader whose virtues drove the political sinners of his own party into repentance.

Hon. Thomas White, who at the time of his death held the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, was also an able debater, and a man of sterling integrity. He was not an orator in the true sense of the word, yet his speeches upon all great questions were so scholarly and exhaustive, that they commanded the attention of both friends and opponents.

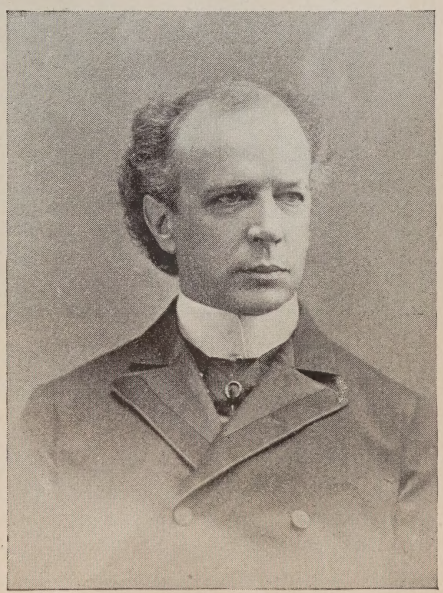
For years the giant of the Canadian Parliament was unquestionably Hon. Edward Blake, now engaged in fighting the battle of Irish Home Rule in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Blake has a massive and thoroughly trained intellect. His gift of language, without being too luxuriant, is equal to his thought, powerful and vigorous. His delivery is impressive and scholarly, without any suspicion of elocution. Few living speakers can mass their arguments as can Mr. Blake. Even in the weakest case he is in the habit of establishing his premises so securely, that when he reaches his conclusions, you are forced to accept them.

He can on occasion make his words bite and blister. I remember once hearing an opponent, in the heat of a debate, dub the great Canadian Parliamentarian not only the *creme de la creme* of his party, but the *cream of tartar*. His mind is eminently a judicial one, and the only Canadian capable of matching him in debate during the past ten years was the late Sir John Thompson. The latter lacked the weight in thought

and argument of Hon. Edward Blake, but his mind was equally judicial, clear, logical, and comprehensive. Strange to say, Mr. Blake was not a success as a leader. Perhaps he towered so far above his fellows and their methods, that he failed to get in touch with their personal and parliamentary life action. One thing is certain, his speeches are the speeches of a statesman and the whole record of his life is a truly great and noble one.

Hon. Joseph Adolphe Chapleau, recently appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was for years a striking figure in the Canadian House of Commons. This great French-Canadian is an orator of unique type —bold, impetuous, fiery, yet withal adroit in the management of an argument, thrilling and captivating. He is, however, uneven in his efforts, and can be much swayed by surroundings, another proof of the genuineness of his oratorical temperament. Brilliant as he can be in Parliament, he is at his best as a tribune of the people, and when surrounded by thousands of his admiring countrymen at an open-air meeting, it is delightful to watch the influence of his magnetic oratory upon his auditors. He is passionate and vehement, uses strong and emphatic gestures, and manages a rich round voice with admirable skill. As he stands before you, with his strong, commanding figure, finely cut features, well poised head crowned with a wealth of long silvery hair carelessly thrown back from his forehead, and with every word and gesture instinct with life and thought, you think at once of the power of a Mirabeau, a Charles Fox, or a Patrick Henry.

There was added last year to the death roll of members of the House of Commons the name of one who, while not an orator, is entitled, because of the humorous character of his speeches, to be regarded as the Proctor Knott of the Canadian Parliament. Alonzo Wright, familiarly known as the "King of the Gatineau," represented Ottawa County without intermission for more than twenty-seven years in the Canadian House. His genial humor and human-heartedness made him universally popular with members of both political parties, and whenever it was known that he was going to speak, every member would be in his seat and the galleries crowded. He was very widely read in literature, and his speeches, aside from their humorous element, which always kept the House in roars of laughter, had in them the flavor of the scholar—the aroma of the library. It is to be hoped that some pen will some day do justice to Mr. Wright's memory, as the genial and kindly



Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.
Leader of Canadian Liberals.

hearted humorist of the Canadian Parliament.

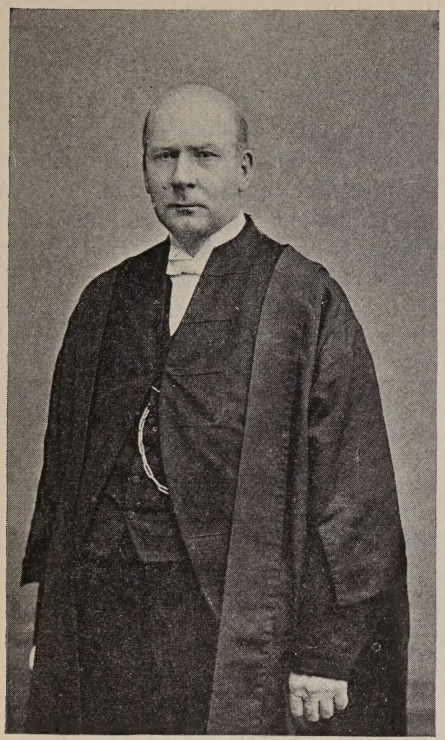
The leading figure, the most commanding and brilliant mind in Canadian political life to-day is that

tarian and as a tribune of the people. There is no abatement in his charm, whether he fronts the Speaker's chair, stands as the cynosure of an admiring multitude at some great banquet, or

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN. HON. J. J. CURRAN. HON. DALTON MACCARTHY.
HON. DR. W. H. MONTAGUE. HON. DAVID MILLS. HON. L. H. DAVIES.
HON. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Liberal Party in Canada. He is a good type of a man whose every gift, physical and intellectual, has been perfected. Unlike many other prominent men in Canadian political life, he is equally successful as a parliamen-

faces a mixed audience of friends and opponents upon the hustings. What power is it which this brilliant leader possesses, which makes him the idol of his followers, and wins for him the admiration of his opponents? Few men in political life really have it,



HON. PETER WHITE.
Speaker Canadian House of Commons.

though many strenuously cultivate it. It is an inborn gift—the gift of self-possession — wedded to a keen and subtle knowledge of human nature, and crowned by that grace and tact which are common to every well cultivated Irishman and Frenchman.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier always knows what not to say, and this in itself is a great deal in an orator. He belongs to what may be fittingly designated the rhetorical school, and has never scorned to woo in this connection the mistress of art. He is not like his fellow countryman, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, a fiery or impetuous orator, but a polished, graceful, tactful speaker, clear in his reasonings, manly in his boldness, and with a moral lift to his utterances throughout. His voice is smooth, musical, silvery, and has in it the *timbre* of a tenor speaking voice. His gestures are exceedingly graceful, though they impress you at times with the suspicion of art. His pose and bearing are noble and commanding, and have the freedom and ease of a well-bred man. You always feel that Mr. Laurier speaks nobly, because he thinks, lives, and acts nobly.

Among the Irish Catholic representatives in the Canadian House to-day the most gifted and distinguished is the Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General for Canada. The honorable member for Montreal Centre bears a worthy name and a still worthier character. As a speaker he is one of the most brilliant in the House, and is equally facile with the French and English languages. He has the Celtic impulse, and is warm and cheerful. He voices all that is best and noblest in the Irish Catholics of his native metropolis, and, it may

SIR CHARLES H. TUPPER.

be added, of the whole Dominion. He is patriotic and pure, and few men in Canadian political life to-day enjoy so largely the goodwill of members of both political parties. Mr. Curran ennobles his present position, and this cannot be said of all the members of the Mackenzie Bowell Cabinet.

One of the best abused men in political life in Canada to-day is Sir Richard Cartwright, who was Minister of Finance during the *regime* of the Mackenzie Government, from 1873 to 1878. Sir Richard, if we except Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, is the only Liberal in Canada who has accepted knighthood at the hands of the Queen. In debate the member for Oxford County—for Sir Richard represents Oxford—is a heavy hitter, a merciless antagonist, who asks no quarter and gives none. In readiness of debate, in resource of political information, in the *momentum* of his blows, Sir Richard Cartwright is to-day the ablest debater in the House. Woe to the evil doer whom he confronts or arraigns! 'twere better for him he had never boodled! When Sir Richard is through with him, he is indeed "a thing of shreds and patches."

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the present Premier of Canada, is neither a great nor a mediocre man. He has been a member of the Commons since 1867, and a Cabinet minister since 1878. He is a careful and conscientious man, given to no display, possessing good executive ability and sound common sense, which have kept his political life free from irregularities. Although a prominent Orangeman, he retains the goodwill and confidence of every Catholic member of the Cabinet, and all the Catholic Conservative members of the House are loyal to him to a man. As a speaker he is clear and pointed, and seldom calls down the wrath of an opponent. As Premier he has a difficult task to fill, for he succeeded a man who towered among his fellows, and was counted

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, OTTAWA.

by friend and foe as one of the foremost statesmen of his day. Then again, some of the timber of the Mackenzie Cabinet is dangerous in a stormy sea. It has never been properly seasoned, and a gale like that now blowing from the Northwest, in which the rights of a minority are involved, may swamp the whole Cabinet and leave not a spar of it upon the deep. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is known, however, to be firm, just and prudent, and these qualities will go far amid the wildest tempest to bear him triumphantly into port.

The present leader of the government in the House—for the Premier is leader in the Senate—is Hon. George Foster, Minister of Finance. In point of ability Mr. Foster is really the ablest Conservative in active political life in Canada to-day. He is a clear, forcible, and skilful speaker, a man of great industry, who masters every detail of his department and with resources and readiness in debate surpassed by few members of the House. The Minister of Finance, however, lacks a following, and this, together with his insincerity as an advocate of the temperance question, makes the probability of his being Premier some day doubtful. As leader in the House he has not been a failure, but he has at times lacked the dignity and judgment which should belong by right to the First Commoner of Canada.

Talent among the members is generally pretty evenly divided, but of late years fortune in this respect seems to be favoring the Liberal Party. One of the ablest of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier's lieutenants, and like himself a member at one time of the Mackenzie Government, is the Hon. David Mills, member for Bothwell. Mr. Mills is one of the best-read men in Canada, and though not a pleasant speaker, whenever he takes up the time of the House, it is a source of great profit to its members. He is an acknowledged authority upon constitutional law, and a well-known writer of historical monographs.

An important functionary of the House of Commons is the Speaker. He generally has parliamentary procedure at his fingers' ends and shapes his ruling in a non-partisan manner. He is selected at the opening of a new Parliament and receives in addition to his sessional indemnity $2,000 a year. Hon. Peter White, member for North Renfrew, is at present Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons.

There is surely magic in the word Tupper, and, therefore, the name of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Minister of Justice for Canada, deserves here something more than passing notice. Fortune has been very kind to Sir Charles, for he found himself in Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, a member of the Cabinet at thirty-three, and a Knight Commander of the Bath at thirty-eight. It is needless to say that the prestige of his father, Sir Charles Tupper, now Canadian Commissioner in London, England, had much to do with these rapid promotions and honors. Sir Charles, the younger, is a bold and venturesome debater, full of fire and dash, heedless sometimes of facts, provocative and challenging, and not afraid to break a lance with the oldest and most renowned knight in the lists.

From the little Province of Prince Edward Island comes Hon. L. H. Davies, who represents Queen's County. He is a practised and forcible debater, and has one of the finest voices in the House. He was for some years Premier of his native province, and his advent to Ottawa

brought additional strength to the Liberal Party. He has a strong, clear, and robust manner of speaking, and a sturdy honesty which gains him many friends.

A member of the Canadian House of Commons, plain and unassuming in his manner, is Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who has represented Victoria County, New Brunswick, since 1872. Hon. John Costigan has a clean record, not a breath of scandal attaching to his name in the various departments over which he has since 1882 presided. He is a clear and convincing speaker, and whenever the interests of his fellow Catholics are at stake, he never shrinks from championing their cause.

The most promising of the younger members of the Mackenzie Bowell Cabinet is without doubt Hon. Dr. W. H. Montague, Secretary of State. He is a slashing debater, and can command more resources than many of the older and practised spokesmen. Courage, a brilliant audacity, ready wit, a fine voice, and the temper of a genuine orator give the honorable Secretary of State the assurance of a brilliant future in Canadian politics, and the probability of succeeding at no very distant day to the leadership of the Conservative Party.

No description of the *personnel* of Canadian public men would be complete without reference to Nicholas Flood Davin, the member for Assiniboia, one of the Northwest Territories. Mr. Davin is a genuine Irishman, with something of the cosmopolitan in his manner and makeup. He is perhaps the readiest man with repartee in the House, and is withal a very polished and accomplished speaker. As a story teller he is inimitable, and whenever a debate grows dull and dragging, if the member for Assiniboia rises to share in it, there is a certainty that things will be vitalized.

Dalton MacCarthy, who represents North Simcoe, is sometimes called the Catiline of the House. For a number of years past, since his ambition has been slighted by the leaders of the Conservative Party, he has been hatching a conspiracy for the avowed purpose of wrecking the party with which he had been for years allied. His following has not been at any time large, and made up chiefly of men of very little political, and sometimes very little moral, character. Although a man of preëminent gifts, the member for North Simcoe has descended to the level of a demagogue and, in his eagerness to destroy the Conservative government, he would willingly thrust the burning brand of racial and religious strife into every Canadian home.

"The old order passeth," and so the men who labored wisely and well nearly thirty years ago to lay securely the foundations of the Dominion have one by one passed away, leaving the great work which they builded with throbbing hearts and busy brains to be cared for by others. McGee, Cartier, Howe, Macdonald, and Thompson — names to conjure with — live now but in the pages of history. The chamber within whose walls they wrought the nation lasting good, is still hallowed by their abiding spirit, and there is little fear but that the patriot sons to whom they bequeathed the burden of their tasks so well begun, will carry to completion in reverent word and deed that great and noble work — the upbuilding of a nation!

BUDDHISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.*

BY MGR. CHARLES DE HARLEZ.

UCH is an exposition of the general principles of Buddhism. The author of our catechism concludes it with a resumé of the essential and characteristic features of Buddhism. We give it in his own vigorous conciseness.

The religion of Buddha teaches:

The reign of perfect goodness and wisdom, without a personal God.

The permanence of the individuality without an immortal soul.

Eternal happiness without a localized heaven.

The way of salvation without a foreign saviour, worked out by everyone, not by prayers, sacrifices or penances; not by the ministry of priests; not by the intercession of any saint, or of the divine mercy,—but by a natural and necessary law.

And finally, a perfect perfection which may be obtained in this life and on this earth.

Those are the truths which were unveiled to the Buddha on the night of his enlightenment, and which he has taught to the world. The teachings of the Buddha are absolutely free from errors. But the sacred books of Buddhism contain several which have slipped into them in the course of centuries. These are to be found especially in questions concerning the origin of the world, the shape of the earth, and the natural sciences in general. The doctrine of Buddha is in itself eternal but new conditions of the universe may require modifications demanded by time. New Buddhas will come to teach and establish them.

All the principles and rules hitherto explained are applicable to the mass of the disciples of Buddha, but as we have already seen, there are some which especially concern those who wish to attain a greater perfection and reach the stage of final deliverance. These aspirants must withdraw from the world and enter a religious community.

Everybody, man or woman, may be admitted after coming of age, or (in the case of minors over fifteen years old) with the consent of parents or guardians. Slaves, soldiers in active service, debtors, unable to free themselves from their obligations, persons engaged in judiciary callings, and those afflicted with contagious or incurable diseases are, however, formally excluded from these communities.

Before being definitely received into the order—which can only be after coming of age—the postulant must make a novitiate under the direction of a member of the community whom he has chosen as guide. This novitiate must last for at least four months, but it is at the option of the novice's spiritual guide to prolong the term, according as he judges well and necessary.

* Second part of the lecture delivered at the Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wis. First instalment published last month.

The obligations of the novice are exactly the same as those of the definitely received ascetics. He must renounce the world and its pleasures, observe the ten vows, apply himself to the study of the sacred doctrine, and by constant effort strive after spiritual and moral perfection, after the perfect understanding of the doctrines, and after virtue.

We have already enumerated the eight sentences and the ten vows. Their special aim and object is freedom from all error, aspiration towards noble and serious views, simplicity, truthfulness, fidelity, kindness and compassion even for animals, warfare against evil inclinations, interior recollection, meditation on the principles of the law and on Nirvana, the renouncement of the vanities of the world, the joys of life, and dissipation of every kind.

The Buddhist religious must further observe all the rules concerning the community life. These rules, according to the books of precepts, are divided into the following sections:

Rules relating to exterior discipline.

Instructions concerning the means to be used to obtain food, clothing, and all the necessities of life.*

Rules teaching the means of conquering the sensual appetites and those of acquiring knowledge as well as moral perfection.

When the novice has observed these rules faithfully during the time of probation, he is received by the chapter of the community, and becomes an ordinary member. Henceforth he must dwell in the monastery, or live an eremitical life.

But there is no law obliging the Buddhist ascetic to persevere in his vows; if so disposed, he may legitimately return to the world, after informing the superior of his lack of perseverance. He is in nowise despised for this. On the other hand, the Bhikshu whose conduct is persistently bad, is to be expelled from the community and sent out into the world. The same thing is done if he commits any act which brings dishonor on the community.

There is no essential connection between the two categories of laics and ascetics of the Buddhist faithful. The ascetics have no spiritual power over the laics—they are simply to encourage them by their example, aid them in their spiritual wants, instruct, assist, and console them when a desire for these is manifested.

The order cannot excommunicate the simple faithful, says Subhâdra, and he goes on to say: "but it can and ought to repudiate all communion with an *upasaka* who has committed a grave offence, or spoken disrespectfully of Buddha, the holy law, or the ascetics. They declare him to be henceforth unworthy to serve the saints or give them alms, and as a sign of this rejection and unworthiness, the wooden bowl in which they are wont to receive the gifts of the faithful is placed before him inverted.

The Bhikshu must be upright and conscientious, guileless, meek, modest, gentle of speech, ever content, free from wants and care, keeping his soul in peace and rest, without preferences, as well as without desire. He must do nothing unworthy of his order, but live in the spirit of the doctrine in thought, word, and deed. Preserving a perpetual equanimity, he must be insensible to good as well as bad fortune, to dishonor as well as to popularity and glory, and work cease-

* The Bhikshu, whether a member of a community or a hermit, must beg his food and clothing. For this last he ought to choose the meanest, especially the rags which he finds thrown on the streets.

lessly to increase within him the knowledge of the truth and the moral virtues. He must shun doing hurt and harm to all and every living creature, despising nobody, threatening nobody, but feeling and showing a deep compassion for all.

In order to obtain this sublime end, —he must meditate on the four fundamental truths, follow without fear or reproach the eight-fold way of perfection, and observe the ten vows as well as the four rules (i. e., he must live without joy or pleasure, look upon his whole existence as an evil, desire his annihilation, lead a life of poverty and mortification, begging his bread and the rags wherewith he is clothed, sleeping on the earth, using strictly vegetarian diet—in a word crushing and quenching his life).

Thus, having conquered all error, all illusion, all fear and hope, all passion and desire, all love and hatred, living purely and delivered entirely from the desire of life and of its days, reaching the perfect intuition, he has attained the end of sorrows and rebirths, and enters into Nirvana.

Such is the origin of Buddhism, such are the fundamental doctrines, the raison d'être of the religion. To complete our comparative picture, it now remains for us to add a few details touching the life of its founder.

Buddha's life, as given by the books of his religion, is mainly a tissue of legends where the wonderful and the odd form a curious medley. Thus, for example, the gods are continually introduced, encouraging, sustaining, or applauding the reformer. In one place Buddha gives himself up to be eaten by a hungry tiger, to save the beast from death by starvation. But through these mirages and at the base of these stories there are certain features which may be admitted as historical, or, at least, as not exceeding the limits of the possible.

We will sum them up in a few words. The future Buddha was born of a reigning prince of the tribe of the Sakya. At his birth he received the name of Siddhartha, "he who perfectly fulfils his design or mission." While still young he showed a compassion for the miseries of humanity, which made his father afraid that he would give up the throne to embrace the ascetic life. To dissuade him from this he had him shut up in a palace where the young man was surrounded by everything that could minister to pleasure and constantly occupied with delights. His father had him married to the princess Yasodhara, and put at his service a bevy of maidens whose task it was to stimulate the love of pleasure in his soul. Some even go so far as to say that these maidens were so many wives.

We saw at the beginning of this article how the king's plans went awry, how Siddhartha, witnessing the miseries of humanity, escaped from the palace, went to study under the Brahmins, became dissatisfied with their doctrines and asceticism, and resolved to seek in personal meditation a solution of the problem which harrassed him. In a prophetic dream he learned that he was nearing the goal of his efforts; but previous to that he had to undergo a series of violent trials. Mara, the black demon, "the destroyer," foreseeing the harm the new apostle would do him, tried at first to kill him with a shower of darts. But the demon could not touch him— the gods turned the missiles aside. Made more furious by his first defeat, Mara resorted to more dangerous methods, and presented before the young ascetic's imagination every species of moral seduction which

might be of avail in shaking his resolution. But it was all in vain. Gautama (the name assumed by the regenerator of India) was unshakable, repulsed the impure phantoms, and, a victor on the field, received the perfect enlightenment which made him a perfect Buddha. Triumphant and illumined henceforth on all things, he resolved to preach the doctrine of salvation to men and gods—for the gods, too, have only a temporary existence (albeit it may last for millions of years) until they attain the perfection of Buddhas.

Gautama, now the Buddha, set out to sow the good word. He first met the five disciples who had abandoned him when he renounced the asceticism of the Brahmins, and who still wished to avoid him. He won them by the sublime expression of his countenance; they saw in him the perfectly enlightened man, the teacher of truth, the guide to Nirvana. With them he formed the first church or Sangho. To these converts he addressed *the first preaching of the law*, in which he taught them to follow a middle path between sensuality and an exaggerated asceticism—a path which proceeds "from good feelings, thoughts, and actions, from good methods of existence, from a good discipline, from wise and prudent meditation."

Shortly afterwards, he founded the first *vihara* or monastery, "a place of retirement for religious who cling to the law," and eventually several others where the life was equally severe. The religious was shaven, clad in a coarse red robe, living on alms and eating only fruits and vegetables. Then came the founding of cloisters for women; but here the question of discipline was a knotty one, and one day the holy man had to fly for his life.

Gautama suffered one day from violent pains in the stomach. A skilful doctor cured him with lotus-leaves. Taunted by the Tathya ascetics, he raised himself in the air, and after taking the four positions redescended to the ground—a marvel which put his adversaries to flight.

Accused one day of having guilty relations with a woman of Cravasti, and being soon after cleared of the charge, he explained that he owed this trial to a sin committed in a previous existence—he had struck a pious solitary. At last after long journeyings, the wise Gautama, the Enlightened One, died from an attack of indigestion following on a meal eaten with excessive avidity—though it must be owned that the fare was coarse enough.

The foregoing are the only rational features that can be ascertained concerning the life of Buddha. A few others are to be added, which I have purposely reserved in a group, because they recall some of the gospel narratives. Some legends, for instance, assert that he was born of his mother Maya without male coöperation, and that a chorus of celestial beings surrounded by dazzling light appeared at his nativity and announced the future greatness of the new-born child. A few days after, when the holy water was poured on the child's forehead, a holy and aged hermit from the mountains made his appearance, took the child in his arms, and shedding an abundance of tears, predicted his glorious destiny. Finally, there is a presentation in a temple, where the idols suddenly fall from their pedestals. Some other points of agreement are made, but they are based, I have no hesitation in saying, on a false conception of things, or a quibbling of words or ideas. We

shall have a few words to say about them further on.

Let us stop here for a moment to ask our readers where they can find anything, either in the genesis of Buddhism or in its doctrines, to support the notion that Christianity has been formed in its school.

In the first place, who is Buddha? A purely human sage, born in a court, married, surrounded by women and pleasure, renouncing these at the sight of the material miseries of humanity which he believes to be the result of previous lives, and trying to find a means of delivering man from his physical afflictions, which are nothing but chastisements. This sage goes to different schools, follows the lessons, is dissatisfied, looks for something better than what his masters teach him, and at last receives, whence or how is a mystery, an illumination which reveals to him the true means of reaching the far shore from existences.

There is no divine horizon for him; everything goes on within the world; humanity is the be-all and end-all—everything is comprised within the narrow limits of humanity's sorrows, poverty, and dyings, and the cure of these misfortunes. For Buddha there is no divine mission, no saviour sent from heaven to redeem a lost humanity. There is no cult of truth, nothing but compassion for suffering, and this with the exaggeration that belongs to all merely human doctrines, kindness to animals being raised to the level of kindness to men. The bases on which the principles of Christianity rest are as obviously rational, clear, and logical, as the conceptions of Buddhist morality—for that is all it is—are empty and unintelligible.

The Buddhist doctrine, as we have given it, and as it was formulated by its first author, rests on a long series of causeless effects, of baseless hypotheses, and of facts absolutely inexplicable and improbable. Its theories are in flat contradiction to the most evident laws of experimental and metaphysical science. What is this love of life, with its hypostatic and substantial existence, which attracts to itself parcels of elements, scattered without anything to sustain them through the universe, in such a manner as to form with them a body and a definite personal being? What is this impersonal individuality, perpetuated from age to age, from rebirth to rebirth, for ever constituting new human beings, which are entirely different from, yet identical with one another, till it reaches its goal in a personage with an absolutely incomprehensible and indefinable nature?

How does the part of man that survives death take up its abode in a particular womb to reconstitute in it the dissolved elements of a human being? How does it know the parents that must be chosen because of their similarity of character, defects, and virtuous propensities?

What is this Karma, this personified law, working blindly in the production of effects that are at the same time both moral and inevitable? In what does it reside, what is its seat, when, after a guilty project has been executed, it produces consequences thereform which are perpetuated through world after world and generation after generation?

Our personal God is not a capricious being, but wisdom and goodness itself. If He is charity and mercy as well, can we regret it? Would the blind and inexorable Karma be preferable?

Whence come the first desire of life, the generator of beings, and the elements with which it composes separate

existences? Of miracles the Buddhist has none, because his are not worked by anybody—they are produced without a cause. When an unknown law is invoked, we want to know something about the natural law which produced heavenly voices and made flowers fall on Buddha's mouth when he preached his first sermon; and about the law which produces Buddhas and their enlightenment.

Buddhism, we are told, does not try to terrify by the fear of punishment! But why then are those disastrous rebirths and those hells with their varied and cruel tortures? And what are we to think of the doctrine of metempsychosis, with its teaching that even the lowest animals have, hidden within them, human individualities which must be respected equally with our own kind, that hospitals for sick and abandoned animals are to be established with the same solicitude as for the poor and the outcast of humanity? Or of Buddha offering his life one day for a starving tiger?

What reason is there why we should accept such doctrines, contrary as they are to science and reason? What is this illumination *a se* which has enlightened the true Buddhas and is to enlighten ourselves? Whence comes it and what is its source? Is it anything but the dream of a generous and oversanguine mind?

No blind faith for us, people cry; yet unless they believe in Buddha's word there is no salvation for them. And if it is objected that we must first be persuaded of the truth of his doctrines, is not the same true of our acceptance of Christianity? Christianity, at least, is not a tree growing without roots or an edifice hanging on nothing.

What is Buddhism, considered from its moral standpoint? Is it not the most unlimited, the most despairing pessimism? For it life is not merely a mingling of good and evil, it is one long unbroken chain of miseries, a misfortune to be got rid of and eradicated to the very bottom. To effect this a man must lead a life not only devoid of all earthly joy and gladness, but made up of continual sacrifices, mortifications, and penances; clothing himself in a handful of rags, eating the bread of beggary, resting his weary limbs on a hard, uncomfortable couch, etc.

And what for is all this life of renunciation, of incessant strugglings and strivings? To reach annihilation as the goal of deliverance! For our zealous Buddhist tries in vain to conceal or dissemble this fact—it is involved in spite of himself in the very words he uses. For Subhadra himself, Nirvana is the destruction of the individuality after the annihilation of the body. "It is," he says, "the entering into eternity, the true life everlasting where all suffering, all individuality, every distinct being, has for ever ceased to be." The individual man is therefore melted into the universal essence and, as there is no personal God, he becomes a mere atom of an inconscient mass. Is it worth while for a man to torment himself during one or several existences to become *that?* Our readers will answer for us.

This is not all.

In Buddhism everything is reckoned from the standpoint of personal interest; the idea of goodness and duty considered in themselves find no place in it. Its whole idea is to snatch oneself from the evils of life by the fear of earthly evils, and to aid in the deliverance of others from these evils by compassion.

Buddhistic pessimism has brought

its sectaries to the doctrine of the absolute void which proclaims the nothingness of everything which we believe to exist. *There is nothing* is the formula by which someone has jocosely summed up Nihilism: *there is nothing* is the serious and ultimate formula of Buddhism. According to its teaching man must empty himself of himself to fall into the great universal void.

I shall not push these comparisons further. I have already exceeded the limits allowed to this study. I shall content myself with adding the following reflection: When two religions are based on the most opposite principles, and when everything in one contradicts everything in the other down to the smallest details, is it sensible to assert that one of them has copied the other or that the founder of one of them has learned at the school of the creator of the other? I shall not insult my readers by supposing the possibility of a negative answer.

Some one perhaps will instance the coincidences which have been shown to exist between the lives of the two founders, and which I have already mentioned. A few words will suffice to answer this point.

Of these comparisons some are manifestly silly. Thus M. de Rosny in his complete enumeration of them cites the fact that "both had adversaries," as if every founder of a doctrine had not, or that "both made use of parables," as if this were not a common practice in the East.

The virginity of Buddha's mother is beyond all doubt a late invention, and the name of the Hindoo *Maya* has certainly nothing in common with Miriam, that of Christ's mother.

In other cases the similarity lies entirely in the skilful twisting of the meaning of a word. It is a mere juggling of words to say that Christ and Buddha were both betrayed by a disciple, that both were transfigured, or that both fasted for an almost equal number of days. The truth is that one day a disciple of Buddha, through ambition and in a spirit of vengeance, wanted to found a particular monastic institution. Hindered by Buddha, he made three attempts to kill or crush him, and failing in these, he started a sect of which he constituted himself the head. He died a few years later without accomplishing anything important.

We have seen what Buddha's transfiguration amounts to. He raised himself in the air where he performed some gymnastic feats to prove his superhuman power.

The fast was his trial of the effect of the Brahminical penances, in which he so far exhausted his physical strength that he renounced all austerity and resumed an easy manner of life. What is there in all this in common with the story of Judas, the scene on Thabor, or Christ's fast in the desert?

Some coincidences remain to be considered which really do contain something striking and uncommon, where it would seem that the derivation must be admitted. We mean the presentation, for example, and a few other facts of the kind.

Here the first question to be settled is that of priority. If there is really an imitation somewhere, where does it come from? It is not enough to prove its existence—the question of its origin must be explained.

To decide the matter in favor of Buddhism, it would have to be proved that its legends are more ancient than the gospel. Now no reasonable man would venture to maintain this. The date of these legends is entirely unknown; we find no mention of them

in any monument anterior to our own era; they are not found in the Asoka inscriptions, in the canons of the great assemblies, or in any others. On the other hand, there is nothing to support the supposition that the Buddhist books were known in Judea at the time of Jesus Christ, while it is absolutely certain that the gospel was preached in India in the first century of the new era.

This in itself is sufficient, but there is more to be added. Whoever examines the gospel scenes carefully and without prejudice must be convinced that imitators of Buddhism could never have spoken in the style of the biographers of the Messiah of Nazareth. There is a marked antithesis between the exaggerated and unreasonable marvels with which the Buddhist legends abound, and the moderate and rational accounts of the gospel. The compilers are not thinking so much of their hero and his glory, as of God Himself and the glorification of the sovereign Master of the world.

Let us quote a few examples at hazard. Devadatta, the treacherous disciple, to effect the destruction of his master, intoxicates an elephant and lets the furious beast loose in the streets of Rayagrha. But the animal comes to a stand before the sage and accepts his law—the elephant turns Buddhist.

The future Buddha is concerned to show his power; he has his rivals summoned by beat of drum, and then exhibits his skill in archery and in the twelve liberal arts.

As to the argument drawn from the scene of the presentation, what have we here? We learn that the hermit Asita came to hail the new-born child, predicted his future greatness, and recognized on his person the signs and exterior graces which were to mark the expected prophet—a bump on his skull, a tuft of white hair between the eyebrows, dark eyes, and a hundred others, the greater part of which are more or less grotesque. The pious solitary concludes by bewailing his inability to prolong his days till the time when the Buddha will manifest himself to the world.

And this curious description, we are asked to believe, is the original of St. Luke's simple and sublime (as well as entirely different) picture of the aged Simeon glorifying God, deeming his life sufficiently prolonged, and predicting the sorrows of the mother of the Christ! In truth this is too much of a joke.

In like manner we may affirm that Buddha's triumph could never have inspired the gospel with the idea of making Christ enter Jerusalem mounted on the animal he made choice of.

One trait alone draws a chasm between the gospel and the Sûtras—the evangelist writes entirely for God, the Hindoo panegyrist thinks only of his hero. Again, is it rational to suppose that the evangelists, in possession of the Buddhist legends, would be content with borrowing some scattered traits and then inventing the remainder of a history and a teaching entirely different from the life and system of Buddha? Can we imagine a man inspired by Buddhism saying: Blessed are the poor, blessed are they that suffer? It is entirely unreasonable.

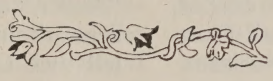
We shall not stop to consider the monastic usages, such as those of bells and rosaries, which are found everywhere. It is of no importance who invented them — if the French adopt certain English customs it does not follow that the Parisians are Eng-

lish. Besides, the history of the first Christian solitaries and monasteries is sufficiently known, and it would be impossible to find the faintest influence of Buddhism in it. To imagine such is to make a fairy tale of history.

It would be useless to prolong this discussion. After reading these pages, no honest mind or heart can fail to see that if Buddhism possesses some doctrines of real beauty, it is yet far beneath the Christian faith—as far beneath it as human genius is beneath divine wisdom.

If anyone, for instance, after reading the Sermon on the Mount, the Our Father, the account of the last supper, or the sublime drama of Golgotha, has still the unhappy courage to maintain that the historian of those masterpieces of Divine goodness was inspired by the Pali books, I have no hesitation in affirming, without fear of serious contradiction, that such a man is voluntarily blinding himself, and putting himself beyond the pale of human reason.

No, Christ and the evangelists owe nothing to Buddha and his panegyrists. Jesus and His historians have but one Master, and that Master is God.



THE CITY OF THE BLESSED.

BY M. ROCK.

Its walls are of jasper, its streets of gold,
And of pearl its gates are made,
And its happy people grow never old,
And its roses never fade.
Its rivers wander 'mid banks of flowers
Whose fragrance fills the air,
And songs too sweet for this world of ours
Are forever sounding there.

And the friends are there that we used to know
In their shimmering robes of white,
And more dazzling far than the mid-noon glow
O'er all is the golden light;
And no hearts complain, and no lips make moan,
And a tear-drop never falls,
And pain and sorrow are things unknown
In that city's joyous halls.

On its wondrous beauties no mortal eyes
Have looked for a moment's space,
And no ear hath heard the songs that rise
For aye in that happy place;
We must fight and win, we must victors be
Ere we see that city blest,
The gates of death must be passed ere we
Win its joy and its peace and rest.

THE TWIN PAINTERS OF AREZZO.

BY D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

ALL was excitement in the town of Arezzo. Everyone was looking forward to the opening of the new Academia of Arts under the patronage of the wealthy and elegant Bishop.

The anticipation had reached even a greater height because of the promised presence of the great Giotto, who had just inaugurated a new era of painting in Italy, and had set all Florence aglow with his own enthusiasm. Under this excitement Academia of Arts had sprung up throughout Italy; and Florence, Padua, Verona, Ferrara, all vied with one another in attracting the great artist to their city. The inspired mind of Giotto glowed with the innate fire of genius, which was fanned to even a fiercer flame by the society and influence of the great Dante, Petrarch and Boccacio. All Italy in fact were disciples and admirers of the father of Italian painting.

The cultured Bishop of Arezzo was not to be outdone in interest in the Arts, so he had invited Giotto to design a vast mausoleum for his Cathedral, and it was to be unveiled on the morrow. There was moreover another cause of excitement in the fact that two of Arezzo's own artists were on the morrow to present their respective pictures for acceptance to the new Academia, the judgment to be passed by Giotto himself. If we add to this the fact that all classes, high and low, had an instinctive taste and appreciation of the beautiful, we may form some faint notion of the state of ferment and anxiety in Arezzo on this eventful evening. As is usual on such occasions, the people had ranged themselves on opposite sides; dividing almost equally on the merits of the twin brothers, Giacomo and Alphonso Gelletti.

"I tell you," said a young artist to a group of fellow students who were standing in front of the Gelletti studio. "I tell you Giacomo will carry the day."

"Never," cried another, who was an ardent admirer of Alphonso. "Never. I tell thee Giacomo will never finish the eyes. Thou knowest this was always his weak point and Alphonso ever touched them up for him."

"True," answered another, favoring Giacomo, "but he may paint Justice; and she, you know, is blind."

"Ay," resumed the first, "but rumor saith, the Bishop hath ordered each to paint a Madonna and Child; and that makes four eyes; double difficulty for Giacomo."

Like the people, the artists and students of the city had divided themselves on the side of either brother. But meantime what of the artists themselves? Each had been called privately to the Bishop, and received secret instructions as to the conditions of the contest; and all Dame Rumor could learn was, that he had assigned the same task to each, to be done by the opening day of the Academia of Arts, the great Giotto to determine the winner.

Arezzo was well proud of her twin artists. Just as years before, Cimabue had detected the painter of Nature in the young Giotto drawing sheep on

the smooth rocks, while guarding his father's flock in the fields of Vespignano, so Giotto himself, in passing through Arezzo ten years previous to the present event, had detected in the twin boys' first crude efforts, the unmistakable signs of true genius. Under his care at Florence they had grown to be his worthy interpreters, and his enthusiasm had long inspired them with the most ardent devotion to their work.

There was, however, a marked difference in their physical constitution, as well as in their respective tastes. Alphonso was weak and delicate of physique, and his tastes ran all in the line of portraits. Some of his Madonnas seemed to live and smile on the devout worshippers constantly kneeling before them.

Giacomo was of a more robust nature and his taste was of a more vigorous cast. He had always been a deep student of his art. He had traced the mere outlines of the Egyptian artists back through the obscurity of ages, with their arbitrary coloring, no perspective, no chiaroscuro, no composition. He had traced the progress of the art through its Grecian development of physical beauty, even unto its deification, and among its artists, Appollodorus, that master of light and shade and living tone, was his favorite. He had traced it through its decadence in Greece; its mere collecting mania in Rome, on through the rough but expressive sketches of the Catacombs; down to the great Giotto himself, the true artist of Nature as she is in her simple grandeur and beauty. But his works lacked the finish seen in Alphonso's. His paintings were to be looked at from a distance; the vast fresco, the noble altar-piece; while his brother's were to be studied anear, growing in beauty with every new and more critical examination.

The two had been inseparable from childhood. At school, at church, out through the fields communing with Nature, they were always together; and the joys and sorrows of one were the joys and sorrows of both.

But since the present competition began it was noticed they were seldom or never together; or if they were, they remained absorbed in deep silence. They heard the rumors of the people, they saw the city divide itself into two opposing camps, and, unintentionally, they found themselves the leaders of the opposing parties. Each daily locked himself up in his private studio, and even the most intimate friends were excluded. It was noticed that Giacomo was restless and troubled, that he spent most of his time, even at night, wandering nervously about as if unable to fix his mind on his work. Alphonso on the contrary seemed to be always in his studio. His face wore a constant smile of peace and confidence as if he were already sure of giving color and life to the beautiful ideal possessing his soul.

As the day of the opening drew near this contrast became even more marked. "What ails thee, brother?" said Alphonso to Giacomo the third morning before the final day, as they wended their way to their studios from the Church whither they repaired every morning, "Dost thou lose heart even before thy task is well begun?"

"Nay 'Phonso," answered the other, in no pleasant mood, "methinks thou hast the glory all thine own. Thou knowest I could never brook thy tiny faces, and thy picture drawing. And well the Bishop knew I never drew a face that looked not as a fool's, save in a noble fresco seen afar."

"Stop thee, brother," answered Al-

phonso with a sweet cadence of banter in his tone, "art thou jealous of the baby, 'Phonso? Thou didst ofttimes playfully chide him for this, his gentle work; and now, dost envy? Thou shalt win the prize. The noble Giotto ever favored thee, while I came in but for an afterword of praise."

But Giacomo still kept in his sullen mood, and so they spoke not again that morning. Each locked himself in his studio, but not without the thought of what had passed that morning. Soon, however, Alphonso was in calm, joyous spirits again, and his picture of the Madonna and Child was almost complete. Most of his time now was spent in giving, here and there, light touches to add even a more ethereal beauty, to the already beautiful figures. The eyes, especially, were beyond all expression heavenly. The child stood in the mother's lap, his baby hand pressed against the mother's cheek; his ruddy lips pouted for a kiss; while his eyes seemed to glow and sparkle with life, reflecting their light and joy in the beaming eyes of the mother.

That evening the brothers returned home in silence, but Alphonso remarked that Giacomo was gloomier than ever, and that, in leaving the Church, he forgot to salute the Madonna, a practice they had been taught as children, and one they had never yet neglected.

That night Alphonso rested uneasily. Long he tossed about in his bed thinking over what he had heard and seen that day. "Methinks Giacomo is right;" he mused. "He never could paint eyes, unless those of demons or archangels in a great fresco. He seemeth to lose courage. Strange, this contest should build a barrier between us, who were always as one. Fame is indeed a dear bought treasure. I like not this matter, I would it had never happened. I know what I will do. I will steal a peep at Giacomo's picture, and mayhap I can paint the eyes for him."

The following day and night passed away in much the same manner, only Giacomo seemed to grow even more morose and restless as the final day drew near. On the morning preceding the opening, they had gone to their studios as usual, but not a word passed between them. They heard the people whisper their favorites as they passed along, and to add to the discomfiture of Giacomo, these had observed his state of mind, and had guessed the reason; some of them not hesitating to speak of it in his presence. The celebration of the following day was to open in the Cathedral with Solemn Mass by the Bishop. The Mausoleum was to be unveiled, and then all were to march in procession to the new Academia, where the two paintings were to be uncovered to the eyes of the great Giotto; and the victor was to be crowned by the Bishop.

Arezzo sank to rest that night with a suppressed murmur of anxiety and expectation for the morrow. At the usual hour Alphonso waited patiently for Giacomo to come from his studio; but night came on and settled dark and silent over Arezzo and no Giacomo appeared. "Ah," said Alphonso, "he is aroused at last, and so will work all night and win even yet; for he hath, I know, the greater genius."

But he wondered later as he saw no light in his brother's studio, and he sat a long time revolving in his mind the cause. The night wore on slowly till midnight, when at length rousing himself he exclaimed: "This seemeth strange. Methinks that something must be wrong. 'Twere right I see if

Giacomo be well." He took a light and going to his brother's door he gently pushed it in. He was startled by what he saw. There Giacomo stood motionless in front of a most beautiful life-size Madonna and Child; with brush in hand, and palette on arm, but immovable as a statue. His eyes were wide open, he seemed awake, and yet he moved not when the door opened. Quickly Alphonso approached him.

"Giacomo!" he cried in alarm, "Mio Giacomo carrissimo!" But the artist never stirred. He was indeed alive, but seemed in a trance; gazing seemingly into those hollow sockets where the eyes should have been—but in fact it was into his own enraptured soul he gazed, striving to call forth eyes that would live and beam from those beautiful faces of the Madonna and Infant.

In an instant Alphonso grasped the truth. Seizing a palette and brush, he placed himself immediately before his brother in front of the picture, and in an ardor of frenzy threw his whole soul into his work. Soon in the soulless cells the light and shade began to blend; first one and then another of the Infant's eyes seemed to start into life, and gaze in wonder at the eyeless sockets of the mother.

The night grew rapidly toward the dawn. The artist heeded not, but busied himself entirely in his work with redoubled ardor. Anon the deep blue soul-mirrors began to fill the empty cavities. The Madonna's soul seemed to beam from her eyes. Already the bright rays of the morn were reflected into the studio, but Alphonso saw it not. His soul was lost in his work, which even now was reaching its completion.

Suddenly the chimes of the Cathedral rang out, calling the devout people to the service, although all Arezzo had been in the Church long before dawn. Alphonso started at the sound. "One hour more," he murmured. "I must finish, I must!" Shade by shade, and light by light, the more than human eyes of the Madonna began to light up the empty sockets—one more touch and they would be completed. Even now he heard the chant of the approaching procession coming to the Academia just opposite the studio. All this time Alphonso stood directly in front of Giacomo, excluding him from a sight of the eyes he was painting. Suddenly he heard a shout outside. The crowd had discovered no pictures in the Salla Granda of the Academia; and he heard them approaching the studio in commotion. Quickly he drew the veil over the now completed picture. Giacomo still stood like a statue. In an instant Alphonso was in his own studio and just then the procession entered the building.

"The pictures," they cried: "The Madonna and the Bambino" and they threw open his door. He had just time to drop the light veil before his picture. The crowd bowed before the artist sacred in his sanctum. In a moment the bearers of honor had the picture raised high into the air, and the procession started for Giacomo's studio, leading Alphonso joyfully along. Just then there was a cry of astonishment from those who had opened the door. "A vision!" they cried, "An ecstasy!" "Giacomo has an ecstasy!"

Reverently the people drew aside as the Bishop and his clerks approached the studio, the great Giotto occupying a place of honor directly before the Prelate. As they beheld the artist they stopped in amazement. There

he stood in all his grand physique; his palette poised on his arm; his pencil ready in his fingers; but he seemed to be gazing far beyond all present surroundings. "A vision!" "An ecstasy!" the people kept murmuring in low tones, as at the orders of the Bishop, Alphonso's picture was placed by the side of Giacomo's. The great Giotto approached, removed the veil from Alphonso's, and a low murmur of admiration burst from the expectant crowd, as they saw the lovely Madonna and Child smiling with heavenly sweetness upon them.

"I told thee," said the student we mentioned above as an admirer of Alphonso: "I told thee he would win."

"Oh, wait thee," answered the disciple of Giacomo as Giotto approached the large life-size painting of the brother. As he threw the veil from it, there was a loud shout of admiration from everyone present. But the artist himself? For a moment he seemed to be struggling like one in a dream. Then the brush and palette dropped from his hands, and throwing himself on his knees, he cried in a joyful frenzy, "Gli occhi, gli occhi, ecco gli occhi!" ("The eyes, the eyes, see the eyes!") And the crowd repeated, "The eyes, the eyes!" And the tears poured down the cheeks of every one present. "A vision!" they whispered, "An ecstacy!" "Giacomo painted his in a vision!" Others said: "An angel painted the eyes!" And yet others contended that the Madonna and the Infant actually gazed out from the canvas. The prize was Giacomo's, by consent of all. It needed no Giotto to determine. The eyes themselves spoke.

Soon the procession marched toward the Academia and it was noticed that the artist never had taken his eyes from the picture. It seemed like a magnet that held his gaze. It had hypnotized him. All day, while others revelled in the excesses of a fête day, he knelt before the painting motionless, speechless. Ever and anon Alphonso would speak to him, but got no answer, no sign of recognition. Night came on and still the artist knelt there; nothing could arouse him. In vain Alphonso tried to drag him away. Finally they left him for the night alone with his painting. In the morning the brother hastened to the Academia; Giacomo was still in the same position, but a deathly pallor was on his countenance. Quickly Alphonso approached him. He started back in horror as he touched him. He was dead, dead, gazing on those eyes which he had vainly sought for in his own soul, but which Alphonso had put there for him; and then, as if his being had found its completion, he had passed from the incompleteness of time to the completeness of eternity.

All Arezzo followed the artist to his tomb near the new Mausoleum where his ashes still repose. The large painting was placed as an altar-piece over the Great Altar; and the small one of Alphonso in a side chapel, where they can still be seen after centuries with the same heavenly radiance beaming from their eyes, that hold the gaze as if by a secret irresistible magnetic virtue.

Alphonso never painted more. Daily he could be found kneeling before the tomb of his twin brother, or the picture of the Madonna over the High Altar. One morning they found him, kneeling there, his eyes fixed in the stare of the grave and of ecstasy, on the eyes of the great Madonna and Child. He was dead.

Reverently they buried him by the side of his Giacomo, there to rest till the call of Heaven awakes again the twin painters of Arezzo.

THE CATHOLIC WINTER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

BY C. F. O'LEARY.

THE Mardi-Gras celebration at New Orleans is something unique in its way. Attempts to imitate or excel it, in some of the principal cities of the North, have been unsuccessful. There is something in the southern nature that attracts it to the carnival as a duck to water; and it is a curious study to the visitor from a colder clime to see the manner in which almost the entire population of the great southern metropolis gives itself to levity on each annual recurrence of Shrove Tuesday.

MOST REV. FRANCIS JANSSENS.
Archbishop of New Orleans.

Little less remarkable than this hilarity is the almost sombre gloom that settles over the city as the sun rises on Ash Wednesday morning. Crowds go to mass that morning that seldom see the inside of a church during the balance of the year. Black and white, old and young, rich and poor, jostle each other in the doorways of the churches, and crowd to the altar rail to have the emblem of penance and mortality shaken on their heads. The season of gayety ended when the lights went out in the halls of Rex and Comus, and for the next six weeks the leading places of amusement will be closed and the churches crowded at all the devotions.

The fame of the Mardi-Gras is every year growing, and thousands from all sections of the country, have formed the habit of making preparations, just after the Christmas holidays, to start for New Orleans as soon as the special low rates of travel on the steamboats and railroads go into effect. In keeping with the growing crowds of visitors is the corresponding improvement in the city in the gorgeous character of the festival's street pageants, receptions, and balls. It is safe to say that last year's exhibition has seldom if ever been equalled by anything in its order on the American continent.

Among the visitors to the Crescent City last winter was Rev. J. F. Mullaney, LL. D., rector of St. John's Church, Syracuse, N. Y. Together with his brother, the late lamented Brother Azarias, Father Mullaney took interest in the foundation of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y., and he has lost no oppor-

tunity ever since to further its interests. He went south last winter for several purposes, one of which was to advocate a movement of the success of which even he was not very sanguine, but which he saw spring into permanent form before he left New Orleans for home.

but that was so far away that they scarcely felt able to attend it, and the desire for something of the kind nearer home was often expressed at their meetings. They had little thought of how soon that desire was to be satisfied.

The first word Father Mullaney

St. Louis Cathedral and Jackson Monument, New Orleans.

The Father Ryan Reading Circle was organized in St. Joseph's parish, New Orleans, by the pastor, Rev. F. V. Nugent, C. M., in November, 1893. The course of study adopted by the circle was that of the Catholic Educational Union, connected with the Plattsburg Summer School. This brought the members somewhat in touch with the Plattsburg institution, spoke about the formation of a winter school was addressed to the director of the Father Ryan Reading Circle. The joy that followed was mutual. The visitor was doubly welcome on account of his mission, and he, in turn, was delighted that his proposal found so readily both sympathy and encouragement. He sought an interview with Archbishop Janssens, and that

THE FATHER RYAN READING CIRCLE OF NEW ORLEANS. PROMOTERS OF THE CATHOLIC WINTER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

MARGUERITE J. BAYHI. OLIVIA H. LYNE.

LOUISE G. KELLER.

Miss M. CARROLL, President. MARY A. KELLER, Secretary.

KATHERINE KEENAN, Treasurer.

Miss J. O'LEARY. Miss MCPEAK. ELIZA HARTWELL.

prelate agreed to give the matter consideration. In the meantime Father Mullaney called on the officers of the Holy Spirit Society, an organization with aims similar to those of the Catholic Truth Society. Hon. Frank McGloin, well known throughout the country as author, lecturer, and editor, is president of this organization, and he and his associates, Messrs. Rapier, Young, Coleman, and Doize, were so taken with the new project that they agreed, if the archbishop would sanction it, to undertake the organization of the Winter School, and to furnish the funds necessary for the success of its first session. An auxiliary board of twenty-five prominent Catholics, lay and clerical, was formed, under the honorary presidency of Archbishop Janssens, and the Catholic Winter School of America was a reality.

All this took place during the first few days that followed the carnival celebration last winter. Work was at once begun, and the programme is now so far complete that nothing remains for its entire success, save the carrying out of the exercises as planned.

The sessions of the school will be held just after the carnival each year. The first session will open the first Sunday in Lent, February 23, 1896, and will continue for three weeks. A large number of the patrons of the Mardi-Gras, especially Catholics, will remain for the exercises of the Winter School, and not a few will go to New Orleans for that principally. Special arrangements will be made with the railroads, to extend their reduced rates until after the close of the Winter School.

As in the summer we repair to the refreshing North, to the beautiful and cooling waters of Champlain and Chautauqua, to drink in the philosophy of the schools, and to feed upon the strong meats of higher knowledge, so is it fitting that we should seek the warm South in winter, and indulge in the same intellectual luxuries in the land of poetry and romance, of chivalry and ancient renown. The sunny South is the cradle land of the white race in this Western Continent. Her inviting scenes, her genial and balmy air, her rich and fertile soil, her broad bays and mighty rivers, her lovely lakes and flowery dells, her sylvan islands, "fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,"—in a word, her material charms drew the nations of the old world to this region of perpetual summer, as they did the pure-souled immigrants of old from lovely Acadia.

And how full of historic interest is that quaint old city of New Orleans, where the Winter School is to have a local habitation and a name. How interesting to the Catholic is the history of its life under its French, Spanish, and American domination, and the story of the growth of its educational and charitable institutions! New Orleans is preëminently a Catholic city.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the benefits of the Winter School. It is a movement on the lines of the Catholic Summer Schools of the North—a movement for the higher education of the Catholic people—a people's university, as it is termed. Who can fail to see in the spread of these schools an instrument of the greatest good to the Catholic Church in America? It is a relief to the thousands in the world, engrossed with the cares of a utilitarian and materialistic age, to find a retreat of learning where the mind and heart may be lifted up to nobler studies and ambitions, where

without undergoing the tedious routine of university studies or scholastic discipline one can become grounded in the principles and positive knowledge of those higher branches included in the curriculum of a university education. The Holy Father has encouraged and blessed the good work, and the archbishop and bishops of the country have lent their powerful aid in furtherance of it. This movement will tend to unfold to the world the truth and beauty of Catholic faith—to the edification and enlightenment not only of those outside the church, but also of those within her household.

The Church's guiding light, lay and clerical, must keep pace with the intellectual progress of the age, and go out, David-like, to combat the Goliaths of error, and to confound the false philosophers of positivism, atheism, agnosticism, and kindred evils. There is need to show the world that the Church welcomes the awakening of scientific thought and true ethical culture; that she is not afraid of so-called scientists and social reformers; that she loves the light—ay, that she *is* the light of the world. "Men talk against the Church," says Cardinal Newman, "but they owe it to the Church that they can talk at all."

All the cities tributary to New Orleans, Mobile, Natchez, Galveston, and others, will make special efforts to further the interests of the Winter School.

His Eminence Gardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Satolli will participate in the proceedings.

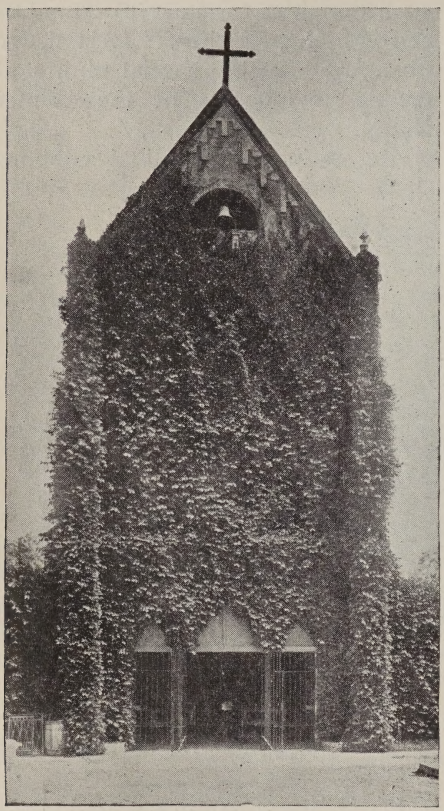
Rev. J. F. Mullaney, LL. D., of Syracuse, N. Y.

Hon. Frank McGloin,
President of Society of the Holy Spirit.

Prof. Alcée Fortier,
President Louisiana Historical Society.

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, LL. D., of Baltimore, well known as an author and a lecturer at the Catholic Summer School, will give a series of lectures on literature. Rev. M. S. Brennan, A. M., an author of scientific works, member of the Astronomical Society of London, and professor of science at the Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, will give a course of lectures on physical science. Very Rev. B. Longlois, rector of St. Martinsville, La., will give a course of lectures on

the flora and fauna of Louisiana. Father Longlois is recognized among scientists of the leading universities of Europe as one of the highest authorities on the botany of the southern



St. Roch's Chapel, New Orleans.
A Favorite Place of Pilgrimage.

states. Professor A. Fortier, member of the faculty of the Tullane University, and president of the Louisiana Historical Society, will lecture on the history of Louisiana. Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., the well-known professor at Notre Dame University, is scheduled for a course of lectures on science and religion. Rev. J. F. Mullaney, LL. D., of Syracuse, N. Y., will deliver a series of discourses on Dante. Mr. Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., of St. Louis, is engaged to lecture on literature. Most of the faculty will be made up of lecturers already well known in our two summer schools, but a good deal of new talent will also be introduced.

The officers of the school are the following: Honorary President—Most Rev. Francis Janssens, Archbishop of New Orleans. Board of Directors of Society of the Holy Spirit—Frank McGloin, president; A. J. Doize, secretary; George W. Young, treasurer; J. D. Coleman, Thomas G. Rapier. Auxiliary Board: Very Rev. F. V. Nugent, C. M.; Very Rev. J. H. Blenk, S. M.; Rev. E. J. Fallon, Rev. J. F. Lambert; I. H. Stauffer, Jr., chairman; Prof. J. Alcee Fortier, vice chairman; A. H. Flemming, secretary; W. G. Vincent, J. W. Bostick, A. G. Winterhalder, Charles J. Theard, J. P. Baldwin, Paul Capdevielle, Otto Thoman, Dr. J. J. Ayo, F. J. Puig, John T. Gibbons, J. J. McLoughlin, Charles A. Fricke, H. G. Morgan, A. R. Brousseau, Benj. Crump, L. Grunewald, J. Numa Roussel, B. W. Bowling.

The Catholic Winter School of America, with an archbishop at its head, holding its sessions in the most Catholic city of the country, in the winter season when multitudes seek a warm climate like that of New Orleans, ought to be a great success.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

BY E. MATHESON.

Do you think of the long ago, sweetheart,
As we stand by the old brook's side,
And, russet and brown, the leaves float down
To drift away with the tide?
Do you think of the days gone by,
When we sat by this dimpled stream
Dreaming for hours 'mid its gay wild flowers,
As only youth can dream?

The haws are ripe on the fading boughs
Where the thrushes used to sing,
When the sky was blue and the blossom new
In the fresh and joyful Spring;
And I dared to plead my love
Till your lips sweet answer gave,
While, rich and bright, the quivering light
Lay on the silver wave.

You say we are older now—and wise;
And the time of dreams is o'er,
For our children play on the sunny way
Where we kept our tryst before.
So you pluck the crimson haws,
Which are stirred by no brown wing,
And give a sigh to the days gone by,
And the vanished bloom of Spring.

But look up into my face, sweetheart!
You have been my wife for years:
We have had our share of toil and care,
And wept together some tears.
Yet our hearts have aye been bound
In a bond so truly blest,
That I cannot tell (I love so well)
If Autumn or Spring is best.

THE MODERN CONCLAVE.

BY BERNARD MORGAN.

ONE of the curiosities of modern journalism is to be found in the Cologne Gazette for January 9, 1874. In that issue the curious reader will find himself introduced to a German translation of a Papal Bull, declared to have been drawn up by Pius IX on May 28 of the previous year. The contents are sufficiently thrilling. According to the document, Pope Pius's successor is to be elected with a haste never before heard of, in fact, to use the exact expression of the Bull, the election is to take place over the body, *praesente cadavere*.

If any doubt was felt as to the genuineness of the document it ought to have ceased a few days later, when the same journal published the Latin text of the Bull. But Germany is the home of the Higher Criticism, and even the sonorous Latin periods of the Bull did not suffice to lay the ghost of scepticism which had not been slow to make its appearance. It was noticed that the opening statement was somewhat peculiar for an Apostolic Constitution, to wit, that the Pope's aim was to prevent the election of a successor whom the enemies of the church might use for their impious designs! A little lower down the cardinals are accorded the most ample faculties of dispensation from canonical laws and precedent, including apparently—for the language of the Bull is not always clear—that of the two-thirds majority necessary for the valid election of the pope.

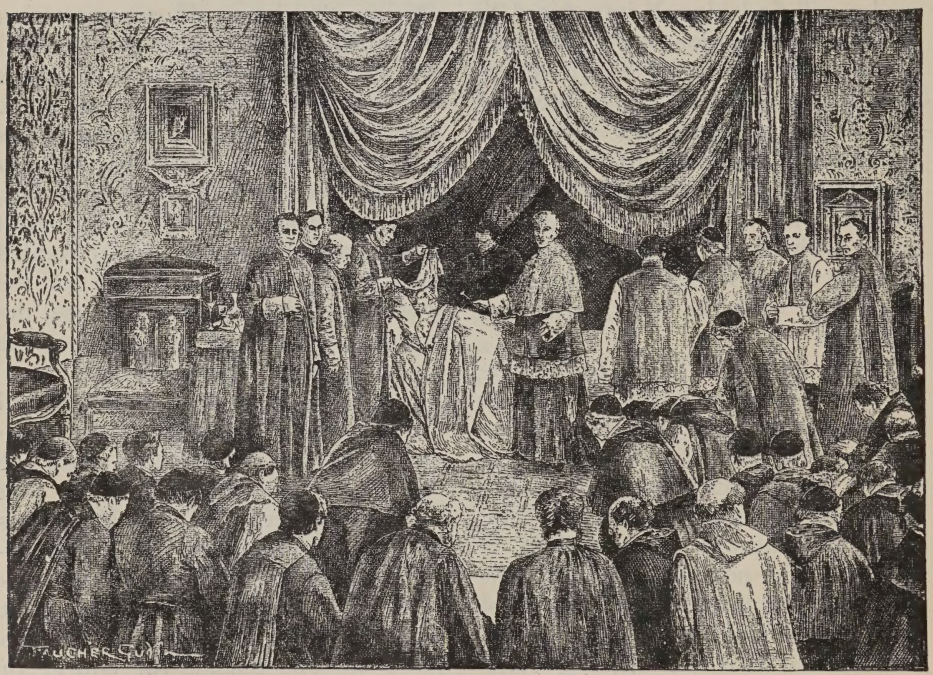
A short examination by connoisseurs of Church Latin showed the hand of the forger, and before long the real origin of the apocryphal Bull leaked out. A trusty knave had promised Baron Kendall, one of the German officials, that he would get possession of the Bull (which was known to exist) for $2,000. The bargain was struck and the emissary managed to get at the papers of Mgr. Mercurelli, the pope's private secretary. He could not lay his hand on the real Bull, but, that, after all, was a trifle. The baron wanted a Bull and the burglar wanted $2,000. It was a clear case for the working of the law of supply and demand. So he went home and wrote a very good Bull for the price.

The Bull thus vainly sought and more vainly paid for by Baron Kendall, had been in existence since the 23d of August, 1871. Between that date and the death of Pius IX, it was followed by two others and a *Regulation*, all dealing with the future conclave. So well was the secret kept that even after the election of Leo XIII, no one outside the college of Cardinals knew their tenor, and even of late years all that was learned about them was that they contained certain dispositions made by the late pontiff, which had been read before the cardinals on the day following his death.

The four documents have been recently published and their contents prove to be of an importance which nobody dreamed of. Many of the statutes are of a transitory nature, connected with the present strained relations between Italy and the Holy See;

but one, dealing with the *Veto* exercised by certain European powers is of vital and lasting import, and we make bold to say has only a parallel in the canonical legislation inspired by Hildebrand in the XIth century.

We shall not attempt to trace the origin of this *veto* or *right of exclusion*, nor shall we define whether it is a prescriptive right, or a mere custom, an irksome usurpation of interference, or the natural right of all governments



THE CHAMBERLAIN, CARDINAL PECCI, ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF PIUS IX (FEB. 7, 1878).

where there are Catholic subjects or citizens. Each and every one of these views has been advocated by modern authorities in Germany, Italy, Austria and France. But whether it has come down from the days of Charlemagne, or whether it began to be exercised in its present form about the middle of the XVIIth century, certain it is that the *veto* has been a potent factor in the papal elections of the present century. A recent Catholic author, Sägmüller, says, that it is yet an open question whether the new German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy have the right of veto. But there is no question whatever about it. The veto, though at one time claimed by Portugal has never been allowed to any but the monarchs for the time being of Spain, France and Austria. By virtue of it, each of these has enjoyed the privilege of blackballing a single candidate for the papacy, at any time before the requisite majority of two-thirds of the electors have pronounced in his favor.

A glance at the papal elections of the present century will serve to show what an important part the exercise of the veto has played in modern times.

The conclave of 1823 began on the 2d of September. From the begin-

ning the issue lay between Cardinals Consalvi and Severoli. It was, however, known that Consalvi was a *persona ingrata* to Austria, and the uselessness of attempting to elect him with the Austrian veto dangling over his head becoming apparent, a number of his supporters went over to Severoli. The latter having, on the first scrutiny of September 21st, obtained 26 votes, and wanting only 7 more for the necessary two-thirds, appeared certain of election. But before the second scrutiny Cardinal Albani announced that he had been authorized by the Austrian emperor to veto the election of Cardinal Severoli. The declaration was a surprise to all, since it was notorious that Consalvi was the principal object of Austria's antipathy. The influence of the veto was immediately felt, however, and Severoli's votes dropped to two and one in the ensuing scrutinies. Consalvi's candidature was distasteful to France as well as Austria, and although no formal exclusion of him was entrusted to the cardinal representing the French monarchy, the French cardinals were instructed to make known the feelings of their sovereign.

Severoli's exclusion, however, produced an effect not infrequently following the exercise of the veto. His supporters asked him to name a candidate in his place. He designated Cardinal della Genga, and for several days the votes were divided between the latter and Cardinal Castiglioni. Meanwhile it began to be bruited that the French ambassador had applied to Paris for a veto against della Genga. Several of Castiglioni's supporters at once joined the other candidate, and on September 28, Cardinal della Genga was elected Pope with the title of Leo XII.

Six years later the papal see was vacant again, and the powers were again at work on the election. This time France sent a veto against Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch; Albani was armed by Austria with the exclusion of Cardinal di Gregorio, and Spain sent its official objection to its former nuncio Cardinal Giustiniani. Of these Cardinal di Gregorio was the only likely candidate, but Cardinal Castiglioni was elected as Pius VIII.

At the following conclave, which lasted from December 15, 1830, to February 2, 1831, Cardinal Albani was again charged by Austria with the veto of di Gregorio and also of Cardinal Capellari; France opposed Cardinal Macchi and Spain renewed its exclusion of Giustiniani. On January 7th Giustiniani received 21 votes, and the next scrutiny would in all probability have given him the necessary majority, when the Spanish veto was interposed. The procedure of 1823 was repeated—the excluded member at the request of a large body of Cardinals nominated Capellari and Cardinal Albani, knowing that if he vetoed Capellari the election of di Gregorio would be inevitable was obliged to acquiesce and Cardinal Capellari became Gregory XVI.

Pius IX's conclave was so expeditious that the powers had not time to interfere. Austria, however, always ready with a *veto* against somebody, sent a messenger excluding Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, but the latter had been reigning as Pius IX for five days when the emissary reached Rome, and the thunderbolt was useless.

Whether or not the still greater rapidity of the last conclave accounts for the fact that no interference was attempted by the powers, at least it rendered such interference impossible.

Meanwhile the political condition of Europe had been entirely changed. The small states of the Italian peninsula had become one of the great Powers — one, too, from the very nature of things, hostile to the claims of the papacy; the Most Christian monarchy had been transformed into a French Republic, whose acts and professions were the very reverse of Christian; Spain was in the throes of revolutionary agitation, while Austria had lost her commanding position, by the formation of the German Empire. The Triple Alliance had not yet been formed, but secret negotiations and open sympathy between Austria and Italy were the order of the day. Under such conditions the Austrian became practically synonymous with an Italian veto, and an Italian veto meant the exclusion of any cardinal who was a supporter of Papal claims.

Hence the necessity for new legislation in the conclave. Pius IX's first Bull, *In hoc Sublimi*, is dated August 23, 1871. Scarcely a year had elapsed since the breach of Porta Pia; Europe had hardly recovered from the shock of the Franco-German war and the commotion of the French commune, and Rome had already been more than once the theatre of outrageous scenes of violence and insult against the papacy. Indeed, such a pass had things reached in the Eternal City, that in December, 1870, everything, even to the packing of trunks, had been arranged for the Pope's departure for Malta.

CARDINAL TAKING THE OATH BEFORE DEPOSITING HIS BALLOT.

The second Bull, *Licet per Apostolicas*, was drawn up on September 8, 1874 — a few months after the publication of the forgery in

the Cologne Gazette, and while the German Press was still teeming with speculations, suggestions and canards, all set on foot by Bismarck with the view of bringing public opinion to bear on the Pope to induce him to accept the "Law of Guarantees" and thus give Italy the necessary stability to make the Triple Alliance feasible. The immediate object of this Bull was obviously to prevent any of the cardinals in their individual capacity from entering into negotiations concerning the future conclave.

The third and last Bull, *Consulturi*, was drawn up on October 10, 1877, summing up, defining and confirming the two preceding.

The general condition of the church in Europe was deplorable. In Germany the Kulturkampf persecution had reached its acutest stage. Spain was plunging deeper and deeper into anarchy, and Marshal MacMahon's government was environed with grave difficulties and perplexing uncertainties. The Supreme Pontiff felt his end approaching, and the development of affairs in Italy boded ill for the next conclave. The Law of Guarantees had, it is true, categorically promised entire freedom for the papal election; but how much the promise was worth was shown when, on the death of the Cardinal Camerlengo in July, 1877, the official press of Italy claimed that if such an event were to happen during the vacancy of the Holy See, the government would claim the right of administering the affairs of the Vatican.

On September 21, 1877, the new Camerlengo, Cardinal Pecci, was appointed by Pius IX. With the force and penetration which have since been so characteristic of him, the new dignitary quickly mastered the duties and dangers of his office. On his advice the Pope appointed a commission of cardinals to determine the further legislation necessary, and the Bull *Consulturi* was the result of deliberations in which the Camerlengo played a leading part. The principal terms of this remarkable constitution may be summed up in a few words. The *exclusive right of the Sacred College* to elect the pope is reaffirmed, with the formal and emphatic exclusion of all and every intervention of the secular power—"*excluso atque remoto quovis laicae potestatis cujuslibet gradus et conditionis interventu.*" M. Lucius Lector in his recent work on the conclave thinks that this does not affect the *veto*, but *pace* the learned author, there will be few who will not rather agree with Schulte, whose book, *Die Papstwahl, etc.*, strenuously affirms that the veto is especially referred to. Certainly the terms by which *all* secular interference is not only excluded but *removed* could not well be more comprehensive.

If the Pope dies at Rome, the cardinals present in the Eternal City are to decide at once whether the election is to be held out of Rome or Italy, and are to proceed with the election, as soon as a bare majority of the Sacred College is gathered together. If the conclave is held in Rome, it is to be dissolved and transferred to some other country at the first indication of popular or governmental violence.

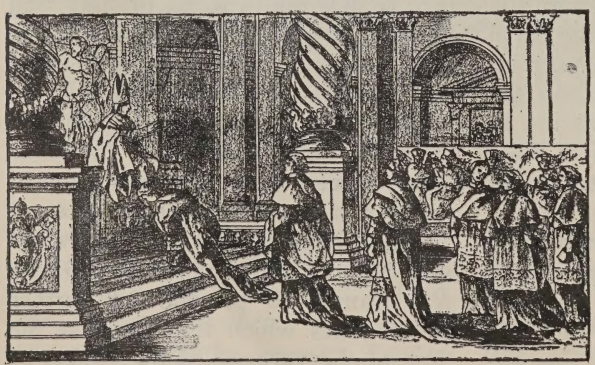
Three months after the Bull *Consultieri* was drawn up, a *Regulation* was framed to provide for further eventualities which may arise at the time of the vacancy of the Apostolic See. This *Regulation* shows an increased solicitude to provide against the violent interference of the Italian government. The conclave becomes *ipso facto* suspended, if the govern-

ment agents exercise authority by violence in the Vatican during the election. This last legislative provision was evidently evoked by the in-

MASS OF THE HOLY GHOST. OPENING OF THE CONCLAVE.

creased aggravation of the Pope's position in Rome. This year, the annual demonstration commemorating the battle of Mentana became a savage outburst of anticlerical fury. Then followed the overthrow of the cabinet

1ST OBEDIENCE TO NEW POPE IN VOTING CHAPEL.



3D OBEDIENCE AT THE ALTAR OF THE CONFESSION OF ST. PETER.

on December 28, which brought Crispi (whose views about assuring the "liberty of the conclave" were synonymous with the occupation of the Vatican with Italian troops), into power as Minister of the Interior.

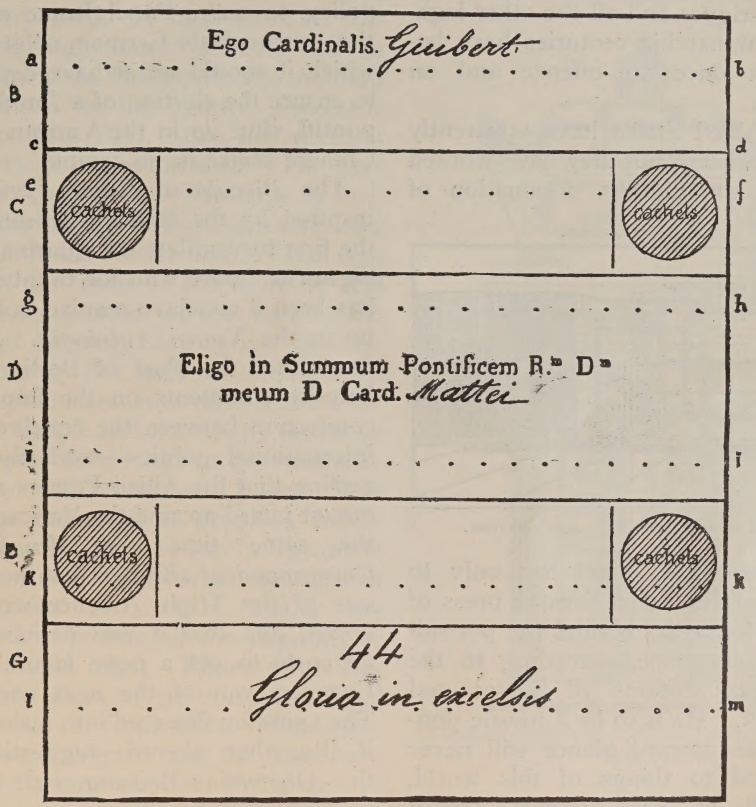
The Pope was sinking. On January 5th Victor Emmanuel signed a decree regulating his obsequies. On the 9th Victor Emmanuel himself was dead, on the 10th the private *Regulation* was drawn up, and twenty-eight days later the venerable pontiff passed away after the longest reign in the history of the papacy.

The conclave which elected Leo XIII passed without incident—but it was short and decisive. Who knows what might have happened had it not been so?

Pius IX's decrees are in force for the next election, unless—an entirely improbable contingency—the present Pope has revoked them. It has been stated that Leo XIII has made provisions for the future conclave, but

when we remember that as Camerlengo he was mainly instrumental in drawing up the Bull *Consulturi* and that the general situation has not materially altered since then, and additional legislation can hardly be other than explanatory and confirmatory of the former.

and opened the field for further conjecture. It is an open secret that cardinal Zigliara was at one time Leo's own choice. With Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, and Mgr. Satolli, Zigliara contributed a great deal to the scientific renaissance of Thomistic philosophy, and it was he who fur-



FORM OF BALLOT IN PAPAL ELECTIONS.

Leo was already an old man when he assumed the tiara, and from the beginning there has been considerable speculation and manipulation concerning his successor. As far back as 1884, Cardinal Czacki was the leader of a group of cardinals who looked upon Mgr. Battaglini, the cardinal-archbishop of Bologna, as the next pope. Death, however, removed him,

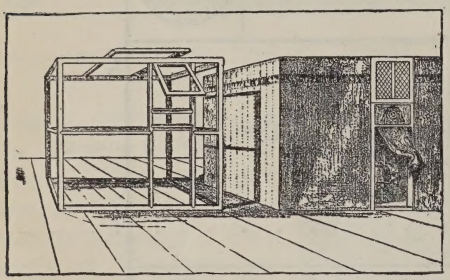
nished the Pontiff with the most important materials for the social encyclical *Novarum Rerum*. Death again intervened. Death, too, has removed Cardinal Lavigerie, who was the most prominent of all the non-Italian cardinals of the present reign.

Since the date of Leo's famous letter to the French people urging them to accept and support their Republi-

can government, the powers of Central Europe have been engaged in a mysterious, incessant, underhanded campaign to influence the choice of Leo's successor.

But the democratic wave that has swept over Europe has inaugurated a new era in the history of the conclave. Exclusive or inclusive right, diplomatic intrigues and all the other legacies of monarchic centuries have become at once an offence and an intrusion.

The Allied States have apparently recognized this, but they have worked hard at the indirect nomination of



CELLS OF THE CONCLAVE, 18TH CENTURY.

Leo's successor. One has only to scan the Italian and German press of the last few years to find the portrait of the next pope, according to the artistic conceptions of Crispi and Bismarck. He is to be a mystic pontiff whose upward glance will never be turned to things of this world. He will at once permit Italian Catholics to go to the electoral urns — a stranger to all novelty and to all international action, he will leave the peoples entirely to their destinies, unless indeed he is willing to conclude a sort of Holy Alliance with the powers of Central Europe.

This work of the Allies has its history. Nearest to the Vatican and most directly affected, the Quirinal was the first to begin operations. During the year 1890 the press of Italy, Germany and Austria was busy preaching Crispi's sermons on the necessity of exercising some influence in the conclave. The programme was to detach the Vatican from France and Russia, "to balance"—that was the expression — the pontifical policy, to make Papal Rome reënter the Austro-Italo-German orbit from which it should never have departed, to ensure the election of a "moderate" pontiff, shut up in the Vatican like a Chinese bonze in his temple.

The *Piccolo* of Naples, evidently inspired by the Italian minister, was the first to ventilate the Quirinal idea. Signor de Cesare, who for twenty years has been a conclavo-maniae, followed up in the *Nuova Antologia*. A few days after the *Post* of Berlin made lengthy comments on the important connection between the conclave and international politics—modestly suggesting that the Allied Powers should mount guard around the Vatican. At the same time the *Hamburger Correspondent* affirmed that the interests of the Triple Alliance were involved and that it was necessary at all costs to get a pope favorable to Germany out of the next conclave. The agitation flowered into a simple—if altogether absurd—suggestion of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, viz.: that a fusion should be effected between the Italian and Austrian cardinals.

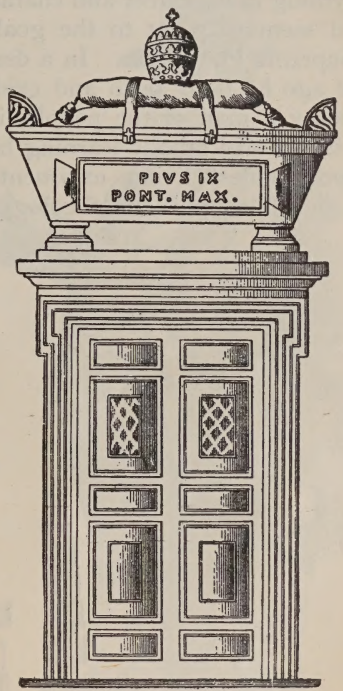
The agitation was not limited to the press. During the last four years, all the resources of diplomacy have been set in motion to influence the decision of the next conclave. To give an instance. During the summer of 1892, the Italian government proposed to the emperor, Francis Joseph, the candidature of Cardinal Monaco. The result of this maladroit assump-

tion was two slaps in the face for the Quirinal. The first came from the cardinal who openly protested against the use the *Consulta* made of his name, the second was administered by the old Emperor, who at once held communication with the leading Hungarian ecclesiastics, and nominated a pope on his account. Old traditions die very hard. A little more of this and we might fancy ourselves back in the days when Phillippe le Bel imposed conditions on the putative successor of Boniface VIII. But the question is far more important now. The days of the brutalities of Phillippe le Bel, and the cabals of the Spaniards and French in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries, and even of the more or less decorous exercise of the veto in the present century are gone forever. The papacy has once for all entrusted its freedom and interests to the Universal People and not to any factitious combination of kings or governments.

Who will be the next pope? It is always dangerous to prophesy unless you know, but it is surely legitimate to draw conclusions from the signs of the times. A curious fatality has seemed to pursue all the *papabili* of the present reign. Either death has removed them or circumstances have made them impossible. Battaglini, Zigliara, Lavigerie and the others are dead, Monaco and San Felice are no more spoken of. Cardinal Gibbons has been mentioned even in Italy, and in 1889 Signor de Cesare thought it worth while to discredit his candidature there, by animadversions on his strength of character and learning. But in truth he might have spared himself the trouble. Cardinal Gibbons is just as likely to be pope as Cardinal Vaughan.

Unless some contingency arises, making it necessary for the pope to leave Rome, there is no probability at present of a non-Italian being elected. The ideal pope of the situation would seem to be an Italian by nationality and a cosmopolitan by association.

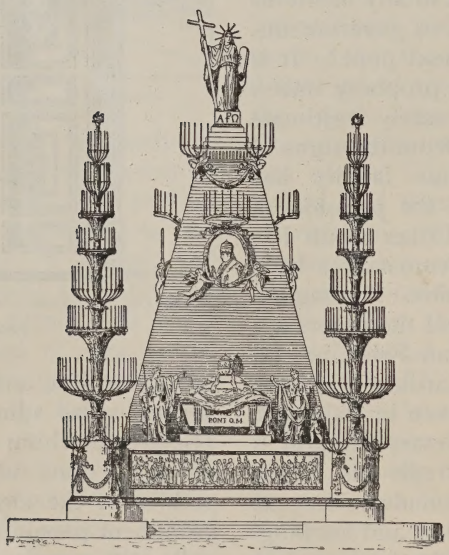
In looking for the next pope there is one very important fact to be guided by. With three or four exceptions, the members of the Sacred College are of



TEMPORARY SARCOPHAGUS OF THE POPES. ST. PETER'S BASILICA.

Leo's creation, and, presumably, in a general sense admirers of his policy. The prelate whom he designs by word or distinctions will have the sympathies of the electors. Among the prominent papabilities Cardinal Rampolla, the pope's Secretary of State, is a finished diplomatist, but if he possesses other qualifications they are not generally known; the elder Vannutelli, at one time Pope Leo's apparent choice, has ceased to be the

prominent figure he was; Cardinal Parocchi, the Vicar-General of Rome, is learned, liberal and energetic, and would seem to realize the motto of the apocryphal prophecy, "ignis ardens," ("glowing fire")—which is to be the characteristic of the coming pontiff. A prominent figure on the papal horizon, too, is Archbishop Satolli. Everything in his career and character would seem to point to the goal of the Supreme Pontificate. In a democratic age he is by birth and evident sympathy a man of the people, in a renaissance of Catholic learning he is the profoundest living exponent of Catholic philosophy and theology, in an epoch of transition he has been sent to fill his mind with the new ideas which are growing nowhere with such exuberance as in America. He has occupied two of the most important positions in the Eternal City, as lecturer at the Propaganda and as rector of the Accademia where the church diplomats are trained. The two great questions of the future are the social problem and the reunion of Christendom, and Archbishop Satolli has had unrivalled opportunities for the study of both. The cardinalate is within sight and from the cardinalate to the tiara is a short step with Mgr. Satolli's qualifications.



CATAFALQUE OF LEO XII (1829).

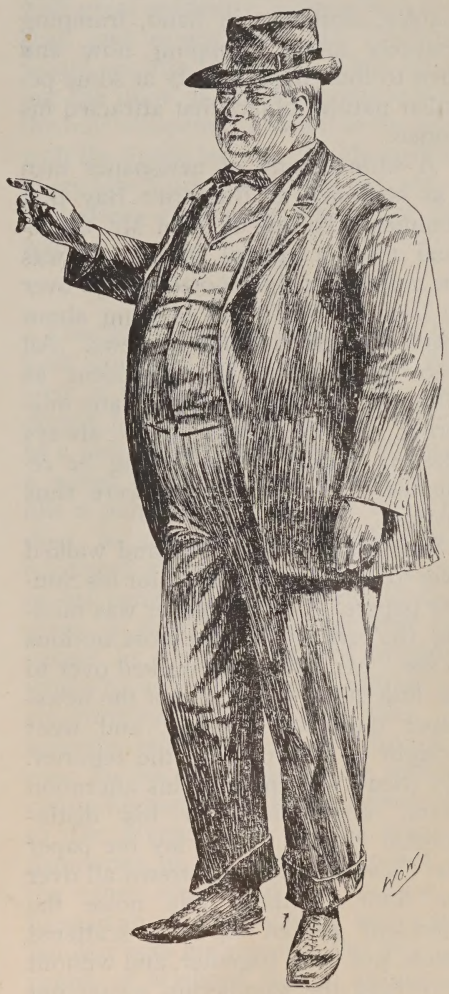
A CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

BY MICHAEL E. HENNESSY.

THE American republic is a nation nearing 70,000,000 people, but only an infinitesimal portion of the vast body succeed in being talked about. A democratic people never tires of hearing of the men whose success in public life depends on its suffrages, but very often the unpublished things in the careers of prominent characters throw greater light upon their human natures, than the doings and sayings recorded of them in the daily press. A number of interesting anecdotes of several of the leading men in American political and professional life are here published for the first time. Some of them cannot fail to bring their chief actors nearer to the popular heart.

In the summer of 1892 when 44 states and 4 territories were discussing the ins and the outs of the several presidential candidates, every eye in the nation was upon Grover Cleveland. Wherever he went, the public eye followed him, and when he journeyed to his villa at Buzzard's Bay on the strong right arm of Massachusetts, popular interest and curiosity still waited upon his every movement. Buzzard's Bay leaped into a prominence such as it never enjoyed before. It was the Mecca of democratic politicians, who journeyed thither from all parts, near and remote, from the sunny South as well as the far West.

Amid their comings and goings Mr. Cleveland lived a rustic life. He delighted to fish, to tread the forest pine needles, and occasionally to drive over the sandy country road. If there was



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT BUZZARD'S BAY.

a Jefferson, a Gilder, a Benedict to join him, so much the better, but many a Monument River fisherman has seen Mr. Cleveland sit alone, save

for the company of his boatman, for hours in a drizzling rain, waiting for a bite, with the patience of Job.

Until just before Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the presidency for a third time, he acted as his own errand boy. It was not an unusual sight to see the portly ex-president coming down the railroad track from Gray Gables, mail bag in hand, tramping leisurely along, stopping now and then to look more closely at some peculiar natural object that attracted his notice.

A little colony of newspaper men was stationed at Buzzard's Bay that summer. To one of them Mr. Cleveland took a special liking. It was the custom for the reporters to go over to Gray Gables every evening about seven o'clock in quest of news. All were greeted by the President as "Brown," or "Jones," without any mistering. These visits were always pleasant events and will long be remembered by those who were thus favored.

One Sunday Mr. Cleveland walked over to the railroad station for his Sunday papers. A certain paper was missing, the very one he was most anxious to see. Mr. Cleveland walked over to the little hotel where one of the newspaper men was a guest, and went straight to the room of the reporter. My friend was enjoying his afternoon siesta, unconscious of his distinguished visitor. There lay the paper Mr. Cleveland wanted, strewn all over the floor. Without any noise the President picked up the scattered sheets, put them together, and without disturbing the slumbering owner put the paper under his arm and walked off towards Gray Gables.

That evening, as usual, the reporter whose property the President had confiscated, paid his visit to Mr. Cleveland. "I was over to the hotel to see you to-day," said the President, during the conversation. The newspaper man expressed surprise, and explained that he was probably asleep when the President called. "I know you were," said Mr. Cleveland with a smile, and then he told, to the amusement of his hearer, about picking up the paper in his room.

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Bourke Cockran, Tammany's great orator, has charmed many an audience with his scholarly and powerful oratory, and a story of him as told by his friend Col. John R. Fellows, will not be amiss in this collection. It does not sound so well to read it on paper as to hear it from the lips of New York's gifted prosecuting officer.

It was in the days when Bourke Cockran and John R. Fellows were not so well off in the goods of this world as they are now. Big fees were scarce then, and it is on a fee that the story is founded. In those days a score or more of young politicians, including Fellows and Cockran, formed a social club bearing a far from euphonious name. They were great jokers and a game was always being played on one or another of the members.

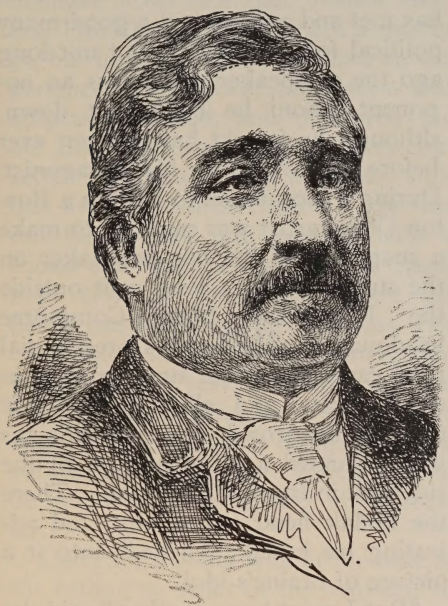
Cockran, as the story goes, had a smart office boy. Whenever the budding orator was out, the lad told all callers that his employer was "In the Supreme Court." At that time the walls of that august tribunal had not often reëchoed to the young lawyer's eloquence, and the office boy's answer to all callers used to bring a broad smile to the faces of those who knew the exact condition of things.

One day there walked into Mr. Cockran's office a well dressed man, affecting a very business-like air. The

boy sized him up as he inquired for Mr. Cockran, gave the usual "Supreme Court!" in reply to the query, and resumed his paper covered novel.

"I'm very sorry," said the caller, "as I have a big case in which I wanted to retain him as counsel and came prepared to pay him a $5000 retainer."

This aroused the boy's interest. He inquired the name of the caller and the business he desired Mr. Cockran



HON. WM. BOURKE COCKRAN.

to attend to, and added if it was so important as all that he would go over to the court and notify Mr. Cockran. But the would-be client evaded the boy's interrogations and departed, saying that he would probably call again. Soon after Mr. Cockran came in. He had been killing time talking politics with a few friends around the corner. He had hardly got inside the door before the lad told him of the caller and the $5000 fee. Mr. Cockran's keen regrets may well be imagined, particularly when they moved him to confide to a few friends his unfortunate experience. Among his confidants was John R. Fellows, who with the orator's other friends, sympathized with him in a most heartfelt way.

One day when Mr. Cockran was busy with a client, in walked John R. Fellows. The office boy received him with great cordiality, inviting him to a seat, and saying that Mr. Cockran would see him very soon. Then opening the door of Mr. Cockran's room, the boy whispered to him that the man with the $5000 fee was outside waiting to see him. Cockran hurried out, and—well, there was a laugh that shook the walls.

One of the unique characters in the 54th Congress was Dr. William Everett of Quincy, Massachusetts. The doctor has established a high record as a pedagogue, but prior to this was a noted divine. Once in awhile he fills a pulpit even now, and when he does, is sure of a distinguished and interested congregation. During one of his canvasses for his seat in congress, a most amusing incident occurred in the little city of Medford where he was one night to address his constituents. Medford, it may be superfluous to add, is famous the world over for its rum. While the faithful committeemen were being introduced to Dr. Everett, one of the leading democrats of the town whispered to the other speaker of the evening, a townsman of the doctor's, and more familiar with his eccentricities than the people of Medford, that in an adjoining room the committee had some very fine old Medford rum.

"The doctor being a clergyman," said the committeeman, "we thought we wouldn't ask him." The invita-

tion was accepted with thanks, by the doctor's associate, who also informed the committeeman that he knew the doctor very well, and would see how he felt about the rum question.

At the first lull in the handshaking

HON. WILLIAM EVERETT.
"Where? Let's find it."

the candidate's townsman turned to him and said: "Doctor, the committee have invited us into the next room, where they say they have some fine old Medford rum." The sentence was hardly finished, when the Doctor, striking a belligerent attitude exclaimed: "Rum! Where? Let's find it!"

Ever since, Dr. Everett has been a great favorite in Medford.

A good many stories have been told of Thomas B. Reed since his advent into public life. The big Maine man has met and vanquished a good many political foes in his day, but not long ago the ex-speaker ran across an opponent whom he could not down, although he fought harder than ever before to overcome his antagonist. During a recent visit to Boston a Boston Globe artist was sent out to make a snap shot of the big ex-speaker on the street. After a long wait outside the Republican State Committee headquarters, McKinley's presidential rival came down the street with ponderous step, and elbowed his way through the crowd of local politicians who occupied a large portion of the sidewalk in front of City Hall. There the kodak fiend espied him, and adjusting his kodak, "clicked" into it a picture of Maine's idol.

"But I must have another," said the artist to himself as he ran ahead of Mr. Reed swaying down the narrow street. This time Mr. Reed got his eye on the man with the kodak, and was bound he would not let him get a picture of him. As soon as he saw the artist pointing at him he threw up his arms. On one he carried a light overcoat, and in the other hand he held an umbrella. He twisted his big legs, scowled, and shouted: "Here, what are you up to?"

"Oh, nothing, much!" replied the kodak man, as he snapped his instrument and skipped off.

Mr. Reed has never seen that picture, but if he ever does he will have to laugh in spite of himself. He is twisted all out of shape with his arms, coat and umbrella lifted over his head. The artist prizes it highly and occasionally exhibits it to lovers of the acrobatic art.

There are very few phases of parliamentary procedure that Consul General Patrick A. Collins is not a master of, but in his early days he had an experience in a political convention that surprised himself, and dismayed the old Bourbon democrats of Massachusetts. When a young man Mr. Collins lived in South Boston. He was out for a walk one evening with a friend and was passing by old Spellman Hall on Broadway, where the democrats were having a caucus. His companion suggested that they go in. Inside, he met several friends, and the result of his putting in an appearance was his election as a delegate to the democratic convention which was to be held a week or so later at Worcester.

Delegate Collins was in his seat at the calling to order of the convention, watching the proceedings with interest. The chairman of the State committee said he awaited the pleasure of the convention. It seems that the man who was to make the motion that a certain prominent democrat be selected as permanent chairman was absent from the hall at the critical moment. This necessitated a lull in the proceedings, and young Collins, thinking to help matters out, moved that Col. Charles Green, then editor of the Boston Post, be selected as permanent presiding officer. The motion was carried with vociferous shouting and applause, for Col. Green was a popular man, and he made a remarkably good extemporaneous speech and presided with dignity.

Of course this knocked into a cocked hat the cut and dried program, which is characteristic of almost every political convention. Worst of all, the man who had been selected to preside was present, and had prepared an elaborate set address which he did not have a chance to deliver.

The venerable and venerated actor, Joe Jefferson, played a prominent role in the campaign of '92 for his friend President Cleveland. The Jeffersons and the Clevelands sojourn near each

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

other in the summer and the families go back and forth a great deal. The President and the actor are fast friends. It was on that memorable June night, when the politicians were assembled at Chicago, some praising and others attacking Mr. Cleveland, that Mr.

Jefferson took a seat beside the ex-president in the latter's study at Gray Gables and read with interest every scrap of information sent over the private wire from the convention hall by Mr. Cleveland's friends. The night dragged into the morning, and when it was apparent that Mr. Cleveland would be the choice of his party, he commenced to dictate an interview which he had promised to give the newspaper men if he were nominated. Gov. Russell and wife of Massachusetts were also of the party. Mrs. Cleveland, Gov. Russell, Mrs. Russell and Mr. Jefferson took pen and paper, and wrote as Mr. Cleveland dictated. The newspaper men, tired and weary, were two miles away at the telegraph office anxiously awaiting the promised important interview. It was after four o'clock. The gray mist of the morning was lifting. A carriage came dashing down the dusty road. As it neared the telegraph office a slight figure stood up waving several sheets of paper in the air. It was Jefferson, the courier from Gray Gables, bearing the words of democracy's chieftain. Jefferson handed each newspaper man present a copy of the interview, then drove home and retired, a much fatigued but very happy man over the triumph of his friend.

OCTOBER.

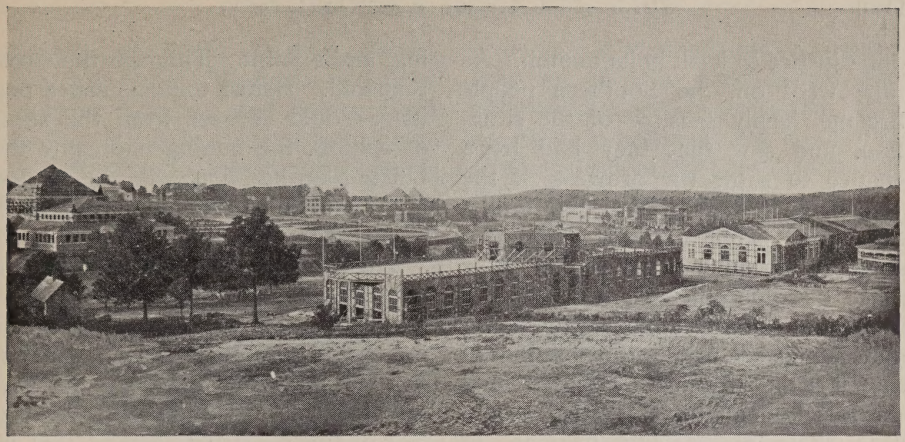
BY D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

I.

Drear October, month of sighing!
Sere October, month of dying,
Sighing for the fled September,
Crying 'gainst the dread November;
Hearsing all September's glory
In December's bosom hoary.
Vain would Autumn ripeness beard thee,
Winter's warning breath hath seared thee.
Fruit and flowers and golden frondage
Stricken, sunk in Death's dull bondage,
Yet with hope of resurrection
Unto Springtide's new perfection.

II.

Sere October, month of dying,
Drear October, month of sighing,
Sighing for life's fled September,
Crying 'gainst life's dread November.
Must we hearse life's Summer-glory
In chill Winter's bosom hoary?
Vain must fruitful Autumn beard thee,
Winter's blighting breath hath seared thee.
Love and joy and hope celestial
Sunk in void and tomb terrestrial.
Nay! Thence cometh resurrection
Into Christ's divine perfection.



General View. Atlanta Exposition Grounds.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

BY DE SALES DOONAN.

THIRTY years ago, when Sherman left the ruins of Atlanta, and marched southward, little did he dream that the very place on which he had vented the full fury of his wrath would become in the year 1895 the centre of interest, and the goal of visitation, not only for our own United States but for foreign nations as well.

When the dark and dreadful days of Civil War had passed away, and the homeless population straggled back to their former haunts, they did not come with a feeling of despondency or disheartenment at the woeful aspect of their dear city. They returned with the intention to rebuild and remodel it, until Atlanta should not only equal but even surpass its former glory; and every day since then they have worked, and their sons have worked, toiling and struggling to bring the city into prominence and distinction.

And now their work seems to have culminated, and their efforts appear crowned with the brilliant undertaking of an Exposition that will be of far more than local interest. In treating of this great enterprise, let the reader bear in mind that Atlanta has little over 100,000 people, and that, though there are very many cities with a greater population and better advantages for an Exposition of this kind, none of them has ever attempted it. It will then be readily understood how much Atlanta is deserving of every commendation that has been bestowed upon her.

Shortly after the close of the great World's Fair, when the breeze of excitement and interest had blown over, the people of Atlanta in particular, and of the South in general, realized that their representation at Chicago had been meagre in the extreme; that not one of the Southern states had

done justice to itself in its exhibit. As time went on, the Southern people became deeply sensible of the situation, and saw that they had let a chance to show the prowess of the "New South," slip by. Naturally, every one began to look about for some other opportunity, some other place, or some other event of national interest in order to atone for the negligence, and set aright the opinion of the world. Nothing appeared and the less hopeful had settled down to bear their regret and bemoan in silence their lost opportunity.

The city of Atlanta here recognized a chance not only to repair the blunder of the South, but, what she had been patiently waiting for—an opportunity to bring herself and her people before the eyes of the world. Accordingly the idea was conceived of the Cotton States' International Exposition. The originator of the enterprise, Col. W. A. Hemphill, spoke of it confidentially to his best friends, and those friends to others and so on, until in some mysterious way the Atlanta Constitution got hold of it, and confidentially published the whole affair with slight additions and retouches. The other papers then took the matter up and soon every one was confidentially talking it over with his neighbor.

The interest grew. The principal men gave their views, and the secondary men thought that the plan was a good one. A subscription was started, and the way it swelled so inspired every one, that many wanted the buildings started at once.

The directors, however, foresaw, very wisely, that unless the undertaking could be brought before the eyes of the public in some original manner, it was very likely to fail; and hence, they asked Congress to appropriate the sum of $200,000, besides a building, and exhibit. This was the stroke that told. Before the astonished populace could recover from the shock of asking, the intelligence came that Uncle Sam had conceded the request, and that the government had given countenance to the enterprise.

The immediate work was then commenced, the grounds were levelled and laid out, and bids received for the numerous buildings. Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, a prominent New York architect, succeeded in getting full control of the construction, and that his work has been successful both in the ornamental and substantial buildings every visitor will testify.

The site chosen for the Exposition lies on the northeast outskirts of the city, and has been the scene of the Piedmont Exposition for many years. The location is naturally beautiful, with gently sloping hills, and valleys between them, stretching far and wide, as level as well conducted valleys should be. The grounds are terraced beautifully, and the walks, drives, and lagoons will handsomely fill in the space between the buildings.

The approach to the "Grey City" is along the famous Peachtree street—that is the main approach; others take the visitor along less famous streets, and some even along infamous streets in point of smoothness and construction. The way lies through the very prettiest part of Atlanta. Speaking of the "Grey City," it may be in season to state that the directors, in the determination to be as distant from Chicago in manner of expositions as they are in miles, decreed that "staff" should not be used in the buildings, but that all should be covered with stained shingle wood. In view of perfect harmony they suggested grey, and hence in speaking of the Atlanta Exposition the term "White City" is

extremely distasteful to every native.

But to return! We are now before the main entrance, and if you have travelled at all in the old world this huge structure seems strangely familiar to your eyes. After looking closely for a few minutes you recognize the tower of London, so faithfully portrayed, that you naturally pause to hear the silent swish of the Thames, then Warwick castle of England slowly outlines itself, and the famous Blarney castle of Ireland, St. Michael's of France, and last of all the Rheinstein of quaint old Germany, all so skilfully and elegantly woven together that the effect is captivating. This gateway does a double service. It is not only an entrance, but its 250 feet of width also enables it to contain the Administration building.

Passing under the broad, roomy arch of this structure one finds himself in an enclosure of nearly 200 acres, looking upon the grand auditorium, which faces the park—a fitting centre piece of beautiful surroundings. The auditorium will seat about 3,000 people easily and comfortably. Its exterior is tastefully decorated with

MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON,
President Woman's Board.

JACK J. SPALDING,
General Counsel C. S. and I. Exposition.

PRESIDENT C. A. COLLIER.

JAMES R. WYLIE,
Chairman Committee on Grounds and Buildings.

S. M. INMAN,
Chairman Finance Committee.

shields, coats of arms, and figures in relief, and its general aspect impresses one as exceptionally neat and compact.

Going eastward we pass along a crushed granite walk-way under the spreading branches of a row of oaks, and reach a massive building devoted entirely to the maintenance of a fine exhibit. Already 20,000 square feet have been secured, and some very creditable exhibits have been obtained.

Keeping on in our walk, we approach the fine arts building, which, contrary to the directors' decree, by virtue of a special concession, is finished entirely in staff, and is the only thing that will remind the weary sight-seer of those hot midsummer days of the Chicago fair, and of the painful immaculacy of the surroundings. This building is 100 feet wide, 245 feet long and 60 feet high. The exterior is designed after the Italian renaissance, and is covered with beautiful stucco work and statuary. The interior is well-lighted, and roomy, and under the galleries on either side, stalls have been arranged for the exhibition of paintings.

From this sole reminder of Chicago, a walk of about 30 yards brings us to the Government building which enjoys the most conspicuous position of the whole site, and looks down upon the parks and buildings, while the eagle on the dome keeps watch over the multitudes at its feet. In this huge structure Uncle Sam will set forth before many wondering and eager eyes, his implements of warfare for both land and water fighting, and his cunning devices for protecting his harbors and warships. A huge aquarium will contain myriad specimens from the briny deep, so that should the shade of Izaak Walton be among the sight-seers, his text on angling may be considerably revised.

Leaving our country's share of the exhibits we descend the broad, white steps, and turn to our left, and after walking some few yards, enter the Manufacturers' building. This has the distinction of containing more floor space than any of the other buildings. Like the rest, it is rectangular in shape, having at every corner a huge square tower about 90 feet high, and between these a covered gallery affords additional space for exhibitors. The exterior, finished uniformly with the others, is further ornamented with the coats of arms of all the states, and of the Union, and a huge shield representing "Atlanta Resurgens"—from the ruins of 1864.

We next visit the handsomest edifice of the whole Exposition—The Woman's building. This is not finished in shingle wood, but the stucco work is of a very soft and pleasing shade of grey, and the whole structure is eminently neat and beautiful. It was designed by a woman, Miss Elsie Mercur of Pittsburg, and I am sure that if women laborers could have been found, the male workmen would have had little or nothing to do with its construction. When its doors are opened, every one will find that the exhibits herein collected will be even more representative of women's work than those at Chicago.

Our path from this building to that of Electricity takes us along the shores of the beautiful lagoon "Clara Meer," that affords a water frontage to nearly all of the buildings besides adding very much to the natural picturesqueness of the scenery.

We can very quickly steam across to the Electricity building, whose doors open almost directly over the water, and whose reflection by day, and illuminations by night, dance merrily on the waves. The exhibits

Fine Arts Building.

Negro Building.

Electricity Building.

Scenic Building.

Minerals and Forestry Building.

Agricultural Building.

of this building will give to the public all the foreign and domestic advances of late years, and indeed, one or two very interesting ones have appeared since the "White City" closed its gates.

The Transportation building is the next on the water front and its broad roof will cover every thing on wheels or runners that has appeared, from the Laplander's sled to a fac simile of an ocean greyhound, which, by the way, is neither on wheels nor runners, but nevertheless one of the most important means of transportation in use at the present day.

In our walk to the Negro building, we pass many minor exhibits that were seen in Chicago, and also the huge railway depot where both steam and electric railways will empty their crowds of sight-seers. The Negro building is without doubt the first of its kind that was ever raised in the world, and we can easily say that it is the most unique and original on the grounds. Planned by a negro, raised entirely by negroes, superintended by a board of negro overseers, and filled with negro exhibits, it will be of central interest to the intelligent of both North and South. Perhaps out of it may come some solution to that "race problem." We pass from this interesting structure along the foot of the Midway Heights. The numerous places of amusement, and the venders and criers of every kind and description can be seen above us. This noisy village is directly behind Machinery Hall and will surely equal its Chicago sister in the attraction it will afford.

The Machinery Hall is also on the water, and is the longest building on the grounds. In it a railroad will be constructed strong enough to stand a weight of four tons' burden. The engines and appliances will tend to teach the visitors the mysteries of the great trade that is so largely pursued throughout the land.

Almost adjoining this is the Minerals and Forestry building, which will receive the visitor fresh from the wonders of the manufacturing world, and introduce him to the products of the soil and forests, and show him how ores are mined and logs hewed and prepared. The exterior of this building is entirely constructed of unplaned logs, which are covered with hanging moss, and ivy, in harmony with the nature of the exhibits.

The distance from this to the Agricultural building is very short. The visitor passes along the extreme northern end of the lagoon and, ascending two broad stairways, enters the last of the principal buildings. Here are found agricultural exhibits from every section of the country. All nature's products and oddities receive attention; and the exhibits will attract not alone the husbandman, but every common sight-seer of the other walks of life.

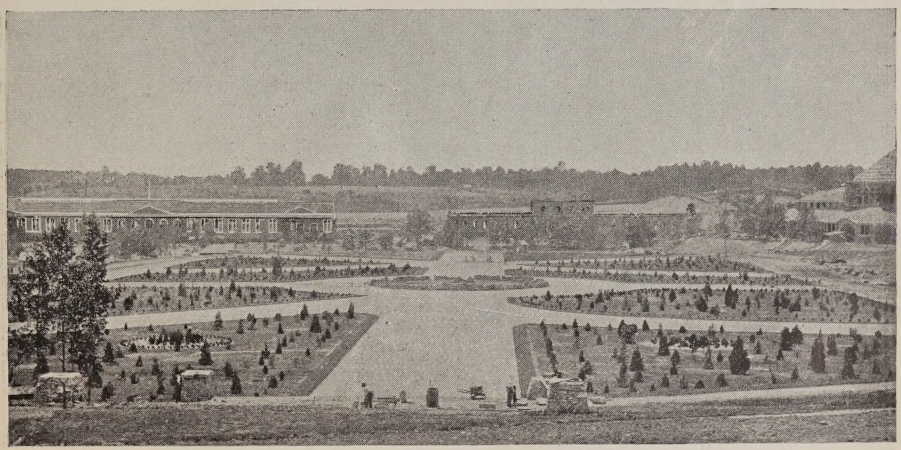
Passing through to the eastern end of this building we find ourselves back again at our starting point, somewhat tired no doubt, but pleased and instructed. We find a place on one of the many benches scattered about, and sit down to rest, and talk over the things we saw. Though we have seen very much, we have missed nearly as much more, for there are the foreign exhibits and the States, the minor buildings, but most of all the "Midway." This great institution will possess many features that are familiar to some. There will be the Cairo street, the Turkish theatre, the Japanese village, the trained animals, and the Wild West, and, taking the place of the Ferris wheel, a "Scenic Railway." This is nearly a mile in length,

is tunneled and trestled and so full of hills and hollows, that it almost gives one "mal de mer." Already have its owners reaped quite a harvest, for the road has been in operation some time and its popularity does not wane.

It would not be just to close this article without saying something about the ladies and gentlemen who have the affair in hand and who have spared nothing to make it a great success. The president is Charles A. Coller, a well known banker; first vice-president, W. A. Hemphill, business manager of the Atlanta Constitution; second vice-president, H. H. Cabaniss, publisher of the Atlanta Journal; third vice-president, W. D. Grant; fourth vice-president, E. L. Tyler. Edmund A. Felder is assistant to the president. The treasurer is A. L. Kontz; the secretary, J. R. Lewis, a Union veteran; W. G. Cooper, a trained journalist, is chief of the Department of Publicity and Promotion. Alexander W. Smith is auditor; J. J. Spalding is general counsel; Grant Wilkins, chief of construction; Bradford L. Gilbert, supervising architect and Charles F. Foster, mechanical and electrical engineer.

The executive committee of the Woman's Board is made up as follows: Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president; Mrs. W. H. Felton, chairman; Mrs. A. E. Thornton, Mrs. W. A. Hemphill, Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, Mrs. N. P. Black, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. Clarence Knowles, Mrs. W. G. Raoul, Mrs. W. C. Lanier, Mrs. J. K. Ohl, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, Mrs. A. B. Steele, secretary.

The lady managers are all the wives of prominent business men, and their male brethren have not outdone them in successful administration.

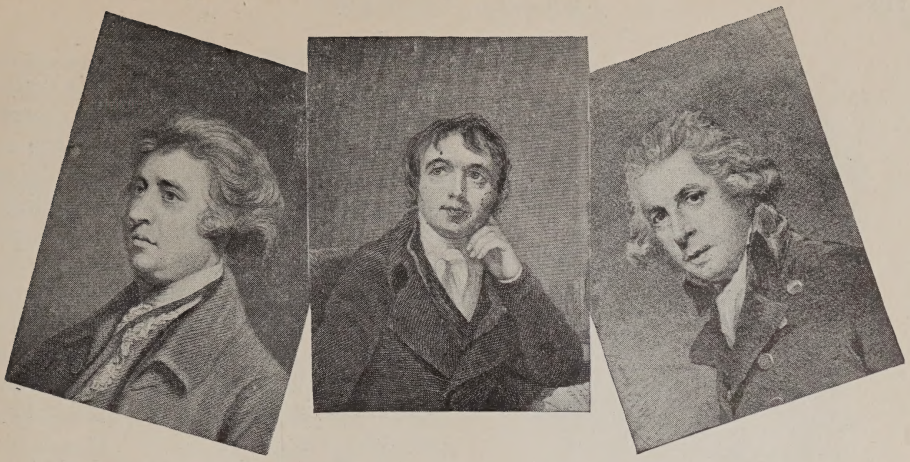


THE PARK.

Through the enterprise and persevering work of this energetic body of men and women has the Atlanta Exposition come into being. They feel assured, that when the New Year dawns, and the gates of the fair are closed, they can look back upon a conspicuous achievement, and one that will ever be a reminder to the people at home and abroad of the wonderful enterprise of plucky Atlanta.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. VITUS.

(From an original painting by Charles C. Svendsen.)



EDMUND BURKE. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

GREAT TALKERS.

BESSIE BOYLE O'REILLY.

SOME essayist has remarked—I think it is Hazlitt—that to expect a clever writer to be at the same time a brilliant conversationalist is ridiculous, that rarely if ever is such a genius found. Yet a dozen names suggest themselves to refute this statement. Foremost of all comes Coleridge, who was a marvellous talker. For hours could he hold forth; in fact his colloquial facility was a standing joke among his friends. He once asked that quaint humorist Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, and the little stutterer is said to have replied: "I—I—have n—n—never heard you do anything else." There is another story of Wordsworth and Rogers, the banker-poet, listening for several hours to Coleridge's uninterrupted flow of words, Wordsworth seeming to follow with great attention, and every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. On leaving, Rogers confessed he had not been able to make head or tail of the oration, and asked his companion if he had understood it better. "Not one syllable of it," was Wordsworth's reply.

To call Coleridge a good converser is somewhat of a misnomer, for that is just what he could not do—*converse*. He must hold complete sway or be silent. Unlike the well-loved story teller who died last December in Samoa, Coleridge was a wretched listener. He did not realize as Stevenson did, that to listen with interest to others is half the secret,—as important as to speak well oneself. So he frittered the energy of a long life and a rare genius in "words—words—words." As Sir Walter Scott once aptly put it, he was a lump of coal, rich with gas, which lay expending itself uselessly in puffs and gleams.

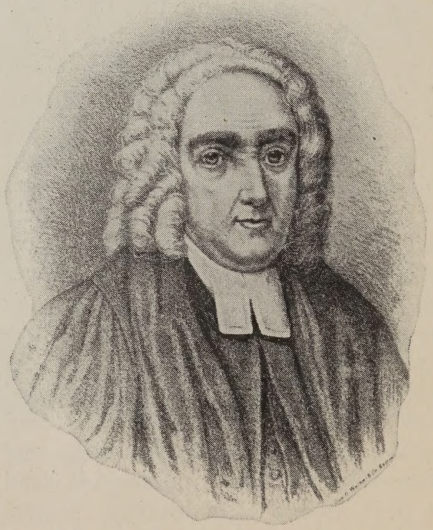
It is tantalizing to imagine what Coleridge's lack of moral strength and purpose—that constitutional indolence of his—has deprived the world.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Six years from sixty he gave to creation—the others he procrastinated and dreamed away. And not even his dreams remain to us. Why, at least, did not some one of his many disciples put into permanent form the wonderful harangues of this "rapt one of the God-like forehead," and not leave us guessing, from the scraps in the "Table Talk," what such a memorial would be?

Another remarkable talker, who, like Coleridge, excelled in monologue, was Macaulay. Living at that time in England, in the first half of this century, when witty conversation was studied and cultivated as it has never been since, the great historian and essayist, whose diction was as rich in learned fact and sparkling fancy as his written word, was easily at the head. The diaries of the day contain frequent mention of his skill—notices such as this from Lord Carlyle's journal—"Breakfasted with Hamilton, Mahon, and others. Torrents of good talk burst and sputtered over from Macaulay and Hallam." And again—"The evening went off very pleasantly as must always happen with Macaulay." When speaking, Macaulay usually sat bolt upright, his hands resting on the arms of his chair, or folded over the handle of his walking stick. He knitted his brow as if thinking out the subject as he went along, and when a play of humor was coming, the massive features brightened from the forehead downward. His glance was as direct and manly as the sentiments he set forth in his sonorous voice, and in such racy intelligible language.

Yet it must be confessed that at times he talked too much, and one can appreciate the satire of that witty clergyman, Sydney Smith, when he spoke with relief of "Macaulay's brilliant flashes of silence." For monologues, howsoever clever, are never popular at a breakfast party or a dinner, where each guest is quietly striving to shine a little for himself. As Dr. Johnson, a third well-known usurper of conversation, once replied to an impertinent friend who asked

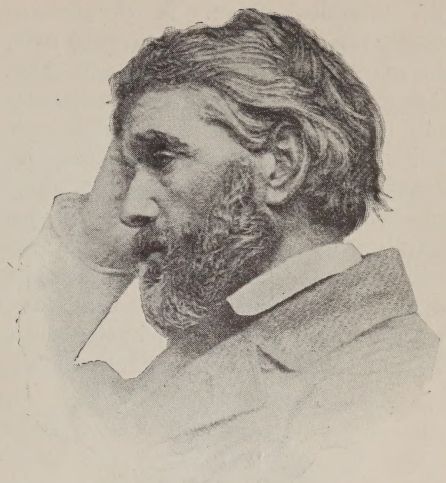


DEAN SWIFT.

why he was not invited out to dine like his pupil, Garrick the actor, on whom the nobility showered invitations: "Because, Sir," said the big man pompously, "Great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped."

This burly Samuel Johnson dominated his whole age not so much by his literary ability as by his personal contact—by those far-reaching verdicts issued from his famous club, where such men as Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, and Goldsmith gathered round him to listen. Possessing an infinite store of amusing anecdotes, and an inexhaustible knowledge of life and literature, Johnson's style of delivery was clear and forcible. It has been said that every sentence which fell from his lips, was perfect enough to be printed without the change of a single word. Rolling his immense form, with asthmatic gaspings and puffings, he poured out the treasures of his mind on any one

MADAME DE STAËL.



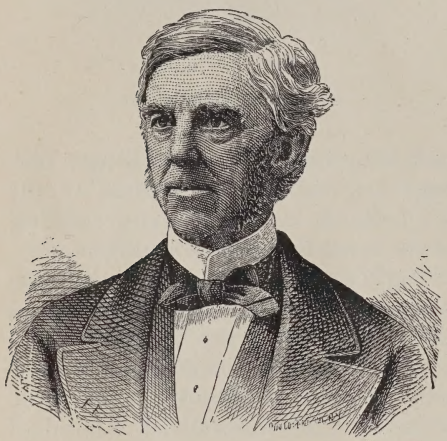
THOMAS CARLYLE.

and every one who would listen—perhaps a passenger beside him in the stage coach, or some stranger sitting at the same table in his eating house.

Burke, who was not a patient listener in any sense of the word, would sit for hours while the Doctor lectured him. Power in conversation was only one amid the many talents Burke possessed; his was indeed a mind of vast capacity and energy. Miss Fanny Burney, the novelist, thought she had never conversed with any one so enchanting as Mr. Burke, who darted from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. This is Dr. Johnson's opinion of his friend: "Burke, sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you'd say: 'This is an extraordinary man.'" The truth of the Doctor's words is vouched for by many of Burke's contemporaries.

One day in passing through Litchfield he and a friend strolled into the

old cathedral there. A clergyman, seeing the gentlemen wandering over the place, offered his services as their cicerone. Before long he was struck with surprise at the knowledge and brilliant conversation of one of the strangers. On every topic that came up—whether the architecture of the building, its history, persecutions and achievements—he was boundless in anecdote and illustration. On leaving them, the clergyman hastened to the inn to ascertain the name of his



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

singular companion, but his surprise soon ceased when he was told he had been talking with Edmund Burke.

As one would naturally expect, many Irishmen have excelled as talkers. Goldsmith, who according to David Garrick, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," is an exception to prove the rule. There have been Grattan, and Curran, and Sheridan, all as eloquent in private life as on the platform. Of the parliamentary character of such men it would be needless repetition to speak, for they are known world-wide as statesmen and orators. In society Sheridan's unequalled versatility of talent made him supreme; though it must be acknowledged that he hoarded his wit for public occasions, and that many of his efforts apparently so spontaneous, were prepared with elaborate care. Yet Sheridan could not always restrain his natural attic-salt for the applause of an audience. His tailor once begged him to pay at least the interest on the large bill he owed—"No"—said Sheridan without a moment's hesitation—"It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor is it my principle to pay the interest"—a sentiment hardly to his credit.

Grattan, with friends, had a facility of language and an enunciation and manner so individual, that his conversation possessed peculiar charm. Though Curran was able to ridicule his somewhat harlequin fashion of public speaking, no flaw could be found in his courteous, easy, private bearing. Curran was an irrepressible wit at all times and in all places. He would quiz the learned judges on the bench unmercifully and with so deft a hand that the whole court would be laughing at their expense. As when once a well-known magistrate was interrupted while making an important charge by the braying of a donkey outside. "May it please your Honor," suggested Curran, "it is only an *echo*." His servants even left him on the plea that he made them laugh too much and that they lost their health in consequence.

Dean Swift, an Irishman,—with few of the national characteristics however,—was always chary of wasting his conversational powers. He bullied and insulted his inferiors and equals, and it was only with great lords that he was the most original, bright, and delightful companion in the world. Like one who sits at his own feast without partaking of it, this most un-

happy man would convulse a whole room with laughter while his own aspect remained as sour as before.

It is a relief to turn from such a misanthrope to the two leaders of the coffee houses in those days, the serene Addison and the soft-hearted, reckless Dick Steele. Theirs was the pleasantest literary partnership ever formed—true friends from early boyhood, when Steele had willingly fagged for Addison at the historic old Charterhouse school; the one rippling over with natural fun and good spirits, artless as a child and as lovable, the other, lofty and cheerful, and, his reserve once warmed into confidence—an inspired talker. It was then the reign of Queen Anne, when every one of literary pretensions frequented the coffee houses, where good conversation was usually found, and Addison ruled at Button's just as Dryden had done at Will's.

Another nation of Celtic origin, the French, are, like the Irish, noted for their eloquence. Here we find Racine, smooth and sycophantic in conversation, while, on the other hand—an exception like Goldsmith proving the general rule—there was Corneille, of far greater force than Racine, a mere cow-boy in the drawing room. In the days of Richelieu, the burlesque poet Scarron amused all the world by the witty and diverting accounts of his sufferings. Around his cripple couch, under the sway of his wife, who later became the celebrated Mme. de Maintenon, were gathered the brightest talkers of the age, while Scarron, whose poor distorted body resembled the letter Z, was ever their leading spirit.

Foremost among all women talkers was Madame de Staël, full of enthusiasms, ranging from country to country to find herself listeners. It was she who declared that if it were not for public opinion she would never open her window to see for the first time the exquisite Bay of Naples, whereas she would travel five hundred leagues to converse with a clever man. She pestered the great German poet Goethe to death with her superficial power over words without thoughts to equal them. Her old friend Talleyrand maintained that he had married his notoriously stupid wife, because, worn out with Madame de Staël's wit, he thought he could not go too far the other way. So incessant and rapid was her talk, that she would dispatch the deepest questions of life as carelessly as if she were playing a game of shuttlecock. She once asked an English statesman to tell her *all about* the British constitution in ten minutes.

Leaving her for a far nobler master of speech, how one envies Erkerman his familiar intercourse with the wonderful Goethe. Always the same yet always different, now in laughter and jest at the evening party, again grave and concise, and again seated in the quiet taper light of his study, rolling out his discourse with youthful impetuosity. And in more recent times one listens with wonder to the accounts of those "noctes ambrosianæ," where Alphonse Daudet, and Flaubert, Tourguéneff the strong Russian novelist, and Zola, chatted the nights away.

The Englishman Thackeray's talk bubbled over with his quaint humor and noble humanity. Robert Browning, although not like Dickens a good after-dinner speaker, conversed racily, and with an obvious liking to impart to others what was uppermost in his mind.

Thomas Carlyle's style would lead one to expect an original, forcible speaker, and justly, for he could

harangue with splendor. His arrogance in expressing his ideas was as jove-like as the thoughts themselves. Margaret Fuller, herself considered the best talker among women since Mme. de Staël, acknowledged that Carlyle's speech astonished even her, who had long been familiar with his Titanic writings.

In our own country the great lawyer Rufus Choate was playful, genial, and stimulating in conversation, and Henry Ward Beecher talked far more brilliantly to friends and intimates when his soul was moved, than in his pulpit. The sadly misrepresented Edgar Allen Poe was often indescribably eloquent, say those who loved him. Above all, we remember our gentle Autocrat, so lately lost, whose bright wit, keen taste, and sweet nature made the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes a treasured one wherever it was known. His friend and brother poet, Lowell, has thus pithily described him in a distich:—

"A Leyden jar always full charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit."

Such cases as these show us that the gentle art of conversation is not extinct, as the pessimists maintain. We see it cultivated in the artistic clubs, which from the time of Shakespere, when he and Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Herrick, gathered round the "Mermaid" board, have done most to preserve it; in the drawing room, where, report to the contrary, gossip and small talk do not hold complete sway. As the bright "professor of the odds and ends of knowledge" advises, never parade what you know in conversation—never jingle as it were any intellectual money you may happen to have. To over-cultivate good talking leads to artificiality and self-consciousness; if one has anything really worth the saying it soon puts itself into words without bother.

Conversation is the commerce of social life. It should teach as well as amuse, though the fault nowadays is that we seek for amusement only. Have no prudish fear in handling topics, but range from subject to subject. Speaking clears the mind. Do not be epigrammatic, even if it appears catching and adroit. Strike, instead, a mental poise between audacity and bashfulness. A touch of egotism lends zest and flavor to speech, as the old abbot well understood when he stopped short on finding his monks dozing during his pious discourse, and said: "As I was going out of the monastery on Thursday last"—In an instant every man's interest was aroused by that *I*, and there were no more nodding heads.

Above all, let each one be *himself;* working out his own personality, not aping another's, and at the same time having an equal respect for the personalities of those around him, even if they do not accord with his ideals. A man who can talk readily, who never monologues, yet holds an independent course in conversation, who has patience to listen with interest to others, has a power in himself not to be despised.

A MEMORY OF EDWIN BOOTH.

BY JANET DUFF.

IT may be of interest to some people who believe that the members of a travelling dramatic company must be little better than vagabonds, to know that these poor benighted player folk can enjoy among themselves a delightful friendliness, almost resembling family life. This is especially the case in companies where the standard of the plays is so high as to demand the services of well educated men and women, and it was beautifully exemplified in the Booth-Barrett Company during the two or three seasons that those two famous men travelled together.

Mr. Booth often fitly styled himself the father of a numerous family, when he called the actors of his company his children, and drew them around him for an afternoon to be devoted to reminiscences and story-telling. Of course he always had the floor on these occasions, for, proverbially vain though we were, we had modesty or wisdom enough to know that Mr. Booth's stories were sure to be worth more than ours.

He was never selfish about it. His greatest delight was to encourage some aspiring amateur bubbling over with the strong wish to talk, and feeling that nobody else had had such thrilling adventures as he in his one year of experience. I can see now the kindly beaming look Mr. Booth bent on these young people, and the sweet charity with which he treated their guileless confessions.

But there was variety in the entertainments to which he invited his children. Sometimes it was a drive ending in a sort of happy-go-lucky picnic for everyone. Mr. Booth would invite several of the ladies to sit in his carriage. The two elderly ladies had of course the best seats, and there would be a scramble for the remaining places. The young men, on these delightful excursions, usually accompanied the carriages on horseback. I remember one especial drive very vividly. It had rained for a week, and we all felt tired and out of sorts with the world in general, and ourselves in particular. There came an invitation from Mr. Booth to drive out to the ——— Falls, and our hearts grew light in the prospect of a charming day.

We donned each her "best bib and tucker" and set forth. Nature, too, had put on her Sunday clothes; the sky shone clear blue, birds sang, field flowers bobbed and danced, and of our merry party Mr. Booth seemed the happiest. I had seen him before gravely, serenely happy, but that day he had left his gravity at home. He did not romp or frolic, but he encouraged us to be gay. He applauded the runners in a race and gave us a lesson in fencing. He told stories of his boyhood, of the days when his highest ambition was to be the end man in a minstrel show. He told of a time when his father advised him to become an undertaker, because making coffins would be such a good way to make use of the timber of a large wood that he owned. That drive ended in all the company collecting with Mr. Booth in the centre of the group, to have a tin-type taken.

One afternoon, when the company's stock of recitations had been worn threadbare, we began to play the old game of "Simon says thumbs up, and Simon says thumbs down." Mr. Booth sat in a corner of the car with a grave and serious face. Apparently his mind was a thousand miles away occupied with lofty thoughts; but his thumbs invariably pointed in the right direction at the right moment. Mr. Barrett, on the contrary, who was of an excitable temperament, always managed to have his thumbs up when they should have been down, and down or twirling when they should have been up. This happened invariably, no matter how profoundly he fixed his attention on his unruly members, much to his amusement and ours.

Then we changed the game to *Twenty Questions*. A name well known in English History and Literature was chosen, and we took turns in asking questions to be answered simply yes or no. One after another failed to guess the right man. Mr. Booth's turn came last, and his first guess was correct. Except by a slight twinkle in his eyes he showed no pleasure in his victory. Mr. Barrett cheerfully joined in the laugh against himself, and gracefully joined the rank and file of the failures. Even he had tripped over the same stumbling block as the rest of us. The person who chose the name had said the individual was a playwright. He had written but one play, and Mr. Booth who had a remarkable knowledge of stage literature, was the only other person present who had ever read or heard of this solitary drama.

FLOWERS OF THE MEADOW.

BY ALBERT DOYLE.

The wind made love to the flowers fair,
  And whispered a love tale low,
But the flowers turned when the wind was there,
  And would never a love glance show.
    And the wind would blow
    And whisper low
  "Flowers of the meadow, I love you so."
But the wind was young and its love was strong,
And it wooed the flowers the summer long,
Till the days grew short and the nights grew cold,
And the lives of the blossoms were growing old.

When the flowers were tired of the earth so gray,
  And afraid of the autumn's chill,
They were carried away by the wind one day,
  To his home beyond the hill;
    And the wind blew strong,
    And it voiced a song
  "Flowers of the meadow, I've loved you long."
And the home of the wind of the summer rang
With the song that it then to the flowers sang:
"When the North wind goes, with its frozen train,
Back to the meadows I'll take you again."

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

BY LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April number.)

XXXV.

The month of February, 1644, was coming to an end. Notwithstanding the early hour crowds of well-dressed people were flocking into the beautiful church attached to Clermont College. It was, however, no particular feast-day, and nothing within the church bespoke there being any special ceremony. Only, on the high altar, two lighted candles and an open missal announced that a low mass was about to begin. But among those present it was well known that this mass would be said by the hero of the day, a Jesuit missionary, Father Jogues, a living martyr to whom the Pope had just given permission to celebrate, in spite of the state of his hands. *Indignum esset Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem**, Urban VIII had replied to the Jesuit's humble request.

The touching recital of his adventures had run through Paris, and when the missionary entered, preceded by a single acolyte, all present rose from their seats with a spontaneous feeling of respect.

The religious went up to the altar. His face, though aged by suffering, reflected the calm joy of his heart. Since the terrible day when he had given himself up to the cruelty of the Iroquois, so as to help and console those whom they were leading away prisoners, this was the first time that he had offered up the holy sacrifice. For a few moments he remained before the altar and let his tears chase each other down his cheeks. He saw in imagination the humble chapel at The Three Rivers, where he had last said mass. He saw likewise all those who had been there praying fervently around him: Guillaume Couture, René Goupil, Paul Ononcharaton, and the noble chief, Eustache Ahatsistari —the glory of the Huron mission. "My God! Thou didst will it thus," he murmured, suppressing his tears. Then, joining his mutilated hands, he descended the altar steps, and, in a voice that penetrated his hearers' hearts, pronounced the words that accompany the sign of the cross.

The Confessor of the Faith had recited the gospel and the Credo. He was about to commence the Offertory. At this moment a woman's voice stole on the profound silence, in tones so pure and lovely that they seemed like a soft breathing from heaven. *Quid retribuam,* sang the voice, accompanied by the devotional sounds of an organ, *quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi. Calicem salutaris accipiam et nomen Domini invocabo.*

The song of thanksgiving was prolonged with several charming and inspiring variations, and this heavenly harmony accompanying the holy sacrifice offered by the martyr, raised the souls of all those present to those radiant summits where passing grief appears in its true light, where is realized how truly spoke the Master when He said: "Blessed are they that weep. Blessed are they that suffer."

*It would be unworthy of the Martyr of Christ not to drink the blood of Christ.

XXXVI.

The mass had ended. The crowd had dispersed, bearing away an indelible impression of what had occurred. Gizella Méliand came out of the tribune where she had taken refuge to escape from view. Her lovely, serious countenance had an inspired look, and everything about her bespoke an untroubled peace. She remained for a moment looking down the nave, and then, descending the stair-case, she approached a lady in mourning who appeared to be absorbed in prayer. Gizella knelt down beside her.

Mme. Garnier — for it was she — raised her head and murmured: "How well you sang, Gizella." Raising her veil she showed a face still wet with tears.

"Will you come to the parlor?" asked Gizella gently. "We can see Father Jogues. Father Superior so promised me."

Mme. Garnier leaned her head on her hands a few moments without replying. At length she said: "No, I think not. Of course I should be glad to speak with this young missionary, who has seen Charles, but I do not feel equal to a nearer sight of those terrible marks of Indian cruelty. You go and I will await you here."

Mlle. Méliand went alone into the parlor, where eight years previously she had bidden adieu to Charles Garnier. On entering the room she seemed again to behold him as she had seen him for the last time, pointing to heaven. She seated herself at the little table where they had conversed together and made an effort to overcome the emotion which was mastering her.

Very soon the Superior entered with Father Jogues, to whom he presented Mademoiselle Méliand, and after remarking that it was she who had sung and that she was a relation of Father Garnier, he withdrew.

"I am much obliged to you for your kindness in having sung at my mass," said the missionary; "I was delighted to hear you, and shall be most happy to speak to you about Father Garnier, who was in perfect health when I left him." Father Jogues spoke cheerfully, and on his expressive face the peace of his soul was pictured.

"Is it long since you last saw Father Garnier, Father?"

"I saw him for the last time on the second of June, 1642, when leaving Sainte Marie. He came as far as my canoe with Father Raymbault,* who was very ill and was on his way to Quebec."

"Sainte Marie — is that a new mission?"

"Sainte Marie is not a Huron village. It is the residence of the missionaries and the French, the centre and basis of our missions. It is called indifferently the Fort, the Residence, or the Sainte-Marie mission. After trying several plans, we came to the conclusion that it was better to have a habitation to ourselves independent of the Indians—in a retired but central situation. Cardinal Richelieu gave a considerable sum in order that it might be made a fortified post and that a few soldiers might be stationed there."

"At Ste. Marie then, Father, one is in safety; with nothing to fear from the Indians?"

"All has been done that could be done to fortify the house and make it relatively secure. It is built on a lovely spot, on the shore of a beauti-

* He died in October, 1642, and was buried in Champlain's grave. Father Raymbault was the first Jesuit to die in Canada.

ful river which flows from a lake that we have named Lac Bourbeux (Muddy Lake) on account of its marshes. The river I speak of crosses this lake and discharges into a large sheet of fresh water. In a country where there are no roads a water-way is always most valuable."

"Was Father Garnier at Ste. Marie when you left?"

"Only temporarily. The missionaries assemble there several times a year to confer together and to reanimate their fervor by making a retreat. This is a great consolation to our fathers, and you can hardly imagine how dear to them is this home. All the French who work among the Hurons reside there with us, by the governor's order, so that there are always two or three missionaries at Ste. Marie."

"Ah!" said Gizella, "it would be a great consolation to me if I thought Father Garnier would always be there. Was he working very far from the Residence when you left, Father?"

"When I left he had charge of St. Joseph de Tenaustayáe — seven leagues from Ste. Marie."

"The last letter I had from him was dated from Ossossané, but that is nearly five years ago."

"We left Ossossané in the autumn of 1639, or rather we were driven thence," said the religious with a faint smile. "God's designs are very incomprehensible. You know that a pestilence ravaged the country after our arrival, and you have been told of all the stories concocted against us and the hatred of which we were consequently the objects. The sickness seemed to be at an end, and we began to breathe more freely. In the year 1639, however, the Indians coming up from Quebec brought small-pox with them, and this malady is the most terrible of all scourges to the redskins. Ere long great ravages had been made among them, and the Hurons became more persuaded than ever that we had thrown a malignant spell on the country. They therefore, chased us from Ossossané and Father de Brébœuf was outrageously beaten, for they always looked on him as the chief sorcerer. I know not what may be God's designs, but it is a fact that wherever we put our foot, sickness and death follow in our train."

"That is strange," said Gizella, "and did any of you take the small-pox?"

"No; although we were incessantly with the dying and the dead, we were never attacked by the malady. This evident mark of divine protection confirmed the savages in the idea that we were sorcerers. Our singing of the litany, our recitation of the breviary, our mass which we celebrated with closed doors, all seemed to them to be black magic. Even our clock, which had been the admiration of all the country round, began to be suspected and we were obliged to stop it. In spite of all this, however, the faith has progressed. We count among our Christians several chiefs of renown, and Eustache Ahatsistari was the most famous of the Huron warriors."

"Ahatsistari?" repeated Mademoiselle Méliand. "Was he not the chief who shared your captivity?"

"Yes. He had never believed in the calumnies invented against us. Father Garnier had succeeded in instructing him thoroughly; but fearing that he was still attached to his former superstitions, he had not dared to bestow baptism on him. 'Ah!' Ahatsistari would say to him, 'if you could see into my heart as clearly as the great Master of our lives, you would not refuse me baptism.' He came to Ste. Marie to plead his cause

with Father Superior and he gained it. It was I who baptized him, on Easter night, 1641. When he learned that I was going down to Quebec, in spite of the great danger I ran, he wanted to accompany me in order to defend me.

"'If I should fall into the hands of the Iroquois,' he said, 'I know well what awaits me, but, believe me, I will never abandon you.'

"Never was promise so nobly redeemed," continued the Jesuit with deep emotion. "After having fought to the last, and seeing that he was being surrounded, Ahatsistari darted into the woods and, swift as a deer, was soon out of reach. Perceiving that I had not followed him, he recalled his promise of never abandoning me and, returning, surrendered to his enemies and executioners, rather than fail in that promise. Rest assured, young lady, that among our Indians there are some who possess real generosity and greatness of soul."

"Did Ahatsistari suffer a cruel death?"

Father Jogues closed his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and it was some moments before he replied:—

"The Iroquois commenced by cutting off both his thumbs, and through the wound in his left hand they pushed a sharp stick up to his elbow. As I could not help weeping on beholding him so horribly treated, he feared that the Iroquois might take my tears for a want of courage, and he said to them with his Indian pride: 'If he weeps it is because he loves me; you did not see him weep when you were tormenting him.' He was burned alive, as was his nephew, Paul Ononcharaton, a young man of twenty-five. Like his uncle, this latter had an indomitable strength of will and grandeur of soul, as well as infinite generosity. When the Iroquois approached to torture me, Paul Ononcharaton offered himself in my place, beseeching them to spare me and spend their cruelty on him. Like his uncle he passed through the torments of being burned without showing any signs of weakness. After his baptism he was constantly saying, 'I shall be happy in heaven.'"

Father Jogues spoke with an emotion that communicated itself to his hearer.

"You were more than a year among the Iroquois were you not?" said Gizella, weeping.

"Yes, my child, but do not weep for me. During my captivity I baptized seventy persons, children, young men, old men, all of whom are now in Paradise. God has His elect everywhere, and a missionary is never without some consolation. Believe me I should be much to be pitied, were I not in hopes of returning among my Indians. God has not found me worthy of martyrdom, but I am soon going to return to my mission. My superiors have promised me this."

The Jesuit was silent. It might have been thought that he was gazing on the land far away, that was to be watered with his sweat and his blood.

After a few moments' silence, Gizella said: "Father, I have a favor to ask of you. Would you let me examine your hands?"

Nothing could be more painful to the missionary in his humility. However, he acceded to her request and opening his hands which till then he had kept closed, he held them out to Mlle. Méliand. The thumb alone was intact, and even from that the nail had been torn. The first finger, crushed as by human teeth, was also twisted out of all shape. It was horri-

ble to look at what remained of the other fingers, which had either been chopped off at the first or second joint or been burned in calumets.

Gizella felt a bitter pang at the thought that the beloved friend of her childhood might have been treated in a like manner, and she burst into tears.

"I beg of you," said the missionary quite confused, "to pay no attention to these little marks of my stay among the Iroquois. Let us speak of Father Garnier."

"Is he much altered?" she asked, when she could speak.

"I think so, but he has always the same cheerful countenance. How can I find words to express his patience, his zeal, his powers of resistance, his divine charity! He is indefatigable in his efforts. I have seen him set out in the very worst weather, go from village to village, fall into rivers, and over and over again risk falling into the hands of the Iroquois. Nothing stops him. His piety is pure and heartfelt while his humility is worthy of all admiration. Although he is preëminent in every way, he always puts himself beneath every one. When we were together on the mission, I remarked that he always took the worst of everything for himself, and he did so in such a charming manner, that one would have said he really preferred what was most distasteful. He regards God alone. He does all for God alone. He has had much to suffer and still has inconceivable trials to bear, but rest assured, unless to fulfil God's will, he would not exchange his present lot for paradise itself."

Gizella had hidden her face in her hands. When the religious had finished speaking, lifting up her tear-stained face, she said:

"Father, listen to me. A great trial befell me in my early youth. I experienced a grief which I have never entirely surmounted, and life has been a terrible burden, an endless weariness to me ever since. Only for the care I owe to Father Garnier's mother I should, long ere this, have taken refuge in a cloister. While waiting, I have sought to fortify my soul by incessant prayer and by the hope of a reunion in heaven with those whose loss I deplore."

"My daughter," replied Father Jogues kindly, "even while leading an apparently ordinary life, the highest perfection may be attained."

"I know that, Father, but it is hard work to be always climbing higher and higher. Happy are they who have wings."

"Among birds," replied the Jesuit, smiling, "the strength of their flight depends as much on their keenness of vision as upon their wings. And so it is with the human soul. Give yourself up to the contemplation of God's sovereign and adorable perfections."

XXXVII.

All communication between Quebec and the Huron Mission had ceased after Father Jogues had been made prisoner, and for three years the missionaries had received no assistance. They were in a terrible state of destitution and had it not been for a little barley which they had taken the precaution of sowing, they would have been reduced to the impossibility of saying mass. The Jesuits had indeed attempted to come to the relief of their brethren but Father Bressani, to whom the task was confided, had been made prisoner by the Iroquois and dragged into captivity. Like Father Jogues he had to undergo terrible suffering.

This news had been brought to Quebec, and had still further heightened the terror which the savage Iroquois inspired. Father de Brébœuf had gone down to Quebec in 1641 for medical care, and, on returning to his beloved mission, was accompanied by Fathers Chabanel and Garreau who had recently arrived from France. The governor gave them an escort of some seventy soldiers, and, four weeks later, the little birch-bark flotilla might have been seen coasting along the shores of Lake Huron and entering the Bay of Matchedash. The calm waters sparkled in the burning sun; the swallows flew high, and not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The dark forest bordering the water stood mute and motionless in the overpowering heat.

"Well," said Father de Brébœuf, shutting his breviary and smiling at his companions, "God be praised, we have escaped all danger."

"Yes," said Robert Lecoq, who was commanding the canoe, "this time we shall take our scalps back with us." He passed his oar to a Huron, wiped his sunburned brow, down which the perspiration was pouring, and making a speaking-trumpet of his two hands, cried out to the French who were following him:

"Patience! We shall soon be at home!"

The leading canoe was leaving the lake and entering a river which issued from the forest. The other canoes were keeping close to the land so as to avoid the current. Venerable trees were mirrored in the water, casting a deep shadow; but on those shores, so eagerly scanned by many a tired eye, the primitive forest and its wild vegetation were alone visible. Nothing bearing witness to the vicinity of any human abode was to be seen.

Suddenly, a turn in the river gave to view a large clearing on the right-hand coast, and in the centre of this clearing stood a large habitation of somewhat strange aspect, surrounded by a high palisade of closely planted stakes, with a large cross at each of the four angles. This was the famous Residence of the Jesuits, Ste. Marie des Hurons; the centre of civilization and faith, the missionaries' beloved home, the dwelling whose doors were always hospitably opened and to which the Hurons repaired in search of food as well as of light and consolation.

For a long time the forest has reasserted itself and covered this celebrated spot with its growth. Amidst the old trees and brushwood, vestiges may still be found of the walls and the ditches, but neither the river nor the neighboring villages bear the august name of any one of those apostolic men whose memory one loves to recall, and who rendered this soil forever illustrious.

XXXVIII.

It would be difficult to express the joy of our travellers on finding that they had arrived at Ste. Marie. Father de Brébœuf sprang ashore with the activity of youth and, followed by Fathers Garreau and Chabanel, swiftly ascended the path leading to the house.

He raised the wooden bar which fastened the gate in the palisade, and the two newcomers stood for a moment lost in astonishment at what met their eyes. What a tremendous amount of energy and of hard work had been necessary to obtain such wonderful results. The stakes of the palisade, planted deep in the ground, were fastened together by strips of

leather cut from green hides, and these leather strips, shrinking by exposure to the sun, had tightened around the pickets, binding them as firmly together as if they were held by iron clamps. In the interior, a large ditch and an earthen breastwork formed a second intrenchment which protected a number of huts, serving the Indians as dwelling places and also as a hospital.

The Fort, properly so called, was in the centre of this vast enclosure. High dark walls, a hundred and seventy feet long by ninety feet wide, surrounded the chapel as well as the quarters of the missionaries and of the French. The bell tower and chimneys were visible from where the travellers stood. From a little tower, built against one of the bastions, the whole surrounding neighborhood could be overlooked.

Beside the chapel, but outside the walls, was a well-kept mound covered with bright red and blue campanulas. This was the cemetery. The rest of the ground was used for fields, which were well cultivated. A canal fed by the river surrounded the fortress and crossed the enclosure, three little creeks being hollowed out for the canoes.

Father de Brébœuf admired what had been done during his absence. He well knew how many things were wanting to the workmen and what a prodigious amount of labor was represented by Fort Ste. Marie. Following the side of the canal, he pushed open a door in the wall, and the Jesuits found themselves opposite the house. About a hundred feet long, but very low, this house, the missionaries' paradise, was built of the trunks of trees, squared and placed one upon the other, horizontally.

As the Fathers mounted the rude steps leading to the door, the two sides of the entrance were thrown open and Father Lallemant, the Superior of the mission, beaming with delight, ran breathlessly to meet the new arrivals. Within the door several missionaries, staying temporarily at Ste. Marie, had hastily ranged themselves on each side, to receive the founder of the Huron mission. Among these was Father Charles Garnier.

Fatigue and privation had certainly left their marks on him. His face was thin and his complexion of that copper color often seen in people who have been much exposed to the air; but the expression of his countenance was more spiritual and heavenly than ever. He impressed the newcomers more than any of the other missionaries.

After having come three hundred leagues in canoes, continually on the alert for what might happen, repose is an absolute necessity, but the travellers before partaking of it, desired to offer thanksgiving to God, and passing through the house, they went straight to the church.

At Ste. Marie the windows were unglazed and the walls of rough wood, while the furniture consisted merely of what was indispensable, and even that was of the rudest description. But the chapel offered a striking contrast to the rest of the house. It was very humble, this little chapel which the natives looked on as one of the wonders of the world. But the frame was of a graceful form, and there was glass in the windows, while the walls and wood work were highly polished. Very fine pictures adorned the various altars. The other decoration, made to suit the taste of the Indians, consisted of glass beads and brilliant draperies of ill-assorted colors.

The fathers went down the nave

and, ranged round the altar, recited the *Te Deum*.

On leaving the chapel they repaired to the refectory where a strange spectacle was observed; for at Ste. Marie the old feudal customs were followed, the religious, the soldiers, the workmen and servants all eating at the same table. When supper was finished the Jesuits withdrew in silence. Their community room was already dark, but a picture hanging on the wall was lighted up by the flame from the hearth. The Superior silently led Father de Brébœuf before this picture, which represented the crucifixion.

"Look at the only object we have acquired during the last three years," he said with sudden and solemn emotion. "On first uncovering it, the picture gave me the impression that we should still have to pass through many terrible sufferings. I called to mind, Father, the cross which appeared to you in 1640, when you were coming from the Iroquois country — a cross which you described as being large enough for us all to be fastened to it.

"So much the better! So much the better!" exclaimed all the religious, who were listening with the deepest attention.

Jean de Brébœuf smiled.

"The faith is making satisfactory progress, is it not?"

"Astonishing and admirable progress," replied the Superior. "It is easy to be seen that the angels are working even harder than ourselves. The designs of God are very much beyond our comprehension, Father, and famine, war, all those evils which seemed to be endangering Christianity, have powerfully aided its development. The faith is respected. We have chapels in all our missions; cemeteries have been blessed, crosses erected and solemnly venerated. The old Christians lead irreproachable lives, their number has considerably increased, and those who do not believe and who have been humbled by their afflictions, seem to be nearer to entering God's kingdom. But we will converse tomorrow; you have need of rest."

"Yes, but I must tell you about the present wonders of Quebec. I allude to the Ursuline and Hospital nuns. However much the colony may be threatened, it can never perish. God would rather send the very angels to protect it than allow such generous, such charitable women to perish."

"I have heard a good deal about Mother of the Incarnation," replied Father Lallemant, whose name was destined to be so intimately connected with hers.

"I wish you could see her at her little grating teaching the Indians. It was at the Ursulines that I said my first mass in Quebec."

"Their little pupils sing very agreeably. I was charmed with their Huron hymns."

"They have a special one for missionaries going forth to their field of labor:

"'Go forth, delighted are we that you should go to those abandoned nations. May it please God that they kill you with their hatchets.'

"And then at the end of each verse is a sort of reponse from the missionaries:

"'That would not be enough. We must be flayed alive and burnt; we must suffer everything that can be invented by the most barbarous cruelty, out of love for God, and for the salvation of the savages.'"

Father de Brébœuf repeated these words in a singularly touching way.

"In the meanwhile," replied the Superior, smiling to conceal his emotion, "come and take some rest."

He took down an iron lamp, shaped like a gondola, that was hanging in the chimney, lighted it (for darkness stole early over the house shut in as it was by walls), and showed the newcomers to their cells.

A little later Charles Garnier likewise retired to his cell. The moon, shining over the bastions, lighted up his humble apartment and brought into relief the roughly-made cross hanging against the partition-wall. He approached the window. The lattice of woven branches which supplied the place of glass, was open, but the Jesuit could see only a little corner of the blue sky and the light in the tower, where a soldier was on guard. Notwithstanding the early hour, profound silence reigned in the enclosure. Everything seemed to be sleeping, and the noise of the running water in the river alone broke on his ear. A sudden sadness took possession of him. He leaned his head on his sunburnt hands and his closed eyes seemed to be reading every word of the letters he had received from France. Great discouragement seized upon him, and he felt an irresistible need of letting his mind dwell on his own country and on days gone by. Resisting this inclination he knelt down before his poor little cross and was soon entirely absorbed in prayer.

XXXIX.

On the morrow Father Garnier went off again to his mission and a few days later, he wrote the following letter to Mademoiselle Méliand:

St. Jean d'Etharita,
August, 1644.

What you last sent reached me safely. The pretty silver-toned bell has replaced the old iron kettle with which I used to announce the various offices. The Indians have hung it on an oak which overshadows my chapel. They all wanted to ring it themselves in order to see if it would *speak* as well for them as it spoke for me. Never had the mountains of Petun heard such music.

The village of Etharita or St. John's mission, of which I now have charge, is on the frontiers, about twelve leagues from Ste. Marie.

Father Jogues and I were the first to set our foot here in November, 1639. We arrived in the first village at nightfall. (This was at the time when the *Black Robes* were the most calumniated.) The children ran before us saying that plague and famine were arriving. The dogs barked, and all the doors were closed. During the whole winter we went from one to the other of the Petun villages, and during all that time we could not procure a little corner of a cabin in which to say our mass. But for God's protection we should have perished miserably a thousand times over. Now, we have a chapel here and a considerable number of Christians. The faith is making great progress, but scourges of all sorts are also increasing. The contagious illnesses were followed by a terrible famine, and then there broke out this war, of which it is impossible to depict the horrors.

The Hurons have had their days of glory, but they do not understand how to organize their forces. Their want of forethought is something incomprehensible. A Huron only believes in danger when he finds himself face to face with it. The Iroquois, on the contrary, act in concert and form plans. Their skill is equalled by

their cruelty, and they are provided with excellent arms. The troops that had been raised to chase them from the frontiers were completely defeated, —so completely, indeed, that the heralds of this sad news were poor, miserable, half-burned creatures, who had succeeded in breaking their fetters and escaping from the flames.

Dear sister, God's designs are indeed impenetrable. In the very midst of the country, in the very villages where the faith is held in most honor, the Iroquois had come from a hundred leagues' distance to massacre the very men whose holy life and ardent faith would cause them to be looked on as the apostles of their country. There was no one who had so much influence with the Hurons as Joseph Chonentouaha, surnamed the Christian, *par excellence*. No one so eloquently preached of Him who had changed him from a barbarian into a saint. He was assassinated and scalped in his field.

I have not been so fortunate as to have seen Father Jogues again. On his arrival in Quebec he was sent to Villa Maria.

You tell me you are perpetually thinking of his poor hands; and that you are constantly praying our Blessed Lady to keep me from ever falling alive into the hands of the Iroquois.

Let God's will be done, Gizella; an act of love from amidst the flames of martyrdom is a very perfect offering to God. When at Ste. Marie, we are all assembled in the chapel, we sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. We repeat three times the invocation *Regina Martyrum*, and I cannot tell you how touching this is. One realizes what each one is asking of the Queen of Martyrs. But who among us will see his aspiration fulfilled? Martyrdom is the best and finest of all rewards; it is the glorious crown which is not bestowed on every one. Gizella, I know that it would need a higher virtue than mine to win this crown, and yet I hope for it. I have already profited so much by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. It was into her immaculate hands that I confided my vocation to religion, and later on, my vocation for the missionary life. On arriving in Quebec, it was again to Mary Immaculate that I addressed my prayer to be chosen for the Huron mission. My good Mother has obtained for me all that I have asked of her, so now with the tenderest confidence, I am imploring her to obtain for me the supreme, the sovereign, crowning grace of martyrdom.

You know that our house at Ste. Marie is consecrated to her Immaculate Conception. This house which is most dear to us, is also well liked by the Christians. The various offices of the Church are all performed there with a solemnity far surpassing anything the Indians have ever seen. They therefore hasten thither from all around, so as better to do honor to the Sunday which they call *the real day*. Their piety is tender, fervent, and delicate. They often meet together to say the beads, and they recite these with charming devotion, dividing themselves into two choirs. The catechumens also come to Ste. Marie to be prepared for baptism, the sick to be taken care of, and sometimes for the sake of consolation at the hour of death.

God has graciously given us a great abundance of Indian corn, the principal food of this country. Even during the hardest part of the famine we were able to serve three repasts a day to the numerous pilgrims. Our

hospitality, therefore, was pronounced to be magnificent.

At my mission of Etharita I am overwhelmed from morning to evening with catechumens and Christians. Pray for me that I may in no way hinder the work of grace.

Farewell. My ardent wish for you is that you may passionately love Our Lord Jesus Christ.

This letter arrived in France towards the end of the year, together with another which the missionary had written to his mother. But Madame Garnier was no more. In the autumn of 1644 she had fallen into her last and most blessed sleep. Mademoiselle Méliand had been with her, tenderly caring for her to the last. Immediately after the funeral Gizella had entered the Carmelite novitiate in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and it was there that the letters were given to her.

To be concluded.

SORROW.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

The night is dark and dreary,
And constant falls the rain;
I sit beside the window
And lean against the pane.
The trees are waving in the wind,
The surly Autumn blast,—
The trees are sighing in the wind,
For Summer days are past.

My soul is sad and dreary,
And woe is in my heart,—
I think upon the vanished hours,
And oh, the tear-drops start.
And, like the sad and fretful trees,
Within my life I feel
The sorrow of a withered love
That nevermore can heal.

WOOL GATHERING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

HAPPY the man who can go wool-gathering without regrets! His memory is something he can depend upon when separated from books and friends, or during the long winter evenings when the wind and snow outside, and the crackling of the fire-knots, and even the rhythmic monody of the clock on the mantel-piece, are finger posts to guide him back over the intricate journey of his life. It is replete with forgotten treasures which reappear from time to time: familiar, but softened and idealized by the halo of increasing distance. As the years go by, and frost steals insidiously into his hair, and stiffness into his limbs, he allows his mind to revert more and more from the uncertainties of the future to the dreamy retrospections of the past. Unconsciously his life has glided behind him and he has turned with grave wonder to watch it slip away.

Every day his past enlarges and spreads out, offering more opportunities for wool-gathering, and enticing him more and more into its quiet ways; and every day his future diminishes and offers less and less attractions for his imagination. Happy is he if he has planted his past with no dreary wastes and bare places; no black valleys and pitfalls from which he turns away with a shudder. If it is a fair country,—as it well may be,—with undulating fields and pleasant vales, he will often turn back to dream and ponder, to renew tender associations and friendships and to wander here and there along familiar paths and streams. It is like a great estate which has been planted with flowers and fruits, and with noble trees and rich, productive meadow lands. He goes from point to point, calmly and impartially, and if his work has been done well he is glad to give himself the credit for it; and he likes to go back again and again, to review and dream, and to compare one year's work with another.

As the frost creeps deeper into his brain this estate comes nearer and nearer. He steals away from the future and present, in order to lose himself in its grateful depths. The old friends and associations and the tenants he has placed upon it are all closer to him than the people and events which jostle him in his daily life. He regards his surroundings indulgently and, it may be, a little compassionately; it is a world apart from him, and at the first opportunity he slips away and seeks his beloved past with eager eyes and tremulously smiling lips. As the future narrows down to a minimum he spends most of his time upon this estate. It is peopled with his dear ones, now, and he is loath to leave it, even for an instant. And presently, when the invitation comes, he is scarcely unwilling to go; it is only a gliding into the past and beyond.

Sometimes I think that the best provision a man can make for his old age is a generously stocked memory that he can revert to without regret. When the weight of years has tipped the scales toward the chimney corner

and wool-gathering, there is little to idealize in bank stock and bonds. The coming of the hair-frost should not mean calculating eyes and tightly closed lips, but a mellowing and softening of the face, like that of a well-ripened apple under the touch of chill October nights. As the sands of the years run smoothly down into the valley, the past gradually absorbs the treasures and ambitions of the long journey, and more and more the man is inclined to wander back to it during his moments of leisure. Were it not well that he should stock it only with things worth reviewing, and with people and scenes that would not appear distorted under the clear gaze of retrospection?

Among the early milestones of life the past is only an outgrown garment, to be sloughed off and forgotten; but fortunately or unfortunately,—as the garment is worn,—it is never lost by distance. As the interests of the future swing round toward the past, all these milestones, and the incidents and wayfarers between them, come up for review, and gradually but surely become part and parcel of the wool-gatherer's world. He forgets the active in the passive and the episodes of his journey grow to have more meaning than when he experienced them. They were then but incidents; now they are the hoarded treasures of his life, to be brought out and reviewed, over and over again.

I am not sure but it would be well to plan this estate of the memory for even the pleasure it would bring in old age. Putting aside all higher aim, the pleasure of the sixth and seventh decades would be well worth a careful journey through the other five. If heed were taken in the planting, and the growth carefully looked after during the journey, there would be a noble estate to enter into as old age approached. Every man works with a view to the future, to provide for the time when his strength will be inadequate to his needs. But when that time shall come his past will be as much to him as his present and future; so let him take heed and lay aside for his memory as well as for his body.

THE REVELATION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

The bruised rose shall yield more sweet
  Than erst it could impart;
And love shall fill, as is most meet,
  A bruised heart.

Through its own woe the heart shall learn
  The sorrows of the earth; —
Thenceforth its life with love shall burn:
  It knows the worth.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The dangers threatening the free institutions of America, according to Justice Brown of the United States Supreme Court, are municipal corruption, corporate greed, and the tyranny of labor. And the greatest of these is corporate greed. Were it not for the demoralizing power and the vast amount of the money expended to secure valuable public franchises for private profit, the temptations offered officeholders to misuse municipal and state positions for individual enrichment would be far less numerous, and much more easily resisted. Were it not for the tyranny of corporations there would be no tyranny of labor. Through the tremendous influence of money unscrupulously used by wealthy corporations in every direction, American liberties are seriously imperilled. Corporate greed is the greatest evil existing in the republic to-day. It is the fruitful parent of the two menaces allied to it by Judge Brown, as well as of a host of other dangers, of lesser import singly, but of untold cumulative effect. The war against wealth combinations must be carried on to the death, if the republic is to be saved from disaster a generation or so hence.

As regards its pernicious influence upon municipal servants the eminent justice only emphasizes what everyone has long been aware of, that bribery and corruption are so universal as to threaten the very structure of society; while he partly justifies the ofttimes ill-advised efforts of the laboring men to secure their undoubted rights by strikes and mob law when he says: "If wealth will not respect the rules of common honesty in the use of its power, it will have no reason to expect moderation or discretion on the part of those who resist its encroachments."

Justice Brown's hope for the betterment of existing conditions centres largely in the assumption by the government of the control of the natural monopolies, and it is difficult to see whither else we can turn for even partial remedy. The situation seems to demand it now more than ever, if we are to escape the logical outcome of prevailing abuses, viz., revolution of the masses against their blind oppressors, who are the perverters of the true idea of American liberty.

Father Fulton preached the funeral sermon over the remains of John Boyle O'Reilly, and to-day the aptest expression of the universal grief over the death of this beloved and gifted priest is to be found in the poem written by O'Reilly on the occasion of Father Fulton's departure from Boston in 1880.

"The cold affection that plain duty breeds
May see its union severed and approve;
But when our bond is touched, it throbs and bleeds;
We pay no meed of duty, but of love."

Fifteen years have elapsed since these lines were written, the lamentable event which recalls them with even greater force than the occasion which served as their inspiration, maturing meanwhile in the womb of time. In the interim the poet himself who wrote them has been called away, and it was Father Fulton's sad privilege to reciprocate over his bier the fervent affection poured into the verses by the man who always dipped his pen

in the currents of his heart. Now that Father Fulton himself has been summoned to the reward of his long and remarkably efficient career, this touching circumstance in the story of two of the most richly endowed and best loved men who have lived and labored in Boston in several generations, will impress their admirers as a coincidence to be fondly remembered.

Father Fulton was a singularly gifted man. He united the qualities of the priest, the sage, the wit, the poet, and the man of affairs, in a manner remarkable for the way he blended all of these traits into unity and effectiveness. His life work was thereby made wonderfully successful along lines of original and individual force, and his character and methods were such as to win for him love as well as fame. His mental equipment fitted him, had his life been so ordained, to compete for literary repute with the most talented American men of letters. His native wit and literary gifts were, however, by him subordinated and made subservient to his more noble work as a man of God. But if the literary genius was lost in the priest, the priest's career was made thereby all the happier to himself, and more influential on the lives of the hosts who came within the limits of his priestly activity. Father Fulton had no Boswell and left no original writings; but the name of those who will cherish his words of wit and wisdom, and, better still, will feel the impress of his personality and influence in the conduct of their lives, is legion.

It is premature to discuss the question of a third term for Mr. Cleveland. Before the next presidential convention, matters will have so shaped themselves in the country and in the Democratic party, that the situation will point out the logical candidate, who may or may not be—Mr. Cleveland. The question of a third term in itself, apart from its relations to the present President, is always interesting, however. It is taken for granted that no president should serve a third term, on account of General Washington's precedent, which has come to be considered an unwritten law and a popular sense regarding a third election to the presidential office. Not even General Grant's devoted 306 could break down this barrier in the memorable Republican convention of 1880. Common sense, however, will admit that Washington's magnanimity need not and should not interfere with the people's will, if they consider it for the country's good to keep a later president three terms in office. It will be found, too, that many of the men who clamor against a third term for Cleveland on account of George Washington, have got about as far away from Washington's other principles as they possibly can. The nomination of a man to the presidency, whether for the first or fourth time, may argue nothing further than expediency, considering how nominations are made in this country. The cry against "one-man power," and the dearth of suitable candidates which it is said to imply, is therefore ridiculous. The practical way to look at a third term for any president is through the consideration of his special fitness first, and of the expediency of nominating him next. In the long run this will be the mode of disposing of the matter. It is also the only sensible and natural way.

Cardinal Gibbons had an unexpected reminder of the Cahensley controversy of unhappy memory during his recent visit to Rome. A cor-

respondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung waited upon him to learn the present status of German-Americans and the future of their language in the republic. His Eminence's reply was characteristically wise and commendable, sympathetic to the race in question, but stressful upon the necessity of all classes of American citizens uniting into a homogeneous people.

"In Germany and elsewhere," said the Cardinal, "people do not understand that the Americans are struggling hard to develop themselves into a nation. Its outward sign is the common use of the English language. We do not wish to attack the holiest of sentiments, the love for one's father or rather mother land. But we must reckon with the circumstances. We do not intend an attack upon the Germans; all we want is homogeneousness." This is the principle at stake —the unity of the nation. There should be only one class of Americans, and the generic name should suffice for all. So long as we have Irish, German, British, Scotch, Hebrew, Polish, French, Italian and American Americans, with their several racial distinctions and class pretensions, so long will the consummation of the republic's ideal aim be retarded. One nation, one flag, one language, one destiny, one heart, and one soul is a motto great and grand enough to absorb every idiosyncrasy of the diverse nationalities striving for its achievement. The term American implies union. It suffices for all those who are true to its significance. It should not and must not be divided.

The memory of Abraham Lincoln's assassination was always popularly supposed to haunt Edwin Booth, on account of the part in it played by his brother, and it is stated that reminders of the tragedy were always cropping up in the great actor's experiences to keep the shame and sorrow of it vividly before him. The latest contributor to the fund of anecdotes hinging on this phase of the tragedian's private life is Mr. W. D. Howells, who relates in Harper's a touching instance of how fate seemed to pursue Mr. Booth, in this respect, in the most cruel way, and in the most unexpected places. Mr. Howells was writing of the social evenings spent at the home of James Lorrimer Graham, once consul-general to Florence, and a great lover of literary men. There was one evening, when, after all had gone into the library, Edwin Booth, gentle and rather silent as was his wont, as his fate would, went up to the cast of a huge hand that lay upon one of the shelves. "Whose hand is this, Lorry?" he asked the host, as he took it up and turned it over in both his own hands. Graham feigned not to hear, and Booth asked again. "Whose hand is this?" Then there was nothing for Graham but to say, "It's Lincoln's hand," and the man for whom it meant such unspeakable things put it softly down without a word.

One of the prevailing subjects of discussion in newspaper circles and by those who write upon newspaper topics is the future of the editorial page. It is contended by some that the editorial columns are being gradually crowded out of existence by the development and increase of "news" matter, and that in time there will be no more "leaders" or comments of any sort upon current affairs in the great dailies of the world. Every reader is to be his own commentator according to these prognosticators. Only a slight acquaintance with the facts and a small amount of thought are needed

to disprove these assertions and puncture the opinions formed from them. A few papers of great circulation have indeed abandoned editorial writing almost wholly, depending for patronage upon the bulk, variety, and, it must be added, the sensational character of the news dispensed; but the papers which carry most prestige, and which are regarded with greatest favor in all parts of the world, are those whose editorials have built their repute and commended them to the reading public. Editorials are essential to the newspaper which really fills the mission of the modern journal. In the many-sidedness of life, as portrayed day after day in the press, the average reader would be lost for an intelligent apprehension of current news, were it not elucidated and given its proper bearing in the editorial sheet. An editorial is the development of the thought or idea contained in the news item, and the pointing out of its true relation and significance to the events and problems of the time. It would be a perfect impossibility for readers, of superior intelligence withal, to judge accurately of everything recorded in the daily newspaper. The vast mass of the world's news refers to specialties of a thousand and one grades. Matters of science, government, commerce, politics, literature, art, manufacture, invention, religion, war, diplomacy,—the list of subjects is countless upon which news is continually forthcoming, and it requires corps of specially trained minds to sift out the bewildering confusion and present the kernels of thought contained in it to busy readers. The great body of newspaper readers have neither time, experience, nor ability to study the real purport of what they read in the news despatches. This must be done for them through the editorial, and as the trend of things in modern life is in the way of the expansion and multiplication of specialties, the need of good clear, precise, and honest editorial writing will increase rather than diminish in the future. Even now there are myriads of newspaper readers, whose perusal of their daily paper begins and ends with the editorial department.

The patronizing pattings on the back which the Catholic University of Washington is receiving from well-minded non-Catholic critics on account of the admission of women to its course of study are, to say the least, amusing. The writers, intending only a magnificent condescension, are seemingly unaware that in lauding as they do the University, and, through it, the Church, for what they term an evidence of progress and recognition entirely new of the growing rights of women, they betray a lamentable lack of information of Catholic educational history. The names of a Paula, a Saint Theresa, a Saint Catharine of Siena, and of thousands of other Catholic women scholars of past ages, whose brilliant intellects were fed and broadened by the Church, at the same time that their souls were nurtured in sanctity and Christian perfection, have apparently never fallen upon their ears. The fact that in the great Catholic universities of the Middle Ages, from which the modern University takes its origin, women not only studied, but held professorships, seems never to have occurred in their course of reading. It is right that the Washington University should be praised, and highly too, for throwing open its curriculum to women desirous and competent to pursue the higher education; but it is absurd that this should be represented as an innovation to

Catholic principle and a concession to modern sentiment and female emancipation. The New Woman in her noblest development and highest dignity, is an old type in the Catholic Church, to which womankind is really indebted for her proud modern position in the affairs of life. As was forcibly remarked by Miss Emma Forbes Cary in her admirable "Words to Women" in our last month's Women's Department:—

> It is strange that the fact should need proof in this century, for it was received without discussion four hundred years ago, and thrice four hundred years before that. Side by side with the fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries stand women saints celebrated for intellect and fortitude. Nuns as well as monks were the illuminators and transcribers of the middle ages. . . . When the history of the elevation of women shall be truly understood, our present tone of exultation may turn to one of regret over the time lost since the middle of the sixteenth century.

Theodore Roosevelt has won a victory in New York by his rigid tactics in enforcing the Sunday closing law. After a stubborn resistance, the liquor dealers have apparently yielded to the inevitable, and dry Sundays will be the rule in the metropolis for the future, or at least as long as the present chief commissioner is in office. At a special meeting of the Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association recently held, a formal vote was passed, by which the members agreed to close their establishments on Sunday, under penalty of forfeiting their rights of membership. In a published interview the president of the Association indulges in some mock heroics as to the willingness of the saloon-keepers to comply with existing laws, but it appears evident that the imminence of a jail sentence in lieu of a fine for those who defied the statutes, had more effect in bringing about the vote than the desire to be considered "in the category of citizens who respect the law, be it what it may." The president declares the determination of his body to fight for the repeal of the law, and the procurement of such excise legislation as the rights of liquor dealers as citizens entitle them to. Pending these efforts they will obey existing ordinances, which means a signal triumph for Mr. Roosevelt and his associates on the board, and shows that the laws can be enforced when those who have the power have also the determination to enforce them. In other cities the liquor business has been brought into fair and legitimate bounds by a firm handling and strict application of the laws provided for its regulation. The surrender of the saloons in New York to a similar treatment proved the efficacy of this resolute and unyielding method.

Press correspondents describe Zola hard at work in his chateau at Medan on his forthcoming novel about Rome, which is to be published serially during the winter. The pernicious influence which this latest perpetration of the Arch-Degenerate might have had if no warning had been given, has already been discounted by the exposure of his falsities in regard to Lourdes, whose most innocent features he perverted and whose kindness and hospitality he shamelessly betrayed in his disgusting travesty on the holy shrine. It is sufficient also to know, from an interview with Zola which recently appeared in a Vienna paper, that Pierre Froment, that unnatural creation in the garb of a priest, who figured so prominently in *Lourdes*, is to fill a role of equal importance in the forthcoming book. Zola found it necessary to introduce a priest of some sort into the novel. Having been promptly excluded from the Vatican himself, when with char-

acteristic effrontery he went there in person to collect materials for lying and distortion, he thought his falsifications would be received with less question, if they came from the mouth of one whose clerical position would seem to give him access to the alleged facts which the book will set forth.

Zola intends to exploit his ideas of Leo XIII and his policy. The latter he will describe as the striving for the Empire of the World, and this means that all the Holy Father's Apostolic endeavors to realize the Kingdom of God on earth, by welding the nations into the Unity of Christendom will be warped and twisted by Zola's corkscrew rhetoric into the scheme of a designing and astute politician, for the supremacy of worldly power. He regards Leo as one of the acutest diplomatists living, and he will not hesitate to draw his portrait in the attitude of manœuvring for the temporal government of the world. Zola is to be thanked for revealing so much of the plan and scope of his work. With the main idea thus made known, the reading public, which is quite familiar with the style and morale of this prince of bathos and bombast should know beforehand what value to attach to his unscrupulous and feverish misrepresentations.

The Atlanta Exposition is gaining considerable free advertising from the widespread comments, mostly of a denunciatory kind, on the sham bull-fight proposed as one of its side shows. If the managers of the Exposition have not lost their senses, they will withdraw the charter allowed to the originators of this silly imitation of a foreign barbarity. It is calculated only to bring ridicule upon an enterprise in every other way commendable, and destined if carried out rightly to reflect immense credit upon the New South. The American taste for public amusements has been vitiated enough by prize-fights, living pictures, midway plaisances, and other prevalent depravities; it would be a pity to blemish the record of the Exposition with the introduction of a feature based solely upon a grotesque and cruel instinct. The genuine article from Mexico was attempted recently in Colorado, or one of its adjoining states, with bankruptcy for its promoter as a direct result. The same issue will undoubtedly attend its counterfeit presentment at Atlanta, and with greater reason, since one of the prime elements for sport in any contest, fair-play, is to be lacking. Bull-fights, real or sham, should have no home in the United States. Better for the Exposition to give its visitors from afar the experience of a genuine, roystering Southern barbecue, a festival replete with the innate hospitality and sociable genius of the country, leaving the savagery of the bull fight to its inglorious eminence in the places where it is indigenous.

The election in South Kerry, resulting in a crushing defeat of Healyism, is the brightest ray that has beamed upon the dark prospect of Home Rule for many a weary day. Reiterating the words of Mr. McCarthy's manifesto after the decisive victory: "To the men of South Kerry a deep debt of gratitude is due from the whole Irish race for saving the Irish party from the deadly blow aimed at its unity and at its very existence. And it is necessary that the Irish people should follow up what South Kerry has done, and that their united voice should declare with equal emphasis that faction must cease and discipline be maintained."

There is the secret and the only hope of success for the cause of Ireland. It is not too late, if the warning be promptly heeded, and the internecine factions brought to a speedy end, within the Irish party. If not taken to heart and rigidly acted upon, Home Rule and Ireland will be the world's laughing-stock for generations yet to come.

AN APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

We earnestly request the coöperation of our 100,000 readers in the following particular. It is sometimes stated that Catholics do not patronize the advertisers whose wares are displayed in the business pages of their magazines and weeklies, and the reason advanced for this erroneous assertion is that little or no reference is made, in the receipt of mail orders by advertisers, to the fact of their card having been seen in such and such a Catholic publication. Of course the conclusion drawn by business men from this omission, namely, that Catholics do not buy their goods, is incorrect, but it is a natural one under the circumstances, and one from which Catholic fellow-feeling and coöperation with their struggling periodicals should at once remove the basis. The 10,000,000 American Catholics are buying and paying for as much of the standard merchandise, proprietary articles, and goods of every sort on the market of the day as any other class of people. Of many things indeed they are the biggest patrons in the land. The one oversight they are in the habit of making is that they do not make known to sellers the medium through which they learned of the articles they are buying. It is very different with other classes of purchasers. If a baldheaded man in the remote hamlet of Smallville buys a 25-cent bottle of Scalp's International Headwash, of which he learned through the secular papers or magazines, he will almost invariably inform the proprietors of where he saw it advertised, and what a fine head of hair he has since been sprouting through its use.

This is something Catholic purchasers as a rule do not do. They may buy ten articles for the one purchased by the man from Smallville, but they are too conservative and modest to say so, and hence the advertisers do not know that Catholics are among their best and largest patrons. Catholic publications as advertising mediums suffer in consequence of this custom, which should be changed by readers of Catholic publications who have the welfare of their favorite periodical at heart. We respectfully solicit the aid of our readers in effecting the desired result, and our appeal is meant to be broad enough to react in favor of everyone of our worthy Catholic publications. If you see something advertised in your favorite Catholic weekly or monthly, and you decide to purchase it, kindly mention to the dealer when buying, either in person or by mail, that you saw his notice in Donahoe's or wherever it happened to be. These little communications go a long way in establishing the value of a periodical as an advertising channel, and moreover, tend to bring the twin branches of a publication's patronage, subscribers and advertisers, into closer touch and sympathy — a consummation which must obtain, if the Catholic publication is to fill its appointed aim and mission among the periodicals of the time. We hope Donahoe's progressive supporters will lead in bringing about this most worthy and easily effected result.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Women in Business.

"Truth," of a recent date, has a letter from Paris which tells things new and old about French women of business, and of the clever way they have of sliding from small beginnings into large transactions. One of the largest fruit farmers in France is near Fontainebleu, 300 acres or so in extent, all freehold. The owner was a poor gardener's daughter who saved a little money at domestic service and bought a small farm, open to sunshine and sheltered from winds.

The well known Mme. Boucicaut's success is proverbial. She was a laundress in Normandy and married a hatter. As laundress for the Petit St. Thomas at Paris, she had chances to get damaged silks and common lace at a bargain, and made them into cravats, jackets, etc., after patterns she had seen in the shop. These she sold at a market on the way to her work of a morning. Then she took a little hole of a shop in the Rue du Bac where the western door of the famous Bon Marché is to-day. No one was ever cheated, and the rule was to sell good and cheap wares. The husband and wife learned business slowly and without great risks. They gave away largely, and including the immense sums she spent as a widow in acts of charity and justice, their benefactions amounted to $15,000,000. Mme. Boucicaut left a fortune of $7,000,000. This sounds like the Arabian Nights, but the facts are well known, and show her to have been a woman of talent, prudence, and justice.

Another Frenchwoman has a great shop near the Pont Neuf, which has an "annual turnover" of about $7,000,000. It is called La Samaritaine, and the class of poor people who were its first patrons still receive great attention.

Women who would have success in trade must avoid speculation. Ruinous as it is to men in many cases, it is almost certain to prove fatal to women whose vivid gift of imagination halves risks and doubles chances. Investments which offer a very high rate of interest are, as a rule, dangerous. In this country disturbance in the financial world may be expected at intervals, and those intervals are shorter now than they were forty years ago. The prudent woman, whether wage earner or capitalist, takes into consideration these hard times and tries to be ready to meet them.

Memory carries some of us back to a time when two of the principal shops in Boston were kept by women, Miss Ann Allen (afterwards Mrs. Tracy) and Miss Mary Kinsley, both of them nieces of the venerable Miss Ann Bent who supported two families of orphan nephews and nieces by "keeping a shop" according to the phrase of that early day. The silks, laces, and choice stuffs of every kind to be found in those shops were exquisite to behold. There was a sanctum behind the counters where a chosen few were admitted for closer contact with odoriferous crapes and camel's hair shawls and other treasures. Both establishments gave good results and enabled their owners to retire in middle life with a fortune, as fortunes were counted at that time. Competition is greater to-day, but society is larger and the demand for luxuries far more

pressing than it was fifty years ago. If we are to have among us a Madame Boucicaut, she is probably at work now receiving small, steady gains and showing inexhaustible patience, justice, prudence, and good temper.

Dissection of Animals in School.

Protest against the dissection of animals in the presence of children should be made now by all who object to the practice. Probably most parents, if they think at all on the matter, object to the use of kittens, rabbits, frogs, etc., killed for the purpose of proving physiological problems to school children. Now is the time for a vigorous expression of parental disapproval, either unanimous or individual, as may be most convenient.

We have no wish to exaggerate the danger of this method of teaching natural history. Some children are so interested in the study that they look and learn as scientific students would do. Many more no doubt feel the indifference to all forms of instruction that seizes upon the average scholar during school time. Those who suffer are of two kinds, the sensitive child and the unfeeling child. It is hard to appreciate the suffering of a tender-hearted child in seeing experiments upon the freshly killed and palpitating form of a kitten, a rabbit, or a bird, creatures that in life could have filled an important place as pets. Of course the child does not express its pain; sensitive children have a sad power of self-repression, but probably waking hours and dreams are haunted by the morning lesson in physiology.

This is bad, but it is not the worst result possible from teaching physiology to children by dissection. In some children the love of excitement takes the form of a taste for horrors. They know nothing of pain by personal experience, and they like to inflict pain on others and see the emotion and agitation that it causes. Now to these young people the sight which gives distress to tender-hearted children, is a source of morbid pleasure. This could be easily proved by many true and unpleasant stories, but it is a fact too well known to need proof. Such children know themselves to be unlike others, and they take great care to hide their peculiarity. In the name of mercy let us see that at least in school they are free from temptation in the direction of their ruling passion.

The Quality of Mercy is not Strained.

We are all looking anxiously for the decision of Maria Barberi's fate, and it is wise to analyze our sympathy and see if it is well founded.

Maria is young, her age being variously given from fifteen to twenty-two. Probably she is in years nineteen and in mental development about as far advanced as an American girl of sixteen who has had ordinary advantages of education. I have had much experience with Italians of Maria's class and have found them "young for their years" as compared with our young people. Maria does not belong to the criminal class; she worked for the support of her father and mother and had a good reputation up to the time of the terrible tragedy. She shows no abnormal tendency to crime, and seems to be under ordinary circumstances a peaceable and rather timid girl. By the treachery and mocking insolence of an utterly worthless man she was wrought up to a state of frenzy and killed him in a shocking manner.

Of the amount of her moral responsibility for the action we cannot judge,

but the effect which executive clemency will have on us all cannot fail to be beneficial. Most persons familiar with prisons and prisoners will agree that the criminals most easily reformed are those who in extreme passion have taken life. Homicide of this nature stands apart from murder committed for the sake of pelf, or to gratify an instinct of cruelty. If Maria Barberi is executed the law will be lowered, not exalted, in the eyes of the general public.

As to the deterrent power of capital punishment in such a case, no murder committed in a frenzy of rage ever has been or ever will be prevented by a fear of consequences. It may have some deterrent power over those who kill virtue in cold blood, to find that society feels such horror of the man who was so terribly dealt with in his sins, that mercy is asked by general consent for her who was his victim and executioner.

What to Read.

To fastidious people the range of readable fiction is so limited that it has become necessary to turn elsewhere for recreation. Happily the memoirs and autobiographies of the present day are entertaining, interesting, and elevated in tone. The life of one celebrated personage of this century includes the same dramatis personæ to be met in many other memoirs of the same period, and in time one learns to move among the throng of wits, philosophers, courtiers, and great ladies as among personal friends.

The Letters of Harriet, Lady Granville, present an assemblage of old acquaintances, French and English. She was the mother of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and in these pleasant letters are many details of that dear saint's childhood and youth.

To those who find most modern novels "impossible," the following books are recommended and they can be read in any order of succession that may be convenient:—

"Two Noble Lives," by Mr. A. J. C. Hare and his edition of Maria Edgeworth's Letters; The Letters and Journals of Sir Walter Scott, read with Lockhart's Life of Scott for reference where the thread is broken; The Memoirs of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, choosing Father Coleridge's translation rather than the French original; all sketches and memoirs of Mrs. Craven with her "Reminiscences"; The Journal of Charles Greville; Journals, Letters, etc., of Frances Anne Kemble; Memoirs of Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Gilbert Eliot (Lord Minto), Thomas Moore, and Lord Houghton.

A complete list would take more space than I can command, for each biography that one reads suggests half a dozen more. Such reading peoples the world with a brilliant company, widens sympathy, and turns into hope and promise the depression caused by the mediocrity which is a necessary element in everyday life.

A Good Work.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, in a brief dated Oct. 2, 1893, made an Archconfraternity of the "Work of Expiation for the Forsaken Souls in Purgatory." This work is so simple and so easily within the reach of all, whether young or old, rich or poor, sick or well, that a brief outline of its plan is given here.

Among the cardinals who have given their support to this charity are Cardinal Parocchi, protector of the work, Cardinals Rampolla, Manning, Lavigerie, Taschereau, and our own Cardinal Gibbons.

At the Church of La Chapelle-Montligeon, France, seven masses are said every week for the most forsaken souls, and besides these, which are founded forever, there were said in 1893 in various parts of the world 96,946 masses, the number constantly increasing as the charity becomes more widely known. This is well for souls whose own relatives and friends seem to have forgotten their existence.

The expenses of this large work are paid by subscriptions so small that it makes one smile to name the amount. Any individual can belong to the work by paying one cent yearly or one dollar for all time. Any names can be subscribed, of the living or the dead. Unbelievers are as welcome as believers, as there is no limit to the extent of the charity. The promoters (those who enroll members) are very numerous, some of them persons obliged to live on alms, yet exercising a spiritual charity that makes them invaluable as members of the Archconfraternity.

Those who desire details of this charity can address Rev. Paul Buguet, La Chapelle-Montligeon, France, Rev. E. Didier, St. Joseph's Hospital, North Caroline St., Baltimore, Maryland; Miss L. M. Keevan, 889 Albany St., Boston, Mass.; Miss Anne M. Cary, East Milton, Mass.; Miss Emma Cary, 92 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

When Father Damien's hard day among his sufferers was over, he used to make his way to the churchyard and spend hours in praying for his dear lepers who had gone to the world of spirits. Probably their purgatory on earth had been enough, but his friendship was of the kind which leaves nothing undone for a friend.

Are these words more fit for November than for October? All Souls' Day finds us too often unprepared.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Hints to Mothers.

A little boy in velvet suit and flowing ringlets is a pretty picture, but the wise mother will remove both before sending her darling to school. Clipping his curls may cause her a tear, but will save him many, and a tweed suit will win from his fellows a meed of respect not paid to a velvet-clad cavalier.

A schoolboy grows mentally and physically on the playground as well as in the class-room, and part of his training is being pummelled by his fellows, and walking round the yard on his hands. The sensible mother will admit that to do this with tresses dangling would be rather difficult. Then again in a rough-and-tumble scuffle with half the school on top, his scalp is in danger, to say nothing of the detriment to his velvet gear.

Of course the new boy's mother always makes a fervid appeal to the teacher to save her boy from unknown perils, but police protection could not save him from certain traditions of the playground. There are certain inaugural ceremonies sturdily insisted upon, and no boy is considered a properly inducted member until he has been taken by the throat and hurled into the thick of the fray; if he comes out breathless but smiling, he is unanimously admitted to full membership, but woe betide him if he weeps or runs to the teacher for redress! It will be remembered against him to his graduation day.

Then again the average boy enjoys the distinction of looking a little tough, and of running his fingers through a stubble of hair. He may look a little like a diminutive convict, but comfort is everything, and his pride will be great, particularly if the tweed suit be held together by suspenders instead of the infantile corded waist.

Another point for mothers is to see

that the little beginners do not go hungry. They breakfast early, sometimes before seven, and in their excitement do not eat enough. The morning session is long, and in some departments the discipline is so strict that eating during school hours is forbidden. The consequence is that the little pupils become exhausted, inattentive, and cross, and when contagious diseases are prevalent, succumb to them very easily. Young animals require food frequently, a fact mothers should remember. They should furnish a lunch, and teachers should permit the children to eat it whenever desire prompts them to do so. Health and happiness are of more importance than the observance of cast-iron rules. It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of pupils in kindergartens and primary schools are not properly nourished.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Distill'd in a beautiful, magical clime
From the amaranth-bloom and the honey-dew,
'Tis quaff'd but once—in that radiant time
When earth and heaven are new.

Bubbles of bliss on its cup-brim dance:
Who drinks of it, strays, like Adam's peer,
Thro' an Eden flush'd with Love's romance,
Hope's golden atmosphere.

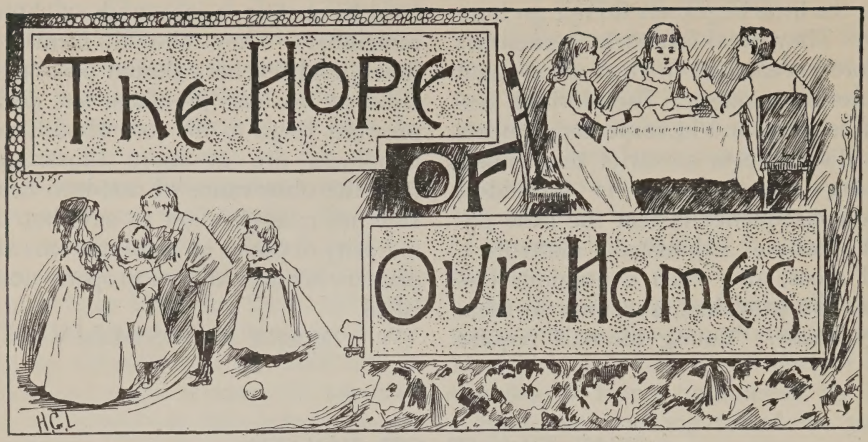
Its occult spell to ruin and sin
Hath sages lured, and alchemists,
Yet many a Faust risks all to win
Its pulse in his palsied wrists.

For it mounts to the brain in a dazzling flood,
Invests dull clay with its glamor bright;
Illumines the brow, inflames the blood,
And thrills the heart with delight.

In the strength of its nerve no task seems hard,
Immortal power and brawn are there;
Youth's sanguine eyes (like the eyes of the bard)
Life's ills make good and fair.

Alas! in the hour the draught is drained,
All things appear in their sober truth!
We may husband the dregs the cup contained—
Th' elixir is gone with youth!

Gone—till we drink it new once more
In our Father's house by the shining river;
Where age, and decay, and death are o'er;
God's saints shall be young forever!



TEN DOLLARS FOR A PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

There it is, children. We announced last month that we were preparing a great contest for the department, and that the successful competitor would have a merrier Christmas this year than ever. You see, we were right, for the boy and girl who win the prize will have

TEN DOLLARS

extra to buy presents with, besides having shown original talent in the composition of a story. We want every young reader of Donahoe's up to fifteen years of age to take part in this trial of literary skill. Apart from the opportunity afforded of leading in ability the thousands of children who follow this department, the competition will be an exercise in writing, composition, spelling, grammar, punctuation, neat penmanship, and above all, original talent. You see it includes almost everything of importance you are studying at school, and for this reason should be taken up by classes of boys and girls in every school where Donahoe's is received. Now, then, go into it heart and mind, and show us what thoughts the great Christmas season brings to you, and how well you are able to weave them into an interesting story, that other boys and girls, and even grown people will like to read, and admire you for. Here are the rules to be observed, and we warn you at the outset that no story will be considered which fails to comply with them to the letter.

1. No contestant must be more than fifteen at the last birthday.

2. The story must be absolutely original, and must not contain more than 500 words.

3. No copied story, or one that gives evidence of having been written or dictated by a grown person will be considered. We have an infallible rule for detecting this sort of contribution.

4. Writing, grammar, spelling, punctuation, and neatness of manuscript, will be taken into account as well as the story itself, in awarding the prize.

5. Write only on one side of the paper.

6. Give your address in full, your age, school, and name of pastor.

7. All answers must be received by December 1st, when the contest closes.

8. Address Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington street, Boston.

You have two full months to think out and write a story of 500 words, and the prize is Ten Dollars, a chance to show talent and scholarship, and the most Merry Christmas you ever enjoyed. Is not that sufficient inducement for every schoolboy and girl to enter the lists? We expect to be deluged with manuscripts from now until the date when the prize contest expires. Now who will be the first to be heard from? And who will be the last?

Stark's Address at Bennington.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

I.

Fearful the fight, O God of the Right,
We have ere the day be o'er us;
But be our shield, and we'll take the field,
And we'll drive the foe before us;
Lend Thou Thine aid, and our battle-blade
Will burn like a bolt of thunder;
And we'll smite the foe, and overthrow
His battle-ranks cleft asunder!

II.

Up, Bennington Boys! who love the noise
And the whirlwind fierce of battle;
And let your lead on the Briton's head
And the Briton's bayonets rattle.
A welcome warm, in an iron storm
Of screaming shot we'll shout them;
And with the steel their hearts we'll feel,
And in the hurricane rout them!

III.

In carnage and flame wash out the shame
Of fallen Ticonderoga;
And hurry the pack of hirelings back
To Burgoyne at Saratoga:
Then buckle your belts, my Yanks and Celts,
And think that Washington led you;
Let every blow, my heroes, show
Your love for the land that bred you!

IV.

Now, Bennington Men, the strength of ten,
To the fiery battle bring ye;
And your iron hail in the faces pale
Of the red-coats fiercely fling ye;
Then down the rock with the torrent's shock
The Flag of Liberty o'er us,
Like lions leap on the foe, and sweep
His ruffianly ranks before us!

The Effect of Bad Reading.

Boys, here is a piece of information, which though startling and horrible, is nevertheless true in every iota, and should be taken to heart by everyone who reads these pages. We clip it as it stands in the columns of *Our Young People*, a Catholic fortnightly, published in Milwaukee:—

"It is a fact, which cannot be denied, that the influence of bad books has sent countless numbers to destruction. From behind prison bars, and even from the gallows, have come innumerable confessions that pernicious books were the cause which led to evil and abandoned living.

"A judge who made the matter a study, declares that of nearly all the boys who are brought before the criminal courts, many largely ascribe their downfall to impure reading. And even when the morals remain uncontaminated, bad reading can pervert the judgment and instil poisonous sentiments which will darken the life and destroy one's usefulness ever after."

The same periodical also contains the following excellent advice for girls:—

"Do not expect your brother to be as dainty as a girl. Do not quarrel with your brother, do not preach to him, and do not coddle him. Make him your friend, and do not expect him to be your servant, nor let him expect you to be his. Never think you can afford to be a dowdy at home. Cleanliness, hair well dressed, and a smile, will make a calico look like silk or satin to a father or brother. Introduce every new acquaintance to your mother as soon as possible.

"Young girls, whether rich or poor, make some one good thing a particular point in your life. If you will be a cook or housekeeper, be thoroughly

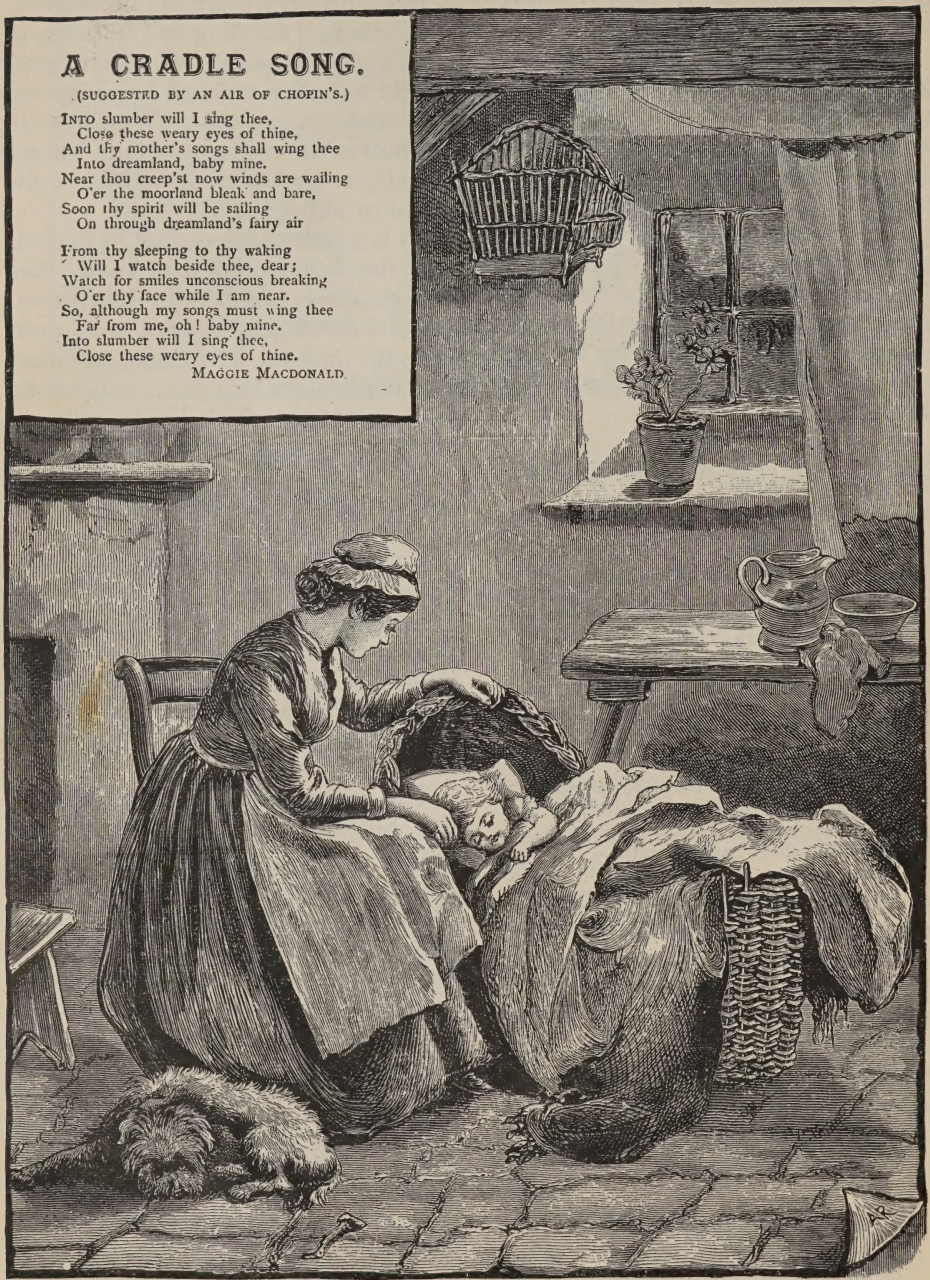
A CRADLE SONG.

(SUGGESTED BY AN AIR OF CHOPIN'S.)

INTO slumber will I sing thee,
Close these weary eyes of thine,
And thy mother's songs shall wing thee
Into dreamland, baby mine.
Near thou creep'st now winds are wailing
O'er the moorland bleak and bare,
Soon thy spirit will be sailing
On through dreamland's fairy air

From thy sleeping to thy waking
Will I watch beside thee, dear;
Watch for smiles unconscious breaking
O'er thy face while I am near.
So, although my songs must wing thee
Far from me, oh! baby mine,
Into slumber will I sing thee,
Close these weary eyes of thine.

MAGGIE MACDONALD.



good. Have a general knowledge of all matters of interest or importance, but have one particular branch perfect, so that if the time comes when you must face the world and carve your own fortune, you will be able to do something, and to do that something well. No matter how homely the duty, its value is enhanced tenfold by being well done. It is as creditable to be a thorough housekeeper as to be a good teacher or accountant."

Raisins.

Raisins are little things, but boys and girls are exceedingly fond of them in their brown bread and puddings. Like many little things, they require great cultivation and care to be brought to perfection. A raisin vineyard is in full bearing in three years, but the grape has not reached its perfection until the vine from which it springs is six or seven years old.

The process of grape-gathering for raisins requires the most delicate handling and cleanliness. Hundreds of shallow wooden trays, about five feet square, are distributed among dozens of trained pickers. The bunches are carefully cut from the vine, and as carefully laid upon the base of the tray to avoid bruising them. There they remain untouched for ten days and nights. One-half of the grape is by this time cured; but instead of turning them with the hand, an empty tray is placed over them, the lower one is inverted, and the turning and transfer have been made. In twelve more days the curing is completed. The trays and contents are then stacked about twenty trays high, where they remain for five days sweating, when they are ready to be graded and packed in boxes of five, ten, twenty, and fifty pounds for the Eastern market.

Lots of Salt.

In a ton of Dead Sea water there are 187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, 93; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic, 81; English Channel, 72; Baltic, 18; Black Sea, 26; and Caspian Sea, 11.

V and W.

"Excuse me if I trouble you,"
Said V to jolly W.
"But you will have the kindness to explain one thing to me?
Why, looking as you do,
Folks should call you double U,
When they really ought to call you double V?"
Said W to curious V,
"The reason's plain as plain can be
(Although I must admit it's understood by very few);
As you say I am double V;
And therefore, don't you see,
The people say that I am double you."

— *St. Nicholas.*

Sammy.—"Who is the father of his country?"

Jimmie.—"George Washington."

Sammy.—"Correct. Who is his uncle?"

Jimmie.—"Why, I don't know."

Sammy.—"Uncle Sam."

—*Harper's Round Table.*

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

A Good Thing.

CREPONS of good quality DYE WELL and keep their crinkley appearance. Light shades dye darker. Blues, Browns, Greens and Blacks are the fashionable colors. Dresses can be made over at last! Bundles called for and delivered at residence. We dye or cleanse all household articles, lace curtains, draperies, gloves, feathers, etc. Mail or express. Send for book of useful information. Lewando's French Dyeing and Cleansing Establishment, W. L. Crosby, Manager. Principal Offices, 17 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, 365 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

M. J. W. writes us: Would you kindly state: 1. What constitutes our belief in Purgatory? and, 2. Why we pay our priests for prayers for the dead?

1. We believe that when a person dies, if his soul is in mortal sin, it goes to Hell; if it is perfectly clean, to Heaven; and if there be any stain on it, to Purgatory, to suffer there for a while, and to be deprived of entrance into Heaven, until that stain is wholly cleansed away. A venial sin on the soul will keep it out of Heaven for a while, as will also the necessity of expiating some sin already pardoned as to its guilt, but awaiting a temporal punishment. We believe that souls stay in purgatory only for a while, until the last farthing is paid; that they cannot help themselves, but must suffer till all the debt is paid; that we can help them by way of suffrage, by prayers, fasting, alms-deeds done for them, and by having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them. We believe that God is pleased to accept the payment of what they owe from our hands. We believe that the infinite merits of Jesus, the superabundant merits of Mary and of many of the Saints, are at the Church's disposal, and that she can put them at our disposal within certain conditions. We believe that when she gives us the privilege of gaining these indulgences, we can do so, and when she authorizes us to offer them for the souls in Purgatory, we can do so. We believe that these souls are helped by the merits of Jesus, or Mary, or the saints offered for them, because we believe that when the Church appeals as a suppliant at the throne of grace for her suffering children, though they have passed beyond her jurisdiction, God will heed this mother's prayers. We find a warrant for our belief in the fact that it is reasonable to expect that only the soul in perfect sanctity can enter Heaven, while the soul that is defiled only with slight faults, and is God's friend, cannot be sent to Hell; we find our reason too for this belief in the constant statement and practice of the Catholic Church; and we find the testimony for it in the Holy Scripture. In 2 Mac. 12:46, it is written: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." In Matt. 12:32, Christ speaks of sins which shall be forgiven in the world to come; in Matt. 5:26, of a prison in the other world, from which there shall be no release, until the last farthing shall be paid; and in I Cor. 3:12-15, St. Paul speaks of some who on the day of judgment "shall be saved yet so as by fire."

2. The question of paying priests has been already answered in these columns. But we will answer it now for the last time. First let us notice that they are not *paid* for spiritual things. We will explain later on. A priest is a man, and needs as other men, food, raiment and rest. These can be obtained only by money. He

is a man who has devoted all the years of his life (generally speaking) up to the time of his ordination, to study. He has earned nothing, while his parents have been continually spending upon him to educate him. If after his years of education, he were to enter law, medicine, or the other lay professions, he could like others receive large returns upon his outlay. In the priesthood, he finds a diocesan law, allowing him a certain salary, in some places as low as $300 a year; in others, as in Boston, $600 a year. The Church receives no support from the State. This salary must be paid from the money contributed by the people through pew rents and such ways. Outside this salary, the priest can receive offerings from the people. If he is a pastor, he will in most dioceses be entitled to what the people give on occasions of baptisms or marriages, also to their contributions at Christmas or Easter or both, also to some other offerings, according to diocesan regulations. And if he be pastor or assistant, he is entitled to whatever offering is made him by a person asking him to say a mass for the intention of the donor. A diocesan law will forbid him, for certain good reasons, to receive below a stipulated amount. When he has accepted the offering, he has bound himself to fulfil his promise, and the person who made the offering has the security that the priest will say mass for the intention asked of him. There is nothing to bind him to say Mass for one person more than for another; he is at liberty to do as he pleases, until he has taken an offering and made a promise. Then he must fulfil his promise. He does not give the Mass for the money, he is not *paid* for the Mass. He takes a gift, and binds himself to carry out the giver's wish. What is spiritual cannot be sold, and what is material cannot buy what is spiritual. Let those who are always objecting to what the priest receives in the way of money, reflect that many a priest in various parts of the world is living in straitened circumstances, and sometimes in want, that many of the vigorous, energetic, and talented men to-day in the priesthood could in a few years have become independent, had they entered professions in the world, and had they sought for money, that the demands for charity and religion on a priest with heart and faith are manifold, and that as the Scripture says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and that "they who serve the altar should live by the altar."

W. V. writes us: 1. We are commanded to interpret Scripture according to the Church. I find there is no authorized commentary, and I find Catholic writers give different interpretations to many texts; that not many can interpret the book of Revelation, and that Genesis is explained differently now from formerly; and a great many books and passages are not explained, so that much of the Scriptures must be a dead letter even to the greatest scholars. 2. What is a missionary country? 3. Does the title "woman," addressed by Jesus to Mary, convey any disrespect as Protestants say?

1. For an explanation of the Catholic doctrine concerning the nature and excellence of Holy Scripture, with the precautions to be observed in its study, we recommend W. V. to read Pope Leo XIII's encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus*, issued Nov. 18, 1893. This can be obtained at any Catholic bookstore. As regards interpretation, where the Church has spoken authoritatively as to the meaning of any passage, we must accept her word, because she is the living teacher to whom has been entrusted the deposit of faith. Also the agreement of Christians on any point is conclusive; the whole Church cannot go wrong. In conformity with this doctrine, the Council of Trent forbade all interpre-

tations which were opposed to the unanimous consent of the Fathers. We must distinguish, however, between the testimony of the Fathers to the tradition they have received, and their own critical judgment on points as to which they have received no tradition. We accept their word in the former case; in the latter, more recent criticism may show us reason for a different view. As regards the difficulty presented in Genesis, concerning the Days of Creation, the Fathers are not unanimous regarding their meaning. Geology to-day helps us to interpret Genesis.

The work of interpreting the Scriptures is difficult, and as St. Peter says, (2 St. Peter 3: 16), in the epistles of St. Paul, "are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction." Therefore the Church authorizes the Latin Vulgate, and declares it *authentic.* She lays down rules for her theologians in the interpretation of Scripture, and she instructs her children to use translations only that have received due approval, and have proper notes attached, to prevent misunderstanding of important or disputed passages. Finally, if our correspondent is surprised that men cannot fully understand the word of God, we will quote for him this saying from St. Justin, Martyr: "If anything be produced which has the semblance of being a contradiction in Scripture, and I am unable to clear it up, I will avow that I do not understand the passage, and will endeavor to persuade all who are in perplexity to make the same avowal." Notice, too, this word of St. Augustine: "In dealing with these books, you must not say that the author was mistaken; but either the reading is corrupt, or the translation faulty, or you fail to catch the meaning."

2. A missionary country is one like the United States, where the Church is still in a period of growth and formation, and as such is not so subject to all the requirements and formalities of Canon Law, as is the Church in older countries, like France or Italy. The Church seeks to adapt herself to the needs of times and places, and in a new country must waive or modify certain of her disciplinary laws, whose enforcement would hamper rather than aid the workers in the Lord's vineyard.

3. In English, the word of Our Divine Lord to His Blessed Mother Mary sounds harsh, but in the language He used, it was not so. In fact, it was a term of respect. Augustus, emperor of Rome, saluted Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, with this title, Woman. Æschylus, the Greek poet, so addresses Queen Clytemnestra, and the tragic poets use it frequently for princesses.

Inquirer asks: Are there any miracles to-day in the Church?

The existence of the Church herself through so many centuries of persecution, and in triumph over powerful enemies, is itself the greatest of miracles. There are miracles to-day, as the history of Lourdes proves most conclusively. Miracles may not be so frequent or so public as in the early days, because the tree that is firmly established does not require the care and attention of the tender plant. Then too, people who live now have the testimony and value of miracles performed in the past, and if they will not believe that testimony, they will scarcely believe the witness of their own senses. God has His own time and way for everything.

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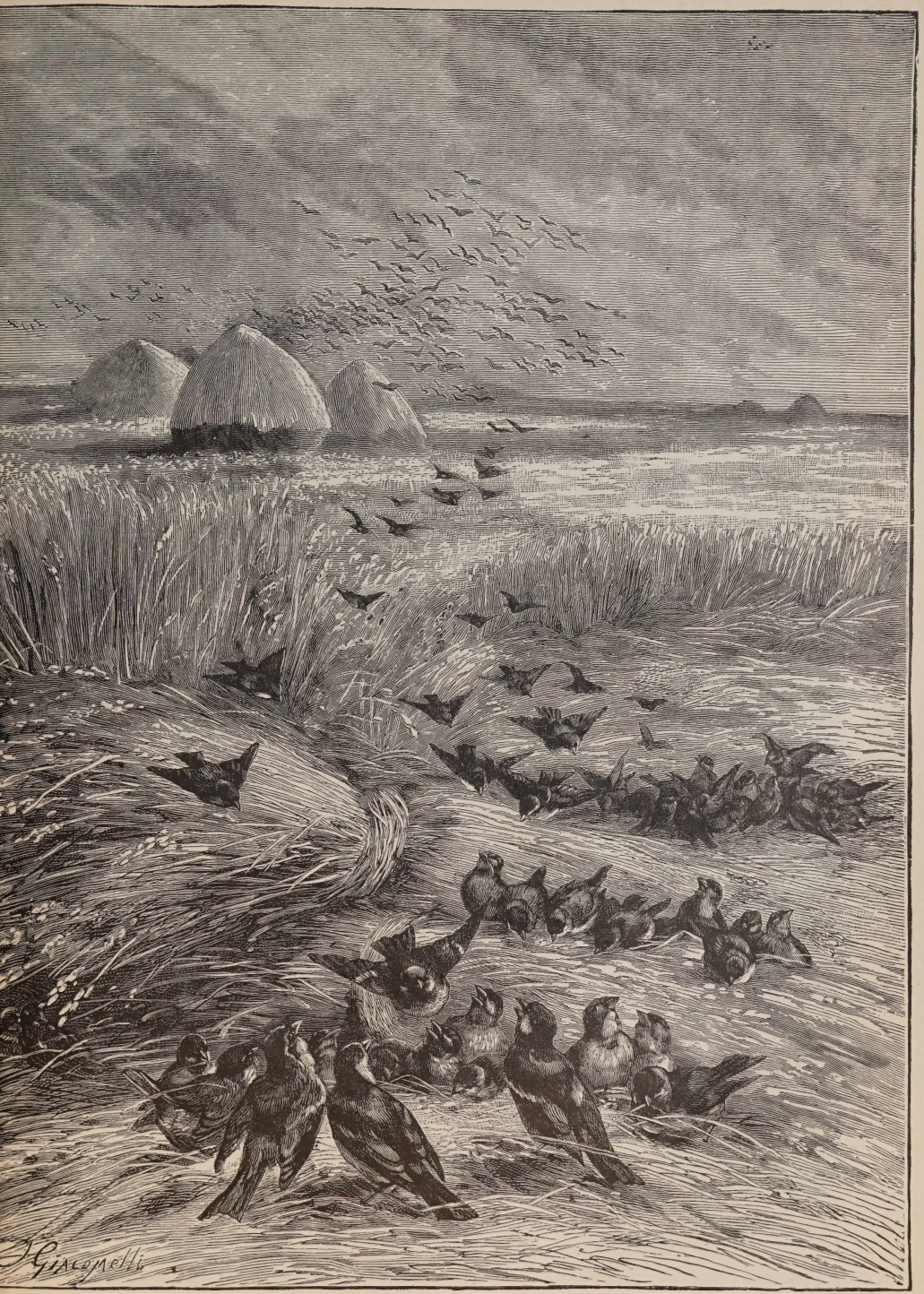

AFTERMATH.

THE THORNY PATH.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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AMERICAN RELIQUES OF TOM MOORE.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

THAT there are no new subjects under the sun is a truth impressing itself, with most unwelcome vividness, upon the would-be writer at a very early stage of the writing-fever. Quoth one whose own experience entitled him to consideration, "Effort should be directed towards the betterment of former treatment, or the addition of new material which is always possible to research." The advice is hardly applicable to a subject of such world-wide interest as the "poet of all circles," whose renown in his own day so far exceeded that of his gifted contemporaries that one of them wrote in mildly envious mood

"They say, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you happy man?)
At midnight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

Happy man truly! who numbers among his biographers and critics a Hall, a Chambers, and a Griffin; among his eulogists Father Tom Burke; and among translators Archbishop MacHale, who set the glorious gems of the poet's fancy in the quaint Celtic framing, more unique and more laborious than the Persian one envied of Byron. Only in his American experiences can this favored child of literature be considered at all unhappy, and then, as he himself admits, the fault was so entirely his own, that Fortune and Literature and much maligned America must be held forever blameless.

The fault is an "old story" of course, which as last seen in print runneth thus: "Thomas Moore in 1803 made a tour of portions of the United States and Canada on his way home from Bermuda, and wrote flippant and impertinent verses (published in 1806) on this country as he found it in his cursory visit. But," adds this latest critic, "Moore lived to know better, and some years later he characterized his own criticisms as the fruit of his immature youth, and made ample apology for his early lack of justice in our regard."

The same writer tells us that when Charles Dickens endeavored to make amends for the similar offence of "ill-formed, ill-natured opinions," he was more than forgiven by the great heart of America on account of its delight in his immortal characters!

Surely the "great heart" has long since not merely forgiven but forgotten the boyish lapses of one who later was privileged to seize "the harp of Sion and Erin, at once the emblem of

piety and patriotism." No more graceful apologist could be desired than "the thief himself," as Griffin calls Moore in his happy Irish phrasing, when describing an interview which took place within the parlor of the famous Sloperton Cottage twenty-seven years after the poet's American visit. This was the period of his life when he was wont to boast of his introduction to Thomas Jefferson, waxing enthusiastic over the remembrance of a handshake from the man who wrote the Declaration of American Independence.

Probably from this time, too, dates the explanation prefixed to his American verses in the edition of his poems collected by himself: "Few and transient had been my opportunities of judging for myself the political or social state of the country. My mind was left open to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with." And thus we learn that his acquaintance was con-

"The Poet of all Circles."

fined almost exclusively to officers of the British navy and men prominent in the ranks of the Federalist or anti-Democratic party.

Taking into consideration his youth and the pliability which is usually the accompaniment of such temperaments as his, these influences could not fail to produce regrettable results. The boy whose budding patriotism had been crushed by the counsel of a timid mother, would naturally be anxious to tabulate for future use any arguments that might seem to justify his early defection. Happily, with maturity and its experiences, came the strength which led him to prefer apology to attempted justification, and the most ardent patriot must admit that although he chose to war "with the sword of the spirit" only, Moore's service to his country's cause was of real and permanent value. Long since has Ireland accepted his plea for the bard "who sought to forget what he never could heal," and America unites with her in doing reverence to his memory.

In one city only on American soil, can this memory be associated with pleasant ones of his admiration, pleasantly expressed, in prose and verse. Writing to his mother from Passaic Falls in June, 1804, he says: "The only place which I have seen that I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia." And again we read: "In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me."

TOM MOORE'S HARP, NOW IN THE DREXEL INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA.

He credits Mr. Dennie with love for good literature and sound politics. The first we can easily believe of one who belonged to Boston by birth and to Harvard by education, and, who, at the time mentioned, conducted a literary journal, "The Portfolio," for which we are told his name and talents acquired considerable patronage and celebrity. The soundness of his poli-

tics, however, must have been dependent on the "point of view," which was hardly that adopted by the countrymen of Moore, then at the helm of city government.

These were the days of Mathew Carey, originator and long time secretary of the far-famed Hibernian Society; the days when the unquenchable "*Aurora*" of William Duane illuminated the political horizon; when the

Tom Moore's Cottage, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

pen of John Binns, the newspaper correspondent (and Moore's own townsman as was Mathew Carey), disseminated opinions that the *sword* of John Binns, the militia adjutant, was called on to defend a little later. By such men one might expect to find the Irish poet and litterateur made welcome, although his official title, Registrar of the British Admiralty, could scarcely be considered a favorable passport to the esteem of patriots fresh from their successful struggle with the power and principles he was proud to represent.

Only as the translator of Anacreon and the author of a single volume of original verse of doubtful reputation (which in after years a biographer assures us he had the good sense to be ashamed of) could Moore have been known even to the pioneer publisher of Philadelphia. The golden future of poesy and literature for which he was destined cannot be said to have cast as yet any very pronounced "*prophetic shadow.*" Nevertheless, we read in pages which are considered faithful chronicles of the times, that "a great excitement in literary circles was created by the coming of the poet Thomas Moore who, if he had a poet's weakness for praise and flattery, should have left Philadelphia more than satisfied."

From closer reading we might infer that the excitement was at least liveli-

est in that "elegant little circle," to quote Moore, dominated by the editor of the "Portfolio." "The poetic squad" connected therewith, "lauded the poet with so much exaggeration," we are told, "that their praise might be mistaken for satire." Such was evidently not intended, however; the "Portfolio" published verses complimentary to the translator of Anacreon, and editorial comments on his visit, wherein he is mentioned as the "fascinating friend" and "sweet poet." Poems written by Moore also appeared in the same columns, shortly after his departure—notably that one which he himself refers to as having been written immediately on leaving Philadelphia,—

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved."

Such "fugitive poems" as these, whose sweetness and worth are unquestioned, were doubtless instrumental in establishing the reputation he evidently enjoyed as a rising man of letters.

We have proof that his acquaintance was not entirely confined to the "Portfolio" circle. He had expressed a hope that in Philadelphia he should see "poor Ed Hudson," who had married the daughter of a rich bookseller there; "surely," he added, "this country must have cured him of Republicanism." Later he speaks of the meeting, and gives inquiring friends the information that the "rich bookseller" was also a Dublin man; but he does not state whether the expected cure had been wrought in Hudson's case.

Silence scarcely means affirmation in this instance. The family with which Hudson intermarried gave more than one member to the Hibernian Society, and their political predilections must have confirmed his early ones. Moore's acquaintance with Hudson might easily have proved the connecting link between the Dublin tourist and those famous fellow-citizens of his, before mentioned, who had found prosperity in the new republic and repaid the obligation with lifelong fealty. Mrs. E. Duane Gillespie, daughter of William J. Duane and granddaughter of the *Aurora's* famous editor (both distinguished members of the Hibernian Society) distinctly remembers hearing

Gown Worn by Tom Moore at Trinity College, Dublin. Now in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

that the poet was her father's guest on, at least, one occasion, and adds that notwithstanding his youth "his songs were sung, his verses admired and he was considered quite a *'personage.'*"

How one wishes that the prototype of our ubiquitous reporter had been then in evidence, that we might learn how much general attention was really attracted to the dapper little Irishman. As the "chiel amang them takin' notes" he must have sought opportunities of mingling with the people. No doubt

he was frequently to be found in the throng of gay beaux on Chestnut Street, or amongst the habitués of the Water Street postoffice, where we can imagine him, anxiously seeking that letter from the beloved sister Kate, of which he wrote:—

"The moon may thrice be born and die
Ere even the seal can reach mine eye."

The cottage, which is accepted by many as having been his temporary abiding place in Philadelphia, ranks now as one of the many attractions of the magnificent park which in its rapid growth has absorbed much of the city's historical ground. Some of the famous buildings it contains, such as "*Grant's Cabin*," which was originally the general's headquarters at City Point, Va., and "*Letitia House*," the oldtime residence of William Penn, have been moved hither for purposes of preservation, but "*Tom Moore's Cottage*" stands unaltered, since the days when "alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved" and the "flowery banks" found favor in his eyes.

It is a small story-and-a-half stone dwelling, now separated from the banks of the Schuylkill by a wide carriage drive of modern construction, and commanding a view of a small island frequented by local fishermen. During the years of civic ownership the park commissioners have devoted much care to its preservation, and it is at present tenanted by an intelligent employé, who estimates as a privilege his opportunities of literally treading in the footprints of a famous compatriot.

There are no distinctive features of architecture or environment. The absence of these attractions is indeed one of the arguments brought forward by those who regard the story of Moore's occupancy as not sufficiently proven for their acceptance. Another tradition which would account for the name, is, that it was the original of the cottage immortalized in one of his sweetest ballads, which commences

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near."

Certainly the dimensions of two great fireplaces, one in either of the apartments into which the lower floor of the house is divided, suggest much more than modern capacity for smoke and blaze. Above them the wooden mantels of 1804 yet remain. The lozenge-paned windows and heavy inner doors are unchanged; the two outer doors are each shaded by tall sugar maples, whose branches touch the rustic benches set beneath. Their vigil was shared until recently by a magnificent willow, which has been unfortunately sacrificed to the exigencies of park improvement.

It was long known as "Moore's Willow," and judging from its age, attested by the condition of the trunk when cut down, must have been in its glorious prime at the time of his visit. One easily likened the mystic whisperings of its branches and their graceful movements to the tone and gesture of some hoary orator, whose wondrous knowledge our generation longed to share, and paraphrasing another poet's query we may ask in all good faith:—

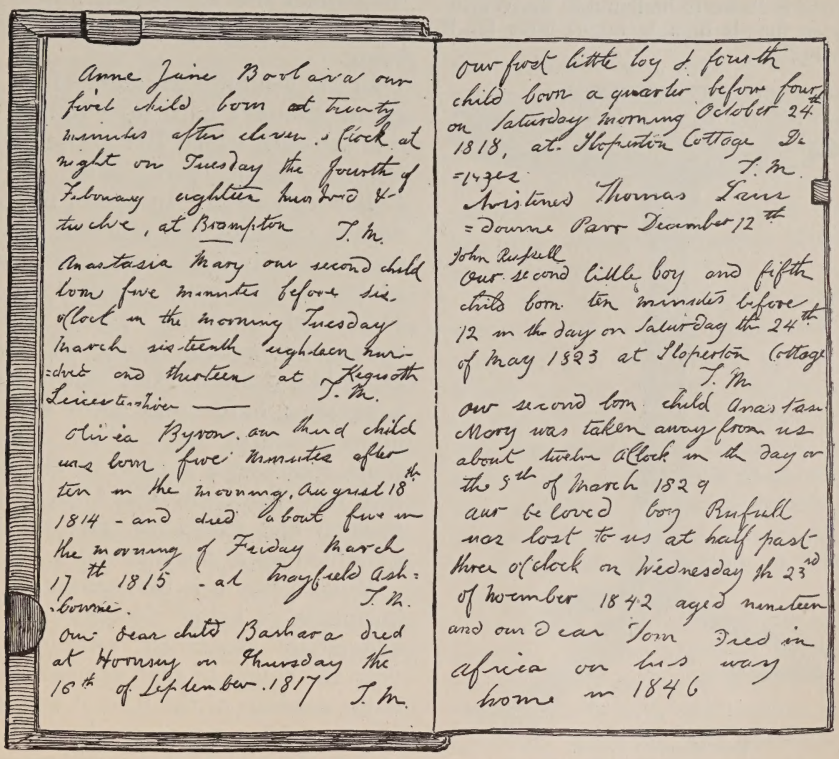
"And did you see our minstrel plain,
And did he stop to speak to you?
And did you answer him again?
How strange it seems and new!!!"

or, exclaiming with Cowper:—

"Survivor sole of all that once lived here!
A shattered veteran! Couldst thou speak
And tell who lived when thou wast young,
By thee I might correct the clock of history —
Recover facts — misstated things set right."

Amongst evidences of Philadelphia's early interest in the cottage

must be mentioned a clever water-color sketch made in *1847* by Mr. Mumford, a well known artist of New England birth. It remains a highly prized possession of his children, here, whose capability for such appreciation is another link in the posthumous chain of happy circumstances that so markedly distinguish Moore's connection with the "City of Brotherly Love."



Anne Jane Barbara our first child born at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock at night on Tuesday the fourth of February eighteen hundred & twelve, at Brompton T. M.

Anastasia Mary our second child born five minutes before six o'clock in the morning Tuesday March sixteenth eighteen hundred and thirteen at Kegworth Leicestershire T. M.

Olivia Byron our third child was born five minutes after ten in the morning, August 18th 1814 - and died about five in the morning of Friday March 17th 1815 - at Mayfield Ashbourne. T. M.

Our dear child Barbara died at Hornsey on Thursday the 16th of September 1817 T. M.

our first little boy & fourth child born a quarter before four on Saturday morning October 24th 1818, at Sloperton Cottage Devizes T. M.

Christened Thomas Lane = Downe Parr December 12th John Russell

Our second little boy and fifth child born ten minutes before 12 in the day on Saturday the 24th of May 1823 at Sloperton Cottage T. M.

our second born child Anastasia Mary was taken away from us about twelve o'Clock in the day on the 5th of March 1824

our beloved boy Rufull was lost to us at half past three o'clock on Wednesday the 23rd of November 1842 aged nineteen and our dear Tom Died in africa on his way home in 1846

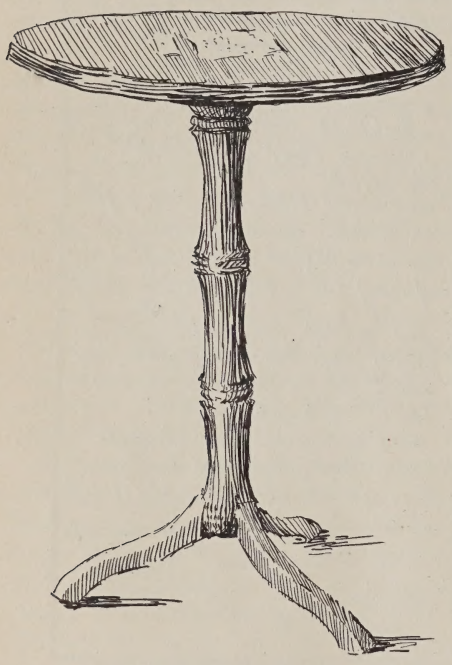
MOORE'S FAMILY BIBLE. RECORD IN THE POET'S HANDWRITING OF THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF HIS CHILDREN.

Quite in contrast with this policy of safekeeping is the recent destruction of the celebrated "Davy Burns" Cottage of Washington, D. C., once occupied by Moore, the site of which is now part of an exercising ground belonging to the Columbia Athletic Club. By order of the club the building was razed more than a year ago; and we are told that it was so strong, for all its two centuries of service, a huge battering ram was needed in its demolition. Its "Moore" associations, however, were by no means pleasant, for here, when the guest of Mrs. Van Ness (Davy Burns' daughter), he is said to have indited many of those unfortunate satires of his.

Mr. Francis J. O'Neill in the "Washington Times" not very long since retold in fascinating fashion the story of Moore's visit to Washington, by invitation of Mr. Merry, the British minister, and suggested that the influence of this host (then smarting under an alleged insult received from Mr. Jefferson had much to do with the "lampooning" which Moore gave the young republic "from the little room off the large one on the ground floor of the

Burns Cottage." We cannot wonder if the Columbia Club man of Washington to-day has imbibed impressions of the caustic scribe, directly opposed to those of his brother athlete of Philadelphia who, plying his busy oar "where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers" is reminded of him who averred that

" If there is Peace to be found in the World
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."



Tom Moore's Table.

The inscriptions on the plate are as follows: —

> " Here a small deal table stood through all weathers, for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and at that table to write down his thoughts."
>
> This Table that stood during many years in the Terrace Walk at Sloperton, was bequeathed to Mrs. S. C. Hall by Bessy Moore, widow of the Poet Thomas Moore.

Besides the Fairmount cottage, Philadelphia possesses most interesting relics of the Irish poet in the personal belongings transferred from the care of S. C. Hall, his biographer, to that of the late George W. Childs, than whom no more appreciative custodian could have been selected. After Mr. Childs' lamented death, these were consigned to the guardianship of the Drexel Institute, and that this arrangement was desired by him is the best guarantee of their assured well-being.

In the beautiful Museum of the Institute Moore's harp now stands, beside the desk which Byron used when writing "Don Juan" (also of Mr. Childs' collection). In one of the ponderous cases of the spacious library rest his family Bible, and some letters of his written from Devizes to Dr. Drury of Harrow. Here also is shown his college gown of coarse crape-like material and much worn, suggesting hard usage in its wearer's under-graduate days. Our illustrations, made by a student of the Institute with President MacAlister's permission and assistance, give the best possible idea of the mementos.

What a pity it is that sensations are incapable of being photographed, or adequately described! Almost like unto the touch of that vanished hand is the reading of the lines it traced so many golden years ago! And the sound of the voice that is still seems to wake again in the pathetic record of the little family Bible, where in the same handwriting, is registered the birth of five children and the early deaths of three.

The Bible—an Edinburgh edition of 1810—small and plainly bound, was evidently the property of Moore's wife, as it bears the inscription, "From Bessie Moore to Charles Murray, her nephew." From the latter it came to Mrs. Hall, who, in turn presented it

to Mr. Childs. The letters, dated 1827, are in excellent preservation, and exemplify the charmingly colloquial style we are wont to associate with their writer.

Moore's harp is by far the most famous of the relics, as it would naturally be of him whose name and fame are wedded indissolubly with the song of the land it symbolizes. "This harp he, more than once, brought with him to an 'evening' at our house," wrote Mr. Hall, "and touched the strings while he sang to us and our guests, one of his melodies. It was a gift from his friends at Limerick when they sought to send him to Parliament as their representative."

It is a small instrument, with fifteen strings, standing little more than a foot in height on an ebony base. It is painted a light green, and prettily decorated with a running shamrock vine in gold. The tones are said to be deliciously sweet and mellow, and the name of the maker, whose masterpiece it evidently was, is engraved on a brass plate fixed to the key board, "J. Egan, 30 Dawson Street, Dublin." In our own day fair fingers have swept its strings, and for sweet charity's sake the harp of the master has echoed again his undying strains.

Tradition has it that Moore played on this identical harp when the guest of Joseph Hopkinson, and adds that one of Mr. Hopkinson's Irish "help" became so much overcome on hearing his rendition of the music of her native land, that she fell into hysterics. Accepting Mr. Hall's version of the presentation of the harp, which is undoubtedly correct, this could not have been the same instrument—the date of the Limerick candidacy being *1832*. It is natural enough to assume, however, that Moore, of whom we read in his university days as an "accomplished pianoforte player," was accompanied in his tour by some such medium of sweet sounds.

His intimacy with the Hopkinson family is referred to in his letters, and the Irish girl but bettered the example of her mistress in enthusiasm (if not in method). A note appended to the Schulykill poem, when it first appeared in the "Portfolio," informed the public that the lines referring to "eyes that softened and wept at his song," were in allusion to the circumstance that when their author "sang a song in a certain company" a lady wept. This lady was Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, whom Moore describes as "a charming little woman" extremely interested in his songs.

To the Historical Society of Pennsylvania Mr. Childs presented as a souvenir the small dark green table which during Moore's lifetime stood on the terrace walk at Sloperton. It was his custom to compose as he walked, and at this table to write down his thoughts. It was bequeathed, as its inscription tells, "to Mrs. S. C. Hall by Bessie Moore, widow of Thomas Moore, the poet."

So much for Philadelphian remembrances. Moore has told us that he considered it politic in a poet to connect his verse with well known and interesting localities and instanced the lines in one of his Bermudean poems

> "'Twas there in the shade of the Calabash tree
> With a few, who could feel and remember like me,"

as living in memory on those fairy shores and connecting his name with the noble old tree. A goblet formed of one of its fruit-shells was brought from Bermuda many years afterwards, by an English gentleman, who had it tastefully mounted and presented to the poet. Part of the inscription was

"To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup formed of a calabash, which grew on the tree, that bears his name near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed," etc.

Beside the memoried trees of America, dear alike to the devotees of freedom and forestry — the Liberty Tree of Boston, the Great Elm of Providence, Hartford's Charter Oak, and William Penn's Treaty Tree—may the devotees of song place Moore's Bermudean Calabash and Fairmount Willow.

For "all the world that loves a lover," the tenderest memories will cluster around the single yellow moss-rose bush that Mr. Bok mentions in a charming magazine sketch as the only indication of life about the neglected grave of Tom Moore's first sweetheart —the brilliant Mary Dyke, who sleeps in a neglected section of Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

On American soil, her talents won instant acknowledgment, but for her the fickle light of fame glowed only through the years of effort. For him, her rejected lover, it burns clearer as Time speeds on — undimmed beside the grave, as beside the hearth of the living singer. Yet we cannot doubt that the most grateful tribute of all to the memory of the generous hearted lover would be that of regard for the lonely grave of her to whom he wrote in the bitterness of disappointed love:

"Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
Who now would rather trust that smile
And die with thee than live without thee."

HOME.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

O tender word! O word that from the soul
Brings forth the heaving sob and sigh of pain;
For nevermore, God wot, shall we again
That threshold cross from whence we thoughtless stole.
A voice now hushed, but broken then with dole,
Our staying hopeful begged. Alas, in vain!
Love held us there, but duty stern would fain
Our parting speed, and time must grief console.
Years pass away, and life is but at best,
Not what we deemed it in our childish days,
Gilded with Fancy's ever-changing rays,
But fraught with joy and sorrow, grief and jest.
Happy our lot when through life's maze we stray,
And keep the path that heav'nward leads the way!

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH. WHERE SIR THOMAS MORE WORSHIPPED.

TWO HISTORIC CHURCHES.

FLORENCE DE ROTHESAY.

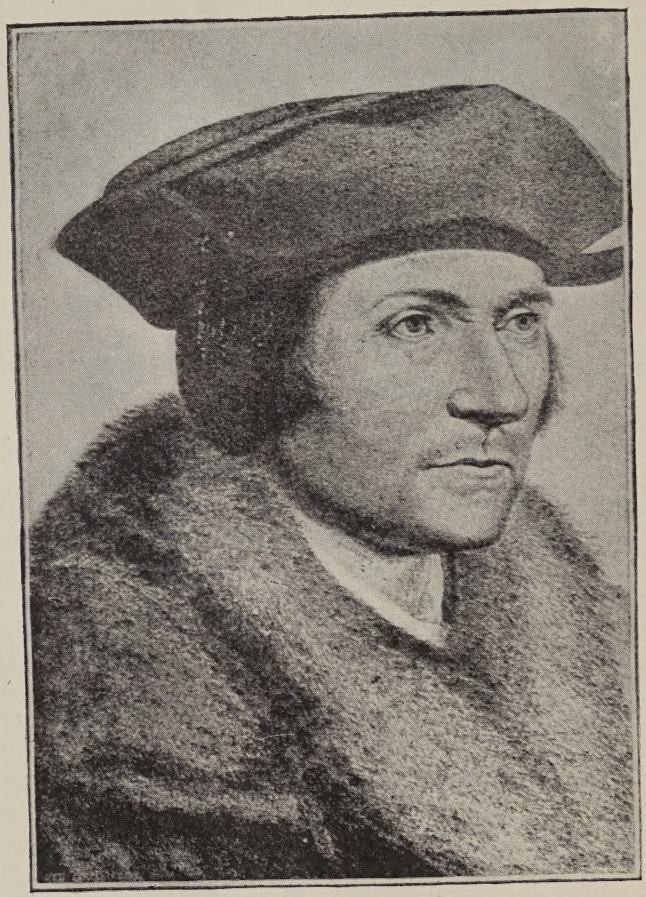
IN spite of guide books, lectures, histories, and private records of tourists' experiences of every shade and form since people first began to put themselves into print, there will always be found nooks and corners that are passed over almost without notice, and yet are brimful of curious interest to many who do not jog along the beaten track.

Two such corners I am thinking of now. I do not mean to say they are unknown or unnoticed; but thousands overlook or neglect them in the wild rush after sights that have been capital-lettered for them all their lives, and that they know it is their duty to see, and be able to talk about. Yet, of these thousands, how many would thoroughly enjoy a visit to some of these by-way treasures? Of the two I am specially thinking of just now, one is in London, the other in Paris. The first is Chelsea Old Church, the other that of St. Julien le Pauvre or des Pauvres or l'Hospitalier (St. Julian of the Poor, or "the Hospitable") on the left bank of the Seine, facing the Ile de la Cité.

I will begin with the more modest English relic, which never held a higher rank than that of a village or parish church. The large and populous district of London known as Chelsea, and at the present day comprising a whole new wilderness of fashionable squares, crescents, places, and busy streets, has so completely swallowed up and smothered out of sight the modest *Chelsey* village of the olden times, that few ever give a thought to its early history and beginnings, as their carriages rattle past the elegant surroundings of Sloane Square, Cadogan Place, and the bustling shop marts of the King's Road. Generally speaking, the only souvenir they connect with it, outside the passing hour, is the ugly unobtrusive

house glorified henceforth as having been the dwelling place of Thomas Carlyle. But there is one spot, farther on, down near the river, that holds a time-honored memorial of far different coloring.

Chelsea Old Church, as it is called, scarce a stone left to venerate—Chelsea Old Church stands the centre-piece of a plot of ground, hallowed by memories of one of the sweetest of all our English martyrs, Blessed Thomas More, in his lifetime Knight and Lord High Chancellor of England under



Sir Thomas More.

since the handsome new structure of St. Luke's drew away from it crowds of its modern worshippers—fortunately for the archæologist, as otherwise it would have been so altered, enlarged and generally mangled and deformed, that scarcely a trace of the original would have remained intact, Henry VIII. His monument in black marble with its Latin epitaph, written by himself, stands in the old church by the chancel door.

Five centuries ago Chelsea was a very small, remote and secluded village, reckoned as about three miles from London, the first village west-

ward from the city, on the north bank of the Thames, and it was looked upon as so out of the way, that a tavern at the end of the parish, existing till quite lately, if not still standing, records that in the days of Charles II it was jestingly called "The World's End." Yet at the time More lived there, it had become the resort of many wealthy people. The Manor House later on was frequently the residence of the Princess Elizabeth (afterward Queen) and of Lady Jane Grey, whose mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland, has her monument in the Church. King Henry VIII also must often have knelt within the walls of the old village temple, and it is a historical fact, certified by Wriothesley's Chronicles, that it was here, the very next day after the execution of Anne Boleyn, that he was married to Jane Seymour.

But the most touching of all its memories and associations lie in its close connection with the home life of Sir Thomas More, and with its dramatic closing scene, when on the morning of the 13th of April 1535, he received the fatal summons to appear at Lambeth Palace before the Royal Commissioners, to take the oath of allegiance to the king as supreme head of the Church. Well he knew that the happy, peaceful family life he loved so well, prizing it above all honors and wealth, was ended forever on that fair spring morning—and that never, never more should he see those promising buds of his orchard trees turn into blossom and fruit. This was the real farewell—the real day of his death.

Before he obeyed the summons, he went, as was his custom, to the Church, and there confessed, and received the Blessed Sacrament, then passed on straight to the wicket at the river's edge, accompanied by his son-in-law Roper—to take boat for Lambeth. It used to be his habit for years to make this wicket gate the point for tender little leave takings, turnings back, hand wavings, and playful adieus to his children and family, and especially to his favorite daughter, the stately and learned Margaret—but on this morning, he never looked back. It was his hour of agony, his Gethsemane. Why look back? But, after a long silence in the boat, he suddenly raised his head, and said to Roper: "My son, I thank the Lord the field is won!"

From that moment his usual equable spirits and merry tone of speech seemed to return, never again failing him up to the very moment when the headsman's axe was raised to deal the fatal blow.

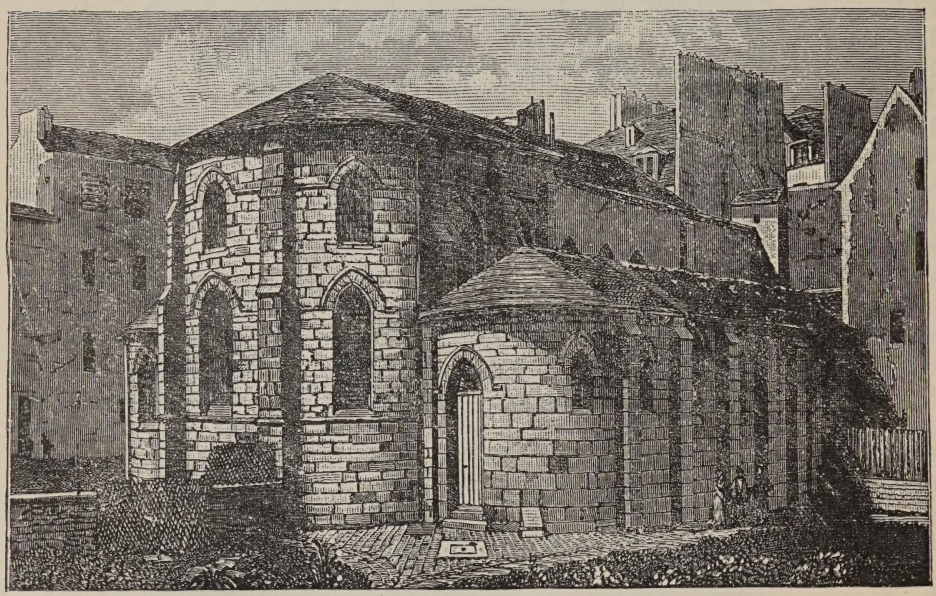
When I stroll by the old Church, everything disappears to me except that scene, the last wrench of torture to the martyr's gentle soul, and I seem to hear those words still floating in the air, indelible in the changing ether where so many sounds have passed since, and vanished: "I thank the Lord, the field is won!"

More's house has disappeared. Its last vestiges were removed at the time the Cremorne Gardens were being laid out as a place of public amusement; but a part of one of the garden walls, and a venerable mulberry tree, are still preserved in the garden lying at the back of one of the houses in Beaufort Street (No. 28) now occupied by the Fathers of the "House of Expiation." A charming afternoon passed there last year, first attending a short lecture on the Life of Sir Thomas More, given in the small temporary chapel, and afterwards partaking of hospitable tea and cake served to us by the hands of the kindly Fathers themselves, and enjoying a walk

round the famous garden under the guidance of Fr. Kenelm Vaughan, to see the "More" wall, and mulberry tree,—procured me the chance at the same time of receiving a tiny sprig from the venerable centenarian, budding then as merrily and as vigorously as it was budding on that sad April morning of 1535.

Those who would see the old Chelsea relics aright should pass an eventory to be true warm flesh and blood, as those by our side to-day.

Nothing brings the dramas of history so straight home to us as this practice of "painting in" all the local accessories to the picture, and then persuading ourselves it is something we have really been a witness to with our own senses. The details of More's life, as related in his biographies make this plan a very easy one. His essen-



Old Church of St. Julian and Surroundings, Paris. (P. 1191.)

ing reading a Life of More, get thoroughly imbued with the spirit and local coloring of the times in which he lived, go right back to the early days of the young King Henry VIII, reconstruct those river banks from Westminster to Chelsea as they then were, guiltless of ugly wharves, or rows of houses, with only their soft rural landscape of trees, and grass, and cattle, the many oared barges gliding rapidly up and down, and they should realize the personages in that life's history to be true warm flesh and blood, as those by our side to-day.

tially simple, domesticated habits, his love of animals and the special delight he took in watching them at play, all his bright and witty sayings, put us at home with him at once. It is not dfficult to imagine you can even feel the warm clasp of his hand from beneath the furred robe we know so well. And how one longs to have been able to join, or even to have stood at the open doorway and looked in upon, that family circle where love and exquisite harmony and order sat at the feet of

wisdom and deep learning—rigid discipline hand in hand wth mirth and music, contentment and unutterable affection! Was there ever so perfect a type of the perfect man in all his attributes—as son, husband, father, friend, statesman, philosopher, writer, noble Christian, and loyal Son of the Church even to the death, as this gentle, modest, merry saint and martyr of the English land, Thomas More? Who can help loving him, and venerating the ground where he lived his stainless life, and at length "won the field"?

A very different picture, with many centuries of memories, is presented to us on the other side of the Channel, in that old corner of Paris where the unobtrusive time-worn structure of St. Julien le Pauvre has stood through endless vicissitudes, from the 5th century until this day, when, after a long period of decay and abandonment, it was at length, in 1889, restored to its original destination, and consecrated to the rites of the Greek Catholic Church.

Occupying a space enclosed by the Rues de la Buscherie (facing the Seine), de la Fouarre on the east, of St. Julien le Pauvre on the west, and the rue Galande on the north, this enclosure is of the greatest historical interest apart from its ancient church, from having been the very heart and centre of the old University of Paris of the Middle Ages. Here Dante came in 1309 to study philosophy from the lips of the famous Sigier de Brabant, lodging in this same rue de la Fouarre, which took its name from the straw *(fouarre* or *fourrage)* on which the students used to seat themselves while listening to the discourses of their professors. Petrarch and Rabelais also came here and have noted the fact in terms of grateful remembrance in their poems or in their writings. Dante dedicated the following tercet of his "Divina Commedia" to his old master Sigier:

"Essa la luce eterna dé Sigieri
Che leggendo nel vico dei Strami
Sillogizò invidiosi veri."

(This the eternal light of Sigier
Who, lecturing in the *Street of Straw*,
Excited envy by the clearness of his syllogisms.)

A note of Ambroise Firmin Didot mentions Dante's stay in the *rue de la Fouarre*, and adds that the poet frequently retired into the Church of St. Julien le Pauvre to pray. Students and university men of the present day may therefore well feel a sympathy towards the spot where this now humble "basilica" of ancient times still stands. The Church of St. Julien le Pauvre, or more properly *des Pauvres*, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest in Paris was founded in the 5th century. Three different St. Julians have been named as its titularies, but Grégoire de Tours seems to set aside the claims of St. Julian the Hospitable and St. Julian the Confessor, in his book on the miracles of St. Julian de Brionde the Martyr, in favor of this last named saint, decapitated in the year 304 by order of Diocletian, having, before his conversion, served with distinction in the Roman legions.

There seems no doubt, however, that during the ages, the other two saints of the same name became associated with the martyr of Brionde; for a bas-relief, now transferred from its original place over the principal doorway of the church, to a doorway in the rue Galande No. 42, still existing, represents Saint Julian the Hospitable with his wife, seated in a little boat, rowing a poor pilgrim over to a hospital on the opposite bank of the river, and this seems a direct allusion to the

situation of the Church of St. Julian, near the Seine river, and surrounded by hospitals. Whether one of the saints, or all three, in turn, were the patrons of the ancient "basilica," there can be no doubt in any case that Gregory of Tours, the great chronicler of the Merovingian kings of France, and author of the "Lives of the Fathers," visited it, and enjoyed its hospitality, and that the relics of the Martyr Julian were preserved there, although the name it always bore was that of the Hospitable One,* while its miraculous fountain belonged to the third Julian the Confessor, of Mans.

St. Gregory of Tours says:

"His diebus Parisius adveneram et ad Basilicum Beati Juliani *Martyris* metatum habebam."

About this time we arrived in Paris and found a resting place at the Basilica of Blessed Julian the Martyr.

But what will interest the modern tourist most, especially the non-ecclesiastical one, will be the traces and memories of the old Paris university, and its collegiate houses, that were crowded into this small enclosure. No less than 70 buildings, each with its separate sign, according to the custom of the times, sheltered the students and their professors. Luckily in those days populations were not so enormous as in 1895.

The University of Paris, as all know, was founded in A. D. 1200, and at first the term "university" was not at all generally used and only came to be regularly adopted about the time of St. Louis. They used to say "Universitas magistrorum et auditorum" to designate the assembly of masters and disciples. Philip Augustus was the first who regulated the Schools of Paris, and established their university privileges. There were in Paris at that period three schools, located severally in Notre Dame, in the Cloisters of St. Victor and on the *Montagne Ste. Genevieve.*

To keep order amongst the students who flocked to Paris from all quarters, it was necessary to have rules of strict discipline. A primary classification of the students was made in 1169, according to their "nations," with a corps of professors, four in number (nations and professors). The "nation" of France was surnamed *"Honoranda";* that of Picardy, *"Fidelissima";* that of Normandy, *"Veneranda";* and the English "nation," replaced in the reign of Charles VI by the German *"Constantissima."* These divisions included students from all Christian lands.

In those days, far more even than in our own times, students were apt to be rebellious, and to seize every pretext for asserting their rights with a high hand, delighting in noisy and often riotous demonstrations. The formidable shade of the Petit Châtelet, rebuilt expressly on their account in the reign of Charles VI, by the provost of Paris (Huges Aubriot) to guard the city from the nocturnal incursions of the students, was none too much to hold in restraint this clamorous and fiery population of scholars, essentially of mixed races, that took a malicious delight in playing tricks on peaceful citizens.

The district of the University, which

* Travellers and weary wanderers anxious to find a lodging, always invoked the aid of St. Julian, and the prayer used on such occasions has been preserved to these days.

"Deus, qui Beatum Julianum, pium martyrem tuum hospitalitatis gratia insignem reddidisti, præsta, quæsumus, ut ejus meritis et intercessione ad hospitium congruum et divinæ majestati acceptum, nos tuos famulos perducere digneris, Per Dominum," etc.

O God, who hast granted to Thy holy martyr Julian the signal virtue of hospitality, grant, we beseech Thee, that by his merits and intercession we may be judged worthy of finding a fitting shelter acceptable to Thy Divine Majesty, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

afterwards became the *Quartier Latin*, formed a sort of big republic with its separate institutions and special jurisdiction. Its members were amenable only to the provost of Paris, who gloried in the title of "Guardian of the University of Paris." The first statutes of the University were drawn up in 1215 by Robert de Courson.

Backed thus by their privileges, to the maintenance of which a syndic was appointed, the students could constantly pick quarrels with the citizens, and when the provost had to give judgment against them, the lessons of the University were suspended.

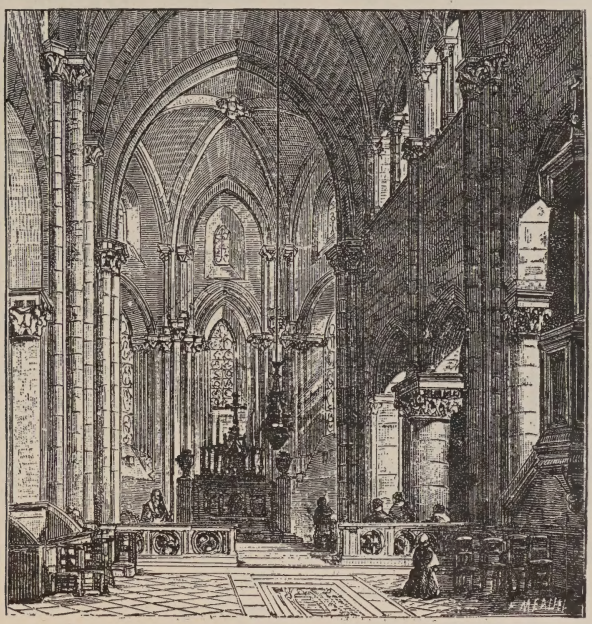
There were several grades of students:—

1. The *Boursiers* (pursers), over whom the principal of their college had but little authority, as they were for the most part his own countrymen.

2. The *Convicteurs* or *Portiounistes*, such as we now term pensioners or boarders.

3. The *Cameristes* (from *camera*, room). These were rich young men who studied under the direction of a special master, or private preceptor (what we should now term a "coach"). They lived in rooms, and provided their own table and service. The principal gave them their rooms only, with class instruction, and kitchen fire. The term *Camerie* has dispeared now from almost all dictionaries, but it still survives in certain parts of France, at Coutances for instance. Only the *Cameristes* of Coutances live with the families in the town, and have very simple habits, and plain food, while those of Paris resided in the precincts of the university itself.

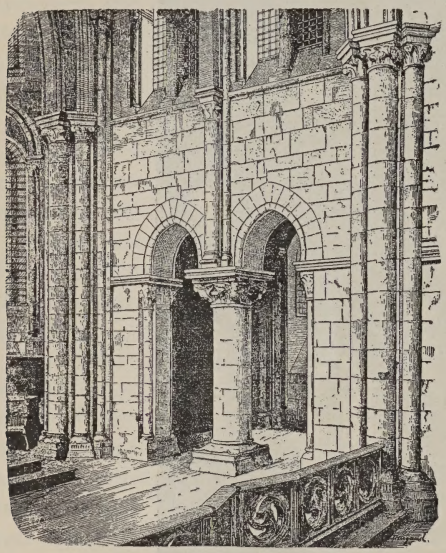
4. The out-door free scholars, or *Martinets*, so called because they



INTERIOR OF ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, PARIS, WHERE DANTE ATTENDED DIVINE SERVICE AS A STUDENT.

were in pretty frequent communication with the martinet, or *ferule*. These were the palmy days of corporal punishment. The outdoor free scholars were turbulent, and very hard to lay hands on, and the principal never saw them except for punishment.

5. The same was the case with the *Galoches*, or amateur outdoor scholars—superannuated students, with whom attending the lectures had be-



Pillar in Sanctuary of St. Julian's Church, Paris.

come an inveterate habit, a pastime, or even a profession. Their name was derived from the overshoes, or *galoches*, studded with heavy nails, that they had to wear in winter to keep their feet dry from the mud of the locality.

Turba galochiferum ferratis passibus ibat.

(The galoche wearing crowd passed by with hob-nailed tramp.)

The *Galoches* attended the lectures by permission of the regents, whose vanity was flattered at seeing grown men, often grey-haired, adorning the audience.

The little island or batch of houses of St. Julien le Pauvre, measures about 67 metres on the street of that name; 67 metres on the rue Galande; 69 metres on the rue de la Buscherie, and 92 metres on the rue de la Fouarre. It comprised, on the side of the last named street, the four schools belonging to the "nations" of Germany, France, Picardy, and Normandy, with 22 houses for professors and students.

On the rue St. Julien were the houses of *Ymaige Notre Dame*, of *La Grange*, of the *Paon* (peacock), of the *Escu* (or shield) of France, and a building with a garden, probably belonging to the Church.

The houses on the right side of the rue St. Julien are still standing, though of course not in their original form. The corner house, rebuilt during the first empire, was called the house of the Cock and Hen. Then came the *Fleur de Lys*, the *Locquet* (latch) the *Mirouer* (mirror) and *Notre Dame*, the *Ymaige Saint Jehan*, the house of the *Sabot* (wooden shoe), of the *Papegaut* (parrot), the *Ymaige St. Severin*, and so on.

Those who take delight in prowling around old streets, discovering traces and indications of former existences, and reconstructing the past, may enjoy an hour's charming day dream in this ancient district of Paris, tête-à-tête with relics of the old Paris schools of Philip Augustus and Charles VI, with their generations of students of those far back days, in their fanciful costumes, loitering round their picturesque hostelries. Who can tell what antiquarian treasures might be discovered if that hallowed batch within the four historic streets were excavated (though Heaven forbid it should be!) and if the still standing houses in the rue Galande were demolished, and turned over and over by some diligent antiquarian spade. Heaven forbid it, I

say, for I am one of those who have ever deplored the too zealous work of the Commendatore Rosa in the sacred ruins of Rome.

One house, especially, in the rue Galande, bearing the number 57, and which was probably the *maison de la Banniere de France* (house of the Banner of France) contains a succession of corridors and alleys that run back to a depth of 80 metres.

What a strange comparison to be drawn in the "mind's eye" between the noble palace-colleges of to-day, the Oxfords and Cambridges, Yales and Harvards—why not say the Sorbonnes—of to-day and this mere nook of the Paris of the Middle Ages, with its homelike assemblage of motley gabled houses nestled round the little bascilica of St. Julien, and its four "nations" or rowdy scholars seated upon bundles of straw!—but, with the stately figure of the divine poet, calm and mystic, gliding amongst them—to us, like a vision from spirit land, to them an ordinary every-day reality! Does it not seem sacrilege to imagine some irreverent youngster in the class nudging his comrade with a whispered "Qui ca?" (who's that?) to get the answer "Ca? mais tu sais, c'est l'Italien, l'Aldighieri, qui loge à l'Ymaige Notre Dame." (That one? Why you know, that's the Italian, Aldighieri, who's lodging at the Image of Our Lady." But in the picture we conjure up, Dante, in Paris among the students, must of necessity seem like a spectre, or some ideal painting walking out of its frame, and we expect to see the other familiar laurel-crowned shade by his side, so difficult is it to realize the divine poet sitting with the graceless boys on the straw heaps in the rue Fouarre, with that draperied head-dress and flowing robe so familiar to us all, eating, supping, sleeping, under one of those gabled roofs, or leaning against a pillar of St. Julian's old church, dreaming such dreams as we mortals of commoner clay may not dare imagine. It is easy for us to picture him with the background of Giotto's bell-tower and the Duomo of Florence, with a lapis-lazuli sky framing it all, or at Avignon, the city of anti-popes and of Petrarca, but few, I fancy, have ever tried to associate him with the streets of Paris, and the scenes of student life in A. D. 1309. Yet the picture is no imaginary one, but as realizable and living as the life we see there to-day.

WITHIN IN THE TEMPLE.

M. ROCK.

Beneath the Temple's roof she stands alone
  Flashing fierce scorn on Scribe and Pharisee,
  Nor will she look on Christ of Galilee;
Rebellion in her heart, hate in her tone,
She seeks no pity, and she makes no moan,
  But waits the Galilean's just decree;
  Till on her ear the words fall, "Let him be
Sinless who first shall dare to cast a stone."
Though low His voice, her passionate, sad heart
  With grief, and shame, and late repentance aches;
  Her tears fall fast as rain, her soul awakes;
She sees the conscience-stricken throng depart
  In humble silence through the open door,
  And hears His voice say, "Go, and sin no more."

THE FRANCISCAN RENAISSANCE.

CHARLES ROBINSON.

IT is a far cry from the *fin de siecle* mammon-worship of this morbid and agnostic world of ours to a revival of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi; yet withal it would seem that such a revival is already imminent if we may judge from the extraordinary interest which is being manifested on every hand in the life and work of the Seraphic Founder. New biographies of St. Francis are being published every day;* the secular magazines are filled with studies of his "spirit"; poets sing their best songs to him and he is lectured about at the leading universities on either side of the Atlantic. The wonderful success throughout Europe of Tinel's new and greatest Oratorio, "Franciscus," is another evidence of the increasing interest in St. Francis. The Franciscan revival has even invaded the realm of fashion, and in Paris the milliners are trimming women's bonnets with little birds known as *oiseaux a la St. Francois.* In a word St. Francis has become the vogue. This is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. For the cult of St. Francis is the solution of the problem of our age. To quote the words of a recent writer: "He can succeed where Thoreau and John Muir have failed, in showing how few are the real earthly needs of man, and how unreasonable it is to confound luxurious creature-comforts with a life of real happiness."

Many writers such as Mde. Pardo-Bazan, and Frederick Ozanam have undertaken the task of depicting St. Francis of Assisi, and they have failed. So did Mrs. Oliphant, for with all her sympathy with St. Francis she only half understands him, and as for Paul Sabatier he does not understand him at all. In the recently published translation of l'Abbe le Monnier's standard "History of St. Francis of Assisi" we have an almost ideal biography of the great thirteenth century reformer who changed the face of Europe more effectually than Napoleon. The appearance of this work was doubtless hastened by the popularity of Sabatier's much heralded "Life"—a popularity which seems to have been due to the remarkable fact that the professor of theology in the Protestant University of Paris should have made St. Francis the subject of a book rather than to the intrinsic merits of the book itself. Indeed, as one of the keenest of our modern critics pointed out at the time, we had to wait in vain for a really satisfactory life of St. Francis until the interest of non-Catholics was aroused in him.

It is now some years ago since a distinguished Oxford professor published an essay which first set our separated brethren talking about St. Francis. Since that time Protestant interest in the seraphic founder has been steadily growing in widening circles. Indeed the past decade has been remarkable for the interest which Protestant scholars have manifested

* A synopsis of these books entitled "St. Francis and his later-day Biographers," appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for January, 1894.

in the spirit and work of St. Francis. It is not difficult, however, to account for the influence which St. Francis wields over the cultured and thoughtful intellects of our day. As a well known writer* has remarked: "There is a universal sentiment evoked by the name of St. Francis of Assisi. While other saints canonized by the Catholic Church seem exclusively saints of that Church, St. Francis is the saint of the whole world—canonized in the heart of humanity." There is indeed a strong human interest in the life of St. Francis which can hardly fail to attract readers of the most different habits of mind. It is not the Catholic, it is not the Italian, it is the man we meet who holds and draws our thoughts with a sense of personal sympathy.

This sway which St. Francis has held over human hearts for well nigh seven centuries and which is one of the marvels of history is largely due to the fact that he so closely resembled his Divine Master. "St. Francis of Assisi," says Ernest Renan, "that man of all men who by his exquisite goodness and his sympathy, delicate, refined, and tender, with universal life, has most resembled Jesus." To quote the words of the present enlightened Pontiff: "Even in externals, like Jesus Christ, it so happened that St. Francis was born in a stable; a little child as he was, his couch was of straw on the ground. And it is also related that, at that moment, the presence of angelic choirs and melodies wafted through the air completed this resemblance. Again, like Christ and His apostles, Francis united with himself some chosen disciples, whom he sent to traverse the earth as messengers of Christian peace and eternal salvation. Bereft of all, mocked, cast off by his own, he had again this great point in common with Jesus Christ—he would not have a corner wherein he might lay his head. As a last mark of resemblance, he received on his Calvary, Mt. Alvernus, (by a miracle till then unheard of) the sacred stigmata, and was thus, so to speak, crucified."

* Miss Constantina E. Brooks in the *Home Journal*, January, 18, '93.

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"

Thus exclaimed Tennyson long ago, and it is a hopeful sign to find such a paper as the Indianapolis *Journal* re-echoing this cry in the present year of grace and turning aside from politics and the latest scandal to discuss the need of another St. Francis in such terms as these:—

"With all the worldliness that faces us, it is still true that now, as in all times in the history of mankind, there are here and there souls ready for all heroism — men and women who find themselves out of touch with the materialistic drift, and are yet, singly, unable to resist it. Under leaders in whom they have confidence—men of singleness of purpose, serene faith, and high aim — they are capable of giving the world new and ennobling views of the life that is, as well as of the life to come. In almost every period of the world's history some one has risen to unite such scattered forces, and make of them a power whose influence has swept over the world and has continued down the ages. St. Francis of Assisi was one of these Heaven-sent leaders; and in reading his life the wonder irresistibly arises as to what the experience of a man so Christ-like would be under the present changed conditions."

Continuing, the *Journal* declares that St. Francis, could he reappear in the world, would be followed by admiring crowds of high-minded, noble-souled men and women, and concludes by proclaiming that "it is not a new religion that people want, nor a teacher of new doctrine; it is that they need to be roused from lethargy, and taught anew the beauties of the religion that was given them eighteen hundred years ago."

The force of this refreshingly sane observation is very clearly demonstrated in a recent anonymous article

in *Macmillan's Magazine* which is perhaps the most important contribution to the periodical literature of the Franciscan revival. The writer begins with the following interesting examination of the public conscience:—

"With the material triumphs, the complexity of life, the hurry and deafening noise of our age, what a distance are we from St. Francis; how far from us those modest graces of the spirit which were dear to him! Was he, this Umbrian vision of sanctity, only a foolish dreamer or a madman? And are we on the way to a better resting-place for the spirit, by means of the mastery we are gaining over the forces of nature? Forty years ago men of science believed so; but even they, at last, are losing hope. Is it possible, after all, that the day of the saints is coming?

"If, then St. Francis, having made poverty his bride, having forsworn all luxury and selfish pleasure, could even in this find an extra means of quickening that life of the spirit in which the riddle of the world is solved; if thus he could spend a life so exalted, yet so full of meekness and affection, as to gain for himself an everlasting place among the comforters and helpers of the human family; if, indeed, this be true (and it is true), who shall say there is in the story of such a life no meaning for a generation like ours? In that tale of sanctity, what a reproach for all those among us (and great is the number of them) who are filled with envy and discontent, who cry out for luxury and vulgar pleasures, and in their despair flee for comfort to the demagogue — in whom is no comfort! Poor, trusting souls, that give your pence to the agitator, what is your reward? Foolish talk, and vain promises, and fresh fuel for your discontent. Not through these passionate men will peace come to you; the peace you long for is the secret of the saints. . . .

"And it is here, it seems to us, that we should seek the message of Francis to our own time. In that narrative of the saint and his first followers, with their enthusiasm and purity, their romance, their poetry and joyousness, is there not a lesson for us? To the politician, with his millennium of cakes and ale; to the man of science, with his millennium of intellect, what a better way is shown by the Saint of Assisi!"

The life of St. Francis was signalized by two great virtues that are sadly needed among men to-day. There is poverty in the world now as then, and there will always be poverty. To quote the words of a writer in the *Ave Maria:* "No legislation, no system of political economy, will ever succeed in changing a condition which depends as much upon natural necessity as upon indolence, selfishness, or the weakness of individual character. When the world was more religious than it is now; when the poor man believed that poverty, honestly and patiently borne upon earth, was an earnest of unspeakable riches in heaven, statesmanship was not so difficult. But in our age poverty is not so understood. The poor, alienated from religious influences, rebel against a fate which offers them no comfort in the present and promises them nothing in the future."

Now the life of St. Francis proves that poverty is no hindrance but rather an aid to the growth of the religious spirit. It was in the ever present thought of the poor that he found his work. But before he could efficiently help them he felt that he must be one of them. So he renounced all that he had once enjoyed and became a mendicant. The fondness entertained by St. Francis for sports and tournaments suddenly gave place to the most perfect contempt for things of earth and was replaced by an ardent zeal for the glory of God's kingdom. Having given all his possessions to the poor he was disinherited by his own and looked upon by the world as a fanatic. We all remember that supreme and celebrated scene in which he was brought by his own father before the justice of the town and prosecuted for having given away what did not belong to him. The bishops exhorted him to return to his father all that was rightly his. St. Francis instantly stripped himself naked, and laying his clothes and his money in a little heap before the bishop, cried to the surrounding crowd: "Listen and understand! Up to this moment I have called Pietro Bernardone my father. I now return to him his money and the garments I

have received from him, and from this day I will only say, Our Father who art in heaven."

And the Franciscan order was there and then founded by one naked man.

That order has since given to the Church eleven Popes;* eighty-five canonized saints, including such glorious names as St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bonaventure, St. Bernardine, St. Peter of Alcantara and St. Francis Solanus, the patron of American missions, besides Roger Bacon, Alexander of Hales, and John Duns Scotus; and over seventeen hundred martyrs.† It has also given to the world poets and painters, scientific discoverers,‡ and from the day of its foundation, six hundred and seventy-two years ago, it has without a stain upon its records been a missioner of universal love and peace. The untiring activity of these truly apostolic friars and their close observation of rule have made them an object of the affection and admiration of all good men. During the past two decades the Order of St. Francis seems to be infused with new vigor in this country once so fruitful of blessed results by the labor of its devoted sons.

As is well known the Franciscan order is not confined to men. During the lifetime of its founder many pious virgins under the direction of St. Clare subjected themselves to the rule of St. Francis, and in these luxurious and effeminate days of ours his daughters still bear the noble title of Poor and preach by their daily lives the poverty of Jesus Christ. Moreover, in the course of time another branch of the order was established for persons who, though living in the world, yet followed a special rule laid down by St. Francis himself, and put themselves under the direction of the Franciscans.

The foundation of this Third Order was a protest against the luxury of the period. Simplicity of life, the putting of the spiritual first, and the showing of the crib, the humble manger, to the people as a reminder of *this* humility —we need these now. As Prof. Maurice F. Egan, whose writings display a rare appreciation of the Franciscan spirit,* has well remarked, we need a new St. Francis, not only to solve the social question but to teach our young people that the little things of life are admirably worth attending to. Why, he asks, should not all children that have a Christmas tree see the manger beneath its branches, and the kneeling animals, and the grave St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and the star in the East? Why should the beautiful symbols of St. Francis be replaced by the glittering gewgaws of the toy-shops? For it should not be forgotten that the Christmas crib is the gift of St. Francis. The origin of this beautiful devotion is thus described: "Late in the autumn of the year 1223, being at Rome, he sought and obtained from the Pontiff Honorius III permission to honor the Feast of the Nativity in a novel way. He then journeyed to Grecio, a little spot in the Apennines, there to celebrate his ideal Christmas. On the mountain side

* Five of the First and six of the Third Order.

† The soil of the Holy Land has been drenched with the blood of the sons of St. Francis. In preserving and protecting the holy places of which the Franciscans have been custodians since 1230, over seven thousand five hundred friars have sacrificed their lives.

‡ Columbus, Giotto, Dante, Petrarch, Raphael, Tasso, and Lope de Vega were all members of the Third Order, and it is now asserted on apparently reliable authority that Shakspere and Joan of Arc were also Tertiaries. St. Louis of France, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Ferdinand of Castile, Philip of Spain, Charles V, and Catherine of Aragon are conspicuous among royal Tertiaries.

* See his work entitled, "St. Francis of Assisi and the Mystical Italy Renaissance."

near Grecio a large stable was roughly built; carved wooden images of the Divine Child, the Virgin Mother, and St. Joseph were placed in it; the floor was covered with straw, an altar was erected. Toward midnight some shepherds arrived, leading an ox and an ass, which they tied up under this rude shelter. The place was thronged with the friars from the neighboring convent and the country people from the hamlets around, who had brought torches, which illuminated the mountain side; they brought with them also musical instruments, and the wild, sweet Christmas carols resounded through the dark forests and awakened the echoes of the rocks."

The Forty Hours' Devotion, concerning which Cardinal Wiseman says, "In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt," is another legacy from the Franciscans. It was instituted in 1537 by Fr. Joseph A. Terno, a friar of Milan, and the rules for its observance were drawn up some years later by St. Charles Borromeo, himself a Franciscan of the Third Order.

So again the Franciscans were the first to introduce into their churches throughout Europe the devotion known as the Way of the Cross, or fourteen stations. Clement XII extended this devotion to the universal Church; reserving to the Order of St. Francis, or whomsoever the General of it should delegate, the right to bless and erect the stations.

For the Angelus, which has been aptly called the very poetry of prayer, we are indebted to St. Bonaventure, who in 1262, being then General of the Franciscans, commanded the friars at the general chapter of his order at Pisa to recite at the sound of the evening bell three *aves* in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation. The same was ordered for morning and noon. This was the origin of the Angelus. The privileged prayer, the "Sacrosancte," with which every priest concludes the daily office of the Breviary, is also a gift from St. Bonaventure. The devotion to the Holy Name and to the Immaculate Conception are also as is well known — of Franciscan origin.

But the crowning grace of devotions which we owe to the Franciscans is the divinely given Indulgence of the Portiuncula,* concerning which the great Jesuit theologian Bourdaloue says: "I assert that of all indulgences that of the Portiuncula is the most authentic and valid in the Church, because it is an indulgence directly granted by Jesus Christ Himself." All other indulgences whatever have been derived from sovereign pontiffs, this one alone was given directly by God Himself to the loving and lowly St. Francis.

Nor should it be forgotten in this connection that the sublime and pathetic "Dies Iræ" which forms part of the *Requiem* for the dead was composed by a Franciscan, Fr. Thomas de Celano, and that the "Stabat Mater," which is the most beautiful of all hymns in honor of Our Lady, is also the production of a Franciscan—the Italian poet Jacopo da Todi. Indeed few Catholics know how much they owe to St. Francis and the Franciscans.

But all this is by the way. To return to business.

If the world is to profit by the present revival of interest in St. Francis

* So named after the half ruined church called "Our Lady of Angels" which was placed at the disposal of St. Francis by a Benedictine abbot after he had been disinherited by his father, and which he restored by means of the alms contributed by generous admirers, calling it his title legacy (*Portiuncula*).

that interest must be more than mere sentiment. St. Francis lived his life, not that we should talk about him, but that we should carry on his work more broadly and deeply. Some practical method of doing this must be sought out and adopted. What more efficacious means could Catholics employ in this direction than in applying themselves with zeal to spreading the Third Order of St. Francis? No time has ever been more opportune for doing so than the present. The Holy Father has repeatedly expressed his conviction that the Third Order is destined to exercise great influence for the regeneration of society. "Work hard," he says,* "for the spread of the Third Order, for it is the Third Order of St. Francis which is to renew the world." In the principal church of the Franciscans in Rome, there is a notable painting representing Leo XIII dedicating his family to the Third Order of St. Francis, for which His Holiness himself composed the following verse:

Tertius Ordo nitet! Francisci pronus ad aram
Seque suosque dicat maximus ecce Leo!
Glorious Third Order! At St. Francis' altar
Great Leo consecrates himself and his own.

The leaders of the new anti-Masonic crusade in Europe are looking hopefully to the Third Order to replace the secret societies, and in Paris the great work of personally distributing "St. Anthony's Bread" is wholly in the hands of these Tertiaries. The present writer has described in another place* the workings of this great charitable movement which has been productive of such immeasurable good among the poorer classes in France, and which is shortly to be introduced into this country by the Franciscan Fathers.

The extraordinary growth of this special form of devotion to St. Anthony of Padua whose example after that of the Seraph of Assisi seems most powerful to inspire detachment from the world, is one of the most consoling signs of the times. It seems, moreover, to supply a special need of our day. Who knows but that this new fervor towards the great Wonder worker of the Order of Friars Minor which is but another notable manifestation of the Franciscan revival may not ultimately result in consolidating our non-Catholic brethren in the faith of St. Francis and St. Anthony? For the Franciscan spirit of self denial and brotherly love which permeates this devotion has the happy effect of eliminating acrimony from the minds of men so that they more easily discern where truth resides, and it may thus be a short cut to the True Church while "the way which knowledge leads is but a roundabout."

* Oct. 5, 1891.

* *North American Review*, September, 1895.

THOUGHTS.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

Fair are the roses and lilies, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the glow of the sunset, but the beauty that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of music, but its memoried echoes are sweeter;
And poet of Love never writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Under the joy that is felt, lie the holier issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing;
Through the warm flush of the dawn more infinite beauties shine;
And beaming through human love, is the rapture of love divine.

SINGING.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

I sing no song for lovers;
Love is sweet.
It needs no song to gladden
For its feet
The long way growing brighter with the glory
Of hearts that trembling hear the old, old story,
Told tenderly.

I'll pitch my music lower,
All in tune
With hearts that have no lover's
Golden June;
With souls that stand beside the sparkling fountain
Or look upon the grandeur of the mountain
Unfeelingly.

My song is for the weary,
For the life
That has no place for beauty
In its strife;
For those who walk a lengthening way unknowing
The dear delight of hearts where love is glowing,
I sing to-day.

For those who wander lonely
In the dark,
Life's morning hope and dreaming
Cold and stark,
I would my words were as an incantation,
A mystic rune to dull pain's keen vibration,
And sorrow lay.

Oh! tell me how to gladden
Weary feet!
I sing no song for lovers;
Love is sweet.

A DREAM FROM THE LONG AGO.

ROSS B. FRANKLIN.

SOMETIMES in the evening's gray, when the day's race is done, when the breezes stir up fairy voices in the rustling trees, and the monotonous chirp of the cricket greets the ear, memory glides back to other scenes, and out of some consecrated spot creeps the sad remembrance of bygone days.

I am no exception to the rule which governs other lives. I, too, have a place in the desert of my heart, where my mind sometimes lingers, and where I feel the softening breezes so unlike those which blow over the sands of my every-day life. To-night I have dreamed of the long ago; and, while the spell is yet upon me, I will lift the veil which has for years shrouded my heart from the curious gaze of the world.

I might as well go back—back to my childhood, for it was then that I sowed the harvest which I reaped in after years.

I was wild.

From the very first—when I began to cast off my boyhood, as it were, I took advantage of every right which I could construe as my own, to place myself farther and farther from the advice and gentle watchfulness of her who should have been my guide even to manhood's prime—my mother.

Memory dwells here.

Like thousands of others, I longed to be a man; nature was not swift enough for me; and I eagerly shifted the pure, white lights of safety for the lurid glow of the world's allurements. The world! Oh, it is so boundless! And after one leaves the shadow of the old fire-side, there are so few who care. A soul journeying swiftly on its way to destruction, bears a fascination, somehow, for many who would rather watch it dash madly on, than cast a life-line for its rescue.

Morbid humanity!

There is nothing new for me to tell of my career. It was just the same as hundreds of others. After I had become satiated with the poisonous delights of life; after pleasure had become a monotony, I suddenly remembered that I had a home! (Had I, then, really forgotten?) And when the sweet word, "Mother," rose to my lips, I trembled with a gladness I had not felt for years. I would go back! I would seek my childhood's home, and again pillow my head upon my mother's knee. Oh, those thoughts made me delirious with a joy greater than the first transports of love!

It was a weary journey, but the vision, constantly before me, of the old place, made the way easier than it would otherwise have been. Indeed, when I alighted at the little country station, where as a boy I had so often loitered and watched the trains come and go, I whistled cheerily—the first time in years. Along the dusty road I hurried, my eagerness giving wings to my feet. Only a mile farther—only a mile—between mother and me!

A simple old man was driving along the way. "Could I ride?"

"Climb right in, young man, climb right in! Goin' to th' jedge's, be ye? Waal, I'll set ye down at th' gate. Relation o' you'rn, the jedge?"

What made him start, I wondered, when I told him that it was to my father's door I journeyed after an absence of ten years?

I heard the bees humming in the fragrant clover which lined the meadow road; I heard the rumble of the wheel in the old mill; just ahead I saw the great trees which surrounded the old home; on the hillside waved great fields of yellow grain. How thankful I felt that the scenes had not changed!

"And are the judge's folks all well?" I ventured to ask of the old man on the front seat, who sat looking straight ahead, gnawing a spear of hay the while with a persistency betokening mental agitation.

He did not reply, nor did he look round. I strained my eyes as we crossed the little old bridge at the meadow gate, then I rose to get a glimpse of the house. My foot struck something hard in the bottom of the wagon, concealed beneath the hay—a long white slab. Curiously I lifted it—

My God! My mother's name!

* * * * *

Back in the shade of the old oak trees her ashes lie. I helped father place the slab at the head of the mound.

Mother! . . . Mother! . . . Eternity!

AD LUCEM.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

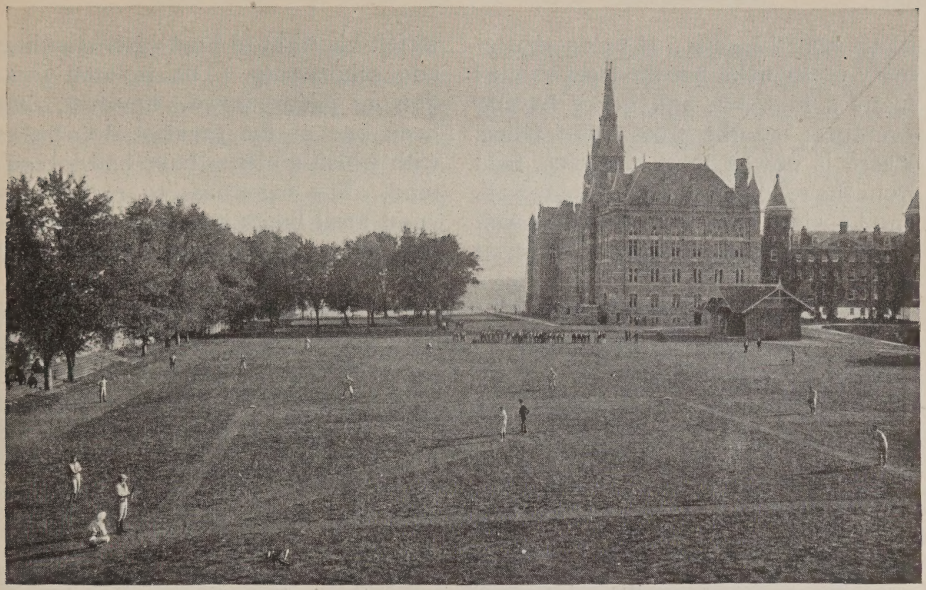
The church was thronged, and from the festal choir
Came joyous music and a marvellous song
Of praise, thanksgiving, and adoring love,
From all the gathered throng.

A weary soul knelt in the brilliant church,
And sadly prayed: "Dear Lord, oh! send me light:
Within the darkness of my blinded soul,
Oh! come and give me sight."

The Mass was ended and the church grew dark,
The worshippers withdrew in silence meet,
No lights were seen, and on the peaceful air
No sound of music sweet.

Then glimmering through the gloom a soft light stole,
Like heavenly beacon to that heart it gleamed;
And from the altar lamp, a radiance bright,
Amidst the dim aisles streamed.

And a voice whispered to that lonely soul,
"My child, so tempest-tossed, dost thou not see?
Through earth's dark shadows and its glaring days,
Always, I am with thee!"



CAMPUS AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE. BALL NINE IN A PRACTICE GAME.

ATHLETICS IN AMERICAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

(A SYMPOSIUM.)

IT is a mere truism to assert that athletic exercises are a necessary factor in the harmonious development of man's faculties. All writers on education admit the fact in theory, and our leading educational institutions are evidence of the tendency to put the theory into practice. The old, deep-seated prejudice has been swept away, and now all are agreed that a severe mental strain is best borne by a sound physical constitution. A student is no longer synonymous with an attenuated form and a long physiognomy. We now look more than ever for the sound mind in the sound body, on which the old Romans laid such emphasis; and a glance at the part which athletics play in the life of the representative Catholic universities and colleges of America, proves that, on behalf of their students, they are as keenly alive to the latter half as they are to the first half of the ancient motto. The appended symposium on Catholic College Athletics, is contributed by representative students from the respective institutions.

At Georgetown University.

The present campus at Georgetown may be taken as a fair standard of its athletic development. Former students may recall with pleasure the old grounds with the double colonnade of poplars along their western edge; the yellow house and mound on the north, which kept from sight, but not from hearing, the fair loyal applauders, and the big, shady maples and poplars

down near the gate. It was a charmingly pretty field, but the trees spoiled many a long hit, and hence batting averages; so the trees were felled. There is now a long sweeping field from the roadway to the convent-wall, and its width runs from the town wall to the Community Cemetery down at

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY BASEBALL CLUB.

the foot of what in college history will be known as the Yale Precipice. The field is one of the largest college fields in the country. We leave to the reader to judge of the fairness of its setting.

Athletics at Georgetown have ever received becoming encouragement. They never interfered with studies, and the class-records of athletic students prove that the athlete does not forfeit his right to high class-standing and scholarship. The isolated position of Georgetown, however, has been one of the greatest drawbacks with which athletics have had to contend. The eagerness to extend beyond local limits was thus always repressed. Neighboring colleges and teams were met and defeated, but the spirit of wider empire increased. In saying this the old students must not think that we would belittle the famous "Quicksteps" and "Stonewalls" whose members live in green memory amidst the glorious victories of the team of '94–'95.

The desire of moving forward was realized finally in 1893, when Harvard, Yale, and many of the New England

colleges came to Washington. A victory over Harvard gave Georgetown that longed-for prominence, and the high position then gained has been held ever since, for the principal eastern college teams have been met and defeated—Brown—Cornell, Harvard, Holy Cross, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Virginia, and Yale.

In field and track sports Georgetown has made a fairly good showing despite the lack of facilities. The new quarter-mile track around the campus now affords every opportunity for those who are anxious to wear the runner's wreath.

Foot-ball is now an interdicted sport. Georgetown's work on the gridiron was always excellent and the interest shown by the students in that most scientific of games was keen. But the sad accident to one who was a plucky player and a student with sterling qualities of heart and head, has hushed the name of the game; but the players' pictures will hang on the walls as the abiding memory of what has been.

Lawn-tennis has a firm hold on the affections of Georgetown. The courts, of clay and rolled rock dust, are always in good condition, and the managers boast with modest assurance that they are the best in the country. The tennis club has been admitted lately into the Intercollegiate Tennis Association. Among the tennis players Mr. Joseph Tobin, of San Francisco, was sometime champion of the Pacific slope.

At the foot of the hill on which the college stands, runs the Potomac. It is a long straightaway course. In olden days Georgetown had a boat-house and a crew. She has neither now, though the same river flows so invitingly. Neither is there a gymnasium on the hill-top, but there are excellent sites whereon some generous heart could build a structure fair for the eye to look upon, when the eye looked to the west. His name could be put upon the building and so his kindliness would have a monument forever.

ONTERBRIDGE HORSEY, JR.

At Notre Dmee University.

The athletic side of life in every college has come to mean a great deal, and Notre Dame University has taken her proper place on the gridiron and diamond. The year just ended brought athletics at the University to a more prosperous condition and a higher level than ever before.

The Athletic Association, to which most of the students belong, has the usual officers of such an organization, who are elected semi-annually. But the real power is vested in an Executive Committee of five students, who attend to all business and arrange games with outside teams. The captains of the football eleven and base-ball nine are elected by the players at the end of each season to act during the next.

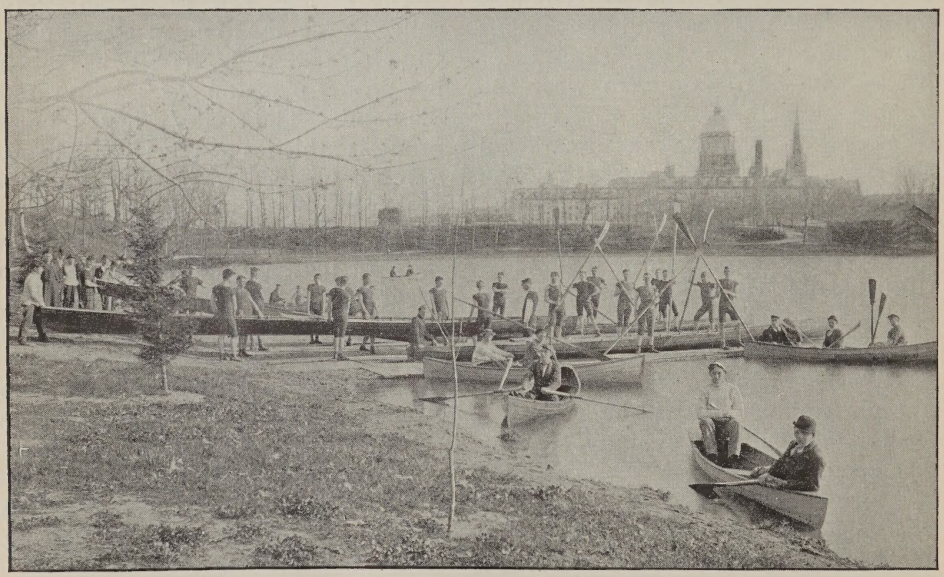
The first real game of Rugby played at Notre Dame was in 1888 with Ann Arbor, when the Michigan men were defeated twice in succession. Since that time the sport has made rapid strides and the 'Varsity elevens were never defeated on the home grounds, where most of the games have been played, until the closing game of last season on Thanksgiving day. The engagement of a trainer for the team last year worked a distinct advance in the standing of athletics at Notre Dame, and better things still may confidently be expected in the future.

The work of the baseball men for the past season was also very satisfac-

tory. After the first few games the team-work was excellent and would have done credit to many professional clubs. Ann Arbor was met early in the season but proved too strong a team for the first game. The 'Varsity also crossed bats with the University of Illinois, the University of Wisconsin, and Purdue University, being victorious in each case.

yard dash from Cary in 9 4-5 seconds, and the 220-yard in 21 3-5 seconds, thus becoming the world's champion in the latter event and its equal in the former.

Boating is not the least patronized sport at Notre Dame. The Boat Club owns two four-oared and four six-oared barges which give ample opportunity for aspiring oarsmen. The



BOAT CREWS GETTING READY FOR A SPIN. NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

Track athletics have, to some extent, fallen into obscurity at Notre Dame during the past two years, but an effort is to be made to revive interest in this most legitimate form of sport. Notre Dame has turned out some very swift runners, of whom Harry Jewett is the most prominent. At the University Jewett easily won every event into which he entered, and in the year of his graduation defeated the western 100-yard champion. In 1892 at the Manhattan Athletic Club meet in New York he won the 100-

annual races at Commencement attract much interest.

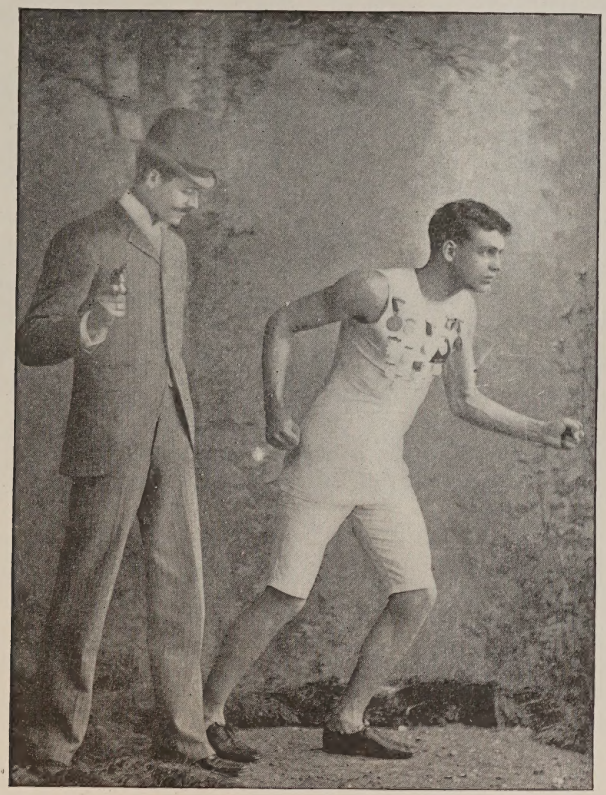
There is no use to cavil at College Athletics, for they have come to stay, and the University authorities, realizing the advantages which such sports possess when not abused, give their heartiest support and encouragement to them. Altogether, a bright future is in store for athletics at Notre Dame, as we trust it is at all our Catholic institutions.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

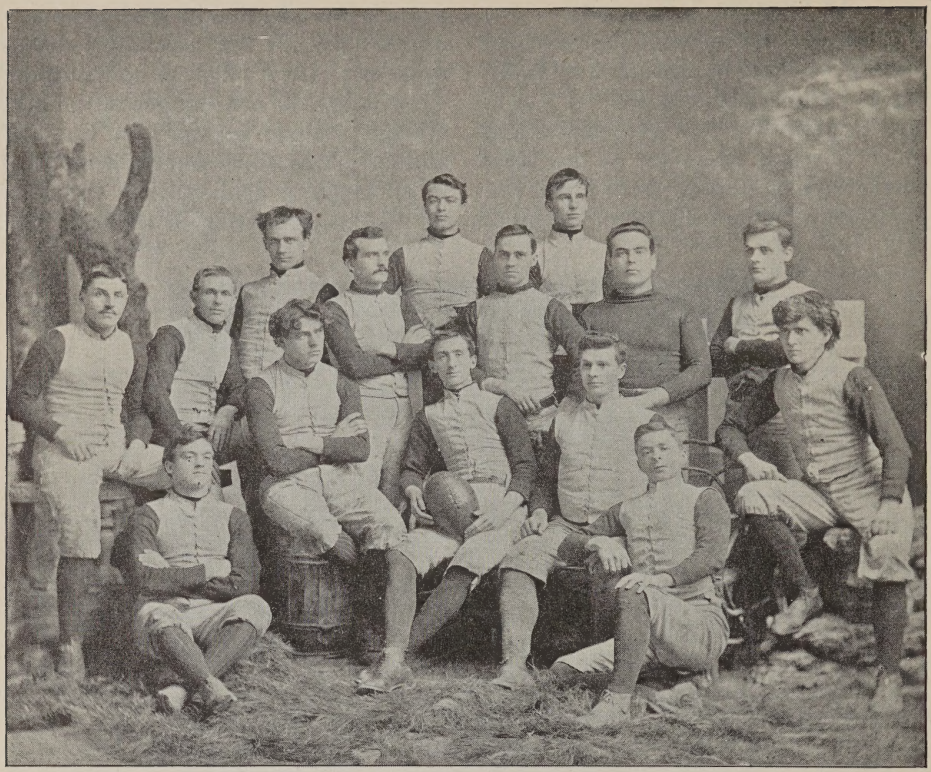
At Ottawa University.

It should not be imagined that the joining of literary and athletic training is a modern innovation. Plato in his "Republic" places gymnastics and other physical exercises in the ideal curriculum of studies, as of equal importance with the training of the intellect, while the great Olympic games are a striking proof of how the Greeks combined athletic honors with literary fame.

Canadian colleges have not lost sight of the importance of this union, and in this respect among Canada's educational institutions, the University of Ottawa stands prominent. For years it has afforded its students every opportunity for the reasonable development of their physical constitution. They enjoy the advantages of the best college athletic grounds in Canada, and have long since taken a front rank in all kinds of field sports. Previous to 1885 each branch of athletics had its own officers and executive committee, and was somewhat of an independent organization. But in that year an Athletic Association was formed which brought the various clubs under a common management with unity of spirit and action. The beneficent fruits of this organization were seen in the capture within two



HARRY JEWETT, NOTRE DAME'S CHAMPION SPRINTER, AND STARTER.



OTTAWA UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB. CHAMPIONS OF CANADA, 1894.

years, of the inter-collegiate championship in lacrosse, the amateur provincial championship in baseball, and the Canadian championship in football—a record unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by any other organization in the country.

The greatest success was scored in football, and Ottawa University came to be known as the Canadian Yale. For seven years the "Garnet and Gray," the colors of Ottawa, floated triumphant. During that time thirty-seven games were played with none but senior clubs. Ottawa University scored 685 points to 34 for its opponents, and did not lose a match. Then followed the inevitable period of decline, and for three years Ottawa University had to feel the burning anguish of defeat. But the present year saw the old champions regain their former position, after the most brilliant achievements in the history of Canadian football. The Britannias, the Montrealers, McGill University, Ottawa City, and Queen's University were successively defeated, and the Canadian championship came back to its old home by a total score of 118 points to 47. The champions were eager to arrange a game with either Yale, Harvard, or Pennsylvania, but the lateness of the season, the differences in rules, and the engagements of the American teams proved insuperable obstacles. A meeting between the football champions of Canada and the United States still remains only a possibility, though many on both sides

of the line desire that it should soon be made an actual fact.

The present season also has seen the highest point of development yet reached by the students of Ottawa University in that interesting winter sport—hockey. Hockey is peculiarly a Canadian game, and the wearers of the "garnet and gray" have taken to it with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Though the club is not more than three or four years in existence, it now holds the championship of the five-club district league. The record of the hockey team of the past winter is very creditable — 10 games, 8 victories, 2 draws, and 28 goals to 8 for their opponents.

The good influence of these games on student-life and student-success can scarcely be overestimated, and it has often been remarked that the leaders in athletics were also the finest examples of everything that was gentlemanly, noble and high-minded in the college.

But what has been the effect on their studies? It is a question of some moment, and will afford an answer to the very common objection that athletics interfere with study and mar the prospects of a student both in college and in after life. Whatever is the result elsewhere, there is nothing more certain than that those who gave generously of their time and talents to the furtherance of athletics in Ottawa have been remarkably successful both in their college work and in their professional studies. Of the six presi-

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY HOCKEY CLUB LOCAL CHAMPIONS.

dents that have ruled the Athletic Association since its inception and have passed from the college halls, four are now either priests or ecclesiastics, and two are successful lawyers. Of the football captains and managers, five are priests and four laymen. The rank and file of the players in football, baseball, and lacrosse, has contributed largely to the ecclesiastical, legal, and medical professions, while many are to be found amongst the successful business men of Canada and the United States.

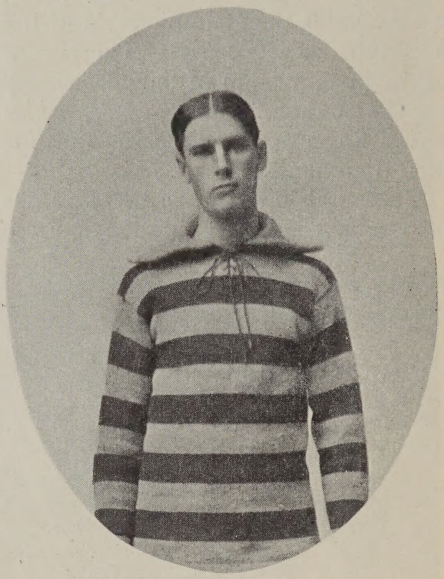
But there is another very important consideration to be taken into account. College life would become so monotonous as to be unendurable, were it not for the healthy excitement and enthusiasm occasioned by the various athletic contests. The hours of recreation pass quickly away, either in preparation or participation in the games, or in the discussion of their results. They contribute more than anyone, save him who has had experience in the matter, can imagine, to the health, welfare, and contentment of college students.

M. F. FALLON.

At Boston College.

For a number of years Boston College has taken part in athletic sports of various kinds. While the pursuit of athletics to the neglect of scholarship would not be tolerated for an instant in the college, honest, manly sport, kept within proper limits, has always received the hearty endorsement of the faculty.

The college gymnasium, in the basement of the college building on James Street, Boston, is acknowledged to be one of the most complete in the state. Besides being equipped with exercising machines of every description, it is provided with hot and cold water baths, of which the student may avail himself after a hard practice. In addition to this there is a large open gymnasium where the athlete may indulge in short dashes, long runs, hand-ball or almost anything that suits his fancy. Here during the winter months the various teams are accustomed to train under the watchful eye of a competent athletic instructor.



JOSEPH F. COLLINS, BOSTON COLLEGE, '97.

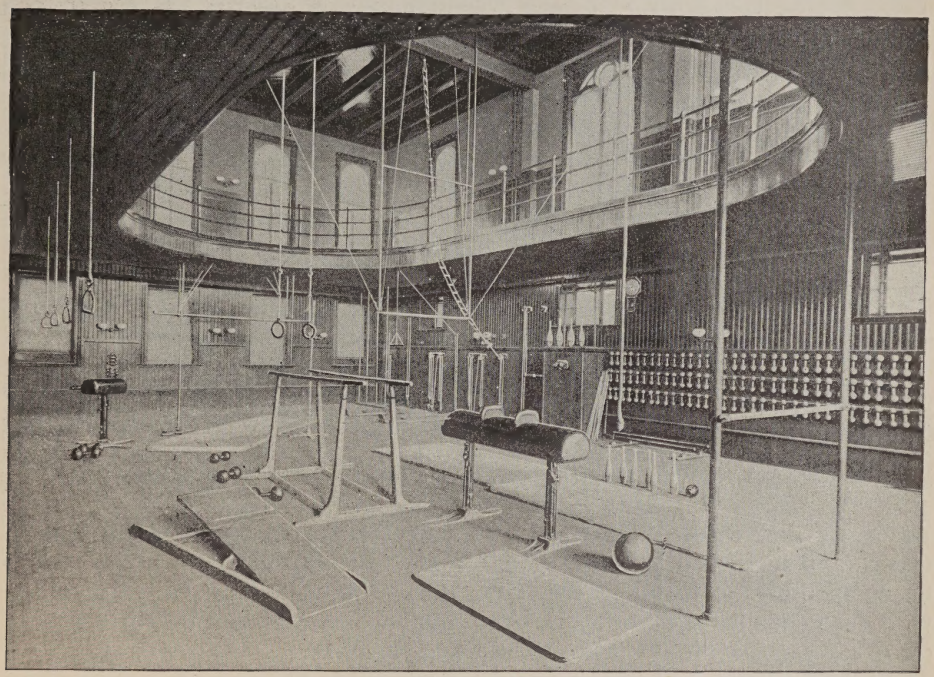
Unfortunately, at present, the outdoor facilities are not so satisfactory. There are no available grounds in the immediate neighborhood of the college, and the present practice field is not an ideal place on which to train a college team. It is hoped, however, that this difficulty will be remedied in the near future.

Notwithstanding this drawback, and the difficulty experienced by every day-college, in getting students who live far from the college to train properly, Boston College teams have been very successful in the past.

Holy Cross, Tufts, Exeter, Andover, and Boston University are among the many who have fallen victims to the prowess of the "Old Gold and Maroon." The '93 baseball team, with Dowd and Stack as a battery, was undoubtedly the strongest nine that ever represented Boston College on the field. The famous Brown University team of that year, with the great Sexton and Tenney as a battery, succeeded in vanquishing the college men only after a hard struggle; while Holy Cross, with Bannon and Leahy in the points, went down before their superior skill. At the present time there is plenty of good material in the college which needs only skilful handling to develop.

Football in the college is still in its infancy, but is fast growing. If such improvement is shown in the next two years as has marked the progress of the game during the past two, there is every reason to believe that future Boston College football teams may successfully cope with the strongest college teams of the country.

It is in track athletics, however, that Boston College has won her brightest victories. In Bernard J. Wefers, '98, the college has undoubtedly the fastest man in New England at 75 or 100 yards; time and again he has defeated such cracks as Bigelow and Gonterman of Harvard, and Burke of the Boston Athletic Association. He joined the New York Athletic Club this summer, and twice defeated Lee, the ex-Harvard champion, and Crum, the Northwestern champion, in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes. At the international meet on Manhattan Field, September 21, 1895, Wefers was



BOSTON COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

BOSTON COLLEGE CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM, 1893-94. BERNARD J. WEFERS HOLDING THE BALL.

America's first choice in both these events, and succeeded in defeating all his competitors. His time in the 100-yard dash equalled the world's record of 9 4-5 secs., while in the 220 he reached the great record of 21 3-5 secs. He may now challenge for the title of world's champion at both these distances. He has received flattering offers from both Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, but he will doubtless remain at Boston College.

Joseph F. Collins, '97, is another Boston College athlete whose work in the short dashes and in the longer runs, has attracted considerable attention. In the potato race he is perhaps second only to Crowley, the New England champion.

Francis A. Brick, '96, is one of the fastest men around Boston at all distances from one hundred yards to a mile. He has not done much racing during the past year, so that it is rather difficult to rank him among the college runners.

Probably the best all-round athlete in the college to-day is M. F. Maguire, '96. Whether in a short dash or a longer run, a high or a broad jump, three fast jumps or a hop-step-and-jump, Maguire is equally at home. F. J. O'Brien, '99, is another young runner who will probably distinguish himself during the coming year.

In track athletics Boston College at present holds the championship over Holy Cross, having defeated the "Purple" at the last meeting of the two colleges in '93.

During recent years the team race between Boston University and Bos-

ton College has been one of the features of the February meet of the B. A. A. The college men were victorious in last year's contest, but lost this year's event on account of the overworked condition of one of its men, who took part in two events immediately preceding the team race.

Boston College has no graduate departments to draw from, nor does it offer any special inducement to athletes. Its athletics then are what the true college athletics should be—honest, manly sport, free from professionalism of any kind.

PATRICK SARSFIELD CUNNIFF.

At Holy Cross College.

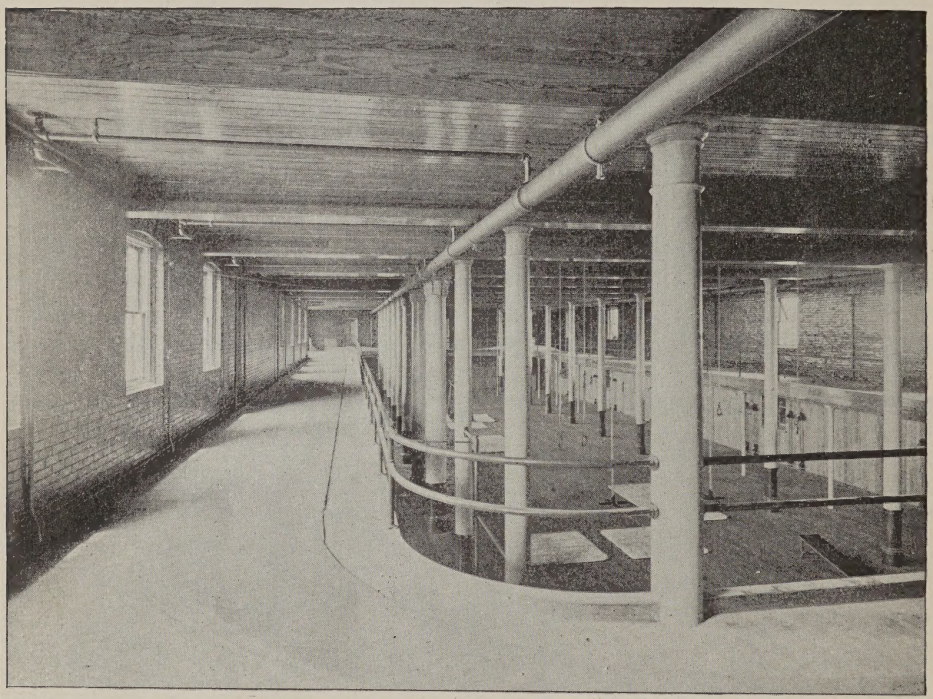
The numerous victories that have marked the career of the Holy Cross baseball nine this year naturally suggest the inquiry as to how that institution is caring for athletics in general, and her ball players in particular. To say that Holy Cross has made a name for itself in the baseball world, but little expresses its achievement. When in '92 it started its career of victory, by defeating the crack Harvard team, the surprise was great on all sides; and when in the year succeeding the college nine renewed the feat, congratulations poured in from every quarter. The same year witnessed the defeat of Yale's greatest nine, due to the superior work of the Holy Cross battery, Stafford and Leahy, assisted by the heavy hitters of the nine. Brown also was twice defeated.

The year '94 was rather unsatisfactory in its results, but the nine which represented the college in '95 fully compensated for the disappoint-

HOLY CROSS BASEBALL TEAM.

ment of the preceding year. In a total of 22 games it suffered but four defeats, while such famous clubs as Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, Wesleyan and others recognized its superiority.

For encouragement and support the team looks to the students. This support is partially supplied by individual taxation, and by the gleanings from the college store and billiard rooms, both of which are under the sole management of the students. The main source of profit, however, comes from the games themselves; and the people of Worcester and the vicinity have on more than one occasion shown evidence of substantial appreciation by their goodly attendance.



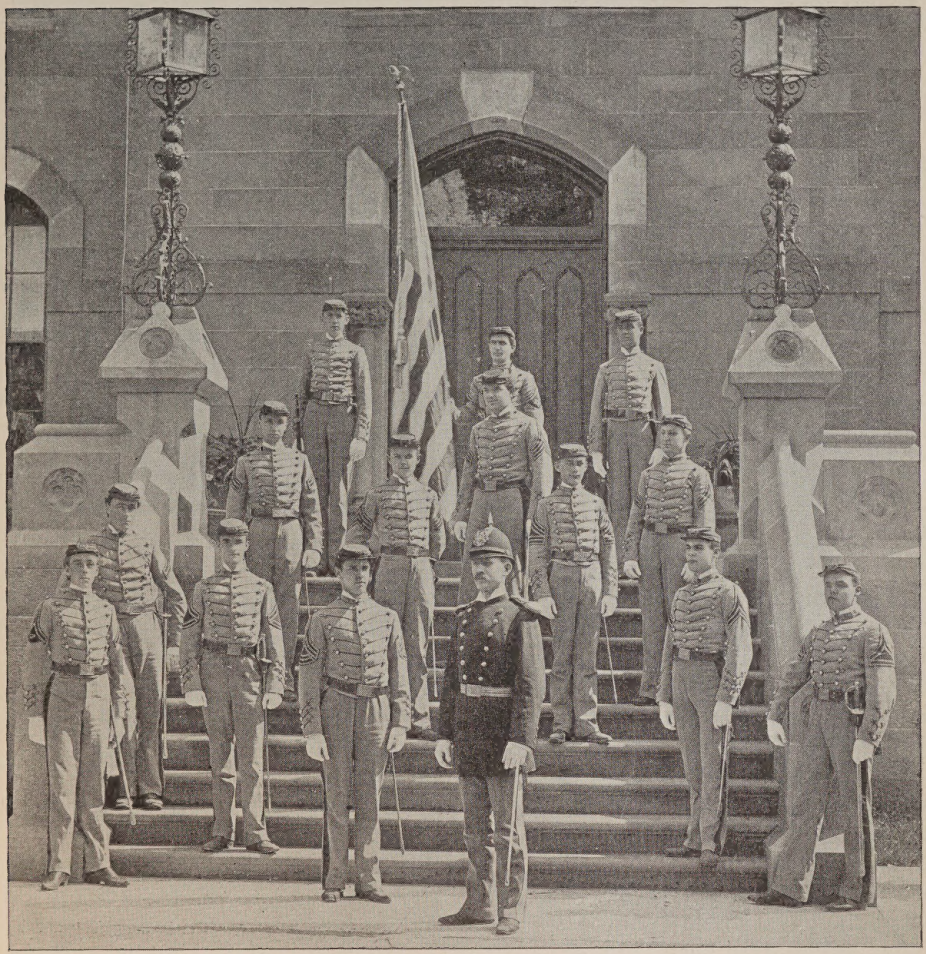
GYMNASIUM AT HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.

In field sports, Holy Cross as yet holds but one world's record, that of throwing the baseball. Sockalexis, the well known player, has thrown the ball 135 yds. 2 in.; this record, however, has not been officially noted. At the annual field games this year he intends to make his throw better and official. In shot putting contests, Captain Powers of the baseball club has a record of 38 ft., which compares favorably with the best. For short sprints Holy Cross shares the honor of producing the present holder of the world's amateur 100 and 220-yard record. Bernard J. Wefers, the holder of both records and member of the N. Y. A. C., first showed promise of a sprinter in the fall field games of '93.

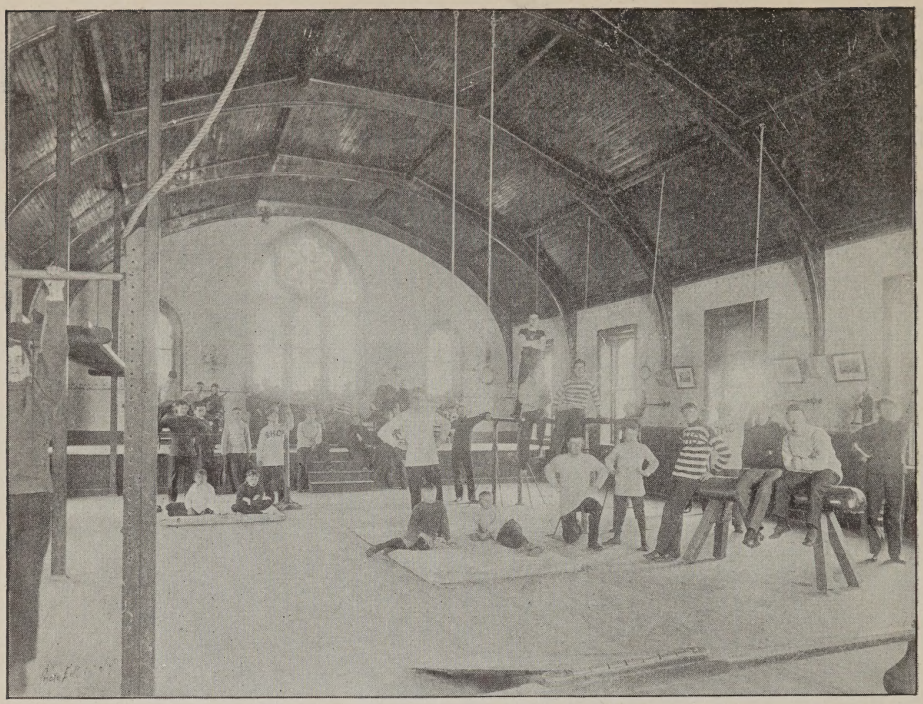
In the jump, high and broad, Holy Cross has turned out some very good men. Carney, '95, holds the college record, 5 ft. 9 in., while Austin, '96,

and Delany, '99, are clearing over 5 ft. 8 1-2 with comparative ease. McGillicuddy, '96, is looked upon as a probable winner in this event at the fall games. Until this year, with the exception of '93, when the standing broad jump was placed at 10 ft. 11 1-2 in. by Corrigan, '95, this event has been rather mediocre. O'Reilly, '96, however, now does in practice 11 ft. 1 in., and is expected to eclipse that in the sports. In the running broad also O'Reilly compares favorably with the cracks of other colleges, making nearly 22 ft. Lee, '98, has a record of 21 ft. 9 in.

Leahy, '96, and O'Brien, 91, hold the record of the college in the running hop-step-and-jump, making 43 ft. 8 in. and 44 ft. 6 1-2 in. respectively. The 220-yd. hurdle never found many competitors until last year when McBain, '95, won in 27 3-5 secs. Austin, '96, was a close second in 28 1-5.



OFFICERS OF SETON HALL BATTALION, 1894-95.



AT WORK IN THE GYMNASIUM, SETON HALL COLLEGE.

McKeon, '91, was one of the best all-round athletes ever entered at Holy Cross. A speedy long distance runner, excellent in the sprints and jumps, he won distinction in every race he entered.

The mile walkers for the last few years have usually been cut down to three or four at the finish on account of the pace set by McLaughlin, '95, who has easily won every race in which he has been entered for the last four years. His best time officially recorded is 7 m. 15 secs. Toran, '96, made a favorable impression last season and is looked to win this fall in this event.

Holy Cross has but twice entered into contests with another college, Boston College being its rival in both instances. At the first meet Holy Cross won, at the second Boston, although Holy Cross still cherishes the long-sought-for team race cup, a magnificent silver trophy.

At the present time Holy Cross is on equal terms with other colleges, in her much lauded "gym" and an excellent instructor. This year the students expect to outdo all previous Holy Cross records in track and field athletics.

The College is young in football, but its expectations and aims are high. There is material in abundance; the great want is development. With a superior coach there can be no doubt as to ultimate success.

Athletics are not advocated by the faculty as an end in themselves, but only as a means to enable the students to perform that intellectual work, which is the chief object of the college. Hard study impairs health and

strength; gymnastic exercise repairs the waste of nerve and fibre, and if made subordinate, and not paramount, is a help rather than a hindrance to the painstaking student. It is in this spirit that we have rehearsed the successes of Holy Cross.

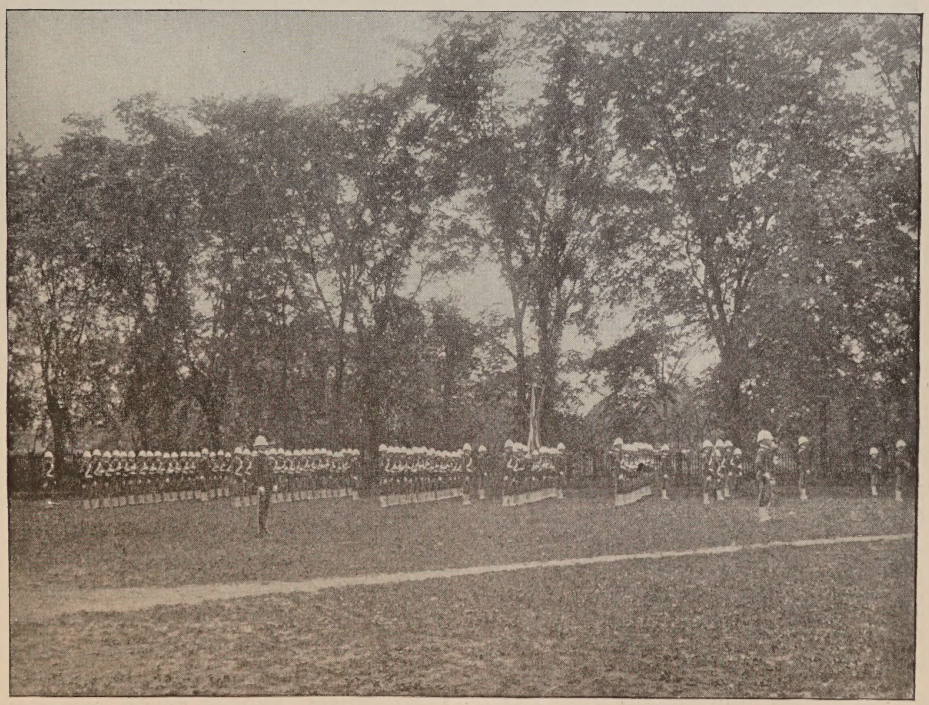
She is justly proud of the position which she occupies in the field of athletics; it is a distinction she prizes, less indeed than that of her high standing in the world of letters and of the intellectual training which she imparts, but withal a distinction she cherishes with fondness and devotion.

J. P. DORAN.

At Seton Hall College.

New Jersey's first and most famous Catholic College has a prominent place in the athletic records of the country's educational institutions, and in her Military Department possesses a highly popular feature of college athletic life.

The Alerts, as the College teams are called, are formidable antagonists on baseball and football grounds, and have gained many trophies of victory, notable among which is the gold ball won by the baseball team from The Rose Hills of St. John's College, Fordham, in a remarkable game, in which sixteen innings were played with a score of 6 to 5 in favor of the Alerts. The Alerts have also defeated such teams as the Orange Athletic Club, Verona Boat Club, Woodstocks, the Jaspars of Manhattan College, and other clubs of established reputation. It is worthy of notice that during this season of 1895, the Alerts lost no



FORDHAM COLLEGE CADETS ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

game, and that every date on their schedule was filled.

Football interests at Setonia have ever occupied a special part of each student's attention; and the result has given to the college an eleven, that has for many years upheld an enviable reputation throughout New Jersey. Mr. Edward A. Cogan, '92, managed the eleven in the autumns of '92 and '93, and the Alerts were scored against twice only; once by the Princeton Consolidated, and again by the Patersons. In the fall of '93 Mr. James Lee, former half-back of Harvard, coached the team; and quarter-back Clark J. Coad, '95, captained them while on the field. Mr. Coad has received several inducements from Yale; and Mr. E. F. Kinkead, '95, half-back, will probably play on the eleven of Brown University during the coming season.

In 1893, Rev. William F. Marshall, A. M., the present president of Seton Hall, introduced military drill into the college. Through the influence of Senator Smith, of New Jersey, a trustee of the institution, Secretary of War Lamont detailed Second Lieutenant Michael J. Lenihan of the 20th Infantry, as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Seton Hall; and supplied the college with cadet rifles, field guns, and other equipments such as ammunition, belts, cartridges, tents, targets for gallery practice, etc. This action on the part of the United States Government, evoked much criticism throughout the state of New Jersey.

FORDHAM COLLEGE ASEBALL CLUB.

The A. P. A. element went so far as to make it one of the features of their platform, and to assert that the country was menaced by introducing military drill into a Catholic institution.

This opposition, however, proved so good an advertisement for Seton Hall, that in the following year the number of pupils was swelled far beyond the ordinary limit. The uniform adopted for the cadets is similar to that of West Point; and the effect of the battalion in full dress is brilliant. The battalion possesses two banners; one a very handsome silk emblem of the stars and stripes, a gift of Mrs. Eugene Kelly, and the other a college flag, the gift of Rev. Wm. F. Marshall.

The drills take place three times a week and are conducted by Lieutenant Lenihan. Once a week the battalion is inspected by the commandant and reviewed. Skirmish drills also form an important part of the routine, and serve to keep alive the interest and enthusiasm in the work. Once a year the battalion and armory are inspected by the United States Army Inspector General, and a report forwarded to Washington. The several companies also have a special day appointed in the spring, on which they compete for the colors. This drill is public, and always attended by a large number of spectators.

The officers and non-commissioned officers are selected from those cadets who have been most soldier-like in the performance of their duties and most exemplary in their general deportment. The officers are taken from the senior class, the sergeants from the junior class, and the corporals from the sophomore. The twenty acres set apart for the students form excellent drill grounds; and three miles from the college on the Orange Mountains is "Camp Lenihan," where the cadets hold their annual encampment.

Great success has seconded the efforts of President Marshall in the organization of this new department. It forms one of the College's greatest attractions to new students, and is a powerful aid to the best physical development of the boys.

BANKS MCILVAIN MOORE, A. B.

At St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

Fordham is not great in athletics, nor is it her aim to be so. Believing that preëminence therein is only gained by long training and great expense of time, she has not encouraged her students to devote as much time to physical culture as would enable them to attain distinction. Fordham, however, has always been good in athletics, fully equipped, and ready to meet all opponents who, to use an athletic expression, "are in her class." No son of St. John's need look with shame to the record of his college on the diamond, the gridiron, or the oval. On the contrary, there are recorded in the Association's annals many a triumph over doughty opponents, many a crushing defeat administered to ancient rivals. It will suffice for the purpose of this article to touch upon the advantages our college enjoys for reasonable development of bodily vigor, and her ambitions and prospects in that respect.

Fordham College is situated in a high and healthy suburb of New York City. The country for miles around is most picturesque, and the climate healthy. The college grounds embrace some seventy-five acres, of which an ample part is devoted to a campus. The base-ball diamond is unexcelled, and facilities for field

sports are all that could be desired. Within doors there is a large gymnasium fully fitted with all the appliances necessary for winter training. The students, though comparatively few in number, go into athletics with a vim and verve which, though we say it ourselves, have been productive of remarkable results. There never has been a year in baseball when Fordham has not met most of the minor colleges and some of the great universities, and captured her fair share of victories.

In football, the college has been fairly successful, though owing to the unfavorable attitude of the faculty toward the game she has not devoted so much time to it as to baseball.

In field sports we have been but seldom crowned with the bay leaves, but the reason of this lies in the comparative youth of our students. It may be remarked, however, that the treasurer of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association for the last two years has been a Fordham student. This affords ample indication of the kindly feeling of other colleges toward us.

Our ambition? We would, as is natural, be known as the champions; failing that we would be known as exponents of pure and honest sport. Every member of our various teams is a bona fide student, paying his own tuition, and receiving neither pay nor favor from faculty or students for his efforts. That is a distinction of which we are proud. Fordham may never become the greatest college in athletics, but as we stated in the beginning, she will always be good, and enjoy some measure of success.

One thing we can and do boast of: our success is our own; we have hired no men to gain it for us, and are beholden to no one in consequence. Surely we have a future, and may I say it, a mission in the college world. This comes home the more forcibly in the light of the almost universal practice among the great colleges, of hiring baseball players or football players. If we do not win we shall have the consolation of having made an honest and manly effort. And that is true sport. That is Fordham sport.

R. T. HOWARD.

MILTON.

REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

When thou, O sightless Bard! the oaten reed
  Didst tune to lays as yet unsung to man,
  And Eden's fruitful theme didst fearless plan,
Say, wast thou from thy prison mortal freed?
As doth the sea the brooklet far exceed,
  So doth thy mind what human effort can;
  It bore no linked fetters, brooked no span;
Through spaceless flights thy genius did thee lead.
Of Eden hast thou sung and of the Fall,
  Of wars in Heaven, councils met in Hell,
  Of mankind's triumph and of Satan's knell,
Through Christ's Redemption nobly wrought for all.
  If to such heights our fancies ne'er may rise,
  Be it our lot to win thy Paradise!

GROUP OF SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS (NEW JERSEY).

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

THE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC.

Lecture read at Catholic Summer School, Madison, Wis.

I.

AT the last congress at Moscow, Dr. Virchow said, "Prehistoric anthropology possesses too few documents, and general anthropology has made too little progress, to allow the hope that we are on the eve of serious conclusions concerning the origin and affiliation of the primitive races."[1] "Feeble, as we are, in our knowledge," he had said some years previously, "more modesty in our theories would be becoming."[2]

The wise words of the eminent rector of the Berlin University are an echo of the apothegm written by the great Bacon, "Scire ignorare magna scientia," and they apply with special force to the student of prehistoric America.

When Columbus landed on the unknown shores of the New World, the American continent was peopled by millions of people, united in the broad characteristics of a common humanity, but exhibiting all the secondary differences which obtain among mankind the world over. The extremes of stature were represented by the dwarfish Esquimaux and the colossal Patagonians, the color of the skin varied by subtle gradations from the inky black of the Cailfornian and other tribes to the pink and white of the inhabitants of the Cordillieras; simple savagery was coexistent with an advanced civilization; nomadic tribes harassed the thrifty labors of sedentary populations; the debased mutterings of fetish worship mingled with the polished, if cruel and perverted, conceptions of polytheism and perhaps even of monotheism.

Obvious and radical differences like these were of course accompanied by an equally profound diversity in the dwellings, burying places, and

[1] *Less.* XI *des Cong. d'Anth. et d'Arch. Preh.* Aout, 1892.

[2] *Cong. Anth. Francfort. S. Mein*, Aout, 1882.

monuments of every kind, raised by the teeming millions of Columbian America and their predecessors. There was no relationship, except the name given by Europeans, between the nomad Indians who ranged over immense tracts in search of game, and the Indians who tilled the soil and cut canals, with remarkable skill, to insure the future of their cultivation under these burning climes; between the builders of Yucatan whose architectural talent is evidenced in the ruins they have left behind them, and the Peruvians, whose heavy, massive monuments belong to an entirely different family; between the Mound Builders whose knowledge of building methods was limited to mounds and retrenchments of earth, and the Cliff Dwellers who built their homes like birds' nests at inaccessible heights; the people who lived in a veritable communism in the Pueblos, those hives which strike the explorer with astonishment; between the nomads we have mentioned, whose knowledge of signs was confined to souvenirs of war or the chase rudely sculptured on stone or cut in wood, or to simple marks, and the Mexicans who possessed a complete hieroglyphic and ideagraphic writing.

We cannot tell here the story of all these races, however interesting it might be. We shall confine ourselves to giving a resumé of all that can be known about two of them, the *Mound Builders* and the *Cliff Dwellers*, to whom we do not yet know what name to give. We shall give an account of their constructions, habitations, industry, manners, and style of life, as far at least as it is possible to know them; and finally we shall try to find out what may be presumed about their origin and their migrations. Above all we shall confess our ignorance, when satisfactory proofs are not to be had, or when they are destitute of the clearness and precision indispensable to their acceptance. *Scire ignorare magna scientia*[1] said Bacon, and this ought to be the eternal maxim of men engaged in scientific studies.

There is one last remark which I cannot omit. By one of those laws which regulate humanity and which cannot be overlooked, men absolutely alike in their osseous structure, absolutely alike in the degrees of progress realized by them, are scattered in the jungles of India and the cold forests of Canada, hunt the bear and the buffalo with the same stone weapons on the banks of the Mississippi and Delaware, as on those of the Seine and Thames. Civilization everywhere follows the same phases, the same wants everywhere produce the same conceptions. For me this is the great and useful lesson resulting from anthropological and prehistoric studies, and to borrow the words of an eminent scholar, Mr. Horatio Hale,[2] the study of the physiological and psychical features, of the languages, mythologies, and social systems of the different surviving races from Alaska to California leads to this conclusion, "that the physical differences in the varieties of men, can be adequately explained by climatic and other local influences; and that all ground for affirming the existence of several human species evolved from different sources will disappear."

II.

THE MOUNDS.

The existence of artificial hillocks in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri and their many tributaries, had escaped the first

[1] To know how to be ignorant is a great science.

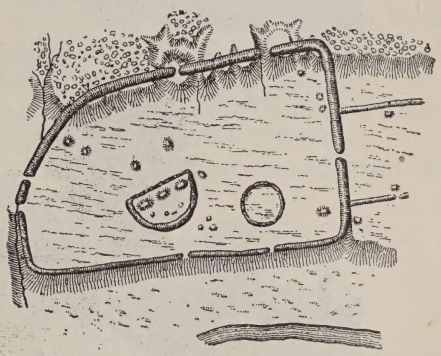
[2] *Science, New York*, 15 Jan. 1892.

pioneers of America, entirely absorbed, as they were, in the booty coveted by their insatiable avidity. Garcillasso de la Vega[1] and the anonymous chronicler of Hernandez de Soto's unfortunate expedition, it is true, make some allusion to them.[2] But it was only a great many years after, when a regular trade was established with the Indians, that some exact ideas were acquired about those monuments, imposing, if rude, by their size and numbers—the only witnesses of a race whose very name, as I have said, has disappeared.

The first mention of them we find, is due to a Swede named Kalm who undertook a voyage to Canada in 1749.[3] Some years later Filsone talks of earthworks[4] and Captain Carver of a circular wall about a mile in length and four feet in height. "This work," he adds, "the sides of which reach the river's edge, seemed as regular as though Vauban himself had presided at its construction."[5]

Then as the regions of the Far West and the South became more and more opened to agriculture and civilization, the accounts become more numerous and important. We may mention Hart in 1791, Brackenridge in 1814.[6] Schoolcraft in 1838.[7] "Approaching the largest of these mounds," says the first, "I was seized with the same astonishment that is experienced in contemplating the monuments of Egypt."

Schoolcraft gives some excellent advice which no Americanist ought to forget. "Dr. John Locke," he writes, "announces the discovery in Adams county of the remains of an antique fort, supposed to be 600 years old, and estimated at 800 or 1,000 feet above the Ohio at low water. It is covered by soil, forest and trees. Some of the trees in the vicinity are twenty-one



Fort Hill (Ohio).

feet in diameter. He infers the age from a large chestnut tree in the enclosure. His data would give 1238 A. D. as the date of the abandonment. We must approach the question of Western antiquities with great caution and not allow hasty and warm fancies to run away with us."

Later, Squier and Davies treated of the previous discoveries with the precision of modern science. From 1845 to 1847, more than 200 mounds were excavated by them, and their description published by the Smithsonian Institute is still the best guide we can follow.[1] This publication gave a new impulse to researches. Undertaken at once on all sides, and carried on

[1] *Hist. de la Floride*, published at Lisbon in 1605, at Madrid in 1723, and at Amsterdam in 1837.

[2] *Hist. de la conquète de la Floride par les Espagnols sous F. De Soto*, translated into French and published at Paris in 1685.

[3] Peter Kalm, *Beschreibung der Reise nach dem Nordlichen America*, Gottingen, 1764.

[4] *The Discovery, Settlements and Present State of Kentucky.*

[5] *Travels through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years* 1766, 1767, and 1768. London, 1799.

[6] *Views of Louisiana*, Pittsburg, 1814.

[7] *Personal Memoirs*, 28 Nov. 1838.

[1] *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, Smith. Cont. to Knowledge*, Philadelphia, 1847.

with perseverance, they resulted in finds of the most diverse and interesting objects, and were followed up by monographs and studies which show great pains. It is our desire to make known both the discoveries and the conclusions.

The mounds are artificial hillocks of earth or sand,[1] constructed nearly always with mathematical regularity. Sometimes round, oval, square, and, more rarely, polygonal or triangular, they present themselves under all forms. They vary in height from a few inches to 100 feet and in diameter from 100 to 300 yards. Those which are believed to have been destined for religious rites are surmounted by a level space which was approached by a skilfully made slope; the others are ascended only with difficulty. Sometimes they are erected on the summit of a hill; sometimes they stretch irregularly, and often for miles, in the plains. At times we see them situated symmetrically and enclosed within walls built of earth like the mounds themselves. But all, whatever their size, shape, or object, show a remarkable analogy with one another. They evidently belong to one and the same race, subjected to the same influences and acting under the sway of the same causes.

MARIETTA MOUND (OHIO).

We have mentioned some of the valleys where these mounds rise; we must add those of the Susquehannah, Yazoo, Tennessee. They are found also on the shores of Lake Ontario as far as the St. Lawrence, in the states of Mississippi, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kentucky.[1] Louisiana and the Ar-

[1] Clarence Moore, *Certain Sand Mounds of St. John's River, Florida.*

[1] Warden (*Researches on Americ. Ant.*) speaks of an ancient town not far from Lexington, which has a circumference of 4,800 feet and covers a superficies of from 500 to 600 acres. The height of the surrounding wall varies between 8 and 16 feet.

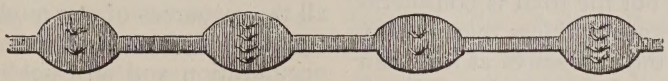
kansas and Red River valleys were peopled by the Mound Builders. Their traces are also found in the mountainous regions of North Carolina, and in Indiana from the White River to the Wabash. In the neighborhood of Fort Harrison they are said to be numerous, and near Carthage (Alabama) a remarkable group is signalled of large truncated mounds surrounded by embankments, once lofty, but disappearing every day under the plough.

The new state of Washington is dotted over with mounds arranged like the five of diamonds or spades; their height rarely exceeds 6 or 7 feet. Mounds similarly constructed stretch along the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Texas.[1] In this latter state and in South Carolina, mounds are found, chiefly conical in shape, forming a transition with the *teocallis* of Mexico. "From the river San Juan southerly to the point of the peninsula of Florida," says Bartram, "are to be seen high pyramidal mounds with spacious and extensive avenues leading from them out of the town to an artificial lake."[2]

In Yucatan and Chiapas there are mounds which serve as base for the curious monuments which photography has made known to us, and which were already old in the days of the Spanish conquest. We meet with similar tumuli on the shores of the Salt Lake, in Utah, and in Arizona. They are to be found, in great numbers but of smaller dimensions, in California, Oregon, in the valleys formed by the Colorado and its affluents, and Mr. Taylor counted them by thousands from an eminence looking down on the River Mercedes. They decrease in number according as the Atlantic is approached. Rare beyond the Rocky Mountains, they are rarer still in British America.

Such are the limits, very approximate we must own, of the territories occupied by the Mound Builders, "whose very existence," as has been well said, "is left to the sole and silent attestation of the rude and oft-imposing monuments which throng the valleys of the West."[1]

The number and arrangement of



CUTTINGS AT JUIGALPA (NICARAGUA).

these mounds, often so strange in their conception, so original in their execution, and so imposing in their massiveness, does not allow of their being confounded with mounds intended to mark a burying-place, such as are found in all parts of the globe. They must be studied at once, as their complete disappearance is only a question of a few years. One generation has passed since they were seriously explored for the first time, and already the greater number of them have ceased to exist. The colonists and farmers, in their hard struggle for life, pay very little attention to their predecessors,—the laborer's furrows have destroyed the mounds, and plentiful harvests have replaced the old witnesses of an unknown past.

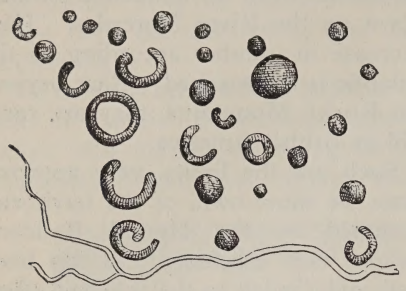
Ohio seems to have been one of the centres from which the Mound Build-

[1] Clarence Moore, *Certain Sand Mounds of the St. John's River* (Florida). Parts I and II, Philadelphia, 1894.

[2] Travels, p. 521.

[1] Nott and Gliddon. *Types of Mankind.*

ers spread out, according as they grew in numbers, or were compelled by defeat to retire to regions offering them more security. We find, it is



GROUP OF MOUNDS AT JUNCTION OF STRADDLE CREEK AND PLUMB RIVER (ILLINOIS).

true, fewer of those strangely-shaped mounds of which we shall have to speak later, but the total is considerable; it is estimated at less than 10,000, and that of the enclosures at less than 500, and it has been calculated that if the mounds of all sorts raised by man in this single state were set side by side they would give a length of 306 miles.[1]

The whole of Missouri, and especially the district known as the Swamp Region, is equally covered with innumerable tumuli, almost invariably grouped with an evident design. In New York state there are still reckoned to be 250 enclosures resembling our modern fortifications.[2]

Over a surface of fifty miles on the borders of the two states of Iowa and Illinois 2,500 mounds have been counted exclusive of enclosures.[3] They are hardly less numerous in Minnesota, where they are often arranged in two exactly parallel rows.[1] In Wisconsin we see them grouped round Madison[2] and Trempealeau. In the environs of this latter town nearly 2,000 have been noted.[3] How many others there must be, lost in the vast deserts and impenetrable forests which still cover a large portion of the surface of the two Americas!

The extent of the territory occupied successively or simultaneously by the *Mound Builders*, and the work they carried out prove the long existence of the race. The magnitude of some of these works, effected without the aid of beasts of burden, and which, according to competent engineers, would take months of labor and several thousand workmen assisted by all the resources of our modern industry, shows the existence of a social organization and an established hierarchy, while the regularity of the constructions, the excellence of the work, and the objects that have been found are witnesses of an artistic taste already formed.

It must, however, be added, that the conclusions relative to the density of population have been contested. According to Mr. Gerard Fowke[4] 100 men, in forty-two days, could raise a mound 100 feet at its base and twenty feet high. An ordinary enclosure, according to the same writer, would not require more than 546 days' work with the same number of workers.

These are the relics of the past that are to be studied. The confusion of forms adds singularly to our difficulties. Cones and pyramids are surrounded by enclosures; mounds destined for religious worship stand side

[1] Bancroft, *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, t. IV. p. 752. — Lewis and Clark, *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River*.

[2] Squier, *Ant. of the State of New York.* — *Report of the Peabody Museum*, 1880.

[3] *Americ. Ant.* — Mr. Snyder mentions a group of five very remarkable mounds in Illinois. *Archæologist*, March, 1895.

[1] S. H. Lewis, *Mounds of Minnesota.*

[2] Peet, *American Ass.*, Minneapolis, 1883.

[3] *Report Peabody Mus.*, 1885.

[4] Notes on the *Ohio Archæology*

by side with funerary mounds; polygonal or triangular elevations are in juxtaposition with those representing animal forms. "In one plain," says a traveller of the last century,[1] "I saw several artificial hillocks from 700 to 800 feet in circumference and from thirty to forty in height, one pyramid of far greater magnitude, four square terraces from ten to twelve feet high, and, finally, an amphitheatre with steps, capable of holding at least 3,000 spectators."

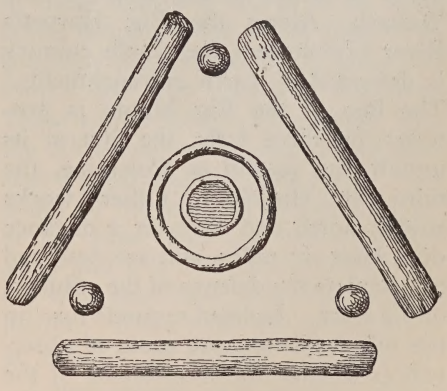
In Pyke County (Pa.) a perfect square is to be seen surrounded by an equally correctly drawn circle; and near Portsmouth, four concentric circles cut by broad and regular avenues.

The *American Antiquarian*[2] gives a description of some fortifications in Dade County (Ohio): On the north is a ditch with breast-works, on the south two intrenchments with the sketch of a third. On the east and west are two entrances measuring about thirty yards across, and defended by mounds. Even to-day the walls are from five to six feet thick, and their height, diminished greatly by time and man, from two to four feet. Trees, often centuries old, are growing in the midst of these embankments replacing the men who have disappeared.

Squier tells us that in Jefferson County (Ohio) fifteen enclosures were still to be seen at the time of his visit, and that at least an equal number had been destroyed.[3] The mounds of Illinois, says Mr. Haas,[4] form quite a town—a vast and mysterious series of monuments. "I was not a little surprised," he adds, "to find only burying-places on the other bank of the river; everywhere else the groups are associated by means of walls or circumvallations."

Mr. Conant tells of a mass of mounds on the River Root, about twenty miles from its junction with the Mississippi.[1] The principal mound measures twelve feet in height by thirty-six in diameter, and is situated in the centre of a circle traces of which can still be seen. The slopes which form the sides of the triangle are of equal length and measure 144 feet with a width of twelve feet at the base.

We have felt obliged to go into these details to show once more how difficult it is to form a system of classification. We shall follow the one adopted by Squier in spite of its too obvious inaccuracies. It will facilitate our task by furnishing us with certain landmarks. We shall therefore study in succession: A, works of defence or embankments; B, sacred enclosures; C, temples; D, sacrificial mounds; E, sepulchral mounds; F, mounds representing animals.



Triangular Mound on Root River (Illinois).

[1] St. John de Crevecœur, *Voyage dans la haute Pennsylvanie par un membre adoptif de la nation Oneida.* These accounts, though always interesting, are as a rule characterized by great exaggeration.

[2] 1878, No. 2.

[3] *Remarks on the Aboriginal Men of N. Y.*

[4] *Americ. Assoc.* Chicago, 1868.

[1] *Footprints of Vanished Races.*

EMBANKMENTS.

The entire space between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains is covered with a succession of entrenched camps and colossal fortifications, almost invariably of earth. Man had learned to defend his home by redoubts, walls, breast-works, trenches, circumvallations arranged around every eminence, and every delta formed by the junction of two rivers. These works bear testimony to the intelligence of these men who were supposed to be plunged in utter barbarism. The whole series of fortifications was found connected by deep trenches, secret passages which, if we are to believe American archæologists, actually went under the river-bed,[1] posts of observation erected on the highest hills, concentric walls to defend the entrances, and even by casemates.

Squier describes a continuous system of fortifications extending across the entire state of Ohio, from the sources of the Alleghany, one of the upper branches of the Ohio, to the Wabash. Along the Big Harpetts River (Tennessee) the whole country is defended by earth entrenchments.[2] The line of the Big Miami is protected by three forts, the first at its mouth, the second at Coleraine, the third at Hamilton. Other works stretch north and west for a distance of at least six miles, and are designed to complete the defence of the affluents of the river. Isolated mounds rose on the hills. These were posts of observation whence the movements of the enemy might be watched and the prearranged signals transmitted.[1]

War was evidently the one absorbing thought of the Mound Builders, and the struggle against their unknown enemies the gravest of their cares. All their fortresses are built in the vicinity of water-courses, and their intelligence in the choice of sites is best shown by the number of flourishing towns such as Newark, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Frankfort, New Madrid, and others which have been raised in our own days on the ruins of the mounds.

We are not expected to give an account here of the divers fortifications scattered throughout the superficies of the United States, Bourneville and Chillicothe in Ohio, Carlisle Fort on the west bank of the Big Twin, a small stream flowing into the Miami,[2] Fort Hill on Paint Creek,[3] a fort near Newark, and the one at Hopeton described by Cryus Thomas,[4] Old Fort in Cross County (Arkansas),[5] another of the same name in Saline County (Missouri),[6] Circleville,[7] Fort Ancient, forty-two miles from Cincinnati, recently bought by the State of Ohio to preserve it from imminent destruction.[8] I pass over a number of others,

[1] F. Allen, *La très ancienne Amerique. Cong des Americ. Nancy*, 1875. — L. Carr, *The Mounds of the Mississippi Valley; Smith. Report*, 1891.

[2] Jones, *Explorations of the Aboriginal Remains of Tennessee. Smith. Cont. to Knowledge*, t. XXII.

[1] Force, *A quelle race appartenaient les Mound Builders? Cong. des Americanistes*, Luxembourg, 1877. Peet, *The Military Architecture, Americ. Ant.* 1881.

[2] Brinkley, *Americ. Antiq.* May, 1889.

[3] Bancroft, *Native Races of the Pacific States*, t. IV.

[4] *The Square, Circular and Octagonal Mounds of Ohio.*

[5] *Archæologist*, November, 1894.

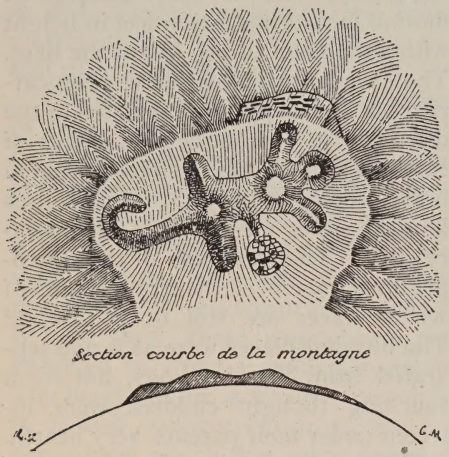
[6] S. H. Lewis, 1892.

[7] Drake, *Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami Country*, Arch. Americ. I, p. 145.

[8] Putnam, *Peabody Mus.* Rep. 1883, p. 168. — Moorhead, *Primitive Man in Ohio. — Archæologist*, March, 1895. During four years between 1888 and 1891, Mr. W. Moorhead explored Fort Ancient. "Placed as it is on a high plateau," he says, "overlooking the Little Miami River, it was a veritable ancient Gibraltar."

the simple enumeration of which would be wearisome. A description of some of these embankments will suffice to give a fairly accurate idea of what they are like. Let us only premise that in many parts floods have caused terrible havoc, and that the Mound Builders took no measures of precaution against them.

Old Fort in *Greenup County* (Kentucky) is situated on the south bank of the Ohio, from which it is distant a short quarter of a mile, at a height of



ALLIGATOR MOUND (MISSISSIPPI).

forty feet above the highest floods.[1] There are six entrances, the narrowest measuring thirteen feet and the widest (on the N. E.) twenty-seven and a half feet. A covered way not less than 2,000 feet long led to this latter entrance. The slopes, of which it is formed, vary from twenty to thirty-two feet at their base with a height now hardly exceeding three and a half feet. The distance on top between the two slopes varies from 176 to 320 feet. There is a second covered road, but there the slopes are parallel and situated at a uniform distance of 191 feet. The total length of all the slopes is not much under two miles, surrounding a surface of nine acres. In the centre, you notice a mound representing an animal, probably a bear, which measures 105 feet from nose to tail. This is the first mound of the kind found south of the Ohio. Colonel Whittlesey has observed another (a three-footed animal) on the Scioto near Portsmouth. Excavations have been made in several small mounds situated round the Bear; all were found to cover human bones—apparently under the Bear's protection.[1]

The ruins of Aztalan in Wisconsin, on a bend of the River Rock, are testimony of a different and perhaps more advanced civilization.[2] They were discovered in 1830 by Mr. Hyer who gave them the name they bear in memory of an old tradition among the Mexicans, which makes their first ancestors come from a country named Aztalan in the north of the American continent. The characteristic feature of these defensive works is an earth fence, forming three of the sides of an irregular parallelogram, of which the fourth side was closed by the river. These works though less regular than the others we have spoken about, present a great analogy with them. The width of the walls is twenty-five feet at the base; they are half crumbled away and it is therefore impossible to say what may have been their original height. These walls are strengthened at intervals by veritable bastions, and

[1] Old Fort has been described by Caleb Atwater (*Trans. Americ. Ethn. Soc.*), Squier and Morton (*Anc. Mon.* of the *Mississippi Valley*), and by Lewis (*Americ. Journ. of Arch.* 1887).

[1] These defensive works have been compared, quite inaccurately, with the *raths* or forts surrounded by entrenchments, which are found in considerable numbers in Ireland. Dr. Gerard Boate, *Hist.* of Ireland, Part III. — Siedwick, *Ant. of Ireland.*

[2] Siliman, *Americ. Journ.* t. XLIV. — Lapham, *Ant. of Wisconsin*, p. 41, Pl. XXXIV and XXXV.

in the southwest corner there are two small fences which may have been outposts. All the walls are of earth mixed with weeds and rushes, broken up and subjected to an intense heat to augment their cohesiveness. Some have attributed these fortifications to the Spaniards,[1] but such an hypothesis is without foundation. In the interior are to be found several hillocks, characteristic of the race we are studying, which contradict it. Some of these form truncated pyramids rising in successive stages. The excavation of one of these brought to light two skeletons which were found in a sitting or bent posture. The bones unfortunately fell into dust and no useful observation of them was possible.

The Rev. S. D. Peet[2] who visited Aztalan in 1885 shares our opinion about the constructions. "The inquiry," he says, "in reference to these works was: Did they belong to a tribe which had migrated and brought in the southern type of Pyramid building, or did they belong to the emblematic Mound Builders? We think that our discoveries prove the latter." In support of his thesis Mr. Peet cites the existence of numerous emblematic mounds in the vicinity, which he attributes with full probability to the same epoch and the same race.

With most archæologists I have included Aztalan among the fortified positions. But Lapham remarks, and his observation is not without justice, that the place where these constructions are situated, commanded as it is on all sides, would have been ill chosen and in complete opposition with all the customs and traditions of the Mound Builders. In either case, whether these ruins are those of a town or of a fortified enclosure, they must have been quickly abandoned, as the excavations bring no proof of prolonged human habitation.

An eminent scholar, Mr. Putnam,[1] gives a description of slopes forming a veritable fortified precinct at Greenwood, near Lebanon (Tennessee). He was able to make out three doors, numerous tumuli in the interior, burying-places, and a very steep-sided mound measuring fifteen feet in height with a diameter of 150 feet at the base. The excavations which have been carried out in this pyramid resulted in the discovery at two successive stages of calcined stones, ashes, charred animal bones—evident proofs of great fires kindled either for sacrifices or funerary rites. The dwellings of those people must have been the circular huts of which traces are still to be found.[2] The burying-places were as a rule separated from the dwellings, but by a touching thought children were interred under their parents' very hearth.

Putnam thinks that the inhabitants of Greenwood belonged to one of the most progressive races in Central America. They tilled the soil and did not burn their dead like the people of Ohio. Their ornaments and pottery are of excellent workmanship; foreign products are found among them, showing that they practised commerce; everything testifies to their remarkable progress.

If we leave the United States for a

[1] I do not know of anything in Spain resembling the vitrified forts which are found in different parts of Europe especially in Scotland and France. No souvenir of their own country, therefore, could have influenced them to employ fire as a means of giving greater solidity to their entrenchments.

[2] *Americ. Ant.* May, 1889.

[1] *Report Peabody Mus.* 1878, p. 339.

[2] At Sandy Woods Settlement, circular excavations, measuring as much as nine feet in diameter, also mark the site of dwellings. On the borders of the Sickling there are several thousand apertures like wells, some of which reach a depth of from twenty to thirty feet by three feet wide. Some have considered these too as vestiges of human dwelling places.

moment to go into Nicaragua we shall find a succession of trenches near Vingalpa, stretching over an extent of several miles. Squier thinks that they surrounded an important town. The width of the trenches varies between three and four yards, and at intervals there are oval-shaped reservoirs with a greatest length of twenty-four yards. Within each of these reservoirs two and four mounds rise alternately. Did the people who carried out these works belong to the Mound Builders? We cannot say. Every step we take in this old past makes us feel more clearly, if that were possible, the extent of our ignorance.

The labor required for the erection of these fortifications, especially with the very limited means at the disposal of the builders, enables us to affirm that they were permanent, and the work of successive generations. We shall borrow the words of a former president, Mr. Harrison.[1] "Assuredly," he says, "these works were not executed to arrest a sudden invasion. The height of the walls and the solidity of their construction prove that the perils from which they were designed to protect the population were being constantly renewed." In all times war, invasions, and bloody strife have been the sad appanage of humanity; the New World was not to be more exempt from it than our own continent.

It is not less certain that works like these are absolutely foreign to the redskins as we know them and as history shows them. "The only style of fortification I have observed among them," writes an old traveller,[2] "is a circumvallation formed of stakes rising to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet, with openings allowing the besieged to shoot their arrows at the attacking party." Near Council Bluffs (Missouri) there is an entrenchment raised by an Indian tribe. This entrenchment, according to the constant tradition of the race, consisted of tree trunks piled on top of each other.[1] The Canadians too took refuge in vast enclosures surrounded by trunks of trees.[2] Catlin describes a village called Maudan, the inhabitants of which were protected by a palisade.[3] The forts attacked by Champlain in 1609 were defended by stakes driven into the ground and fastened together by boughs and strings made from filaments of bark. Similar fortifications were constantly met with by the French in their long struggles with the Iroquois.[4] Certainly nothing could be less like the works of the Mound Builders.

One last but not least important question remains. To what epoch belong the fortifications we have just described? To this interrogation we must only answer that nothing we have learned up to this permits us to fix it. Trees—principally cherry and walnut—have grown on the ruins met with in Fayette County (Ohio). They may be, we are told, between 300 and 500 years old.[5] Their age has been established by the number of concentric rings they contain, but this calculation is rarely exact. The seed may have remained long years in the soil without germinating; besides when trees get old, circles are not formed or

[1] *Trans. Hist. Soc. of Ohio*, I, p. 263.

[2] Quoted by Schoolcraft, *Archives of Aboriginal Knowledge*, t. III, p. 206.

[1] *Americ. Ass.* Worcester, Mass. 1855.

[2] Beverley, *Hist. of Virginia*, L. III, C. 3.

[3] *Illustrations of the Manners, Customs ana Conditions of the North American Indians.*

[4] Père Lafitau, *Mœurs des Sauvages Americains*, Paris, 1724. — Carver, *Travels through the Interior States of North America, London*, 1778.

[5] Hayden, *Ant. of S. W. Pennsylvania, Smith. Report*, 1881.

they are so very fine that it is only with the greatest difficulty they can be distinguished. When the trees on Marietta Mound began to be felled, 463 rings were found on one of them, but the greater number of them were hollow and certainly older than the one we mention. Around the trees that were standing decayed trunks were visible—the debris of other generations which had slowly withered after reaching maturity, and of the date of whose birth and death we are ignorant. At Marietta birches had succeeded plane trees. How many generations of trees are to be counted? How many different kinds have succeeded one another? In 1787 Dr. Cutler estimated that the oldest of these trees dated back farther than 1000 years. Kirkland allows about the same age to those growing in the entrenchments on the affluents of the Delaware in New York State. In Wisconsin, on the other hand, if we are to believe Lapham,[1] trees will grow a foot in diameter in from 54 to 130 years according to the kind. Among those still standing there are few with a diameter exceeding three or four feet, and Lapham concludes from this that they cannot be much anterior to the sixteenth century.

It is evident that we cannot find in the trees a regular method of calculation. For the present we shall confine ourselves to this answer. Other opportunities of returning to the question will present themselves in the course of this study.

[1] *Antiquities of Wisconsin.*

(To be continued.)

THE POET.

D. O'KELLY BRANDEN.

The poet stood by the raging sea;
He felt its maddened swell in his soul.
Steeping his pen in its bitter brine,
He wrote an Ode to its restless roll.
Men said: "'Tis but Despair's sad toll!"

The poet roamed through a lovely vale,
Morn blushed around him fresh and fair.
Wetting his pen in the diamond dew
He wrote a hymn to her beauty rare.
Men said: "'Tis but a matin prayer!"

The poet gazed on the dying Sun
Gilding with splendor the even-sky,
He dyed his pen in its golden hues,
And wrote an Ode that might never die.
Men said: "'Tis but for rest a cry!"

The poet stood 'neath the midnight dome,
Where myriad lamps shed hopeful gleam.
Dipping his pen in a glowing orb,
He wrote a hymn to Night supreme.
Men said: "'Tis the murmur of angels' dream."

The poet mixed with his brother men—
Shared their burdens of grief and wrong.
Steeping his pen in the human heart
He wrote to soothe the care-sick throng.
Men heard and cried:—"This,—this is Song!"

THREE VERSIONS.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAID.

SOMEBODY'S SON.

NEW YORK, ——— 1895.—A week ago last Friday a lad walked into the Harlem Hospital, his little bundle on the blackthorn stuck over his shoulder. He tried to speak, but was unable to articulate, and all efforts to get a word out of him were futile. At length he lapsed into unconsciousness. A diagnosis of his case showed that he was an epileptic. He failed to respond to remedies, and two days later was transferred to Bellevue, where he died without regaining consciousness.

He was a pretty, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy of sixteen. The rough emigrant's cap upon his tousled head and the ruddy color of his cheeks, both proclaimed the fact that he was a new arrival, one of that great army of sturdy, warm-blooded men and women, who leave the little old dearly beloved shanty and come across the big sea to make their fortunes. But who he was or where he came from, neither note nor name was found upon his person to tell. A human waif astray upon the ocean of life. "Somebody's darling," but whose, will probably never be known.

The body lay in the morgue yesterday, with none to claim it. It will doubtless be buried in the Potter's Field, with a number for epitaph and a slab of wood for headstone. The friends in far away Ireland will wonder what has become of their Pat or John, but will never know. He died a stranger in a strange land, and left no clue to his identity. The pathos of the case moved even the veterans of the hospital and the morgue, but they could do nothing to solve the mystery or give the dead boy a name and a habitation.

The unknown was 5 feet 1 inch high, with brown hair cut short, brown eyes, good teeth, and weighed about 125 pounds. He wore a gray and black plaid sack coat, black and white striped trousers, pink and white striped shirt, white cotton undershirt and drawers, white cotton socks, laced brogan shoes with hobnails, gray corduroy cap, white suspenders, and scapular on the neck.

II.

WHAT THE IMAGINATION SAYS.

A little shanty on the gray rocks of old Ireland; a little bent woman in the doorway, in the rays of the setting sun. The sun makes a path of glory over the dancing waters, that speak to her now forever of the West, the far-off West. There is a great land beyond the waters, pulling continually at her heart-strings; for her boy went away from her to it, less than a month ago.

Such a dear lad to his mother; with eyes brown as the berries, and cheeks like the pink and white hawthorn, when May is all a-bloom; brown curls with a glint of the sunshine in them; white teeth that gleamed like the whitest pebbles, when he laughed—as the blackbirds sing. She can see him now before her, between the sun, and her eyes that are dim with weeping.

"Mavourneen!" she cries out softly, "mavourneen, mavourneen!" over and over, as mothers here say, "my darling," low and tender, heart-breaking, pitiful to hear. "Oh, where be ye, my lad, this night?"

Where is he? Safe, surely. Nothing could happen to him! To see her lad was to love him and treat him well. When the dream of the new land seized him, when naught else would content him, when he said he would go and make money only to bring it back to her, she had somehow sent her darling, though poverty pinched them sorely, dressed so neatly, so carefully, over the dancing sea. She could tell you each stitch he had on him; her hands wove the stuff for his clothing; how proud he was of his brogans, how fine they creaked as he walked! She gave him his dead father's good stout stick of the briary blackthorn. He kissed her goodbye, and left her. Half down to the beach, he turned, flung up his gray cap, and saluted.

How is it our hearts do not break!

"Come back," she cried, "for one moment," and he stood by her side again. "God bring you safe home!" she said. "God keep you, and bring you home to me!"

"And won't He?" her lad made answer. "And didn't we get His blessing? And didn't I go to confession? And here's my scapulars, mother, where his riverence put them on!"

In the golden sunset she hears him, though miles off across the water, and she smiles amid her tears. "Mavourneen, mavourneen! Surely the Mother of mothers will bring us together again!"

III.

WHAT FAITH SAYS.

Unknown and dead, in the great strange city, somebody's son is lying. God in heaven! tell us who the mother may be. Nameless, homeless, friendless, with cheeks like the May hawthorns, and eyes brown as the berries! Surely, somebody loved him well. What can this mystery mean?

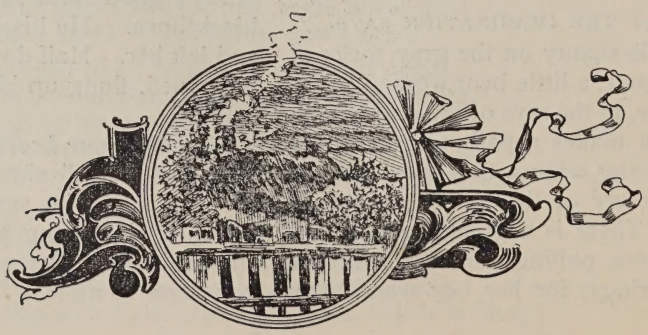
Strangers kneel down reverently; draw the neat plaid coat, the cotton shirt, from the heart that never, never will ache with farewells again. *What is this on his bosom, that tells us whose son he is?* Only the little brown scapular; but this is a child of Mary. Thank God! the Mother of mothers has brought somebody's darling home.

Sixteen years of boyhood—then, all was over. God alone could tell what the future might be—what loneliness, want, temptation, what terrible sin, lay before him. God knows what hands in the future might have torn that badge, and the faith, away. Now, somebody's darling is safe from all that woe.

And she never will know it? Is it not enough that God knows it? Will He not send His angel over the dancing sea? What need has she of our letters, if He choose that angels tell her? Will they not bring her comfort better, far better, than ours? She will kneel at the little altar, where he knelt the day he left her. If he comes not, and years go by, and he never comes again, do you know the faith of the children of the great-hearted St. Patrick? "Blessed be God!" she will whisper, always, amid her tears. "Blessed be God who gave him, and who took him away from me! My lad was never a strong lad. Mayhap he is dead and buried, across that terrible ocean; and will never, never come back. But he had his scapulars on him; and Mary—Mother of mothers—*she* knows where my lad is today."

A city beyond the waters—the deep, dark, death waters—a grand and glorious city, not builded by hands of men; a sea of glass within it, and a river of endless peace; trees fairer than the hawthorn, even on Irish hills. In that Eternal City, the parted meet again. One key is ours to all mysteries, the faith of the little children. One hiding-place in all sorrow,—the sweet, dear will of God.

SUSAN L. EMERY.



THE CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN IN FRATERNITY.

BY THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.

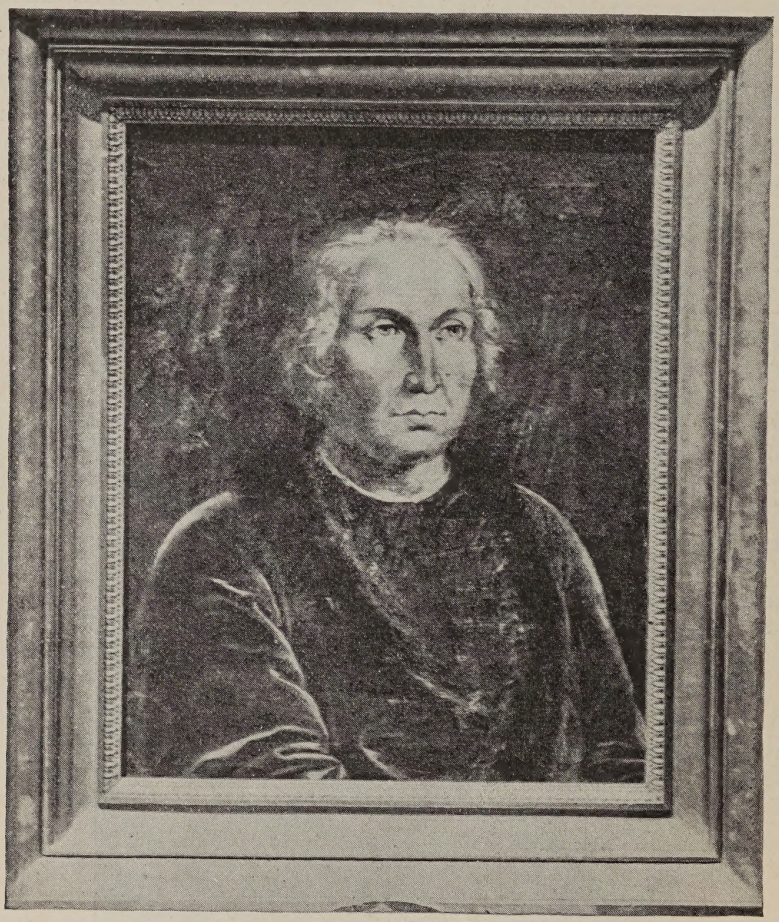
Not only to keep down the base in man, but, to teach high thoughts, amiable words, courtliness and desire of fame, and all that makes a man.—*Tennyson.*

WITHIN a few years there has arisen in the eastern part of the United States a fraternal organization for Catholics known as the Knights of Columbus, comprising the leading gentlemen of that faith in New England and some of the Middle States, and numbering at present more than ten thousand members. Its income now from various sources is over $100,000 annually. Its accumulated reserve fund, after all its liabilities have been paid, is approaching $30,000, and since its establishment more than half a million dollars have been paid out to the widows and orphans of deceased members. While it has contributed largely to the social improvement of Catholics, by making its members more humane, more benevolent, and more fraternal, it has at the same time helped to soften the asperities of

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF VERAGUA, DON CRISTOBAL COLON OF TOLEDO.
Lineal Descendant of Columbus, and Knight of the Grand Cross, K. C.

sectarian prejudice and has been instrumental in bringing about a better understanding between Catholic Americans and their Protestant fellow citizens.

Such an organization, with such achievements and future prospects, merits some attention, and it is the object of this article to set forth more fully its aims and purposes than has been heretofore done, and perhaps to make the order itself better known to the world at large.



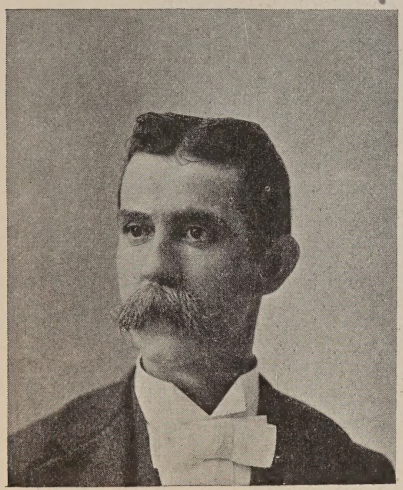
COLUMBUS.
Ministry of Marine Portrait.

The first meeting, at which an organization was permanently perfected, was held in New Haven, Conn., on the eighth day of February, 1882. On March 29 immediately following, an act was passed and approved by the general assembly of that state incorporating the Knights of Columbus, to wit:

That Rev. Michael J. McGivney, Matthew C. O'Connor. Cornelius T. Driscoll, James T. Mullen, John T. Kerrigan, Daniel Colwell, and William M. Geary, and all other persons now associated with them under and together by the name of

the Knights of Columbus, together with all such persons as may hereafter become associated with them, together with their successors, be and they are hereby constituted a body corporate and politic by the name of the Knights of Columbus, for the following purposes only:

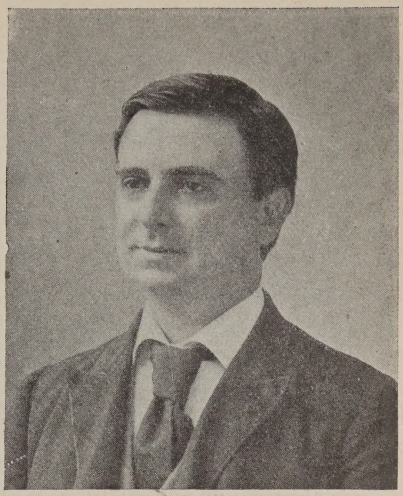
1. Of rendering pecuniary aid to its members, and beneficiaries of members.
2. Of rendering mutual aid and assistance to its sick and disabled members.
3. Of promoting such social and intellectual intercourse among its members as shall be desirable and proper, and by such lawful means as to them shall seem best.
4. Said corporation for the purpose of more effectually rendering aid and assistance to its members, may establish, accumulate, and maintain a reserve or other fund in such manner and to such amount as it may determine, etc., etc.



T. H. WOOD OF MERIDEN, CONN.
Grand Knight Silver City Council, K. C.

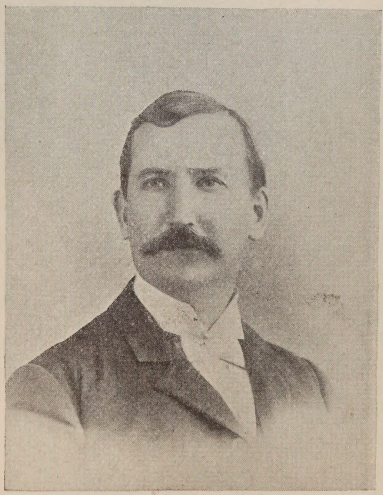
The objects of the Knights of Columbus as thus defined in the preamble to their charter proves it to be an institution which inculcates the spirit of broad helpfulness among its members. It not only pities human suffering, it relieves it. Its charity and benevolence are limited only by its resources and it adheres strictly to the apostolic rule to do good and be charitable to all, "but especially to those of the household of faith."

Certainly the right of individuals to associate themselves together for such

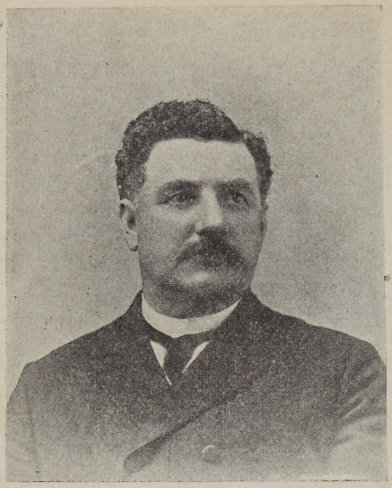


WILLIAM F. KENNEY OF WOBURN.
Grand Knight Woburn Council and District Deputy, K. C.

merciful and commendable purposes will not be questioned. But, besides binding its members more closely together with the ties of charity and goodwill, this Order seeks to develop among them the social and fraternal instincts, by which men grow in civi-



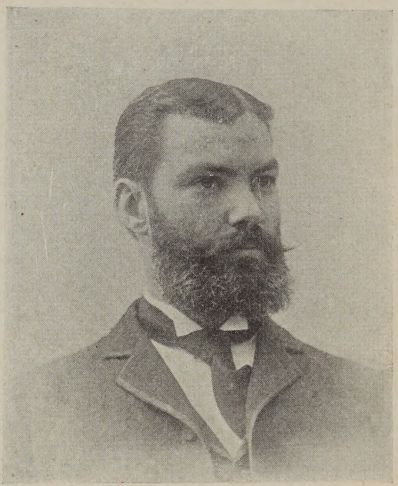
J. J. CLUIN OF LOWELL.
Grand Knight Lowell Council and District Deputy, K. C.



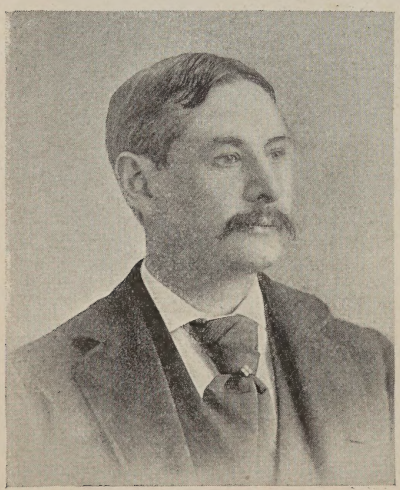
W. A. FLAHERTY OF SOMERVILLE, MASS.
Grand Knight Somerville Council, K. C.

lized feeling and in the kindlier emotions of the heart. This is the Fraternity side, perhaps the most beautiful and useful feature of the order. To Catholics particularly it offers a peculiar charm, because, being barred by ecclesiastical law, from joining the other fraternities of the world, they see here a Catholic society, in full touch and sympathy with the Church, offering all the advantages of these bodies, with none of their disadvantages to Catholics.

Strange as it may seem, no class of people in the community need the lessons of fraternity more and get less of them than the Roman Catholics do. Catholic laymen present the strange anomaly of a body numerically large, possessing one Lord, one Faith and one Baptism, and yet outside of purely spiritual matters, each parish is in a sense an isolated community, and each



GRAND KNIGHT THOMAS M. WATSON OF BOSTON COUNCIL, K. C.



HON. OWEN A. GALVIN, OF BOSTON.
Grand Knight Tremont Council, K. C.

individual parishioner stands by himself. Much as their adversaries may storm and rave about the Catholic vote, and the political power of Rome in America, Catholics know that in political, material, and social affairs they are really more divided than their Protestant neighbors. The reason is plain, and he who runs may read. Human nature is the same among American Catholics as among Protestant Americans. There are the antagonisms of factions, the differences of political parties, the necessary and in-

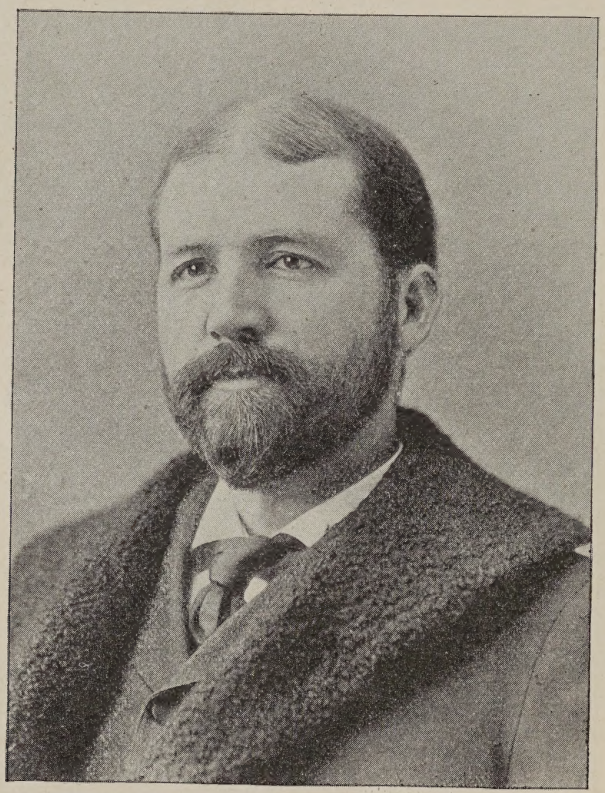
cessant toil after temporal gain and individual good, all of which tend to break up the unity and harmony of Catholic society. It can safely be asserted, that not until Catholic men have learned the lessons of fraternity and mutual sympathy, will die away and humanity to cry out to the opposing forces,—Halt!

The high ideal which the gospel presents of a society where men bear one another's burdens, relieve one another's necessities, and love one another in all circumstances, is capable of

Hon. JOHN J. PHELAN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Supreme Knight, K. C.

the misrepresentations, abuse, contempt and caricature to which all Catholics now are subject. There is full need and place for an intelligent organism such as the Knights of Columbus to step to the front, to work for the advancement of Catholic social and material interests, and in its own name and in that of justice, reason, complete realization in such an organization as this. Other associations for the relief of suffering may and do exist and are worthy of the highest praise, in their appointed sphere. But their operations and influence are necessarily limited, since they address themselves chiefly to one of the many wants of humanity. The Knights of

Columbus, however, have a wider scope, influence, and power, and greater facilities for the accomplishment of their benevolent purposes. The Order not only seeks justice, it goes further and demands friendship and brotherly love, i. e., fraternity for the Saviour, and penetrated with these ideas they first sought to gather all nations round the standard of Christ, as one family of brethren having but one interest and one aim. That the primitive Christians were bound together by a close and



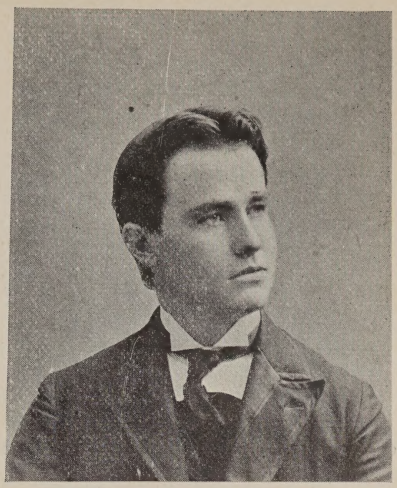
THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS OF BOSTON.
National Organizer, K. C.

its members. Nowhere can the ideas of *love*, *union*, and brotherhood be more beautifully exemplified than in this association, if its members thoroughly live up to their professions.

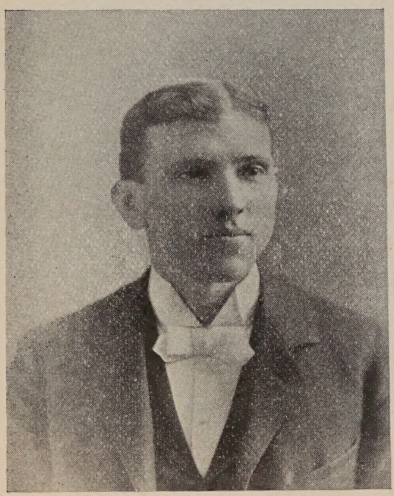
The fundamental ideas of the Order are those of Christianity itself, viz., charity, unity, and brotherly love. The apostles taught the practice of these virtues, learned by them at the feet of intimate friendship, even pagan writers admit. A Christian brother had claims upon his brethren which were always recognized. Go where he would, the Christian, by secret token or sign, could make himself known to the faithful and was certain of finding friends.

The sign of the cross hastily described by the fingers was the secret

signal by which Christians recognized one another, in the presence of strangers or enemies. They were welcomed to the homes of their fellow Christians and entertained with the kindness bestowed only upon intimates and relations. All the extant details of social intercourse among the primitive Christians bespeak a kinship of spirit and a brotherly love that excited the admiration of the heathen world. "Behold how these Christians love one another!" they exclaimed. And in truth, to the early Christians belongs the distinction of realizing, for the first time in the world, a state of society which many philosophers had often delighted to picture to their fancy, but which they had sighed for in vain.



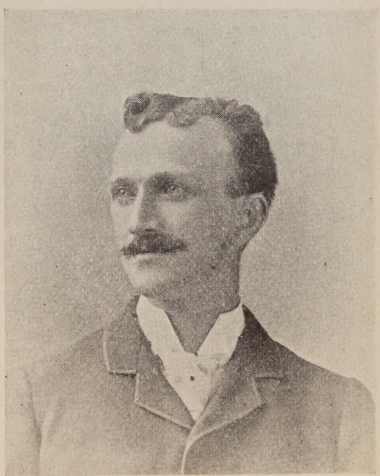
MICHAEL T. O'BRIEN OF LEWISTON, ME.
Grand Knight Lewiston Council, K. C.



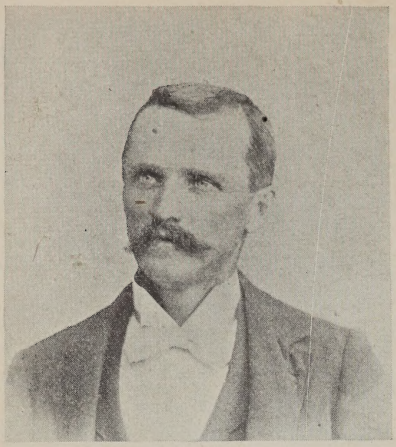
P. H. CROWLEY OF READVILLE, MASS.
Grand Knight Hyde Park Council, K. C.

The Knights of Columbus seek to build up their Christian brotherhood on these same social principles, and they hope to realize in the years to come their ideal of a society united by the mystic tie of charity and the golden chain of brotherly love.

The most effective means by which the lessons of fraternity are taught is the beautiful ritual which the Order uses in its initiatory ceremonies. There are many memorials of Columbus in Spain. In Madrid is preserved the steel armor he used to wear, and in the Ministry of Marine Museum, a portrait of the admiral, said to be authentic. In Barcelona and



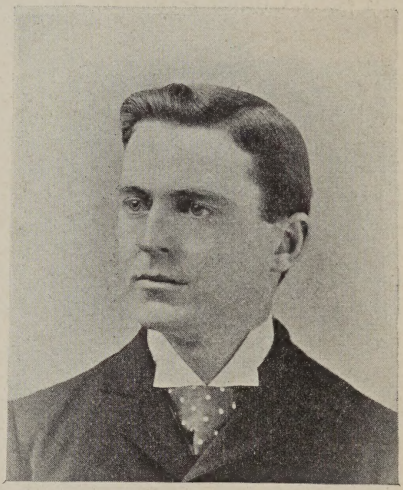
EDWARD J. BRANDON OF CAMBRIDGE.
Massachusetts State Secretary, K. C.



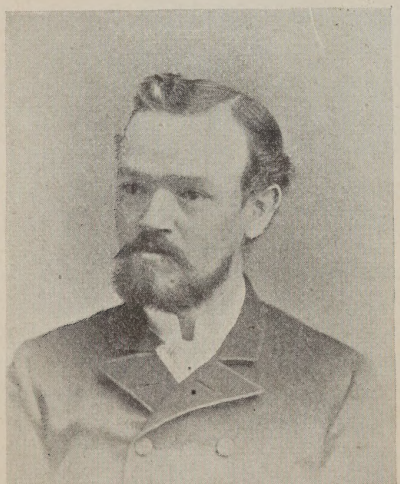
GRAND KNIGHT JOHN H. ARNOLD OF GREENWICH, CONN.

Cadiz they show the places he used to frequent in his earlier days, while in Valladolid, they point the stranger to the house in which he died. But it is in Seville, the beautiful city on the banks of the Guadalquiver, that the principal memorials of Columbus are to be found. Not the least of these is the slab that marks his cathedral tomb in that city, erected by King Ferdinand of Aragon six years after his death, and the magnificent Columbian Library, in the sacristy adjoining the Cathedral.

This library of 20,000 volumes bequeathed the municipality of Seville by Don Fernandez, the second son of Columbus, who accompanied his father on his last voyage, and who afterwards wrote his life, is a lasting monument to his greatness. Here in a manuscript volume, in a good state of preservation, are letters of Columbus and a collection of prophecies. All



W. E. VEASY OF WESTFIELD, MASS.
Grand Knight Westfield Council, K. C.

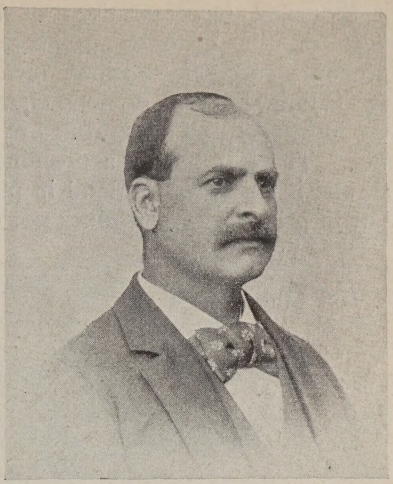


GRAND KNIGHT HENRY J. HEIDENIS, B. S. Ph. B. OF NEW YORK COUNCIL, K. C.

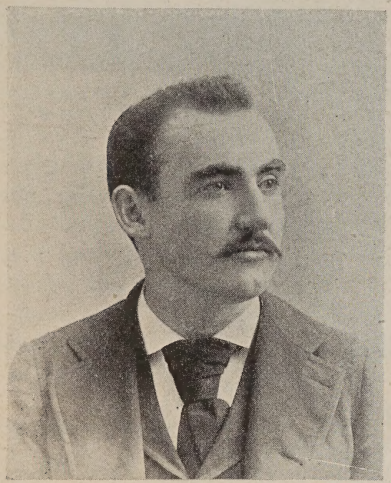
the passages of Scripture, and the works of the fathers which had so powerful an influence on the mind of the great navigator and which were construed by him into mysterious revelations from the hand of God Himself, directing him in his great undertaking, are to be found just as he left them nearly four hundred years ago. It is from this book that the secret work of the society is largely drawn.

There can be little doubt that Columbus, the patron of this society, was a prophet and a seer, an instrument of Divine Providence, with the stamp of a

Divine commission clearly imprinted upon his work. His writings show him to have been a mystic of the very highest order, and with the conditions of his existence changed he might have been a Thomas á Kempis, a St. Ignatius, or a St. John of the Cross. He was made of finer clay than most other men, and could dream dreams their dull imaginations never could conceive. He lived almost continually in a pure atmosphere of splendid visions, and he represents to those



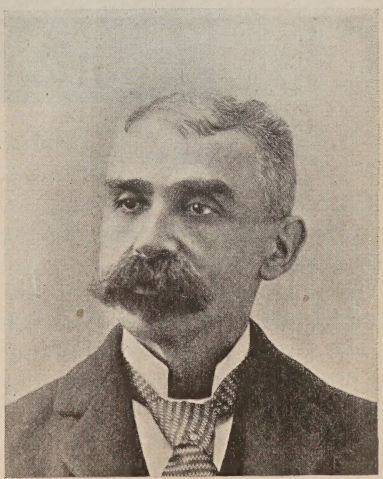
MAURICE J. MAHONEY OF LAWRENCE.
Massachusetts State Warden, K. C.



GRAND KNIGHT ANDREW J. FLANAGAN OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

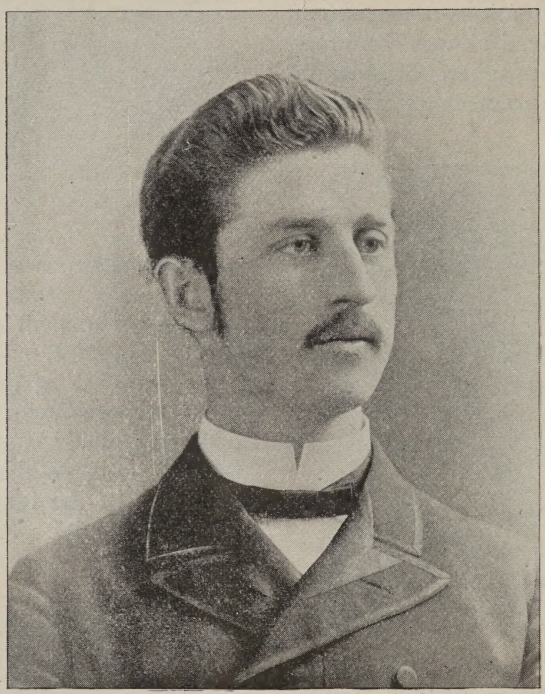
initiated in the Order which bears his name, a phase of spiritual thought that serves them as a stimulant to better lives. Indeed no man can be a true Knight of Columbus without being at the same time a better Catholic and a better citizen. Catholicity is the essence and central idea of the institution. The sentiment of religion pervades all its ceremonies. The great mysteries of life and death, accountability to God, a future life,—all these facts are kept constantly before the minds of the brothers. In this respect, it stands preëminent over all existing Catholic societies.

The progress of the Order during the last ten years, through all kinds of opposition, including the suspicions and selfishness of the prejudiced and the malice of the ignorant, seems almost providential. It numbers to-day



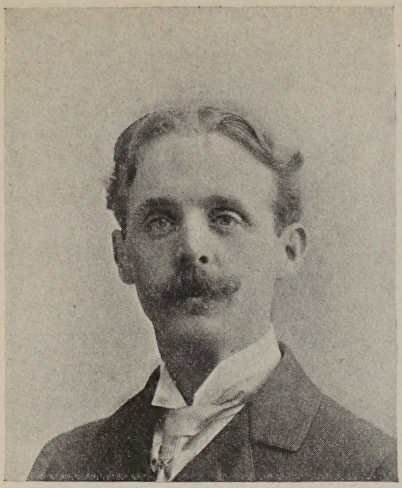
VISCOUNT DI VALLE DA COSTA.
Portuguese and Brazilian Consul for New England; Deputy Grand Knight Boston Council, K. C.

ten thousand representatives of the flower of the Catholic population. Merchants, successful business men in every calling, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, journalists, all are enrolled in its ranks. There is hardly a prominent Catholic in all New England in public or in private life, who does not esteem it an honor and a privilege to be a member of this Order.



JAMES E. HAYES OF BOSTON.
Massachusetts State Deputy, K. C.

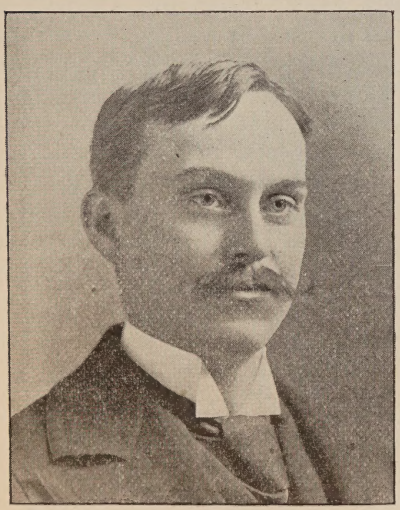
The highest honorary position, "Knight of the Grand Cross," is held by His Grace the Duke of Veragua, the present lineal descendant of the great admiral. He is the thirteenth in descent by the female line—more esteemed in Spain than in countries where the Salic law strictly obtains—from Columbus. The family is remotely allied by blood with the royal house of Portugal, the Braganza. The grandson of Columbus, a certain Don Luiz, resigned his hereditary rights and possessions over sea in America, receiving in return from the Emperor Charles V the dukedom, the marquisate and various estates in Spain. The title Veragua comes from an old Indian principality near the Isthmus of Panama, which, on one of his late voyages, Columbus endeavored to colonize. The family of Don Luiz became extinct in the legitimate male line in the next generation; and after a long litigation the title passed in 1608 to the great-great-grandson of Columbus, through Donna Isabella, his grandaughter, who had wedded a Portuguese gentleman allied to the royal house. From this



GRAND KNIGHT E. J. MCCARTHY OF LA SALLE COUNCIL, K. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

line the present duke directly descends. He was made Knight of the Grand Cross on June 29, 1893, and takes a keen personal interest in the spread of the order that perpetuates the fame and glory of his distinguished ancestor.

The chief executive officer is the Hon. John J. Phelan of Bridgeport, Conn., Supreme Knight of the Order, who has twice been elected Secretary of State of Connecticut, and has held his present position in the Order since 1887. To him more than to any other single influence is due the development of the fraternal side of the Order, and his ability and indomitable energy have resulted in building up its present grand proportions.



E. L. HEARN OF HARTFORD.
Secretary National Board of Directors, K. C.

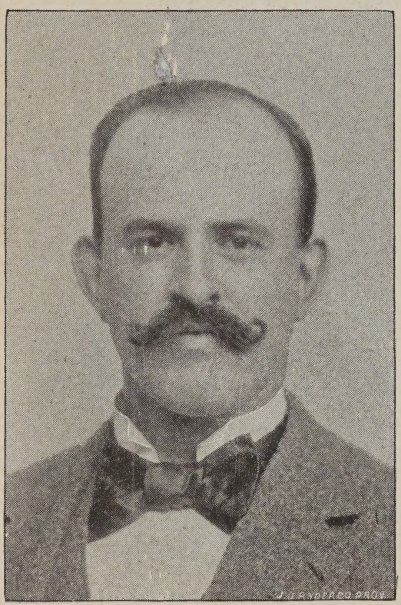
THOMAS C. LEE OF LOWELL, MASS.
State Treasurer, K. C.

The National Secretary is Daniel Colwell, Esq., of New Haven who is familiarly known as the "Father of the Order," he being one of the original incorporators in 1882. His official connection with the Order ever since, through every vicissitude, has greatly endeared him to all the members.

The National Treasurer is Hon. P. D. Ryan of Hartford, a gentleman of high personal worth. He has amassed a competency in the tailoring business in Hartford, and now watches over

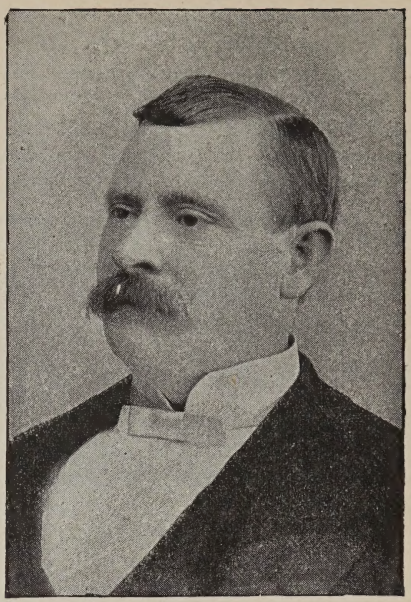
the finances of the Knights of Columbus with a jealous eye. Hon. Andrew W. Tracy, M. D., ex-mayor of Meriden and now chairman of the Conn. State Board of Charities, is the Supreme Medical Examiner. Hon. Philip J. Markeley, of New Britain, is the National Advocate, and Thomas Harrison Cummings, of Boston, is the National Director of Ceremonies and Organizer.

The representatives of the various

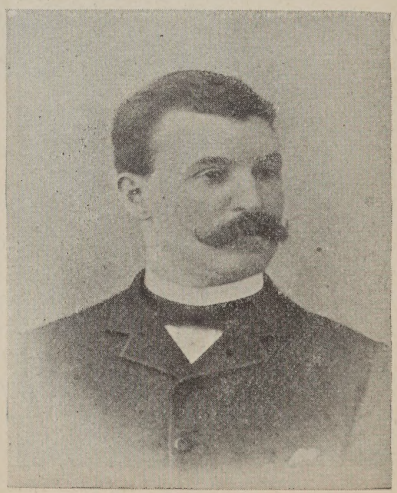


PHILIP E. HENDRICKS OF TAFTVILLE, CONN.
State Advocate, K. C.

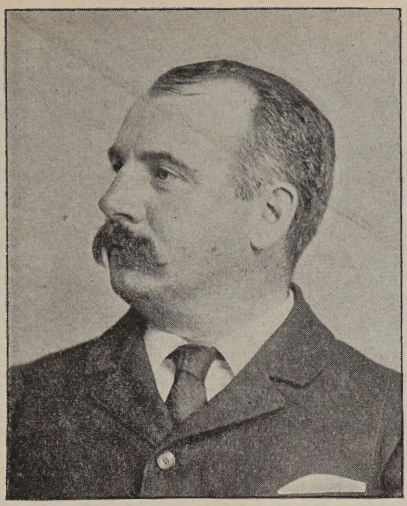
state organizations are all gentlemen of high social standing and personal character. The present Board of Directors which constitutes the executive power of the organization, with headquarters and finely appointed offices in the Hoadley Building at New Haven, Conn., are Hon. Philip E. Hendricks, of Taftville, Conn.; John H. Drury, of Providence, R. I.; James E. Hayes, of Boston; Edward L. Hearn, of South Framingham, Mass., and James H. Conly, of Boston. With such a body of men the future of the Knights of Columbus is fraught with promise and high hopes.



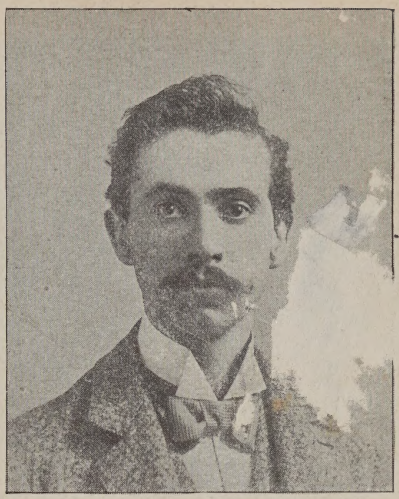
DANIEL COLWELL, ESQ., OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
National Secretary, K. C.



GRAND KNIGHT JAMES F. CAVANAUGH OF TAUNTON, MASS.



GRAND KNIGHT JAMES D. O'NEILL OF FALL RIVER, MASS.



GRAND KNIGHT JAMES J. DONOHUE OF LYNN, MASS.

One thing above all else the Order lays claim to, and that is, the evolution of the Catholic Gentleman in Fraternity. The principles of the Order, if rightly applied and honorably practised, mean the creation of a new type of Catholic manhood. They mean that the young men who are in touch with the world and its affairs, are creating a new spirit in the Church by illustrating what a layman can and ought to do, in the active work of life. They stand for what is clean, moral, wholesome, and effective in American manhood when that is crowned by the teachings of Mother Church, and as a grand result, they must achieve in time the social uplift of the entire Catholic people.

O Knights of Great Columbus! a glorious work is yours,
To keep the faith, to fight the fight for the guerdon that endures.
Unite! be strong! and in your strength be generous, brave,— unite!
Be champions of the weak! Be guardians of the right!
Cold selfishness and discord dread, God frowns on from above;
A golden chain He binds you with, 'tis blessed brotherly love.
Be faith and courage yours, as bright as Pentecostal flame!
O Knights of Great Columbus, be ye worthy of his name!

GOING HOME.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE DEMAND FOR THE FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

NOTHING is more curious than the persistence of the fiat money heresy. In the light of financial history, the theory of fiat money falls like a house of cards. Its advocates have before their eyes the crazy record of continental currency, when a barber in Philadelphia plastered his walls with bills, when Samuel Adams paid $2,000 for a suit of clothes, when flour sold for $150 per barrel, when credit was destroyed and debts could not be collected, and when it took ten paper dollars to make a cent. And this currency had this excuse—it arose out of the exigencies of a time when almost any resort must be had to get paper that would buy something. But the arguments advanced then were the arguments urged to-day for "cheap money," * such as, for example, the plea that it "could not be taken out of the country."

It was a member of the Continental Congress who asked why the people should be taxed when a printing press could turn out money *ad libitum*. Is it necessary to say that every proposition we hear to-day for a cheap or cheaper currency is a plea for increase of money through the printing press, or, what is the same thing, the stamping machine of the United States mints?

The history of the Mississippi bubble, the Rhode Island Bank, the French Assignat, and in our own time the experiment of the Argentine Republic, are chapters eloquent as contributions to the history of monetary delusions. Analogous to these are the thousand and one propositions for issues of currency based on land or farm products. It is because of the perennial activity of these vicious theories that the examination of a few simple fundamental laws — easy of comprehension to the most elementary inquiry—becomes necessary anew.

For the true theory of money is, after all, a very simple one. All things — cattle, shells, salt, leather, beads—have been used as money, or as a measure of value in exchange. The use of these things as money was discarded largely because of their fluctuating values. For things must then have been computed as worth so much salt, so much leather—an estate worth so many head of cattle. The disadvantage of this method of computing values will be clear, if we think of a plague which should reduce the number of cattle by one half. It is clear that some men would at once be made very rich, and others—those who owed money—very poor.

The effort to discover a common factor which should be less subject to

* By the phrase "cheap money" I assume is meant, a currency of greater abundance, and therefore more easily obtainable, and therefore cheaper. This ratiocination is, of course, imperfect, since while fiat money would be money of greater abundance it would not therefore be any more easily obtainable, and instead of being cheaper, in the end would be dearer in its greater cost to labor and in the inevitable disasters it would entail.

the mutations of natural laws, and thus of fluctuations in value, resulted in the almost universal adoption of gold and silver, and later of the use of gold singly. This was no accidental or chance perception of the relation of gold to money—it was the result of growth in experiment, and, in many countries, of independent discovery of the sovereign monetary functions of that metal. This process resulted in the elimination of baser metals, such as copper, as money metals; and the same causes—natural depreciation in values and violent fluctuations—are operating to drive out silver.

Suppose currency were "cheap"—that the issue *per capita* were doubled. It is from this claim of "cheap money" that the argument of national prosperity founded upon money of greater abundance proceeds, though other countries, not as prosperous as ours, notably France and Germany, have a much larger *per capita* circulation. But how would this "cheaper money" find its way into the pockets of the people? The government would not, of course, give it to every one who might ask for it; it could only do as it does to-day, give it to those from whom it buys things, or to whom it owes money—to its bondholders and to its pensioners. But it would not pay any more than it does to-day to these classes; and when the masses come to get it they would have to part with as much for it as they do to-day, —always considering its relation to things they must obtain by purchase as soon as they have gotten hold of this cheaper currency.

This objection holds against all plans for currency inflation. But against such plans as Mr. Coxey's—the issue of money based on extensive internal improvements undertaken on a sufficient scale to provide employment for the unemployed—special objections hold. The limit of such issue would therefore be the limit of available land on which the government could construct roads and other improvements. This would provide us with a rapidly fluctuating currency, the value of which from day to day no amount of wisdom could determine in advance.

The advocates of cheaper currency refute their arguments, thus: it is good to have increase of money; increase of money means better times, even increase of wealth—therefore increase the circulation *per capita*. But their desire for such increase is the low prices of commodities, especially of the farmer's product. But if prices are thus to be increased by increase of issue, a dollar will buy no more than it would before, nor will money remain for any longer time in the pockets of the people. The proposition for a cheaper currency is therefore at best like a proposition to double the volts of an electric current while increasing by just so much the resistance which it must overcome. Thus, also, the talk of the depreciation of silver, coupled with the talk of the wrongs of debtors and their gains from the rehabilitation of silver, is inconsistent.

If the proposition were as negatively harmless as that, it might be passed over in silence. Unfortunately its positive evils are manifold. Expansions of the currency inseparable from its coinage regulated by a standard unfixed, and determined by momentary demands originating in temporary scarcity of money to move crops, or from any cause, real or imaginary, and appealing strongly to parties seeking political advantage, would bear with especial hardship on those who work for wages. It has been

demonstrated that such expansions in the United States take nearly a twelvemonth to run their course, and the price of labor is the last to conform to the larger volume of currency. Such increase in wages, relatively incommensurate, might then be discounted by further expansions.

Free coinage of silver would operate in the same way, in the immediate rise in prices, and very slow and disproportionate increase in the rate of wages conforming to the larger volume of currency. Any measure for the expansion of the currency would be sure to recoil upon the heads of those with whose ideas on finance are mingled notions of revenge upon the moneyed classes. Is it worth while to strike at the bondholder through the worker for wages—to reduce interest on debts honestly contracted, and at the same time rob every man who has $100 in a savings bank?

The poverty of nations, of communities, and of sections, cannot be attributed to a deficiency of money. We now have a larger *per capita* volume of currency than ever before in our history. A deficiency of money in any one nation, or in any portion or section of the country, is supplied by a flow of money in that direction, if there is anything to offer for its purchase—in other words, if there is not national or sectional impoverishment existing by reason of causes independent of the currency system. The universal law is that money flows to that nation and that section in which the production of wealth, under enlightened laws of commerce, is greatest; and that no increase in the volume of money can possibly overcome this tendency, any such increase in volume going in the same proportion to the section able to command it by the possession of its greater wealth; and going to the poorer section in no larger amounts than before, and at rates of interest commensurately large according to the degree of impoverishment.

I assume that half of the talk that is heard about "cheap money" really means cheap interest, the idea being that when money is plentiful it may be borrowed at small cost. Of course such is not the case, the cost of money depending primarily upon the kind of collateral that is offered as security. The usury laws, by arbitrarily fixing the legal rates of interest, repel many money lenders of large means from coming into the market with proffers of loans. The abolition of usury laws would do much to lower the rate of interest, for their tendency is to repress the value of the less valuable security, and exalt that of the more valuable by encouraging men who have money to lend to seek investments in bonds, stocks, and city real estate—securities on which loans are easily obtainable at less than the legal rates, to the detriment of farm mortgages and the like, which under present conditions of agriculture are securities on which loans are obtainable only at rates above the legal rate.

To decrease the rates of interest it is necessary only to increase the number of men proffering advances; and that the usury laws have a tendency to decrease the number is proof that the effect of such laws is to increase rather than to decrease the rates of interest. The tendency of all methods of indirect taxation, which find their most sturdy defenders among those who suffer from inability to borrow money save at high rates of interest, is to increase the price that must be paid for loans; and this is especially true of the taxation of moneys, and of those devices by which the agricultural com-

munities have sought to strike at the cities.

The black beast of the Western populists is the Wall Street gambler —the means by which he would abolish him is cheaper money. Yet if there is anything the Wall Street gambler should especially desire, it is cheap money. The fluctuations of such currency offer fascinating opportunities. At no time was gambling more prevalent than during the state-bank or cheap-money era of 1834–5–6, followed by the panic of 1837, and in the years before 1857, followed by the panic of that year; and during the war when gold was at a premium, which condition would again exist under the free coinage of silver.

The "friends of silver" are composed of two classes, the silver mine owners, and those who having contracted debts in currency of one value, seek to discharge those debts in currency of lesser value. The first class is composed of the monopolists who have an intelligent conception of a free silver coinage act; the other of deluded men who do not hesitate to resort to palpable dishonesty to extricate themselves from financial difficulties, in which attempt most of them would be entirely unsuccessful.

The first class — the silver mine owners—believe that free coinage will raise the value of silver; the second class believe that free coinage would lower its value relatively to gold as currency, and in this both are correct. The debtor class are supposed to have an interest in the free coinage of silver, as they would have an interest in any currency of lesser value than gold. But the debtors and creditors are not thus arbitrarily to be separated into classes. Their interests are inextricably interwoven. Every man, woman, and child with a few dollars in a savings bank is a creditor, as are all those who live upon annuities which are the profits of investments. Thus, too, Western farm mortgages are not as a rule held by the wealthy classes, but by the industrious middle class.

There are those who bewail the sending abroad of interest to pay for loans. Such remittances—almost always sent in the form of commodities —are but a small portion of the earnings of capital and labor made possible by such loans. These remittances are sometimes spoken of as an impoverishment of our own resources. This is analogous to the regret of the child who would have his cake and eat it, too. We needed as an undeveloped country more capital than could be supplied at home; therefore we borrowed it from abroad. It came in the forms of money, machinery, and tools, in the use of which great enterprises were undertaken and achieved. It seems a pitiable thing to a certain order of minds that we should have to pay for all this, as we promised and bargained to do, in money of equal value to the money we borrowed. To the advantage of such loans the immense internal improvements and vast railroad systems of the country are the active and abundant testimony.

The claim for bimetallism rests upon a number of historical inaccuracies. It is urged that for eighty years of its existence the United States was a bimetallic country. As a matter of fact, we were on a gold monometallic basis as long as silver was being coined at a ratio of 16 to 1—a point or two higher than its commercial ratio. Silver then began to disappear from circulation, in obedience to the well known law which bears the name of Sir Thomas Gresham(1519–1579), which may be briefly defined as

that law which governs the issue of currencies of two values, leaving the currency of lesser value only to circulate. Natural laws had thus demonetized silver, and we were practically on a single standard, and that, gold. It was only when silver began to depreciate that the silver interests began "besieging and beseeching" the law-making powers to sustain its value in defiance of natural laws, and the debtor was produced as the poor unfortunate whom the advance in the economies of production was injuring by compelling him to pay more in the net amount of commodities, although no more in labor—no more in value—than he had bargained for.

The many devices to sustain the falling value of silver having been found insufficient, the cry for the free coinage of silver became more vociferous. The poor debtor and the farmer suffering from low prices are unimportant as the *dramatis personae* of this drama of greed and folly—mere supernumeraries—not necessary to the conduct of the play, but exhibited for scenic effect; the real hero is the silver mine owner. And the song in all its variations, of the poverty of the masses, the deplorable condition of agriculture, and ever recurring periods of depression and widespread distress, is like the chorus of a Greek tragedy—not the least essential to a clear understanding of the thread of the drama, the purport and *motif* of which is to provide the sellers of bullion with a larger and more remunerative market for their wares, at the expense of every other citizen of the republic.

The decline in the value of silver is due, of course, to the same economic causes which are lowering the value of all commodities. That the phenomenon of declining prices cannot be due to any assignable causes other than man's increasing mastery over the forces of nature, is proved by the increase of *per capita* consumption everywhere of those commodities whose decline in price is attributed, with extraordinary fatuity, to the alleged appreciation of gold.

It is one of the humors of the economic jumble which men are in, that decline in price serves two sets of political philosophers with two opposing theories, both of which are equally unrelated as sequences of cause and effect. *E. g.*, the theory of the protectionists is that decrease in price is a good thing — though they elsewhere and at other times deplore cheapness —due to the protective tariff; the theory of the silver men is that decrease in price is a bad thing, due to the gold standard. Now if the decline in price were due to one embracing cause, all commodities would have been forced down, and in nearly equal measure, and rents too would have fallen; but this is precisely what has not happened.

To illustrate: Silver has declined in India. The depreciated *rupee* is still in effect the monetary unit of that country. In that unit the wages of labor are paid. But the decline in the price of cotton and salt—in spite of the onerous salt taxes—is such that the Indian *ryot* probably pays less—certainly no more—even in his depreciated coin, for these things, owing to their great decline in value. This decline is so great that fast as the *rupee* has fallen, these commodities have fallen faster.

It is not bimetallism that the silver men want, but silver monometallism. They can hardly believe in the possibility of a standard of two metals of such variation in ratio, not only because the presumption is against it, but because history is against it. Mr. Henry Dunning MacLeod has put

into convenient form the historical argument against bimetallism ("Bimetallism," Longmans, 1894). His conclusion, from a wealth of historical citation, is that as no legal valuation between two metals of varying commercial or market ratio can be maintained, therefore any proposition looking to bimetallism is idle. It must, however, be said that the question as to whether the foremost governments of the world could maintain a parity between gold and silver is still unsettled, since it has never been attempted, but it is *a priori* improbable. Even international bimetallism rests upon the claim of the depreciation of prices through the appreciation of gold. Even such bimetallic doctrine rests upon the unfounded assumption that the quantity of money must be increased to relieve the supposed stringency of money, caused by the reliance upon a single standard.

Money is an instrument for the expression of values. If this instrument is a fluctuating one, at some stage in the interchange somebody must lose. It is for this reason that the instrument should, if possible, be a non-variable one. This requirement the gold standard fills, if not absolutely, at least more fully than any other known metal, which is at the same time abundant enough for coinage. Those who are engaged in pointing out the fancied defects of our monetary system always ignore this recommendation for a gold standard, which recommendation cannot be urged in support of any other known standard.

In order to have a dollar of the same value from one week to the next, it is desirable—it is essential—that this dollar should be redeemable in gold on demand. This is sometimes called the "intrinsic value" theory. But aside from the fact that all values are extrinsic, this so-called intrinsic value theory assumes a fallacy in the gold argument. What, it may be asked, is the object of the convertibility of a dollar into 25.8 grains gold? It is merely an automatic device for steadying the fluctuations of the dollar of paper or other material, and avoiding the dangers of undue expansion. For even when the gold is drawn out, it is immediately redeposited, showing that it is really not the gold that is wanted. Here, then, is the fallacy in the intrinsic value theory—or rather the fallacy in the explanation with which the gold theory is buttressed. The object of the convertibility of the dollar into gold is not the gold, but a method the object of which is to avoid expansion, and steady the fluctuations of the dollar. If such dollar were redeemable in a fluctuating material like silver, it would itself fluctuate, which would be to the injury of almost all classes, and more especially of those who work for a living.

To the question, Is there gold enough in the world to do the world's business? the unhesitating answer is Yes. The real currency of a country is not limited by its gold. Its circulating medium is in the forms of credit, the many devices — notes, checks, drafts, bills of exchange—designed to replace the use of other money. This is the real volume of a country's currency, and by this method of national and international bookkeeping, is carried on ninety-five per cent of the world's commerce. It is inadequate only when credit is disturbed, and credit is disturbed only when the silver men threaten to overturn the stable foundation on which all these forms of credit are based, and without which their circulation would of necessity be largely impaired. The result of this tendency, if not interfered with, will be to the enlargement

of our clearing house system, which will do for international what it now does for internal trade, thus largely obviating the necessity for shipments of gold, which is a survival of older and clumsier methods of effecting settlement.

It is a misfortune that heresies regarding money should have been associated with so much that is in itself excellent, notably the agitation against the creation of public debt. The labor of the whole world to-day is mortgaged to an incredible amount; Germany alone among the nations stands comparatively free from debt, having transferred by forced indemnity such burden to the shoulders of France. It will be seen, however, upon examination that it is our systems of taxation which increase the temptation to the creation of public debt; and those who oppose bonded indebtedness, instead of confusing their agitation for its abolition by demands for real or imaginary reforms of the currency, because such currency is backed by the public debt, might better attack those methods of taxation which give to our system of bond issues all its strength.

As for the time to come, when the government must seek other security for its currency than its debt, the exigencies of such time can best be met when they exist. To-day we have a national debt and a currency system based upon it. It is not necessary to prolong such debt as a support for our currency, but while it exists it fills—as demonstrated by abundant experience—a temporary office of great usefulness. In that era of enlightenment, when the gigantic impolicy and injustice of public debts shall have attained to popular conviction, no legislator will dare to postpone their destruction by any allusion to the incidental benefits they once conferred, any more than twelve intelligent men would hesitate to convict a murderer because of the plea that he had once helped his old mother over a stile.

It is economic freedom that is needed, not this or that system of money. Neither from gold nor silver spring the fountains of industrial life. And systems of money might succeed under economic freedom, which under present economic conditions would be certain to fail. For example, the "Gresham Law" that has been referred to—*viz.*, that when two currencies are in existence, the poorer alone will circulate—on what class of social phenomena does the truth of that law depend? Clearly upon the subjection of the masses, the dependent position occupied by laborers and tradesmen, who are not in a position to insist on payments in the better currency, but must perforce accept the poorer.

Mr. Herbert Spencer says that as we trust the grocer to furnish us with pounds of tea, and the baker with loaves of bread, so might we trust competition to furnish us with sovereigns and shillings; and that we should soon learn to patronize those coiners who supplied us with coin of the fullest weight, and that the stamp of such coiners would ultimately drive out competitors, and keep them out, so long as the standard weight was maintained. Mr. Stanley Jevons takes issue with Mr. Spencer, and calls his attention to the Gresham Law. But both ignore, it seems to me, the class of social phenomena on which, as I have said, the Gresham Law depends for its truth. Mr. Spencer is right in the main, though wrong in his inference; and Mr. Jevons' understanding of the Gresham Law is imperfect, in that it ignores the truth which underlies it.

This brings us around to the fundamental contention—*viz.*, that the

currency problem is an auxiliary problem, dealing with relations unconnected with the real causes of production and distribution. It is unfortunate that numbers of men should have come to regard the money question as an integral, rather than a subordinate, part of the great social question. And those to whose interest it will be to follow obediently the spirit of that motto, *divide et impera*, may be trusted to avail themselves of the advantages which this tendency of men to think along superficial lines of reform places in their hands, and sedulously to cultivate it to the postponement of radical measures touching greater evils, measures so necessary to the readjustment of modern society if it is to continue.

The money question is the least of all. For where the greatest wealth is —not that wealth, trifling in proportion, which is in gold and silver—and where its production is the freest, there money will flow, be it gold or silver; and that country will have the most money which is able to command it by exchange of wealth. Great Britain is a free-trade country, with no gold mines, and gold flows to her because she is able to offer in exchange a larger proportion than other nations of wealth not needed for her consumption at home; and she is able to do this because she is a free-trade country. Is there not a lesson to be drawn from the close connection of the financial histories of countries with coincidentally prevailing liberties of commerce? Think of the Bank of Venice, the Bank of Amsterdam, and later the Bank of England. Where free commerce is, there money flows, and there grows up—naturally and in consequence — the most important and the best banking system.

In conclusion: What is of special and particular interest is always advocated more energetically than what is of general interest. The more strenuous vigor of advocacy and appeal is reserved for measures designed to delude the masses with fancied benefits, while conferring enormous privileges upon the classes. This is the explanation of the persistency with which the banners of the silver agitation are borne to the front.

This inertia of the mass is the more remarkable because of the vital concern which men have in a well ordered monetary system. The relation of men to the social fabric is only to be compared to the man ignorant of mechanical appliances, introduced for the first time into some mammoth factory. The maze of machines, the whir of wheels, the intricacy and apparent confusion of myriad iron arms, with their tireless Titanic energy and sleepless impelling force, amaze and bewilder him. In the same way, he is overwhelmed with the difficulty of comprehending the manifold secrets of our economic system, the wonder of its workings, its multitudinous relations. Yet if the man who stands amazed before these giant muscles of iron, that all day long crush and grind and mould and fashion, with a force and power and rapidity that stagger the imagination, yet the revolutions of which are obedient to the touch of a child, *will but stop to think*, all this intricacy will become plain; the simple laws which move and control it will be all resolvable into a few primary relations.

Thus with our economic system. Here, too, the primary relations on which all other relations depend, are few and simple, and easily understood. Here, too, for an adequate understanding is required, not the mind to comprehend—that most men have—but merely the willingness to think.

FROM LOVE TO MARTYRDOM.

LAURE CONAN.

(Begun in April number.)

XL.

Five years had elapsed. Tragic events had upset the whole country, and the Jesuits, assembled at Ste. Marie, found themselves face to face with the direst necessity.

Around the habitation nothing seemed changed. On all sides the venerable old trees shut in the house, but on the tranquil green horizon no more Huron villages could be descried. Some remains of the palisades, half-burnt stakes, and large clearings covered with ashes, were all that was left to indicate where they had stood. Everywhere reigned a desolate solitude. The whole Huron peninsula was one vast ruin.

Without the suspicions of any one having been awakened, an army consisting of a thousand Iroquois had wintered in the country. After having advanced a hundred leagues without being perceived, on the night of March 16, 1649, this army had invaded the village of St. Ignace, then at sunrise that of St. Louis, only a league from Ste. Marie.

The taking of these villages, situated in the very heart of the country, and the nameless cruelties practised by the Iroquois, had inspired fear in the stoutest hearts, and the Huron natives had dispersed. In a few days fifteen large villages had been abandoned, each family setting fire to their dwelling so that it might not serve as a shelter for the Iroquois. The Jesuit house alone remained standing amid this scene of terror.

It was the evening of June 14, 1649. A radiant sun still lighted up the Ste. Marie buildings which had seemed so beautiful to the Hurons, and within the habitation extraordinary activity was going on. Religious, soldiers, workmen, servants, all were busy preparing for removal. Packages and cases of all sorts, sacks filled with Indian corn and acorns, were being piled in bark canoes which the French were unloading into a little roughly built vessel, at anchor in the river.

Within the enclosure of the Fort a number of Hurons might be seen. Seated motionless on the ground, looking neither to right nor to left, they were plunged in that utter prostration which characterizes the mourning of the savages. The sound of the bell roused them from their dejection; all of them, men, women, and children, bent their steps towards the chapel whose doors stood wide open.

The altar was still covered with its usual decorations. The beautiful picture of Mary Immaculate stood out in relief amidst the lights, but the sanctuary lamp was not burning; the tabernacle was open and before the altar was a coffin which had evidently been taken out of the ground. The French had not delayed following the Hurons into the church, and, to the number of about forty, were kneeling before the altar-railing.

The two doors of the sanctuary soon opened, and the Huron missionaries, issuing from the sacristy, ranged themselves around the coffin. Charles Garnier was among them, but many were missing who would never again take their place among their brethren.

The missing ones were Isaac Jogues who had fallen beneath the hatchet of an Iroquois Oct. 18, 1646; Antoine Daniel, who, at the taking of Tenaustayaé, July 4, 1648, had advanced alone to meet an army in order to give some of his Christians a chance of escaping, while the Iroquois were exercising their cruelty on himself; and, lastly, Jean de Brébœuf with Gabriel Lallemant, who had been martyred the preceding sixteenth of March and whose precious remains were reposing in the coffin which had just been disinterred from the cemetery.

Before commencing the prayers, the superior, Paul Ragueneau, turning towards those present, said in Huron:

"Blessed be God! Christ's own mark, that of the cross is on this newly-born church. You well understand, my friends, that it would be folly for us to remain in this abandoned spot, where no one would come near us except the Iroquois, who would attack us with all their powerful weapons. We too, then, must leave and, for the last time, we will pray together in this chapel. The enemies of the faith, however, must not be allowed to profane the house of the true God, so before leaving Ste. Marie, we will set fire to it, as you have done to your houses.

"We had at first thought of establishing ourselves in the Island of Ekaentoton, which would offer us great advantages, but twelve of your chiefs have come to beg of us to take up our abode on St. Joseph's Island, where already many Hurons have assembled. They have assured us that all these will embrace the faith, and that we shall make of St. Joseph's an island of Christians.

"My brethren, we have thought that we ought to go where God seems to be calling us. It is only for your sakes that we are in this country, and therefore in whatever personal danger of our lives we may be, we will transport the greater part of our resources to where the larger part of your nation may happen to be in order to give you all the assistance possible. My brethren, it is a happiness for us to share your dangers and your sufferings, and we are all of us ready to die for you, even as many among us have already died. We know not what God has in store for us, but we are all of us under the happy necessity of suffering much. May your faith be steadfast amidst your greatest trials."

Kneeling down, the superior commenced reciting the beads. Then Father Bressani intoned the litany, all the religious continuing it. These were the last and most touching sounds of holy song that would ever echo through that sacred edifice of Ste. Marie. The altar was then despoiled of its ornaments, and the lovely picture of the Blessed Virgin was taken from the wall. Lastly, four of the fathers took the coffin on their shoulders, and, preceded by the cross, the remaining fathers following, they crossed the enclosure and bore their precious burden to the canoe that was awaiting it.

Standing on the shore, the superior and Charles Garnier followed the coffin with their eyes until it had disappeared on board the vessel.

"When I reflect that some of those with whom we have lived in such close bonds are now numbered among the apostles and martyrs, I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming," said Father Ragueneau suddenly.

"Ah," murmured Charles Garnier, "if God would only vouchsafe us a similar death!"

"Very probably, there are some others amongst us who will also die in

God's cause. But as for myself, I have but little hopes of doing so. To prevent my baptizing a dying man, a Huron once struck at my head with a hatchet. But he did not injure a single hair. You see, I did not merit dying for the faith."

Charles Garnier smiled without saying anything, and the two religious turned up the path leading to Ste. Marie.

This house, which the missionaries had called their paradise, was a memento of work which had lasted many years and which had been of a heroic and crucifying nature. It was a standing proof of what the force of human will can accomplish, and the thought that it must be entirely abandoned and reduced to ashes, filled the hearts of the two Jesuits with bitter grief. But neither the one nor the other gave expression to his feelings by a single word.

"Those poor unhappy creatures," said Father Ragueneau, looking at the savages who were preparing their provisions of pounded maize, "I can assure you that it was sad indeed to see them arriving here throughout the day of March 16. During the morning alone we took in more than five hundred. You have still a great many fugitives at St. Jean?"

"Yes, the greater part of the nation has taken refuge in our mountains, and famine is commencing to be sharply felt."

"That is the universal scourge. As soon as we arrive at St. Joseph's we will commence tilling the ground. The Island of Ekaentoton offers a much larger field, but it is at sixty leagues distance. These poor Hurons cannot decide on going so far away, for they are always in hopes of returning to the land of their fathers.

"You know that Father Chaumonot has already arrived at St. Joseph's? He has commenced clearing the ground."

"Are you going in the vessel?" asked Father Garnier.

"No. I have had a raft built at the entrance of the river—made of trunks of trees from fifty to sixty feet long, and I shall embark on that together with Father Bressani and the greater number of the French. Our Indians have their canoes."

"Poor Hurons!" murmured Charles Garnier, "their enemies' rage is not yet satisfied."

"No. We must expect the worst, and you are very much exposed to the visits of the Iroquois. Once installed at St. Joseph's, we will try to place our Christians in some sort of security. Some of our fathers will go in canoes to visit those who are in hiding among the rocks and on the coast. Father Chabanel will again be your companion at St. Jean. I rely on you to teach him the Huron language. He is so intelligent that I do not know why he does not make more progress in that language."

"Everything connected with the Indians is repugnant to him, both to his mind and his heart. Their habits of life, their conversation, everything about them inspires him with utter disgust. And, what is worse, he has no interior consolation. Nevertheless he perseveres in his vocation; although repeatedly urged to return to France, he will not abandon his cross—he has made a vow never to ask to be recalled."

The two religious were interrupted by Robert Lecoq who came to inform the superior that everything was ready for their departure, and that they were awaiting his orders to kindle the fire.

"Set the palisade on fire," said Father Ragueneau and turning

towards Charles he said, without looking at him: "You will find everything prepared in the cellar. Go, and offer our holocaust to God."

The religious bent his head in sign of obedience, and immediately went towards the house, all the doors of which were standing open. His pallor alone betrayed how painful was his task.

Passing through several rooms he paused a moment in the community-hall, and at that moment the remembrance of the hours he had passed beside that humble hearth seemed to be sweeter than ever. The memory of fraternal gatherings they had there held came back to his mind and deepened his emotion. However, he took a resin torch, lighted it at the dying embers, then opening a trap-door, descended into the cellar, where enormous faggots had been piled beneath the flooring. The Jesuit set these faggots on fire and, without looking back, returned to the community-room, where, standing before the hearth, he awaited events. An acrid smoke was not long in reaching him, and soon the flames began to penetrate the flooring.

Charles Garnier left the house. The four crosses on the palisade were already burning; the vessel was going down the river; and the fugitives, more or less laden, were commencing to defile along the river bank.

Certainly, the Jesuits having to abandon Ste. Marie, was one of those trials which break down the greatest courage; but nothing about these devoted men betrayed their intense grief. With the greatest kindness, as if they themselves had nothing to suffer, they continued to see to the wants of those unfortunate beings who had no hope but in their good Jesuit fathers.

Father Garnier and Father Chabanel embraced their brethren and then throwing over their shoulders the blankets which sheltered them at night during their travels, soon disappeared through one of the forest-paths.

The fire had made great progress. Fort Ste. Marie was nothing but a vast sheet of flame stretching upwards to the sky.

XLI.

The mission of St. John the Evangelist was situated in a large valley among the Petun now called the Blue Mountains, and apart from the Huron refugees, counted some five or six hundred families.

For some little time the two Jesuits had been living at their perilous post, and winter was approaching. There was already a light covering of snow on the frozen earth, and outside of the palisade that surrounded the village, the woods stretched out their despoiled branches.

For a few days, extraordinary animation had been reigning everywhere in the village, for the people had learned that three hundred Iroquois were on their way to attack them, and the Tionontates, men of skill and courage, say the *Relations*, were delighted at the news. The warriors had donned their war-paint, and held themselves in readiness. Every night the sound of the *chichikone* might be heard mingling with that of the dancers' agile footsteps and with the graver tones of the death-songs. However, the Iroquois did not make their appearance. Tired of waiting for them, the Tionontates had decided on going to meet them and on December fifth, long before sunrise, in utter silence, they left Etharita to go on the war-path.

The morning wore on. The two

missionaries had just sent away their catechumens. Sitting on his heels near the fire, Father Chabanel was preparing his lesson in Huron.

"First of all, I am going to see about our dinner," said Father Garnier gently.

He took a few handfuls of acorns from a sack, put them in the pot, covered them with ashes, then filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire in Indian fashion. Famine was raging in the country, and for a long time the two missionaries had partaken of no other food than acorns; but nothing about Father Garnier betrayed the slightest diminution of strength or energy.

His companion gazed at him somewhat strangely without saying a word, and when Charles came to sit down beside him on the ground, instead of commencing his lesson, he fixed his smoke-inflamed eyes on his companion and said:—

"Tell me, does not your courage give way at the thought that perhaps God may reserve for you the trial of living long and growing old among the savages?"

"Ah," replied Charles Garnier smiling, "what a grace to have only those near one whom one can love with a supernatural love alone."

"I find you extraordinarily fortunate," said Father Chabanel, still looking at him; "one would say that nothing comes amiss to you or makes you suffer. And yet being reduced to feed on the food of animals, having only sufficient of that to prevent dying of hunger; having to live in this smoky hovel, every sense is tortured in turn. Having to bear with the savages and their horrible stench, submitting to being devoured by lice night and day" —— He stopped abruptly.

"Dear brother," replied Charles Garnier, very gently, "it is out of love for Jesus Christ that we endure these and all other trials."

"Therefore never will I desert the missions," said Father Chabanel in a decided tone, "but I cannot overcome myself. I accept my sufferings in a cowardly way."

"No, far from that," answered Charles Garnier; "but you suffer without consolation. God allows you to be a prey to the sadness and repugnance that are only natural."

Father Chabanel leant his head on his wasted hands and remained thus for some moments, but soon, raising his head, said smiling, "Let us go on with our Huron." This smile of resignation hid a terrible amount of suffering, of undying regret.

Charles Garnier pressed his friend's hand and was about commencing the lesson when a draught of cold air on his back warned him that the door was being opened. Turning his head he perceived a savage of enormous stature who stood motionless at the entrance of the cabin.

"The Cunning Stag!" murmured Charles Garnier, recognizing one of the Hurons who had taken refuge at St. Joseph's.

The Jesuit rose and by a gesture invited the savage to draw near, saying, "My brother is welcome."

With a singularly light step the Huron crossed the cabin and remained standing before the fire motionless and silent. With his powerful frame, his brave look, the perfect symmetry of his well-formed head and well-developed shoulders, this man was a splendid specimen of the human race in the uncivilized state. He wore a beaver robe, and torn moccasins covered his sinewy feet, but in spite of the advanced season his head was uncovered.

"You come from *Aendoe?*"* asked Father Garnier.

The Huron made a sign in the affirmative.

"It is Aondechetê† who sent you?"

By way of answer, the messenger thrust his hand into a fold of his beaver garment and brought out of it a letter which he held out to Father Garnier.

The letter was from the superior. After some details as to the mission, it went on: "Thank God, our works have gone on with incredible rapidity. We are now sufficiently fortified, and in a state to defend ourselves easily if the Iroquois should come and attack us. But your position becomes every day more precarious, and I have decided on no longer allowing two missionaries to remain in so exposed a place. Taking into consideration also, how terrible is the famine, I fear that you may not be able to find sufficient for both of you to eat; let Father Chabanel then return immediately to St. Joseph, with my messenger. As for yourself, I think you would do well to abandon your mission for a time and come here to rest a while. I should be very glad to see you arrive with Father Chabanel, and if there is any danger of your dying of hunger, I order you to come and rejoin us here."

Charles Garnier read the letter without saying a word, and passed it to his companion. After having made himself acquainted with its contents, the latter smiled sadly and giving back the letter said:—

"Just one month before the martyrdom of Father de Brébœuf, I received orders to leave him, Father Lallemant taking my place. What are you going to do?" he added, looking at Father Garnier.

"I am in no danger of dying from hunger; acorns can keep me alive for a long time. I shall therefore remain with our poor Indians."

Father Chabanel did not attempt to make him alter his decision, for he knew that entreaties would be useless.

"When do you wish to set out?" he asked of the Huron.

"This evening. I and my companions wish to sleep at Ekarennondi."*

"Have you any message there for the fathers?"

"Yes. I have some white bark that speaks," answered the Cunning-Stag.

Father Chabanel made up a packet of his poor clothing and his Huron manuscripts, and then went to pray for the last time in the church, over which a magnificent oak tree extended its now bare branches.

During this time Charles Garnier had taken an inkstand and a sheet of paper from a box, and seating himself before the fire wrote to his superior the following letter which has been preserved in the *Relations*:—

"It is true that I am suffering from hunger, but not enough to endanger life. Thank God my body and my mind retain their full vigor. My fears are not on that score. What I do fear is that by leaving my flock during these days of misery and during these alarms of war, when it requires my care more than ever, I might miss the opportunity God may be giving me of losing all for Him; and then I fear rendering myself unworthy of His favors. I take every care of myself, and if I saw that my strength was giving way, since your reverence desires it, I would not fail to leave here, for I am always ready to leave all and die in that obedience which God desires of me; were it not for that obedi-

* St. Joseph.

† Father Ragueneau.

* St Matthias, three leagues from St. Jean.

ence I would never come down from the cross to which His goodness has fastened me."

This letter written, Charles Garnier gave it to the messenger, and resuming the conversation said to the Cunning Stag, who was seated near the fire smoking:—

"Was my brother at the taking of the village of St. Louis?"

"Yes," replied the Huron, "and like the Black Robes, I was destined for the flames, but I made good my escape."

"You saw our fathers die?"

"I saw *Hechon** die. While they were tormenting *Atironta*† I managed to break the cords with which I was bound and I was soon out of reach of the Iroquois."

"Let my brother recount to me what he saw," said the missionary.

The Cunning Stag slowly took a few puffs of smoke, then put out his pipe and fixing his dark, penetrating glance on Father Garnier said:

"The Black Robes could well have saved themselves from death. When the three survivors from St. Ignace came to give the alarm, the chiefs urged them to hasten to Ste. Marie with the other fugitives. 'Why remain,' they said, 'since you know not how to wield the tomahawk nor handle a gun?'

" 'We will remain to open the doors of heaven to you,' said Héchon.

"First, they hastened to the cabins where were the sick and the infirm who could not flee. During the fight they were always in the breach, beside the wounded and the dying. You know, do you not, that they were taken to St. Ignace to die?"

"I know all, but tell me what you saw with your own eyes."

* Father de Brèbœuf.

† Father Lallemant.

"Héchon was already crushed with blows, when he was led to the place where he was to be burnt. He walked with difficulty but he looked quite joyous. He knelt down and kissed the stake to which he was to be bound and prayed for a while. While he was being bound, on perceiving us near him, he said to us: 'My children, I am more sorry for you than for myself; amidst our greatest sufferings, let us raise our eyes to heaven. Let us remember that God witnesses our sufferings and will soon be our highest reward.'

"They brought his little companion to him, who, throwing himself at the Héchon's feet, kissed his wounds. He was covered with fir-bark and looked like a child. He seemed to be too weak to support his sufferings. The little one was led to his stake and the Iroquois pierced him with awls. They cut off pieces of his flesh and cooked it before his eyes. But they did not like the taste of his flesh and they threw it away in disgust. They set fire to the bark with which he was covered, and when he felt the flames he raised his arms to heaven and groaned. He could not help showing that he felt the pain."

"Was it long before Father Lallemant died?"

"Yes. The Iroquois led him into a cabin that they might direct all their fury against Héchon. Héchon was a brave man; he had the heart of a great chief, and the most terrible tortures could not make him utter a cry, not even a sigh. The executioners found his flesh good, and they ate it with delight. The Iroquois know well how to handle the knife. They know how to cut off the flesh to the very bones without injuring the vital organs. They applied fire to every one of the wounds. Héchon suf-

fered in the most perfect silence; he was motionless and firm as a rock. From time to time he lifted up his voice to console the Hurons and to preach to his butchers. They cut off his nose and his lips. As Héchon continued to speak of Jesus Christ they thrust a red-hot iron into his throat. His glance remained firm and commanding; it never wavered.

"You know that the Iroquois apprehend always some great misfortune if those whom they torture give no sign of suffering. They therefore seemed beside themselves with rage and despair. Apostate Hurons helped them to torment the father, jeering at him and mocking him. They boiled some water in a large cauldron, tore the skin from his head and baptized him three times amidst shouts of laughter. As Héchon was still breathing, they tore out his heart which they devoured to give them courage. I have spoken."

Charles Garnier had listened attentively, his eyes fixed on the Indian. When Cunning Stag stopped speaking: "Ah," said he quietly, "if God would only grant me the grace of such a death!"

Perceiving Father Chabanel returning, he rose, removed the pot from the fire, took from it the acorns which had been boiling, washed them carefully in pure water, and presenting the nicest-looking to Father Chabanel, shared the others with the Huron. By thus boiling the acorns for a long time in lye, they lost part of their bitter taste, but nevertheless they were even then wretched stuff to eat.

"You also suffer from hunger at St. Joseph's?" asked Father Garnier.

"Yes, since the French have established themselves and fugitives have taken refuge there from all the districts around. Suffering and hunger are now the guests in our cabins," answered Cunning Stag, rising to take leave.

"My dear brother," said Father Chabanel, approaching Father Garnier, "I am leaving, since obedience calls me, but I find it very hard leaving you here, all alone and exposed to such terrible dangers."

Father Garnier pressed his hand and said nothing.

"The Indians have still much trouble in understanding me," continued Father Chabanel. "I could not relieve you of much of your fatiguing work, but at any rate you were not quite alone."

Charles Garnier smiled; a light shone in his eyes which seemed to gaze far off and to behold things more clearly than they could be beheld by any one else, as Gizella used to say of old.

"I have an impression that we shall not be long separated," said he simply.

An indescribable thrill passed through Father Chabanel, who looked long at his companion as if to read his thoughts.

"Either I shall not obtain the permission, or I shall soon return," said he at last. "We must serve God even unto death."

The two religious exchanged a fraternal embrace.

Father Chabanel took up his packet, threw his blanket over his shoulder and once more embracing his friend, murmured, "May the Blessed Virgin have you in her keeping."

Standing at the door of his cabin, Charles watched them wending their way through the village.

Since the departure of the warriors perfect calm had reigned in the village. Thick columns of smoke were rising from the hundreds of huts scattered through the snow-covered valley.

Charles Garnier soon lost sight of his companions, who had looked back several times to wave him signs of adieu. Then for a moment he looked up to the sky where the stars were beginning to shine. Finally he entered the smoky cabin and shut the door.

XLII.

Like St. Francis Xavier our first missionaries specially and tenderly honored the Immaculate Conception, to which they had dedicated their house at Ste. Marie. The *Relations* have preserved the formula of the vow to the Blessed Virgin which the Jesuits renewed every year, so as by her intercession to obtain the conversion of the Indians.

Charles Garnier had, perhaps even more particularly than his companions, vowed a chivalrous devotion to the Immaculate One. While still in the world, he had on one occasion visited the chapel of Our Lady of Angels in the Forest of Bondy;* and there, kneeling before that venerated altar, he had solemnly sworn to the Blessed Virgin to die, if it should be necessary, in testimony of his belief in the Immaculate Conception—that glorious and incomparable privilege which raises her as far above all other saints as the heavens are above the earth.

The remembrance of this recurred to his mind with singular sweetness, as he lighted the fire in his cabin on the morning of December 7. In his mind's eye he once more beheld the green, shady road, the old chapel lighted up by a May sun, and his heart overflowed with tenderness towards the Queen of Heaven when he meditated on the way she had rewarded this act of devotion to her.

*Near Paris.

At an early hour he entered his poor cold chapel, and the few Christians still remaining at Etharita crowded into it. The missionary offered up the mass surrounded by these poor savages who, like himself, bore on their faces the traces of what they had suffered from hunger. After mass, he recited the prayers aloud, and then gave audience to whoever wished to speak to him.

Then he went back to his cabin where a good many children were awaiting him. The Jesuit treated them with the greatest kindness, and spent the rest of the morning in instructing them. When the children had left he broke his fast by eating a few acorns, and proceeded to make his daily visit to the cabins.

The day was wearing on. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when throughout the village there resounded the cry: *Natahone! Natahone!* (the Iroquois! the Iroquois!)

The warriors who had set out to encounter them had taken the wrong direction, and the terrible enemies had arrived at the very entrance of the village from which they knew the warriors to be absent.

Charles Garnier was instructing a sick man in one of the cabins, and on hearing the cries of alarm he ran out, and at a glance perceived that no one thought of offering any resistance, and that there was nothing to be hoped for from the terrified people whose warriors were all absent.

He went straight to the church into which the Christians crowded for refuge, and, in a voice which sounded high above the tumult called out:

"Flee, my brethren, flee as best you can. Bear away with you your faith and preserve it as long as you live, and may death find you thinking of God."

He blessed them in the name of the

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, knelt for a moment, and stretching out his arms to the picture of Mary, which hung over his altar, murmured, "Mother, I thank thee, I shall celebrate thy Immaculate Conception in Paradise."

He then rose, took a vessel of holy water wherewith to confer baptism and quickly went forth.

A hell-like vision met his eyes! The Iroquois, like a legion of demons, were running all over the village, uttering the most horrible yells. Flames were already breaking forth from the extremities of the village, and with joyful cries, the cruel Mohawks were casting old men, women, and little children into the fire.

The missionary wanted to be everywhere and hurried on baptizing, giving absolution, directing to God the last thoughts of the dying. Amidst these diabolical scenes he seemed more than ever like an angel for whom neither fear nor danger existed.

Several Hurons who had found means of getting away, ran to him, conjuring him to flee with them.

"No," replied the Jesuit firmly; "my duty is here beside those who cannot flee and who must die."

XLIII.

It was the month of April, and in Paris at the Carmelite convent of the Faubourg St. Jacques, the rule of their daily life was sending each nun to her cell, when Sister Gizella of Jesus was called to the parlor.

Father Henri de St. Joseph, at that time Provincial of the Carmelites, was standing waiting for her at the black wooden grating, and his face, wet with tears, was filled with so great, so triumphant a joy that she remained looking at him in silence and astonishment.

"Daughter," said the superior, "God bestows His rewards with magnificent liberality, and I bring you great and glorious news."

One thought alone presented itself to Sister Gizella, but to this thought she did not dare give expression. She crossed her hands beneath her scapular to still the beating of her heart, and awaited his communication.

"The Jesuits have received news from Canada," continued the religious, whose tears were flowing. "Dear sister, rejoice with me! On December 7th, God granted him the grace of all graces, the grace of martyrdom."

The nun did not speak a word, but her tears gushed from her heart rather than from her eyes—sacred, delicious tears which seemed as if they would never cease. She had leaned her forehead against the grating and covered her face with her veil.

Was this action prompted by some irresistible impulse of a soul moved to its innermost depths? Was it her innate purity that inspired it? Was it that she might the better listen to the interior voice of that faith by which she had lived and which was now inundating her soul with an infinite joy? She herself, perhaps, could hardly decide what had prompted her action.

The Carmelite, looking at her, called to mind another hour—the first hour of her sorrow: "My daughter," he said, "you had the largest share in his sacrifice, you have the largest share in his glory and his joy."

"Father," said she, raising her head, "what happiness has been his!"

"Yes," replied his brother, "he is happy!"

And in a sort of transport he repeated the words of the Church: "What human voice or what tongue can tell, my God, the reward Thou hast

reserved for Thy martyrs! Still dyed with their own blood, they receive the crown of life!"

After a few moments of silence she asked, "Was he a long time enduring torments?"

"He did have not to endure torments."

"Immaculate Virgin, blessed be Thou!" murmured the nun, and smiling through her tears, she said, "Tell me all that you know about it, Father."

The religious made a great effort to overcome his emotion and then replied:—

"Charles was alone at St. Jean, his companion in the mission* having left him two days previously, when towards the evening of December 7, the Iroquois suddenly invaded the village. The warriors were absent—they had gone to meet the enemy. It was a frightful butchery—a scene of atrocious cruelty. Charles could have fled with the rest; but he refused to do so. Divine charity retained him where he was, and he did not recoil from the horrible death that menaced him; he sacrificed himself for the salvation of the Indians. The Iroquois, reserving for captivity those whom they judged capable of following them sufficiently fast, put an end to the others. They tied the sick and the children in the cabins and then set these on fire.

"As for him, he ran in every direction, so as to open the gates of heaven to those who were perishing. He made his way into cabins that were already burning, looking for children and catechumens whom he baptized amidst the flames. Two balls having pierced his entrails, he fell. The Iroquois who had fired at him found him senseless, bathed in his blood. Believing him to be dead his murderer stripped him of his clothing. Shortly afterwards, consciousness returned to him. He was seen, raising his eyes to heaven—praying in preparation for death."

Father Henri paused a moment to give free course to his tears, and then resumed:—

"He was dying, but he still thought of his Indians, for, stretched there in his own blood, he turned his head in every direction, trying to look round him. A few steps off, a poor Huron, mortally wounded likewise, was writhing in terrible pain. Charles perceived him. But a breath of life remained in him, yet by a miracle of indomitable will he managed to rise. Hardly had he advanced two steps when he fell heavily to the ground. He succeeded in rising once more, only to fall again immediately. Seeing that he could no longer walk, he dragged hmself as far as the wounded man, and while he was preparing the Huron for death, an Iroquois split his temples open with two blows from a hatchet."

Sister Gizella of Jesus had listened motionless to the recital. The outer world had completely disappeared from her. She only beheld the heroic missionary stretched bleeding there, before her eyes.

Suddenly, her thoughts went back to the past, and she beheld him, as she had seen him on the edge of the cliff facing the ocean, when he was wrestling with his own heart.

"Ah, Father," said she, in response to her own thoughts and raising her glad face to view: "How happy he was at not having chosen earthly happiness as he was tempted to do! Happy is he in having done God's will!"

(*The End.*)

* Father Chabanel did not arrive at St. Joseph's. He perished on the journey, by the hand of an apostate Huron who later on confessed to having killed him, "because I have always been unfortunate," he said, "since I embraced the faith."

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the dedicatory exercises of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy in Washington, on October 1st, were made to realize two things above all other impressions conveyed by the inspiring event. One of these was the palpable proof of the happiness which can come to a man who dedicates his gifts of fortune to a noble undertaking, whose felicitous consummation he sees while yet in the flesh. As the venerable founder of the Hall sat among the officiating prelates on the platform, and heard the brilliant prospect and noble mission of his institution depicted in glowing language by the speakers of the occasion; as his mind contemplated, under the spell of the orators' forecast, the great results in Catholic education which his munificence had made possible; as his heart swelled, together with all other hearts there, with the thrill of Catholic faith, and of thanksgiving for a vast work inaugurated in its name, he must have felt indeed that earth had no higher crown for a generous deed than this witnessing of its beneficent effect, and the assurance of its inspiration to others to do as much as possible in as worthy a cause. To few men is given to see all that Doctor McMahon saw and to hear all that he heard, in glorification of an act of their own performing. While trusting that many more years of active and useful life lie before him, we cannot but believe that when his summons does come he will pronounce his nunc dimittis with the satisfaction and confidence of those noble souls who cannot but be certain that posterity will benefit by their existence.

The other conviction borne home to the auditors and spectators was the fact that the opening of McMahon Hall is the beginning of the fulfilment of that ideal in American Catholic edution, which to the present time, in spite of all our fine institutions of learning, has been unavoidably lacking. One had but to follow attentively the outlines of the curriculum of studies as portrayed by the deans of the several courses, examine the names of the members of the faculty, and make a tour of inspection through the various departments, laboratories, and study-rooms to be convinced that here at last at the nation's capitol is a Catholic institution, equipped, Minerva-like, from the very beginning, with every facility for the imparting of the higher education to laymen as well as to students in holy orders. Diocesan, with a vengeance, must be the mind that would claim the resources lavished upon such a foundation for any local necessity of church or school. Better than a dozen diocesan colleges or seminaries is the Catholic University at Washington, whose establishment has already stamped Catholic Education in America with national prestige and import, and which is destined to vindicate the Catholic name and revolutionize American sentiment in its behalf in a way impossible to any localized or specialized institution. The Catholic University will be the apex and the goal of Catholic students in the future. The diocesan institutions will serve it as feeders and preparatory schools; its ultimate destiny is to crown the education of the American Catholic, priest and layman, with the finish and perfection which hitherto the stu-

dent sought in European abodes of learning. It is to be hoped that followers of Doctor McMahon's precedent will enable it speedily to round out its whole sphere!

The grave does not often give up its dead, but when it does, and after an interval of seven years, the odors are more apt to be powerful than pleasant. During the presidential election of 1888, Sir Lionel Sackville-West was English minister at Washington, and, as unfortunately as foolishly, allowed himself to become a victim of the—astuteness, we will say, of some of our political leaders. Everybody will own that he was served very shabbily, but there was reason to hope that time and his peerage might have closed the wound. Apparently, however, it has been rankling all these years, and now the dead intrigue is raked up again, and American politicians in general, and Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard in particular, are scourged with scorpions by the irate lord in a pamphlet printed for private circulation. But to what good? It is to be deplored that a foreign minister should have been maliciously inveigled into the pitfalls of American party politics, but it argued poor statesmanship on the baronet's part to be so easily entrapped. So far as America is concerned, the attenuated quality of Lord Sackville's diplomatic genius is well understood, and, to say the least, he would have been better advised had he kept the cork on his bile! His pamphlet only gives his critics another chance, and before the affair is done with, Lord Sackville will have further reason to deplore his fatal tendency to write.

In one of his most exquisite poems, Rossetti uses some weirdly beautiful language about a place "where you might think to find a din of doubtful talk," and "many a form whose name not itself knoweth." The place and the form might have been supposed to exist only in the rapt vision of the poet, but apparently the place is none other than the General Conference of the Episcopalians at New York, and the form must mean the—how shall we put it?—well, the Church which is *not* the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. This has, it is true, been its official name for more than 100 years, and it was christened when quite young, but some dreadful mistake was made at the ceremony. Less than ten years ago a few of the more subtle minds detected something wrong in the name, but the idea of changing it was scouted by the *profanum vulgus*. Now, however, we have the din of doubtful talk—the vast majority are in favor of a change, but just what change to make is what puzzles them. "Episcopal" is all right, or no, not quite, because some of the bishops do not think that the episcopacy is a necessary element of the hierarchy, but "Episcopal" will do—at a push. But "Protestant" now! Episcopalians say in the creed that they "believe in the Holy *Catholic* Church." The Catholic Church would not be such a bad name, but, unfortunately, like all the good things, it has been preëmpted long ago. "Protestant" sounds badly, it is true, but that is owing to a misapprehension about its real meaning, which is "protesting against error." Then why not call it the "Holy Protestant Catholic American Church"? That is a good name when you get used to it, and it sums up everything. If this will not do, why not ask the New York *Herald* to offer a prize for a good name like the Defender? But after all, as one

of the Episcopalian clergyman said, "What is the use of bothering about a name?"

Now that Pasteur has gone over to the majority — though happily the good he wrought for mankind is not interred with his bones—we may look forward to a vigorous recrudescence of the anti-vivisection agitation. In this matter there will always be plenty of scope for controversy, but certain elements may be safely eliminated from the discussion. No thoughtful or humane mind can ever attempt to justify the wanton, needless, or excessive suffering which is at present only too frequently inflicted on dumb animals under the plea of scientific research. Where total or partial anæsthesia does not interfere with results, it is gross cruelty to experiment on a conscious sensitive being, and there is still enough of the Bill Sykes in human nature without fostering it in the bosom of science. On the other side, many of the opponents of vivisection have been inclined to grow maudlin in their opposition. It is sheer nonsense to talk about the "rights" of animals, and only the flabby texture of the modern mind could have conceived such a notion. Buddhists, of course, have something rational immediately supporting their respect for all sensitive life, but the world is not Buddhist yet. Animals were given to man for his use and benefit exclusively, and they have no rights any more than they have reason. Man, however, owes it to himself to be merciful, and the "quality of mercy is not strained."

Wars and rumors of wars! We do not simply mean Chicago—would it were so!—which has been recently cultivating a thirst for the blood of the Spaniards, the English, and the Turks. Unhappily there are real wars and bitter menaces, and plenty of them. For long months Cubans and Spaniards have been fighting battle after battle, and killing each other off until, according to statistics, there ought not to be many of either side left on the island. And now it seems that although there are still a good many survivors, the Spaniards have been urged by our government to hurry up with the coup de grace or something dreadful will be done to somebody.

There is a sort of ghastly satisfaction in being able to turn from the uncertainties in Cuba to the certainty that the French and the Hovas have ceased fighting in Madagascar. Generals Fever and Famine, on whom the natives mainly relied to win the day for them, have accounted for some thousands of French troops, but the march of civilization (save the mark) was not to be stayed any longer, and the Hova queen is now a helpless puppet. But England has the biggest, though happily the most bloodless record of quarrels on her hands. Nicaragua first, and now Venezuela is giving trouble. First the Chinaman has had to receive a lesson and now the British fleet is up the Dardanelles to force Turkey into another futile promise not to massacre and outrage the hapless Armenians. In a day or two John Bull will get his promise—at the last moment—and will sail away triumphantly. The Sick Man of Europe will only put his fingers to his nose and begin again. Nothing but a European funeral apparently will settle the problem.

What a strangely fickle thing is public opinion! But yesterday, and

the world was a mutual admiration society telling itself that it was living in an age of light! This morning we have all got up on the wrong side and are busy with Max Nordau in bundling the decrepit old century away in the grave-clothes of degeneracy! Science is bankrupt, says one; Christianity is played out, blasphemes another; trade has become legalized trickery, moans a third; and art—Bah! Beardsley and Co., unlimited! sneers a fourth, and so on through the whole gamut of pessimism. Perhaps we are not in such an utterly woebegone condition after all, but in the matter of settling our differences we certainly cannot be said to have moved far from the palæolithic age. Our so-called Nineteenth Century was baptized in a sea of blood; only thirty years ago here in America—but no, it is too sickening to think of what we were doing then, or to dwell upon what happened later, when the Parisians within the gates fed on rats, and all the rats in the country fed on festering French corpses. At this present moment there are in Europe at least 20,000,000 men who have spent years in learning how to kill one another scientifically, and who are ready to do it whenever a bungling or ambitious statesman gives the word. The age of light, quotha! Peradventure, but lurid withal for a millennium. Doubtless we shall have to wait for another or several other scenes of carnage before the human brotherhood resolves to act as well as think upon a peaceable method of adjusting conflicting claims. And yet men that have eyes may see that there is *one* man and *only* one in the world, who is in a position to settle all difficulties submitted to him without fear or favor. But this is anticipating. Meanwhile let us make light of the cry of "Wolf!"

Talking about war and carnage somehow reminds one of football. If it be a moot point whether football or baseball will survive as the national game, there can be little doubt that in latter days football has shown a tendency to become very base indeed. Of course the teams sent into the field by our great representative universities, Harvard and Yale, are always composed of men who play the game like true American gentlemen—there is no harking back to savagery on their part, and whenever a little difference of opinion does arise, the matter is settled quickly and quietly without any of that strut and hobby-horse business which speaks the small mind. That being so, what does the daily press mean by all those columns of recriminations, interviews and ultimatums alleged to have passed between the white and the red roses of American athletes? True, Yale and Harvard have decided to abandon their contests of every kind for the next two years, but that must be because they want to give more time to the pursuit of knowledge—or something.

The Boston *Herald* takes up the cudgel in defence of Colonel Ingersoll—not of his agnosticism, but of his powers of reasoning—and disagrees with those who make little of the force of the Colonel's argument against the Christian religion. The *Herald* says: "Col. Ingersoll is one of the first lawyers in the country—a man of high mental capacity and rare reasoning power. . . . He is possessed of a high order of talent, and it is not at all to be supposed that he does not evince it in his attacks upon Christianity." It is good to be fair, and to listen to the arguments of an opponent on any subject, but we fear the *Herald*

strains a point in favor of Ingersoll, to the sacrifice of its own usually high intelligence, as editorially expressed. The Christian religion has less to fear from Ingersoll than from any known opponent, living or dead. His *argument*, to use the *Herald's* euphemistic expression, is the most hollow blasphemy, and most verbose bluff. "If there's a God, I ask him to strike me dead on the spot," says Ingersoll, on the stage, in presence of three or four thousand applauding auditors, assembled at a dollar a head. There's *argument* for you! As if the Almighty (we say it reverently) is to be bossed around like a stage attendant, and not to wait until His own Divine Will prompts Him to demand an account of Mr. Ingersoll's stewardship! And then, because God does not strike him dead, by request, Mr. I. argues that He does not exist, forsooth! Poor Ingersoll! Poor audiences! "If there's a God, why did He let the Elbe go down?" is another lump of Ingersollic wisdom which we suppose must pass for *argument*. The New Testament is a bundle of falsehoods, reasons Ingersoll, because all the Evangelists do not give exactly the same verbatim accounts of events, — though none of them contradicts the others! If the *Herald* gives some detail of an event that another paper omits, or omits something that another gives, is the whole news item false on that account? These are but random specimens of the Ingersoll mode of attack upon the Christian faith, but they are as profound as any he puts forth. They certainly do not evince any argumentative power against Christianity, and the *Herald* must admit that the most elementary knowledge of reasoning is all-sufficient to explode fallacies so perceptibly green. It is in truth a pity that any Christian journal, even with the good intent of being impartial, should seem to give to Ingersoll's raw and hollow rhetoric the dignified appellation of an *argument*.

The Pope's appeal for reunion has burgeoned into a discussion which we may regard as the harbinger of more fruitful consideration. It is interesting to know how our Anglican friends stand at present. The recent growth of ritualism and its toleration prove that the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer may mean anything or nothing. They have been riddled with interpretation until they resemble the old coat which an Irishman described as a "number of holes sewn together." If Broadchurchism makes them tally with the merest veneer of Christianity, High Churchmen claim that they are compatible with the full cycle of Catholic doctrine—excepting papal supremacy—taught by the Roman Catholic Church. Whether this latter position be or be not logical, we need not determine—it is sufficient that it is held by a daily increasing party in the Church of England. Even in the matter of the pope's supremacy many are prepared to allow it, but would attribute his universal jurisdiction to ecclesiastical as opposed to divine right. From their present standpoint they must of course reject papal infallibility, though there are not wanting those who realize its advantages. Of such we may well exclaim, "How near and yet how far."

When Cardinal Vaughan insisted on the recognition of the divinely given authority of the pope as a vital condition of membership with the Catholic Church, he said only what is familiar to every schoolboy who knows his catechism. But it is well to re-

member that the Pope might for grave reasons make many important concessions to bring about corporate reunion. Take for instance the question of Anglican orders. Nearly all Catholics believe that they are invalid and the church has treated them as such, while recognizing the orders of the Greek schismatics — but the question is a purely historical one and not absolutely closed against investigation. The pope might therefore, if so disposed, appoint a commission partly composed of Anglicans to examine into the matter. Again a liturgy in the vernacular instead of in Latin might be allowed. The Greek and Coptic Roman Catholics use their own ritual at the present day. Unity of language and ritual are generally advisable but by no means essential. Finally, to omit many minor points, the celibacy of the clergy is a law of ecclesiastical ordinance and as such comes within the scope of future legislation. It is therefore just conceivable that this law might be locally and temporarily suspended, or even removed in favor of Anglican clergymen. Even now some of the Greeks are allowed to marry before receiving the subdiaconate. We have no intention of asserting that the pope would make all or any of these concessions under present circumstances, but of this much we may be quite sure—the author of the plea for reunion will not be found lacking in generosity.

It is very good news which comes from Avignon where the ancient papal palace of the middle ages is to be restored at a cost of something like a million dollars. Begun in 1339 by John XXII, it afterwards became the residence of seven successive popes during the most stormy period of mediæval church history. Since then vandalism has encroached on its every part. The great vaulted rooms have been cut up by floors and partitions, the better to accommodate the soldiery who for years have been housed there. In 1822 a petition was made to the French government to secure the frescoes against the damages caused by the occupation of the soldiery, but that and many a subsequent prayer for the same object have been rejected. In 1881 Avignon secured the withdrawal of the troops and something in the way of restoration was attempted. Now a great scheme has been practically determined on by which the imposing pile will be completely renovated as a Christian museum.

Failure is writ large across the history of polar expeditions, but there seems to be a never-failing supply of would-be discoverers ready to step into the shoes of the vanquished. No sooner do we learn of Lieut. Peary's disasters, than news reaches us of another projected attempt. This time the enterprise is to be undertaken from Australia and will be directed to the South instead of the North Pole. The experience of previous travellers does not encourage the exploration of the Antarctic mainland. It is protected from human invasion by a triple barrier of ice, and even matter-of-fact sailors become epic in their descriptions of the white silence of desolation, intensified rather than relieved by the belching flames of Mount Erebus. When we remember that in all human probability there are neither reindeer nor musk-oxen as a food-reserve when provisions fail, nor any native tribe like the Esquimaux to point out any resources which may exist in the country, the difficulties of exploration seem almost insurmountable. On the other hand the history of science is a

history of surprises, and in view of what has been accomplished by past explorations, who will discount the achievements of the future?

How Does Ireland Stand?

I have just returned from my latest journalistic trip to Ireland, and feel that I can speak with some authority on the situation there. In industrial progress Ireland has made a remarkable advance during the past fifteen years. The people wear better clothing, better shoes, eat better food and eat it oftener daily, and live in better and more comfortable houses generally than they did fifteen years ago, when I first investigated their industrial condition. The land act of 1881 with its subsequent amendments has enabled the Irish tenant farmer to stand erect. Formerly he crouched like a slave before the landlord, who held the whip of eviction always suspended over his head. Now he is part owner of the land he cultivates. Any improvements he makes in his dwelling, outhouses, or in the land are his own property. He can sell such improvements to any solvent purchaser.

The condition of the agricultural laborer, too, has vastly improved. Formerly he and his family lived in cabins unfit for human habitation. Now hundreds of neat cottages containing four rooms, with slated roofs, have been built for them throughout the country through means of a public loan running at a low rate of interest. Half an acre of land is attached to each cottage, the whole let at a very low rent. These cottages are practically the property of the laborer, provided he pays the rent imposed. Flax raisers and linen manufacturers in the North of Ireland are fairly prosperous. Small woollen factories have been enlarged and several new ones built in different sections during the past fifteen years. These factories are making money and the towns and villages where they are located enjoy a fair degree of prosperity. This industrial advancement is quite obvious to the visitor who remembers the wretched conditions that prevailed in 1880.

I regard the political situation as by no means unhealthy, however unsatisfactory it may appear. I understand that to the average outsider the situation looks tangled, if not disgusting. The latter sees the Nationalist factions making war on each other, instead of showing a united front to the common enemy. But underneath this war of factions the national pulse beats strongly. The general election last July conclusively demonstrated that fact. Notwithstanding the factional strife, two seats were wrested from the Tories in Ulster, not a solitary seat lost. The heart of the country is indubitably sound; the head is a little astray, a trouble which will soon right itself. Never before have I found the national spirit so intense. The sober common sense of the masses is beginning to assert itself, as was shown by the way the electors of South Kerry and West Waterford dealt with Healyism since the general election. Home Rule has got a setback, but only for a short time, a few years at most.

P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Various Points of View.

As the highest spiritual authority has declared the interests of the working classes to be one of the vital questions of our time, it is our duty to try to understand this social problem even if the effort makes its solution seem more remote at every twist and turn of the labyrinth. Among the many books written on social relations are four which may be chosen as giving brief statements of the question from various points of view.

A German theological student, Paul Göhre, published not long ago a book called, "Three Months in a Workshop," which has been well translated into English. It is an interesting story of personal experience, simply and powerfully told, "as if some one had returned from the heart of Africa and described the ways of a strange and hitherto unknown nation"; to quote from a conservative German newspaper.

As a sequel to this study taken from real life, it is well to read "Luxury," written by Emile de Laveleye, the Belgian political economist. In the last century, he says, a financier and an economist had a discussion on social interests:—

"In my opinion," said the financier, "it is luxury which upholds States."

"Yes, just as the executioner's rope upholds the hanged man," replied the economist.

Ruskin tells the same story, I think, but whereas we may seek in vain among Mr. Ruskin's fascinating inconsistencies for a definite principle, M. de Laveleye writes with admirable clearness, and we follow his clue as far as it can lead us, promptly and without hindrance.

From this book we may turn to the Fabian Essays published under the name of "Socialism," and learn what that alarming word means at the close of our century as it is used in England and America. Broadly speaking, the members of the Fabian Society mean by socialism a mode of administering public affairs familiar to us in the postal arrangements of all civilized countries. The central government manages this important service and, apart from local blunders and some caprice in the choice of officers, the work is done with dispatch and justice.

If this public service were carried on by private corporations, we should witness the same struggle for supremacy that we see in the management of railroads; rival attempts at monopoly, and fluctuations, panics, and strikes such as are familiar to us all. The Socialists of the Fabian School believe that the tendency of time is to bring one department of life after another under the control of the national government.

Whether we agree or disagree with the socialists of this school, we must not confound them with anarchists who are their enemies, or with schemers who offer to working-men a pagan Utopia where they will be free from the laws of God and man.

As to the development of their central idea the Fabian essayists vary greatly, and I cannot promise that the perusal of this book will lead the reader very far towards the solution of the puzzle. But it is good for us to know what honest men and women are planning for the relief of mankind, and if we find ourselves painfully at variance with Mrs. Besant and Mr.

Bernard Shaw we have but to open Mr. W. H. Mallock's answer to the Fabian essayists, "Labor and the Popular Welfare," and enjoy the skill with which he presents a point of view diametrically opposed to theirs.

The Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, according to "Truth" says that in the next generation $20,000 will be the maximum income of rich men. The "Spectator," quoting this remark, reminds us of the saying of a former Rothschild when Mr. "Tom" Baring died, leaving $20,000,000: "Ah, poor fellow, I had supposed he was in easy circumstances (Pauvre homme! je le croyais plus à son aise)."

Some of us remember when $20,000 was a large income, when the term millionnaire meant the possessor of one million, when the fortunes of the Astors and Vanderbilts were easily calculated and calmly stated. How much has come to pass since that time to aid in the accumulation of wealth! Those who theorized on social relations early in this century did not measure the forces of steam or electricity, nor foresee the discovery of gold mines in America and Australia. They dogmatized as boldly as the theorists of to-day, who in their turn lay down final principles for our acceptance. What has Nature still in store to set at naught human calculations?

Women Scribes in the Middle Ages.

We give below a passage from a celebrated French book concerning the women of learning in days long gone by. The same writer lays stress on the physical endurance needed for the copying or transcription of a manuscript. Whole days, months, years, if necessary, did the writer bend over the parchment. Reverend men have left proofs of their rapture at the completion of the task when it drew to an end. The concluding formula called "the explicit" (explicitus est liber) often expresses in prose or verse, in acrostics, in jests new and old, the delight of completion, the doleful memory of past labors.

"Friend reader," writes one monk at the end of a copy of a treatise by Pascase Radbert, "Kind Reader, keep your fingers off these pages, for the man who writeth not, knows nought of our labor. Sweet as harbor to the navigator is the last line to the scribe. Three fingers hold the reed but the whole body suffers labor and constraint.

Another brother of the craft cries: "Lay not a finger on my writing! You know not what it is to write. It is a back-breaking job, putting out your eyes, destroying your stomach and crushing your ribs. Pray, brother, pray, reader of this book, for poor Raoul, servant of God, who transcribed the whole with his own hand in this cloister of Saint Aignan."

And this hard labor, with small chance of recognition from the world, was often performed by the "pale hands of cloistered virgins," as Lecoq de la Marche will now tell us.

"A host of unexpected assistants came to the aid of the monks in their great work of transcription. These were the nuns, who from the time of Eusebius, we are told, were employed in copying the writings of the doctors of the Church. Saint Melanie the younger, St. Cesaria and her sisters, St. Harlinda, St. Renilda, abbess of a convent of Limbourg; Rathruda, supposed to have been the daughter of a King of the Lombards, and many other virgins acquired fame by their ability as copyists. Surely feminine fingers must have had peculiar apti-

tude for those marvels of delicacy and patience, and no doubt some of the volumes admired for the exquisite delicacy of the decoration were the work of humble inmates of convents. Nuns were not inferior to monks in skill or learning if we may judge by the Hortus Deliciarum of the Abbess Herrade of Landspurg, who probably not only composed this curious encyclopedia still preserved at Strasburg, but wrote it out and illuminated it herself. Here we have decisive proof of the development of learning among women in the middle ages. We must remember that scribes were usually learned and that a knowledge at least of Latin, was necessary to the making of exact copies. The miniatures also prove the important part taken by devout women in the reproduction of literary treasures. One of the most precious volumes in the library at Munich shows an abbess of Niedermünster at Ratisbonne, offering the manuscript of the book to the Virgin and the Child Jesus, who seem to bless her. She occupies in the picture the place always assigned to the transcriber, and probably she had written the book in both senses of the word."—A. Lecoq de la Marche, "Les Manuscrits et la Miniature."

Recollections of Anton Rubinstein.

One day Herr Julius Stockhausen announced to his pupils that Rubinstein was coming to Frankfurt to superintend the rehearsals of one of his great operas which was to be brought out at the new opera house. He also told us that as Rubinstein was an intimate friend of his, and would often come to his house, he would like to have us sing some of the great man's songs and duets. Our expectations and excitement were so great that we could hardly endure the suspense of a few days, but the time passed and one afternoon we were all invited to Julius Stockhausen's house, and Rubinstein was received with the wildest enthusiasm and applause. He seemed pleased with the music and had the singers called to him. He patted their heads, and spoke words of encouragement. Then he sat down and played to us,—music never to be forgotten, that wrung your heartstrings and then made you laugh for joy and happiness.

A few days later the Hoch Conservatory had a celebration in his honor. We pupils assembled in the large concert hall and took our seats. On the platform sat the faculty, and foremost among them Stockhausen and Clara Schumann. As we waited in hushed silence, a door at the back of the hall opened, and Rubinstein, accompanied by the director, Bernhard Scholz, walked slowly down the aisle. I was at the end of one of the rows, and as he went by he seemed to tower above us like a mighty giant. Yet in reality he was not very tall, nor was he strong or robust in appearance. He even bent over a little in walking, for at that time he was suffering much with his eyes and was threatened with total blindness.

When Rubinstein had taken the seat of honor, Mme. Schumann played; I think the "Moonlight Sonata" was one number she gave. Stockhausen sang; his voice was no longer in its prime, but his interpretation, his noble style, his perfect enunciation, and lofty and passionate rendering I have never heard excelled by any other singer. Then Rubinstein played, and I, sitting near the front, could watch him closely. When he sat down at the piano, his thick hair stood out from his head, and his prominent forehead impressed one with its dignity. Soon big drops stood on his forehead and rolled down,

his hair clung close to his head, and his immaculate shirt front looked almost as if he had been in a shower bath. When we applauded wildly, he nodded at us kindly and smiled, and as he passed again through the aisle he lifted his hands as if to give us his blessing.

Another evening he played in the largest concert hall of Frankfurt. Julius Stockhausen's pupils with some of Mme. Schumann's had hired part of the first balcony just above the door of entrance. As he passed to the piano we showered violets over him, and he looked up in our direction and smiled and bowed. He played only Beethoven that night; I had never heard those familiar sonatas played as he gave them. He had no music before him, and twice or thrice he lost his place and improvised until he caught the thread again and went on. Among other sonatas he played the *sonate pathetique,* Opus 13, a composition hackneyed by repetition, but much misunderstood. The German word used by Beethoven, "*pathetisch,*" means dignified, grand, sublime, and obviously is only applied by him to the first movement of the sonata. How Rubinstein made the tears spring to our eyes with the sublime chords of the introduction *(Grave)!* The gigantic struggle expressed by the stormy principal theme and the sweet, melodious subordinate theme contrasted with the thrice recurring chords of the *Grave* was almost overpowering.

In the Adagio he made the piano sing the wonderful melody sweetly and restfully; and then electrified the audience with the overbrimming mirth and joy of the last movement. As he had stirred our deepest emotions, so now he restored us to complete happiness as he frolicked with the fascinating rondo.

Some of us were fortunate enough to get admission to his rehearsals at the opera house and they were very interesting. Rubinstein was on the whole patient and well pleased; but when things went wrong he sprang upon the stage and showed the offender how the passage should be taken.

Once again I saw and heard Rubinstein. It was in Paris and I stood two hours in a pouring rain and sat waiting inside nearly as long. The concert was different in character from those he had given at Frankfurt, where the programmes were purely classical. That day all the pieces seemed made to produce effect and I felt rather annoyed at the over abundance of Liszt's music. But when he played the Erl King, and came to the last strain which comes on the words, "and in his arms the child lay dead," I believe there were not many dry eyes in the audience. I had to own that he was as great in this music as in the kind I loved best. M. G.

Little Sisters of the Assumption.

One of the noble foundations of this century is the congregation of the Little Sisters of the Assumption who nurse the poor in their homes. The foundress, Mother Marie de Jésus, was early left an orphan, and, though she never knew want, her experiences as a working woman opened her eyes to the sufferings of the poor when sickness invades the family. She saw the distress caused by the necessity of leaving home to go to a hospital, even the most comfortable and well ordered, and she consecrated her life to the preservation of those domestic ties which she had learned to value only by the sense of loss.

Antoinette Fage was about thirty-two when she founded her congrega-

tion under the direction of Père d'Alzon, a Dominican. The story of the early houses is interesting, full of interventions of Providence, which are the heritage of those who put their trust in God alone. Once in a room of squalid misery, she put her hand in her purse to find something to spend on food for a sick and famishing woman. She found five cents and it was the whole wealth of her community. She stood a moment, thinking of her contending duties, and then said, "Dear Lord, I cannot give you this money, but I lend it to you." When her patient was fed and cared for in every way possible, Mother Marie went home, and as she drew near her house, a stranger met her and gave her a shining five franc piece. Equally beautiful proofs of God's care came to the struggling congregation when thousands of francs were needed instead of a few sous. But it would be long to tell the lovely story, longer still to give an account of physical misery averted and spiritual evils remedied, marriages "réhabilités," children baptized, first communions at every age from early youth to seventy and eighty years of age.

Side by side with the Little Sisters work *les dames servantes*, women living in the world and devoted to the sick poor in their homes, acting under the direction of the Sisters.

In the year 1853 Mère Marie de Jésus lay dying. Her devoted children told her of all the prayers they were saying for her recovery. "Ah, que voulez-vous?" she said smiling; "I've furnished my little contingent." And very quietly on the evening of October 18 while the Angelus was ringing, Antoinette Fage gave her brave soul to God.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption are working among the sick poor in New York, and they have found a corps of efficient helpers among Catholic ladies. It is to be hoped that among the blessings in store for us may be a House of these dear religious women in every large city of the Union.

Kindness to Animals.

It appears to be difficult to find a supernatural principle underlying the kindness which the best human beings show to animals. The fact that they are the creatures of God and that He has trusted them to our justice and mercy is sufficient for most of us but not for all.

These texts may assist us to define our relation to the brute creation.

ST. MATTHEW X.

31. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father.

PSALM L.

10. For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.
11. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

PSALM LXIX.

34. Let the heaven and the earth praise Him, the seas, and everything that moveth therein.

PSALM LXXXIV.

3. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

CIV.

10. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.
11. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.
12. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.
14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.
16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon, which he had planted;
17. Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

CXLV.

16. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

CXLVII.

9. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

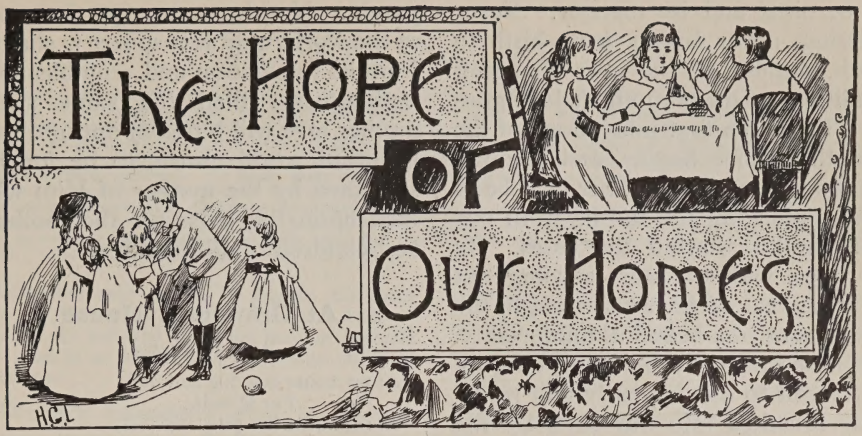
Chap. XXXIX of the Book of Job, which is too long to quote, is the most exquisite lesson in natural history ever written. It is, as it were, a challenge to man to understand or care for God's creatures as He knows and cares for them.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

LINES WRITTEN IN A SISTER'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

JAMES H. COTTER.

The Muse, dear child, who plumed your soul to sing
In numbers sweet, as meadows breathing Spring —
The Muse, who took your hand in hers to paint
The thought, too dear for dull black ink to taint —
The Muse, who bright Promethean fire oft steals,
That, blazing, dazzles as the audience feels
Your witchery of eloquence — come, — so
That words all gleaming, each a thought may glow,
And thoughts all glowing proud Parnassus show
The praise an untrained pen would fain bestow.
Why should I not a loving tribute bring
Though limping rhythm mars my offering?
The joys your talents yield, a goodly store,
Make me your debtor now and evermore.
A leaden sky would dull and pall my day,
Did not your mind illume my darksome way.
My sorrows joys became, when you were near
To crystallize Compassion in a tear.
So head with heart you wed, in work and word —
This won my love, that my esteem secured.
Then higher still your high ideals pursue,
Though life will thus be lonelier for you.
Note groundlings not, who, rude, see as they seem;
Strive for the good and great, who e'er esteem.
Mistakes dare brave; if made in effort new,
Give weak original, not copy true.
Contemn rude comments; critics' guidance know,
When keen their ken; they discreet reason show.
Fear not foul Envy's grudge nor cynic's pride;
Worth, like "The Truth," will e'er be crucified.
Did minds, who dared to think their native thought,
Like great souls, climb their Calvaries for nought?
Not so, the thought outlives fatality
And kindred claims with Immortality.
Thoughts write, paint, speak; for thoughts our lives transcend
And live all lustrous, when whole ages end.
Thought Fame commands; and, 'fore your eyes Death seal,
May laurel green your temples kindly feel;
And, afterwards, the wreath be twined with rays;
That sparkle glorious in eternal days.



PRIZE CONTEST.

TEN DOLLARS FOR A PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

The contest has opened admirably, but there are hundreds of the readers of this department yet to be heard from, who, we hope, will not fail to compete. As only another month remains, we urge our juvenile scribes to get to work at once, lest the finish of the competition find their intention to enter the lists unfulfilled. No doubt many will let the good opportunity to win the prize slip away from them, through lack of courage or industry, but we are expecting to hear from every one of our children who took part in former contests, and a great many others besides. To keep the matter fresh in the minds of all we print again this month the rules governing the competition:—

1. No contestant must be more than fifteen at the last birthday.

2. The story must be absolutely original, and must not contain more than 500 words.

3. No copied story, or one that gives evidence of having been written or dictated by a grown person will be considered. We have an infallible rule for detecting this sort of contribution.

4. Writing, grammer, spelling, punctuation, and neatness of manuscript, will be taken into account as well as the story itself, in awarding the prize.

5. Write only on one side of the paper.

6. Give your address in full, your age, school, and name of pastor.

7. All answers must be received by December 1st, when the contest closes.

8. Address Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington street, Boston.

You have one month more to think out and write a story of 500 words, and the prize is Ten Dollars, a chance to show talent and scholarship, and the most Merry Christmas you ever enjoyed. Is not that sufficient inducement for every schoolboy and girl to enter the lists? Remember, December first is the last day upon which stories will be received.—Ed. Dept.

A Mother's Love.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love: No language can fittingly express its power and beauty,

its heroism and its majesty. Never faltering, never failing, from birth to death, amidst all the ever changing conditions of life, a mother's love goes on. From the first inhalations of life a mother's love begins, and through every stage of our lives, her dear hand is ever plucking the thorns from our paths and scattering the roses. By her knee, with the stars stealing out into the great dome, we are taught the first lessons of a beautiful immortality. The little prayer our faltering tongues are taught to lisp is gently and reverently breathed into our ears, by the same dear mother who has watched us from the moment our eyes opened upon the great world. Oh, those mother-songs of bygone days—how they come trooping up the misty way, when we look back even from the age of vigorous manhood.

When the world's ways weary our wayward feet, when friends laugh and turn away at a recital of our sorrows; and over the purple and rosy splendors of sunlit skies steals the dark night of doubt, how vividly the lines of the sweet old song come back to us, although we may not have heard them for years.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from that echoless shore;
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

God bless the mothers. Their example will live while history lives, while sentiment survives or while one touch of rhythm lives in the poetry of the world. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," was written of the mother. Who but she could inspire that true and noble sentiment? High or low, rich or poor, the same sweet mother-sentiment, love, and devotion, are apparent. Nothing can wipe them out of the world until this sphere is shaken from its foundation and crumbles into nothingness; then the same sweet mother love will blossom out into that beautiful world above, to be forever sanctified by the mother of Him who died upon the cross for the mothers and children of all mankind.

At Grandpa's House.

ALBERT DOYLE.

At my house is a dog and doll,
For Minnie;
At my house is a puss and poll,
For Minnie;
At my house is a garden fair
With trees of plum and trees of pear,
And many a fragrant flow'r blows there,
For Minnie.

At my house is an attic bright,
For Minnie;
By dormer windows filled with light,
For Minnie;

And there I have a patent swing,
A rocking horse, a fly-back string,
And many a dear, delightful thing,
For Minnie.

At my house is a cupboard too,
For Minnie;
With china ware of white and blue,
For Minnie;
With crocks of jam and pickled sweets,
And cakes and rolls, and potted meats,
And jars of cream — a world of treats —
For Minnie.

At my house is a little room,
For Minnie;
On sunny side where lilacs bloom,
For Minnie;
At night when Minnie's pray'rs are said,
And dreams are dancing through her head,
I have a snowy little bed,
For Minnie.

And when you come in summer time,
My Minnie,
My life rolls on in rippling rhyme,
My Minnie;
All through the soft, sweet summer days,
I love you in a thousand ways,
And hourly give my Saviour praise,
For Minnie.

Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

Subscriber asks us: 1. To explain All Souls' Day. 2. To explain Month's Mind and Anniversary. 3. To tell why lights are used at funerals, and what is to be thought of flowers on those occasions.

We are especially glad to answer these questions, as they have a fitting application for the month of November.

1. All Souls' Day is the Feast of November 2. It is the Commemoration of all the faithful departed. As the Church on November 1 honors all the saints in Heaven, so on the following day, she prays for all her children suffering in Purgatory. We remember our friends at the time of their death, and pray for them, and have Masses said for them. But to remind us every year of their needs, and to excite in our hearts a devotion for those who suffer yet in Purgatory, the Church has instituted her beautiful feast for All the Souls. Then there are many who had no friends or relatives to pray for them, and they need help, and for them this feast is of great service. The people come to the Church on that day in large numbers, their requests for the departed are placed in the hands of the priests, and all over the world, Masses are said for the benefit of those who still linger in their prison and in their separation from God and the happiness of Heaven. Nothing can better illustrate the universal charity of the Church than the feast of All Souls.

2. We have Mass said for the departed on the day of his burial, but it is also a pious custom with many devout persons to have another Requiem Mass celebrated on the thirtieth day. This is called a Month's Mind. When Moses and Aaron died, the people of Israel mourned for thirty days. The Anniversary too of the departed is observed by many Catholics in the same way. As people commemorate the anniversary of some joyful event, so do Catholics the anniversary of one's entrance into eternal life.

3. In the early days of the Church, persecution reigned. The Christians were obliged, as in Rome, to meet underground and to bury there those who died. Lights were necessary to illumine those dark caverns, or catacombs. Those who suffered for the faith as martyrs were most dear to their fellow-Christians, and their bodies were prized as sacred relics. But frequently the greatest caution had to be exercised in the obtaining of these bodies, and the night had to be chosen as the time for burial. As lights were then a necessity for the mourners, the Church has continued still their use in her funeral ceremonies. The lights also signify the light of faith in the Christian mind, and the flame of love in the Christian heart.

Flowers do not adorn a funeral, nor can they be said to signify grief. The fashion has gained of having most elaborate floral offerings for a

burial, as for a feast. The custom is not in accordance with Catholic thought or piety. The plain, black, sombre coffin is more in keeping with sorrow, and more indicative of respect for the departed one. And how much more benefit to the deceased, if the money wasted in flowers were used in helping God's needy poor, in Masses for the dead, or in any work of charity. The flowers, that have no meaning, will fade and die, whereas good works performed for the benefit of the dead will blossom into eternal happiness for their souls.

Protestant asks: Does not the Catholic Church show too much honor to the Virgin Mary?

No, not if the position of the Catholic Church is rightly understood. If the statements of those who charge that Church with false and undue worship of Mary were true, we would not be surprised at the question of "Protestant." The Catholic Church honors Mary because God so honored her as to make her His own mother. He lived with her for thirty years in obedience to her authority as His mother. We can never expect in any way to show to Mary such reverence and respect and love as Jesus showed to her. Through Mary came to men their Saviour, and because of the part she has had in the Redemption, as well as in the Incarnation, we deem her worthy of honor beyond the lot of all other creatures. We feel that as Jesus obeyed His mother and loved her while here on earth, that now in Heaven, He does not refuse her prayers for those who ask them. If "Protestant" will only bear in mind, that while we honor Mary with all the honor and love we are capable of showing to God's mother, we still remember she is only a creature, fashioned by God and dependent upon Him as all creatures must be, he will understand that the Catholic, instructed by his Church, never presumes on Mary's ability to do more than to represent his case and his needs, to make intercession for him, and to obtain much more readily than his own careless prayers could, the mercy of God. Mary's power is the power of a suppliant, but of a suppliant whose son is the Son of God.

Mother inquires: What is "Churching," and where performed?

"Churching" is a blessing given by the Church to one who has become a mother, when she presents herself at the church the first time after her child's birth. The mother is congratulated that she has brought one into the world whom she will train up in the ways of God, under the guidance of holy religion. She thanks God for her happy delivery, and prays for grace to lead her child aright in the service of heaven. This blessing is not an obligation, and so is given only in the church, and not at home. The very words of the prayers that are said indicate that the temple of God is the fitting place wherein to perform this ceremony.

Medicus writes us: Is craniotomy ever lawful?

"Craniotomy is unlawful, morally unlawful, always and intrinsically unlawful." "No Catholic will ever be allowed to connive at, and still less to perform, the surgical operation of craniotomy." These are the words of the eminent Jesuit theologian, Father Sabetti. He gives for authority in these statements these two decisions from Rome, the first dated May 31, 1884: "The Cardinals of this congregation (the Inquisition) have carefully weighed the doubt proposed by your Eminence, as to whether it

would be safe to teach in Catholic schools that the surgical operation called craniotomy is lawful, when on the one hand mother and child will die, if recourse is not had to the operation, and on the other, if such recourse is had, the mother will be saved at the expense of the child's life. After long and mature consideration, after close scrutiny of the views advocated in this matter by Catholic men of science and submitted by your Eminence to this congregation, we think it incumbent on us to answer that it cannot be safely taught." The other decision is dated August 19, 1889, and says: "We, the Cardinals in committee assembled, have come to this conclusion that in accordance with the declaration made on May 28, 1884, it cannot be safely taught in Catholic schools that the surgical operation known as craniotomy is lawful, and the same is to be said of whatever surgical operation aims directly at the killing of the fœtus or of the pregnant mother."

Student wants to know the history of the Holy Grail that is spoken of in Henry Irving's play, King Arthur.

The holy nun, Anne Catherine Emmerich, says that the Apostles obtained from Seraphia, or Veronica, the cup or chalice which our Divine Lord used at the Last Supper in the institution of the Holy Eucharist. She says that this cup had for a long time been in the temple of Jerusalem among many other objects of great value and antiquity, whose use and origin had been forgotten. The priests once sold it, as being of no use to them, and thus it came into the hands of Seraphia. The cup of the chalice was pear-shaped, massive, dark-colored, and highly polished, with gold ornaments, and two small handles by which it could be lifted. The foot was of virgin gold, elaborately worked, ornamented with a serpent and a small bunch of grapes, and enriched with precious stones. The nun goes on to say, that Melchisedech brought the chalice with him from the land of Semiramis to the land of Canaan, and used it in offering sacrifice when he offered bread and wine in the presence of Abraham, to whom he afterwards gave the precious vessel. She says that the chalice had been preserved in Noah's ark. Her tradition states that after Our Lord's death, the chalice stayed in Jerusalem, in the hands of St. James the Less.

Tennyson recounts the tradition of the cup in his beautiful poem "The Holy Grail":

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat —
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah — the good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared."

The playwright in Irving's King Arthur represents Joseph as receiving in the cup the blood flowing from the wounds of Jesus dying on the cross. But the Catholic venerates and believes the words of Jesus, who at the Last Supper changed wine into His precious blood, and as He gave it to drink to His Apostles said to them: "Drink ye all of this. This is my blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins."

O. Y. wishes to know how a new pope is appointed?

On the death of a pope the solemn obsequies take place on the ninth day. On the tenth day, the cardinals assem-

ble for Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. After mass, they go in procession to a part of the palace set apart for them. Each cardinal has a cell assigned to him. He is permitted two attendants, who are bound to secrecy. The cardinals can have no communication with the outside world during the time up to the election. The door leading to their part of the Vatican is locked and barred. Hence the name conclave (a locking-up) is applied to the assembly of cardinals for the election of a pope. They vote by ballot. Each day a ballot is taken until some one receives at least a two-thirds vote of all the cardinals present. When one has received the required number, his election is announced. He then declares his acceptance, as also the name he chooses as pope. The other cardinals pay him homage. One proceeds to a balcony in the Vatican, and proclaims the name of the new pope. Read the article, "The Modern Conclave," in our last issue.

R. L. asks: What is a coadjutor bishop?

One who is appointed to help a bishop in the work of his diocese. Only one head or bishop can be over a diocese, and while he lives and remains in his position, no other can be bishop there. But age or infirmities or extensive work may require a helper, and in that case a coadjutor bishop is appointed. This one may or may not be appointed with the right of succession.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Religious.

No period of the Church has met with such adverse criticism as that treated in his second volume of *Studies in Church History*, by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. The author deals with the centuries from the 9th to the 14th. His theme is what is generally called the Dark Ages. If many writers could be believed, all this space might be covered in a few pages, depicting darkness of soul, and ignorance the most profound. But Father Parsons in nearly 600 pages has only served to introduce us into the porch of what promises the investigator most rich and varied pleasures. We can well remember, towards the close of childhood, the intense surprise awakened in us by reading Hallam's work on the Middle Ages. Here was a man of learning and of original investigation, a Protestant too, contradicting all the statements that had been transmitted to us from one teacher after another. Truly, if ever history has been a conspiracy against truth, it has been undeniably so in regard to the Middle Ages. These were ages of faith, of great achievements for those who then lived, and for us of to-day, who are deriving the profit of the labors then performed.

A mere glance at the table of contents would suffice to show the value of the work at hand. The Greek Schism that is the subject of much inquiry to Catholics of to-day, owing to the strong endeavors of Leo XIII to bring back the Greeks into the unity of the Roman Church; the Pontificate of Gregory VII, with the momentous question of Investitures, and the bringing of the German Emperor to Canossa: the Crusades, the heroism of nations for an ideal, the vast endeavors of lion-hearted men, of Peter the Hermit, St. Bernard, and Pope Urban; of Godfrey and Richard and St. Louis; the cause of Thomas à Becket, the Waldenses, the Albigenses and the Inquisition: these are a few of the chapters in Father Parsons' volume.

No Catholic who mingles to-day in the affairs of the world should plead ignorance of his Church. Good books are at hand to inform him of her doctrines and her history; and no history can be more interesting than that which deals with the transformation of the human race, and with the evolution of the pagan and the barbarian of the early days into the civilized and enlightened Christian of to-day. The enlightened Catholic will know the story of his Church. He will find indeed much to deplore in the human qualities of her children, and our reverend author will tell him frankly and honestly of the evils in the Church during the centuries he records. But he

will find, too, the divine guidance, the inspiration and help of the Holy Spirit, and he will learn in the triumph of the Church over enemies from without and evils from within, that from age to age she is built upon a rock, and that the gates of hell cannot prevail against her.

An interesting chapter is entitled St. Leo and Pius IX. In view of the position taken by Pius IX and maintained by Leo XIII regarding the temporal possessions of the Holy See, it will be well to receive the information that "history tells of no Pope who voluntarily surrendered any portion of the patrimony of St. Peter because of a scruple to adopt material force in its defence." He will learn too that from the beginning those who have given up their lives in defence of this patrimony have been held as martyrs "alike by Pontificals and penitent Normans."

Father Parsons writes as one well informed on his subject. His style is clear, simple, forceful and energetic. He is not afraid to present the Church's claims, nor to analyze the objections of her adversaries. He has convictions, and with a strong and rapid pen he gives his readers reasons for his views. His book should meet with a ready and extensive sale, so as to encourage the publication of the one or more volumes necessary to bring the history down to the close of the 19th century. We have need of such a Church History in English. It will not be too large for the general reader and will serve the purpose better than the translation of Darras', condensed from the very extensive French original. Our Catholic colleges and academies would find it profitable to adopt this work of Father Parsons' not only for reference, but also for general and public reading. It will be also useful to the Reading Circles that are in the van for intellectual improvement and to whom the pursuit of truth has become a matter of supreme interest. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.)

The Angel Guardian Press, Boston, is doing good work both in the character of the books it is publishing, and in the make-up of the volumes it is sending forth. It is among the newest of Catholic publishers, and it deserves success. Following close upon its volume on St. Anthony of Padua is that of the *Porziuncula, or the History of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels.* There are many people who have taken the advice of Leo XIII, and have enrolled themselves in the Third Order of St. Francis. To them, and to all who admire Francis of Assisi, this little book will be a source of information, and of pleasant and pious reading. The present volume is a translation from the Italian of Father Barnabas, by Father Rieti, O. S. F.

History.

We will preface our remarks on Rev. Thomas O'Gorman's *History of the Catholic Church in the United States,* by repeating our concluding words on Father Parsons' Church History, only we will add that the former could well serve as a text-book in advanced classes. Like the Church History it should be a popular book, and any effort made to bring these two books into public notice and into favor with the general reader will redound to the good of religion. The Church of God fears nothing so much as ignorance, and all her leaders from the great Pontiff, Leo XIII, down to her humblest priest, know it is incumbent upon them to insist on the manifestation of truth. Leo has thrown open the great Vatican library to the scholars of the world, his sole desire being to make known the truth of ages past as recorded in original documents. Let those who dread the revelation of human weakness and sins remember Judas among the Apostles, and those who fear to see set forth the dissensions and ambitions of men, read of the separation of Paul and Barnabas working for the greater spread of the gospel, and how Paul resisted Cephas to his face. These things are recorded in Holy Writ for our instruction.

Father O'Gorman is Professor of Church History in the Catholic University at Washington. There are in places what seem traces of his lectures to students there. There are also indications that he has theories of his own to explain certain facts or circumstances.

The volume before us is the IXth in the American Church History Series. It is a sign of advancement and of good understanding, when our new encyclopedias, dictionaries, and histories recognize the existence of the Catholic Church among us. The publishers of these books seek Catholic writers of fame to record the doctrines and story of the Church, and they have reason to expect that the Catholic side of each question treated in this way shall be satisfactory to Catholics. We owe to the publishers who act thus our meed of encouragement and of patronage. Dr. O'Gorman's book is well-bound and well-printed. The index is especially commendable, and for busy people this is of no small importance. In some 500 pages, the story is told of the Catholic Church in the United States, from the landing of Columbus (and before it), down to the year 1893. It is necessarily unequal in its treatment of subjects, dwelling at length on certain topics, and giving but a rapid summary and condensation to others. But it is good to have the needed information at hand, even if within narrow limits, and the reader who wishes to pursue further his investigations may seek more extended works.

Where the enemies of the Church would deny to her children the right of existence in this land, no more powerful argument can be used against them, and no firmer persuasion of the Catholic's right to live and thrive here, than that afforded by the spectacle of Catholic discoverers, explorers and missionaries. Our Catholic soldiers are to us all a glory and a rebuke to bigotry. But even greater examples than they were of heroism and sacrifice are manifested in Columbus, Champlain, Marquette, Jacques Cartier and a host of others.

The author's remarks on the losses to the Catholic Church, and the unsatisfactory and incomplete statistics furnished us of the Catholic population are especially opportune. Many too will thank him for his explanations of Church

Councils. Reading Circles will find a most useful list of books of reference in the Bibliography placed at the beginning of the volume. (New York: The Christian Literature Co.)

A book of some 200 small pages, neatly bound, handsomely printed, of moderate price, and of especial value is *Mooted Questions of History*, by H. J. Desmond. Here is the preface: "The plan pursued in the following pages is to give, under each topic, a succinct statement of the facts — embodying the leading points of information necessary to a clear view; and to follow this with quotations from some well-known historians — indicating briefly their judgment upon the whole case or upon controverted points thereof." The best remark we can make on Mr. Desmond's work is to say that he fulfills his promise, and gives his reader a wealth of knowledge in a few words. The style of the author is clear, vigorous, winning, and the subjects treated are of great interest and importance. A dozen topics like these are his themes: The Papal Power, Bibles before Luther, Indulgences, The Reformation and Civil Liberty, The Inquisition, Guy Fawkes, and Titus Oates. People now-a-days are in a hurry. They want their information in small, handy packages, such as is this book. We hope that Messrs. Benziger, the publishers, will place it within reach of a multitude of readers.

Murphy of Baltimore has a reprint in paper covers of *Columbus the Catholic*, published for 1892 by George Barton. The book is small, the price within the reach of all, and as Columbus is ever a timely topic, the volume will be as useful now as when first published.

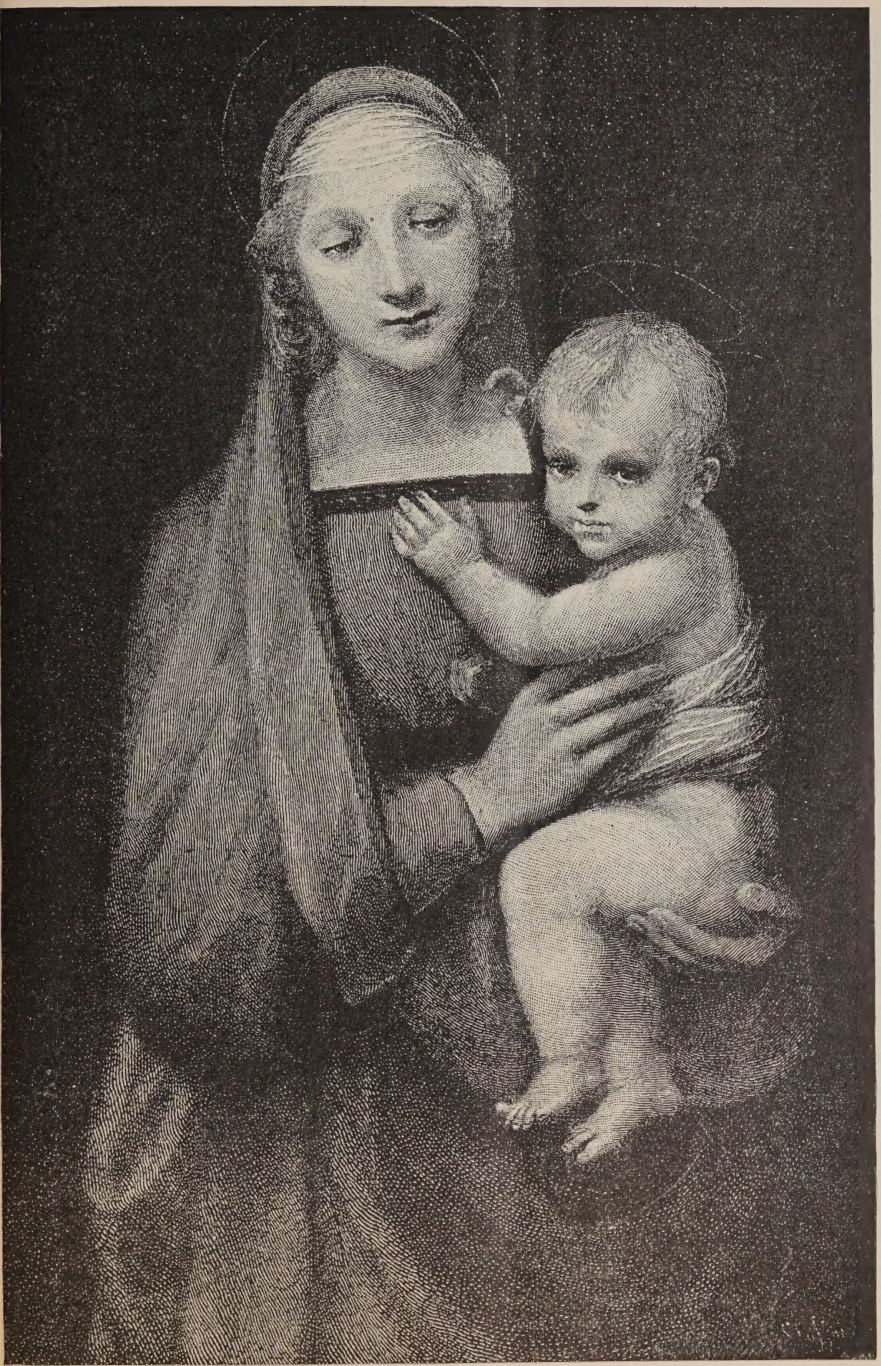
Educational.

The Catholic National Speller from Benziger Bros. is the best we have ever seen. It is adapted for Catholic children exclusively, and this is kept in mind in the introduction of many words. We cheerfully indorse the words of the Preface: "The type, made expressly for this book, is large and clear, requiring no effort to read it, and the paper, printing, and binding are all that can be desired. It is hoped that this New Speller will meet the requirements of our Catholic Schools, and receive a warm welcome."

Fiction.

To write of Ireland without a vein of sadness could scarcely be expected of a novelist; and to picture life in the melancholy and gloomy Arran Isles means that the tale shall be pervaded with the continuous clouds and fogs that hover about those rocky shores. *Grania, The Story of an Island*, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, introduces us into scenes of desolation, where scarcely a ray of sunshine penetrates to enliven the prospect. We look in vain for the proverbial Irish wit and humor; but we learn through a great variety of detail of the sufferings and pains of the sturdy and struggling islanders. The wonder is how human beings can exist when nature has provided so scantily for them. We learn too of the yearning of a strong human heart for sympathy and for love, of the awakening of emotions in a wild peasant life, of the sorrow that attends when no response is given. We are glad when the heroine finds her resting-place upon the breast of the fierce ocean, rather than upon that of the shiftless spendthrift who has won her heart, but seems to have none to give in return. The present edition is a reprint by the Macmillans.

We have received *Poems and Songs* by Michael Whelan, of Renous River, N. B., and *Betsey Jane on Wheels* by H. E. Brown, from W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.



THE MADONNA DEL GRAN' DUCA. (Raphael.)

See "The Holy Childhood in Art," page 1304.

THE VISION OF SIR GALAHAD.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE VISION OF SIR GALAHAD.

CHARLES FREEMAN FITTS.

("* * * * then he looked up in the midst of the chamber and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel covered with red samite. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed like a priest; and he seemed that he was at the consecrating of the Mass. And above the priest's hands there were three men * * * * And then he took a wafer made in the likeness of bread, and at the lifting up there came a figure in the likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread so that all saw that the bread was formed of a fleshy man * * * *") — *The Book of the Holy Grail.*

O wonder of the faith, which to the sight
Of Galahad, the pure, didst once appear!
O Holy Grail, which shone with mystic light!
O Bread, changed to our Lord's True Body dear!
Around the silver table angels three
Gaze, lost in holy love and solemn fear,
O wonder of the faith! Art thou still here
And may the eye of man Thy glory see?

Seek thou that blessed vision, O my soul,
Prepared for thee by Him, thy dearest Lord;
For on His altar while the ages roll
He rests whom once Sir Galahad adored,
And there, perchance, the clean in heart may see
Like him the glory of that mystery.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. (Murillo. From a painting at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.) Page 1302.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD IN ART.

H. S. Hallett.

THE student of primitive Christian art in the catacombs must be struck by the dearth of direct representations of our Saviour. He is shadowed forth in various symbols and ideographs, hinted at in illustrations borrowed from pagan mythology as Orpheus or Apollo, revealed in Old Testament figures, and broadly typified in pictured scenes of the Gospel parables. We have conventional figures without number, showing Christ the Shepherd and Christ the Glorified, but Christ Himself as He really walked among men we find in only two or three representations during the first three centuries. Of the Holy Childhood there is hardly a trace in the art of the primitive Christians, though it filled the great bulk of Christian fiction, if we may so style the apocryphal gospels.

The spread of pictorial representations of the Madonna and Child in the fifth century was owing to the controversy of the Nestorians, who maintained that in Christ the two natures of God and man remained separate, and that Mary was mother of the man but not of the God in Him. When Nestorius was condemned at the Council of Ephesus in the year 431, the picture of the Mother and Child became the symbol of orthodox belief, and remained for many centuries rather a conventional representation of the dignity of the mother than of the humanity of the Son. In the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, some of the Gospel scenes of the Holy Childhood began to be represented, but art was then at its ebb, and the remains that have come down to us are more or less barren of interest. It may be truly said that until the thirteenth century Christian art remained in bondage to Greek convention, though there were faint signs of the coming freedom.

Margaritone of Arezzo was among the first to show forth the awakening of art from its long sleep; Cimabue followed quickly, and Cimabue was the teacher of what little he knew to Giotto, the father of the Renaissance and the contemporary and friend of Dante. It was a happy thing for Christian art that Giotto was, as Vasari says, "no less a good Christian than an excellent painter," and he deserves our gratitude even more for the religious bias he gave future painters than for the masterpieces of his own hand and soul which adorn the walls of Padua and Assisi. There was no darkness after Giotto saw the light, but the noon of the Renaissance was not until Raphael, Leonardo and Michael Angelo were simultaneously filling church and palace walls with the creatures of their genius. After them, art began to decline during the remainder of the sixteenth century, but the evening was long and glorious, and there was a golden after-glow during the seventeenth century in Spain and Flanders.

During this time we find, as we might have expected, that the person

of Christ is the fountain-head of the painter's inspiration, and that the Holy Childhood with its possibilities of poetic treatment has been abundantly illustrated in all its phases. The Gospel narrative was of course the most potent influence in suggesting the subject and shaping the ideal, but we find also many an old legend woven into the picture and in a few cases incidents that belong entirely to the apocryphal gospels have been pressed into the service of art. Sometimes the incident is treated mystically, sometimes historically, but painters, since the days of Giotto, have usually endeavored to blend the mystical and the historical in their conception.

One of the most striking of ideal Nativities is that by Sandro Botticelli. Our Lady is adoring her newborn babe, who expresses His Godhead by placing His finger on His lips, the mystic symbol for *Verbum sum*, — I am the Word, while St. Joseph is represented in the background as if in meditation. An angel on the right presents three shepherds crowned with olive, as being the first recipients of the promise of "peace on earth to men of good-will," three angels on the roof sing the *Gloria in Excelsis*,

GIOTTO'S "NATIVITY." (From a fresco in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua.) Page 1299.

THE CHILDREN, JESUS AND ST. JOHN. (From Pinturicchio's "Holy Family" in the Academy in Sienna.) Page 1305.

which is taken up by a choir of twelve angels above them, and in the foreground three figures rising from the flames are embraced by angels. The whole conception is full of the poetry of religion.

But the little chapel of the Arena, in Padua, may be called the cradle of Christian art, and Giotto's Nativity there is itself a "child wrapped in swaddling clothes," for it was the first attempt ever made to depict the Divine birth in the natural as distinct from the symbolic style. Giotto, though a giant among giants in strength of thought and beauty of feeling, was yet a mere infant in the technique of painting. The merest tyro in a modern drawing school might give him points in drawing, and teach him something about perspective, but no one has ever sur-

passed Giotto in sincerity of purpose or power of reaching the heart of a subject.

In this picture of the Nativity, with its wooden sheep and square shepherds, and all its other defects of execution, we have perhaps the most touching as well as the most real representation of Christ's birth that painter's art has given the world, because it is the reverent effort of a man whose greatness of mind was measured only by his depth of religious feeling. There is nothing superfluous or unmeaning here. You do not need to be told that the three angels, whose faces are turned upwards, are singing the *Gloria in Excelsis,* or that the one on whom the shepherds have fixed their gaze is announcing the gospel of "peace on earth to men of good-will," or that the fifth is adoring "the Little One who is born for us," and calling our attention to the heart and soul of the picture. One glance tells you that this is a story of a mother and her child, a second that the babe is

VANDYCK'S "HOLY FAMILY." Page 1305.

her first-born, and a third that the Infant who is wrapped in swaddling-clothes and being laid in the manger is He before whom the angels veil their faces. You wonder, perhaps, why St. Joseph has fallen asleep, but a moment's pause will tell you that this is the painter's reverent way of expressing the secrecy and mystery of the Divine birth, and at the same time suggesting the dream of warning. Indeed, there are many things that you learn about St. Joseph in this picture, and not the least noticeable is that sheer weariness alone could allow him to fall asleep in that posture, and that he has placed himself so close to his precious charges that no evil-doer could touch them without awakening him. In a word, the sleep which in the hands of an ordinary painter would have suggested remissness or mere natural weariness, is used by Giotto to express the most loving watchfulness.

One thing, however, we seek in vain in Giotto's picture: he does not give us, because his limitations forbade, a portrait either ideal or natural of the Mother or Child. Character is more difficult of expression than emotion, and even emotion is beyond Giotto's power of technique. In his hands grief comes perilously near to grimace, and joy, even the holiest, borders on burlesque. But Giotto gave us the best he had to give, and while we delight in the spiritual beauty of the Child Christ of a Raphael, we must remember that Giotto was the first to strike the flint to the steel for them that came after him.

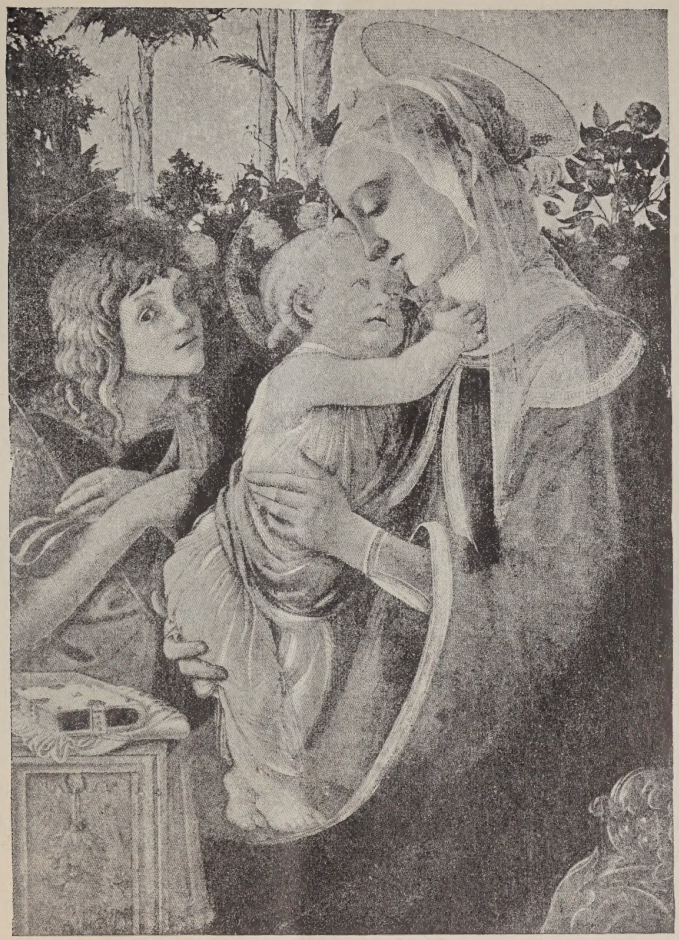
The adoration of the shepherds has been abundantly treated by the old masters, and some of their pictures have utilized an old legend that Simon and Jude, the future apostles, were among the simple folk who watched their flocks on the first Christmas night, and were called to see and adore their Lord. Sometimes the shepherds and the magi are introduced into the same picture, as in our cribs, but more frequently the adoration of the latter is treated as a separate subject. It is worthy of remark that in the earliest representations of the Epiphany in the catacombs, the magi are not always described as kings, and that their number varies between two and five. The attitude of the Child varies, but in the best examples His little hand is raised to bless His adorers, and some of the pictures illustrate another legend, that the new Light of the Gentiles rewarded the three wise men with the gifts of faith, hope, and charity, in return for their gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

One of the most notable additions made in modern times to pictures of the Epiphany is the one by our American artist, Mr. Lafarge. Of the other incidents described in the Gospel narrative of the Holy Childhood, the flight into Egypt has been the favorite theme with painters. Sometimes the massacre of the Innocents is introduced into the picture, sometimes the Holy Family are guided onwards by angels, and there are numerous representations of a halt on the way, with the introduction of one or other of the many legends that bloom in the mysterious twilight of the Gospel story. A modern French painter has given the modern critical version of the story told in the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy. We read there that the Egyptian idols fell from their pedestals at the appearance of the Infant Saviour; our artist represents the little group from Nazareth

resting under the shadow of one of the pyramids, while the mother looks with startled wonder at an almost obliterated bas-relief representing the great mother Isis suckling her divine son Horus. The picture does not appeal to the religious sense, smacking as it does of the Renan influence.

One of the most popular representations of the Flight is the painting by Murillo reproduced in our illustration. Ruskin speaks of it with contempt as a "browny gleam of gypsy Madonnahood," but Ruskin expects even his warmest admirers to differ from him sometimes, and many of them will use their liberty here. Murillo was not as great an artist as Velasquez, but after Giotto and Fra Angelico, no painter ever brought more tenderness of devotion

THE CHILD JESUS IN THE FIELDS. (Alfred Bramtot.) Page 1304.



BOTTICELLI'S "THE MOTHER AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN." (From The Louvre.) Page 1304.

to his work than he. The present example is in his latest or "misty" style, and was painted when the artist was 80 years old. Like all Murillo's pictures (except, perhaps, his masterpiece of the Immaculate Conception), this one is characterized by softness rather than depth of feeling; it tries to tell us of the yearning solicitude of Mary the mother, the watchfulness of Joseph the protector, and the dependence of Jesus the Child on both, and if it takes us but little beyond these ideas, we must be grateful for what is given us rather than complain because it is not more.

The sojourn in Egypt has been treated more frequently by the German and Flemish painters than by others, but with the exception of the details introduced to localize the subject the "Riposo," as it is called, may be classed with the subject of the Holy Family. We can remember only one picture where the Child

is represented alone during this period. The French artist, Bramtot, has given us a pathetic little figure of the Boy Christ standing alone in the desert with His eyes raised in reverent love to His Heavenly Father. But unfortunately the painter was not able to prevent his conception from appearing strained and artificial.

The domestic, as distinct from the devotional, treatment of the Holy Childhood in art is comparatively modern — probably not older than the middle of the fifteenth century. The simplest form of the family group is confined to the Child and His Mother and expresses the relationship between them. One of the most perfect examples of this kind is the Madonna del Gran' Duca, by Raphael. The prince of painters has never more beautifully conveyed that most intimate union which links together the blessed mother and the blessed fruit of her womb; the blending of virginity and maternity in the mother's face seems like a reflection of the blending of humanity and Godhead in the face of her Son; and there is besides an exquisitely suggested resemblance of expression and feature between them. No wonder that the old Grand Duke of Tuscany became so attached to this treasure of art that he carried it with him in his travels and exile.

Very different, but in its way even more beautiful, is the Mother and Child by Sandro Botticelli. If Raphael has no equal in depicting the natural joyousness and comeliness of youth, Botticelli describes as no one else has ever done the mystic sense of sorrow that broods upon the peaceful years of our Saviour's childhood. To him the *Mater Amabilis* was always a *Mater Dolorosa* too. "She

MURILLO'S INFANT CHRIST.

Part of Artist's "Holy Family" in National Gallery, London. Page 1306.

kept these things, pondering them in her heart," the Gospel tells us, and Botticelli has always painted her with the solemn shadow of the end upon her face. And yet it is Botticelli's conception of the Christ-child rather than of the mother that wins our whole soul in this picture. Child-like the little hands cling to the mother and the little face is raised to hers, but son-like and Christ-like at once is the Child's sympathy for the mother whose heart will be pierced through Him. The entire picture is a sacred lyric of love.

A very common subject with painters of the late Renaissance is the Child being suckled by His Mother.

Raphael has treated it with characteristic grace and delicacy in one of his designs which he never painted. The German and Flemish painters of the second part of the sixteenth century have left numerous examples, as have also the *naturalisti* of the seventeenth century, one of the most elegant being that by Vandyck given in our illustration.

When three, four and five figures enter into the group the persons most frequently represented are St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph and St. Elizabeth. The most perfect pictures of these groups are those by Raphael and, in particular, the "Madonna del Cardellino," the "Belle Jardinière" and the "Madonna del Giglio," all of which have become so popular that they will doubtless be familiar to the reader. But there is one group of four figures by Pinturicchio, Raphael's fellow pupil under Perugino, which gives us one of the most exquisite representations of the Boy Christ in the whole range of art. In the illustration, the mother and foster-father have been left out. The little Jesus and his cousin are represented walking arm-in-arm; St. John holds a pitcher in his hand, and the young Christ is evidently accompanying him to a well or stream — a beautiful suggestion of the baptism in the Jordan. The innocence and sweetness of childhood could hardly be more exquisitely rendered, but beyond this there is in the face and person of the Divine Child a subtle beauty of mingled dignity, gentleness and winsomeness.

THE BOY CHRIST. (CESARE DA SESTO.) Page 1306.

Isolated instances may be seen in which the painter has represented the young Christ helping His foster-father in the carpenter's shop, which He doubtless did, and of His going to school, which He probably did not; but such subjects have hardly been touched by the great masters of Christian art, and unless treated ideally illustrate the apocryphal rather than the genuine gospels.

Our Lord's appearance among the doctors in the Temple, when He sat "hearing them and asking them questions, and all who heard Him were astonished at His understanding and His answers," are frequently dealt with by the Old Masters. It is perhaps not too much to say that two of the best religious paintings

THE BOY CHRIST (LUINI.)

of the present century are those by Professor Hoffman in Germany, and Holman Hunt in England, depicting the twelve-year-old Boy in the midst of the doctors of the law. But, however much we may admire the grace of composition or the technical skill in these modern works of religious art, there is something intangibly lacking in both, and we are glad to turn from them to the Old Masters.

With this scene in the temple ends the childhood of our Saviour. Painters have generally respected the Gospel silence on His youth and early manhood, the only incident treated being the death of St. Joseph. There are, however, two ideal portraits of the Boy Christ between the age of 12 and 20, which for their special beauty deserve mention. They are by Luini and Cesare da Sesto. Both were pupils of Leonardo da Vinci, but Cesare was also a close friend and admirer of Raphael, and must have been influenced by his style in the singularly beautiful face of the Boy Christ which he has left us.

We have dealt mainly in this article with those works of art which present the Boy Christ in the historical or domestic manner. The Italians make a distinction (which we must always have before us if we wish to appreciate the religious works of the Old Masters) between a devotional and domestic group, the former being a "Sacra Conversazione" and the latter a "Sacra Famiglia." In the "Sacra Conversazione" the sacred personages are placed in direct relation with the worshipper and their supernatural character is meant to be the principal feature of the picture. In one of these "Sacre Conversazioni," Murillo has given us a very beautiful and expressive figure of the Boy Christ, which we have also reproduced. The original represents Our Lady and St. Joseph presenting the young Saviour for our adoration, while the Eternal Father and the Holy Ghost are shown in the heavens above surrounded by angels.

The heights of religious feeling and the depths of sordid realism have been touched by the painters of the Renaissance in their efforts to give us devotional representations of the Child Christ, but for some reason the favor of heaven as well as the loving confidence of men have been lavished on the old Byzantine pictures of the Madonna and Child. They are rarely beautiful, and almost invariably stiff and cold to the sense, but even Guido, who was said to paint his Madonnas from a vision of the Virgin Mother, found in these quaint, conventional figures a stimulus to piety which the loveliest creations of Raphael, or even of Fra Angelico, were powerless to produce.

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

THE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC.

(Begun in November number.)

B. SACRED ENCLOSURES.

SOME of the embankments, especially those situated in the Western States, clearly show in their style of construction that they could hardly have been designed for defence. The fortifications are built on heights and on sites naturally indicated. The enclosures which Squier calls "sacred" are, on the contrary, on the banks of rivers and in valleys commanded by neighboring hills. The Mound Builders would have soon realized the unsuitability of this and the necessity of avoiding it in their defensive constructions. These mounds, whatever may have been their purpose and whatever name they ought to be called by (for none of the statements hitherto advanced about them satisfies us), invariably present a regular form, either square, circular, elliptical or polygonal. The figures are always perfect, the angles right, and the sides equal. The men who built them were certainly acquainted with the art of measuring surfaces and calculating diameters. The walls vary in height, and of course the original height is unknown.

The most remarkable group is that at Newark, in the valley of the Scioto. It comprises an octagon, a square and two circles. The walls even to-day have an elevation of 12 feet, with a width of 50 feet at the base, and they are protected by an interior trench. The wide entrances, defended by slopes 35 feet high and alleys that cross in all directions, forming a veritable labyrinth, add to the difficulties of access. Mounds of curious shape astonish the explorer. One of these represents a bird's claw, the middle member being 155 and the side ones 110 feet in length. On these abandoned ruins forest trees have been growing for centuries, and others had preceded them, as their gigantic trunks bear witness.

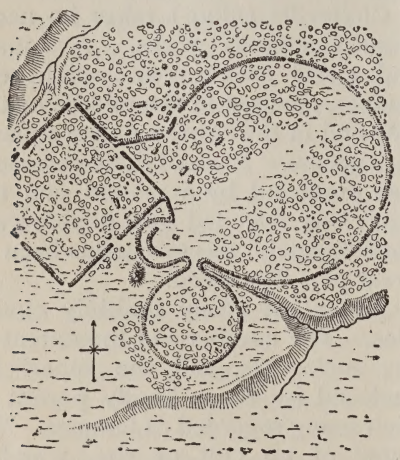
Circleville (Ohio) takes its name from analogous works. A square and circle are tangent; eight entrances, situated in the middle of the side and in the corners of the square, give access. Each of these entrances was protected by a mound, and the circle was defended by a double wall. Unfortunately, this group has been in great part destroyed.

We might easily multiply examples. The number and the extent of the enclosures, and the superficies enclosed by them, hardly permit of their being regarded as temples. We know of no cult or rite, whether ancient or modern, with which they might be connected. Under this same impression Mr. Fergusson thinks they may have been little villages, with the large enclosure for the residence of the chief and the smaller ones for those of his principal men. He supports his theory on an account in which Garcilasso de la Vega says that in Florida the

mounds were used to build the chiefs' houses upon, mentioning a particular one which measured 1800 feet in circumference. But if men had lived in these places in any numbers, or for any considerable length of time, traces of human life would be found, as in the Kjökkenmöddings. Now up to the present the excavations have given nothing to justify an hypothesis which is, to say the least, premature.

C. TEMPLES.

The name of temples, or places of adoration, has been given to truncated cones or pyramids, the summit of which is reached by inclined planes. These cones are frequently in terraces or successive stories. Like the enclosures they are sometimes round or oval, sometimes



GROUP OF MOUNDS AT LIBERTY, OHIO.

square or polygonal, but they have always a platform at the top, intended, doubtless, for the pontiff or sacrificer — hence their name.

These mounds are found in considerable numbers at Chilicothe, Marietta, Portsmouth, and all through Ohio; they are to be seen also in Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and the Southern States, and, at rare intervals, as far as the shores of Lake Superior, the extreme limit in the north of America of the Mound Builders' settlements.

The most important mound still in existence is that of Cahokia (Illinois). It rises in the midst of about 60 others, varying from 30 to 60 feet in height; in four successive terraces it reaches an elevation of 91 feet; its base, which is elliptical in form, measures 998x721 feet, and the platform crowning it 310x146 feet. According to Putnam it covers a superficies of 12 acres, being almost equal to the great pyramid of Cheops, and it is calculated that 25,000,000 cubic feet of earth enter into its construction.

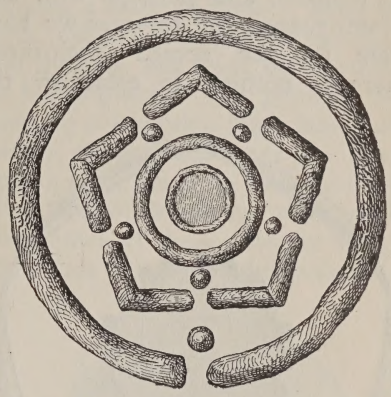
The great mound was surmounted by a smaller pyramidal mound about 10 feet high, which, unfortunately, was destroyed some years ago. The approaches to the mound, which evidently played a great role in the rites of these populations, were defended by four mounds situated on the east, west and southwest sides. They varied from 20 to 30 feet in height, and two of them were crowned by small conical pyramids like the one which used to surmount the great mound.

The Seltzertown mound is hardly less imposing than that of Cahokia. On the terminal platform rise three conical pyramids, one of which is no less than 40 feet high. The total elevation of the mound is 80 feet. It presents one curious particularity — the north side, the one most exposed to the weather, is supported by a wall two feet thick and built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, according to the method constantly employed by the Mexicans.

A mound is known in Missouri whose great axis measures 900 feet at the base and 570 at the summit. The most interesting fact which the excavations have revealed in this mound is the existence of an inner chamber, the sides of which were supported by cedarwood and elmwood stakes, planted vertically and fastened together by rushes and pieces of cane. These are covered with a coating of plaster, bare on the outside but painted over in red in the interior. The excavations have given some syenite discs and several pieces of pottery, among which is one moulded on a human skull, which unfortunately cannot be withdrawn without breaking its case. The mound was probably intended as a place of burial, but the complete disappearance of bones, with the exception of the one mentioned, does not permit a definite affirmation. It is known as Fort Ancient. A sycamore 28 feet, a walnut tree 26 feet and an oak 17 feet in circumference cover it with their shade. But who can say how long after its erection the seed from which the great tree sprung was cast by the hazard of the winds on these piles of earth accumulated by the hand of man?

According to Colonel Whittlesey the great mound on the river Etowah (Georgia) covers three acres of ground and stands 23 feet above the highest floods. It is irregularly shaped, contrary to the usual custom, and has a diameter of 270 feet. An inclined plane leads to the terminal platform, where two small pyramids rise side by side. Like its neighbors, the Etowah mound was covered with gigantic trees before being given over to cultivation. Hard by two stone statues of rude workmanship, a terra-cotta vase, and some cut flints have been found. We have no means of judging, however, if they have the same origin as the mound, or date from the same epoch.

Florence (Alabama) has only one truncated pyramid. It is 88 feet high and deserves special mention



Second Group of Mounds in Wisconsin.

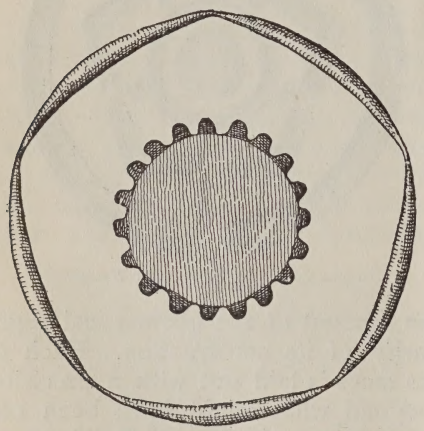
on account of the geometrical regularity of its construction. Each of its faces is laid out with a precision beyond what might have been expected from the Mound Builders.

Sometimes, though rarely, mounds were raised with stones. Onen mentions one at Glenford (Perry County, Ohio) with a base, easily distinguishable to-day, measuring about 500 feet in diameter.

We have made a selection of some of the most remarkable of this class of mounds to give a general idea of them. It must be added that their number is very considerable. Those in Ohio vary between 40 and 50 feet in diameter and between 15 and 20 in height. Wherever the soil was not completely levelled it was easy to recognize that the method of construction was alternate layers of earth, gravel, and sand. The gravel and sand had frequently to be

brought from a distance when there were no pits in the neighborhood.

We have followed the description given by American scholars who have been able to study *de visu* the monuments of another time. While accepting their classification for want of a better, we must again apply to the temples, and perhaps with still greater reason, the reserves we have made for the sacred enclosures. There is nothing to establish the



MOUNDS NEAR THE RIVER KICKAPOO, WISCONSIN.

theory that these mounds were intended for religious rites, and it is more probable that these rites took place on the sacrificial mounds, of which we have now to speak.

D. SACRIFICIAL MOUNDS.

The mounds destined for sacrifices, or to put it more accurately, raised after sacrifices had been accomplished with the consecrated rites, were sometimes in the form of a square or parallelogram, sometimes in that of a circle or ellipse. A succession of alternate layers such as I have spoken about cover an altar made of stone slabs or baked clay. The dimensions of these altars vary indefinitely; we see some only a few square inches while there are others as much as 50 feet long by 15 wide. All have the marks of a hot fire, and the excavations furnish a proof that the objects offered to the gods to whom the altars were consecrated had to be purified in the flames when presented.

On one of these altars thousands of arrow-heads were picked up made of hyaline quartz, obsidian and manganese and fashioned with admirable skill. Under another mound 600 axes were discovered, which present a strong analogy with our own most primitive axes; under a third among the finds were 200 calcined pipes and some copper ornaments, many of which were covered with thin sheets of silver, twisted by the force of the heat to which they had been subjected. Under other mounds fragments of pottery, implements made of obsidian whose use it is hard to specify, needles of bone or ivory so broken that it is impossible to determine their original length, beadings cut in leaves of mica and pierced with regular holes, permitting them to be hung either at the neck or on the breast, were found.

This remarkable diversity of objects found piled around the different altars has its importance. Here we see lance heads and pipes, there fragments of pottery, needles, and even pebbles, showing no signs of human handicraft. The offerings evidently varied with the god they were meant to honor.

Evidence was found, though much more rarely, of other rites in which fire had no part. Under a mound in the Chariton valley (Missouri) 17 knives were disclosed bedded in the earth in the form of concentric rings; in a mound at East St. Louis 80 stone

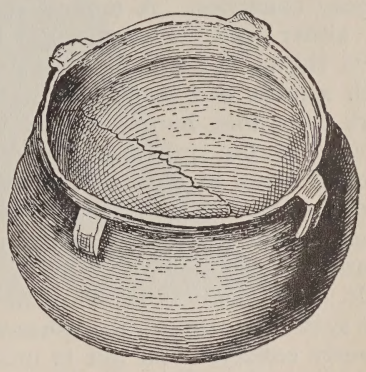
discs arranged in successive rows, and in other places numerous marine shells, many of them perforated. Near Bear's Point an excavation five feet deep was found to contain more than 1500 oval-shaped flints arranged pyramidally between alternate layers of sand and clay. At Frederickville, on the right bank of the Illinois, 3500 discs were discovered ranged in long rows along the cutting of a deep trench. Deposits of this kind cannot but be connected with religious rites.

Of late years doubts have been raised as to the purpose of these mounds. Altars erected on the ground level and buried under piles of earth and sand seem strange. The question is asked if they were not rather sepulchres where cremation was the means employed. But the complete absence of human dust renders the hypothesis inadmissible.

Are we to class among these mounds the two groups recently discovered in Wisconsin? The first is situated on the river Kickapoo. The height of the mound, which forms a radiating circle, is barely three feet, with a diameter of sixty feet, and it is surrounded by intersecting slopes. These mounds were formed of a mixture of white sand and bluish clay; the excavations gave a large number of plaques and very small fragments of mica. Mica seems to have played an important role in the religious rites of the Mound Builders, and its presence is a sign that must not be overlooked. The second group, situated a short distance from the first, presents a more complicated plan. It comprises two circles separated by a pentagon and several detached mounds. In the centre rises the altar, which is said to have been watered with human blood, but this is a merely gratuitous hypothesis.

E. SEPULCHRAL MOUNDS.

Sepulchral mounds are to be met with everywhere throughout Central America from Kentucky to Georgia, from Missouri to New Jersey. The soil has been in many cases redug, and this adds to the difficulties of making a study of them. They have been utilized at different epochs by the Indians, and even by the whites, as burial-places. It is possible, however, to distinguish these later interments, as in these cases the human remains are never to be found more than two feet below the surface, while the bodies of those who are sleeping their last sleep on the natural soil



PIECE OF POTTERY MOULDED ON A HUMAN SKULL, DISCOVERED IN FORT ANCIENT MOUND, MISSOURI.

incontestably belong to the race that built the mounds. The Indians have no traditions bearing on these mounds and do not attribute them to their ancestors.

Just as in Europe, the most diverse funerary rites are to be found among the Mound Builders. Sometimes the body was laid horizontally, sometimes bent double; at times a number of bodies were piled pell-mell in a common grave. Frequently the mound covered a solitary skeleton, while in the neighboring tumuli the dead lay in large numbers. In Kansas a pile

of stones forming a veritable cairn was heaped over the body. In other regions, notably in Wisconsin, the corpses were wrapped in a coarse fabric or in strips of bark. Squier describes a sepulchre where the soil had been carefully levelled and where the body lay on a bed of bark. All around were to be seen stone implements and weapons and ornaments. Another layer of bark was laid on top, and over that the earth was piled up until the body was covered by an actual hillock. The same thing is mentioned of Ohio. A steep hill rises near Piketon, covered all over with cupolas similar to those observed in such large numbers in European countries. A mound stands at either end. Excavations here have shown the soil to be covered with a thick bed made of pieces of bark. In this human bones were strewn in the greatest confusion; another layer of bark covered them and the mound of clay and gravel rose slowly over this asylum of death.

In many districts incineration was the system in vogue; the ashes were piously collected and put in urns or sometimes even in human skulls.

We shall give a few examples, as they will afford a better knowledge of the rites of those old Americans.

One of the most curious of the mounds rises near Summers (Mississippi). Its height is only eight feet and the approach is by a slope. The dead were found laid in successive rows, sometimes singly, sometimes to the number of seven. At the heads of the former were placed from five to 13 vases of different size and shape. Near the others there was no vase or ornament of any kind to be seen — social inequality survived death.

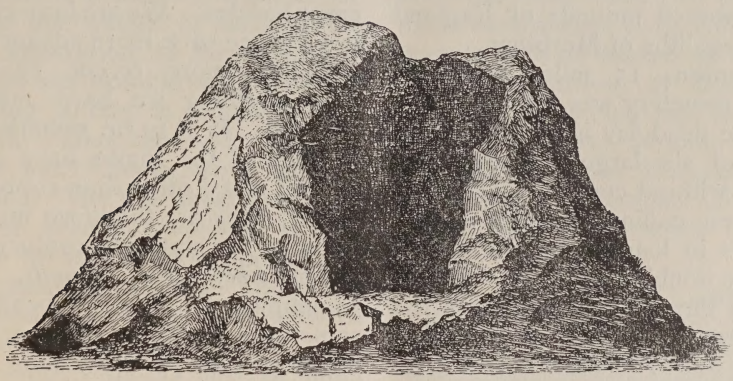
Recent excavations of a mound in Adams County (Ohio) have shown the interesting fact that three inhumations had been made at three different epochs and with different rites. The skeleton nearest the top lay at full length; the second layer showed several skeletons bent double and enclosed in small stone cists, and finally the oldest bed proved that cremation had been the rite employed.

Under a mound at Chilicothe the discovery was made of the skeleton of a very tall woman who died young; the teeth are perfect; at her feet lay the bones of a child. Beneath these bodies the earth is rich and black, and the microscope has shown the presence of blood crystals. Later on the excavations brought to light a large number of human bones. It is difficult to say whether they belonged to hapless beings immolated in obedience to sanguinary rites or to men buried in a venerated place. All the bodies were found lying on their left side, and near each of them was a vessel containing food, a circumstance which seems to exclude the former hypothesis.

Sometimes the grouping together of large numbers of mounds forms veritable cemeteries. The excavations undertaken by Mr. Putnam in the valley of the Little Miami have given over 600 skeletons of all ages and both sexes. Beside them lay numerous pieces of pottery ornamented with designs, some of which represent the human head, pipes made of stone, arrow-heads, knives, hammers and flint axes, bone implements and ornaments of tortoise-shell and copper. The Mount Royal tumulus, we are told by Professor Brinton, covers a large accumulation of human bones with a little

earth thrown over them. We may add that the learned doctor is hardly disposed to admit the great antiquity of these bones; he goes on to say that in calculating their age by that of the surrounding trees, people too often forget the vigorous vegetation of those latitudes.

Are we to see in this piling together of bones, the rites which de Soto noticed among the Cherokees? The corpse was interred, and when the decomposition was complete, the bones were carefully collected and deposited under a mound. These *osarios* or ossaries are met with from the honors paid by them to their dead. Trenches of some depth had been dug and the earth from them appropriated to form a slope leading to the summit of a large mound. Within a circle not less than half a mile in diameter were 11 hillocks. The excavations of one of them have shown the existence of a circular pavement under the vegetable soil and a bed of clay two feet thick. On the pavement, which was formed of broad flags, was a large circular terra-cotta basin, within which lay two skeletons. Then a pit was discovered filled with ashes resembling



Big Mound, St. Louis, Demolished Some Years Ago.

the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and from Florida to South America. The first Spanish and French explorers confirm the fact that this method was in use in their time. They tell how the Indians preserved the bones of their dead in lodges set apart for the purpose, and afterwards when the accumulation became embarrassing proceeded to their inhumation.

We cannot omit Putnam's celebrated discoveries at Anderson (Ohio); they give a better idea than all we have hitherto said of the civilization of the Mound Builders and those of Madisonville. A neighboring mound covered 11 similar wells, but no human bones were contained in this one. Several other basins were found, but they held only shell, mica and copper ornaments and a number of small terra-cotta figures. The articles of pottery, which were also numerous, were superior in workmanship to anything of the kind hitherto discovered; the mica ornaments were artistically cut, and in many cases represented animals and serpents and one even a human caricature. The altar of the principal mound also hid a number of or-

naments, among which we may mention a silver-plated copper bracelet.

The figures, all broken though they are by the fire, suffice to give us an idea of the costume of these old Americans. We remark a head-dress projecting over the forehead, immense earrings, and sandals of a quite peculiar form. Putnam, with whom we leave the responsibility for the statement, adds that these figures show a similarity with Egyptian art.

The most interesting sepulchres are those in which the body was interred between natural stone slabs, or in sepulchral chambers resembling the chambered mounds of England or the megaliths of Morbihan.

At Fenton, 15 miles from St. Louis, a cemetery was discovered in which the dead lay in actual coffins formed of six large stones rudely adjusted without cement. The largest of these coffins measured barely 50 inches in length, and the bodies had to be doubled up to be made to fit within them. We have here the explanation of the popular belief that Missouri and Tennessee were originally peopled by a race of pigmies.

These *stone graves* are frequently met with in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and occasionally in Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. In this last state the cists that are found are made of laminated stones covered over with broad slates. The same thing holds good for Kentucky; but these tombs are probably to be found in larger numbers in the Cumberland Valley, where Putnam was able to excavate over 1,000 of them.

Each tomb, as a rule, contains but one skeleton. Weapons and objects of flint, which are found in considerable numbers on the surface, are rare in the sepulchres themselves—Putnam could find only one axe and three or four knives. On the other hand, earthenware vessels and ornaments are found in abundance. One is struck with the large number of children's burial-places; little figures and toys—the last tender souvenir—were found always deposited beside the little bodies.

Interest is added to this discovery from the fact that Putnam was enabled to find the abode of the inhabitants whose tombs he was rifling. Their dwellings were circular and supported by upright beams covered with bark. The people cultivated maize, haricots, and doubtless other crops besides. We are here certainly in presence of a more advanced and probably more recent civilization than anything we have met with hitherto. It is to be remarked that in none of the tombs have any objects of metal other than copper been found; they are therefore much anterior to the sixteenth century.

The *Chambered Mounds*, formed sometimes of wooden beams and sometimes of stone slabs, are more numerous and probably more ancient than the stone graves. One of the most curious is that at Grave Creek, at the confluence of that river and the Ohio. It contains several sepulchral chambers. One of these is situated about thirty feet above another. They had been constructed of beams, which had given way, letting in masses of earth and stones, beneath the weight of which the skeletons were crushed. It has, however, been possible to determine that the upper chamber contained one and the lower two skeletons—a male and a female. Beside these shell and mica ornaments were to be seen, with copper bracelets and some fragments of sculptured stone.

At Harrisonville (Ohio) excavations have shown a heap of raw stones placed on top of one another without cement of any kind.

After removing the earth, roots and detritus of every kind which obstructed it, a chamber was found twelve feet square, with a hearth at one end filled with ashes and charcoal. Around the hearth were lying eight skeletons, representing all periods of life from infancy to old age. In the different valleys of the same district, mounds are standing which date from the same age and the same people. In some cases the crypts were vaulted to afford a better resistance to the weight of earth above.

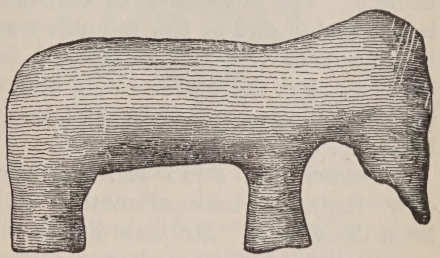
The excavation of Big Mound at St. Louis has brought to light a crypt measuring 30 feet in height by 150 in length. Here the walls were not of stone, but of beaten earth carefully smoothed. The roof must have been made of beams, according to the method we see adopted in several of the neighboring mounds. The bodies lay extended on the ground, with the heads turned towards the East.

Dr. Snyder speaks also of inner chambers discovered in the mounds standing on the heights of the Sangammon Bluffs. The skeletons here were found in a squatting position; several of them wore plaques of mica at the breast. The mica in this case must have been brought from a distance, as there are no deposits in the district.

In the Chambered Mounds described by Cyrus Thomas, the plans are more complicated. The dead were deposited under vaults formed of heavy stones cemented with clay. Some were in a standing, others in a sitting, and others still in a squatting posture. These last had no ornaments by them, and only among the first were some mica objects (generally broken) discovered.

Did the chambered mounds replace the caverns or did the caverns come into use later? We cannot tell. We only know that there are some caverns, those in Tennessee especially, which show the relics of an advanced civilization. In a cave 15 miles from Sparta, human remains were found in artistically woven rush baskets. And this is not an isolated case. Heyward saw the skeletons of a man and woman laid in baskets at Smith's Fork, near Cairo. There is no cause for astonishment in this, as even the most backward of the Indians have always been skilled in the manufacture of baskets of all kinds.

The cremation of bodies is a funerary rite which has always existed among the Mound Builders, existed, too, as in Europe, concurrently with inhumation. Mr. Curtiss makes mention of some important



MASTODON MOUND, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE WISCONSIN AND MISSISSIPPI.

groups of Chambered Mounds on both banks of the Missouri. Three of them he had excavated under his own eyes. The crypts formed eight foot squares and were from four to five feet high. At the base the walls were five feet thick and tapered to the top; they were constructed of stone, without mortar or cement of any kind, one of the crypts was closed by large slabs, and the others

had probably been closed with wooden beams, long since disappeared. All contained human remains which had been subjected to an intense fire. Excavations were continued in a large mound close at hand, dating, to all appearance, from the same epoch. There the bodies were discovered stretched out on the bare earth at equal distances from one another, and all with their heads towards the East. What were the relations between the people who interred their dead and their neighbors who burned them? Did they belong to the same race? Did they live at the same epoch? No answer is possible as yet.

The bodies found in some parts of Missouri had been wrapped in a thick casing of clay, which had been well kneaded before being exposed to the fire. The same process had been in use in Ohio, and often this hardened case has to be forcibly broken. The discovery of calcined bones under one of the mounds was testimony of the rite employed in that case, but the bodies found under the neighboring mounds had been inhumated.

Missouri and Ohio are not the only regions where cremation had been the vogue. Mr. Gale has come upon calcined human bones under mounds in Illinois, and Mr. Adams took some out with his own hands from tumuli in Spoon County. Dr. Larkin had similar evidence from the excavations in New York State, and in the mounds of the valley of Pishtaka Mr. Lapham observed masses of burnt clay, stones turned into lime by the intensity of the heat, and in the midst of débris of all kinds a calcined human tibia. Finally Gillman mentions having seen in Florida the ashes of the dead deposited in human skulls after their cremation.

F. EFFIGY MOUNDS.

Of all the numerous mounds erected on American soil the most curious are certainly those representing animal forms. They are met with in Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and generally in the States of the far West. Even the above is not their extreme limit; three bird-shaped mounds have been found in Georgia. Mr. Holmes also describes some in Minnesota which represent, he believes, rattlesnakes, one of which has a length of 430 feet. Mr. Lewis announces an *Effigy Mound*, animal shaped but unrecognizable, on the banks of the Grand Sioux river in the middle of the Missouri basin, and the Rev. S. D. Peet tells us of numerous representations of the human form in Dakota. But the great centre of these singular erections was in Wisconsin, where they are to be counted by thousands. There are men with bodies, heads, arms, legs recognizable even still, mammals as much as 60 feet long, birds with wings measuring 30 yards and more from tip to tip, reptiles, tortoises, and lizards of dimensions not less colossal, and last of all a spider has been found, this time in Minnesota, whose body and legs cover nearly an acre of ground.

These mounds of divers forms are grouped without any apparent order, now side by side with truncated pyramids or cones, again in the middle of circles and parallelograms, which thus connect them with the construction of the Mound Builders. At Pewaukee (Wisconsin) seven tortoises, two lizards, and four elliptical mounds may be seen all together.

The largest of those hitherto discovered measures 450 feet.

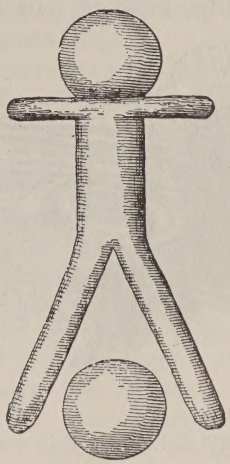
A little farther on in Dane County, we encounter a group of quadrupeds (bisons according to some, pumas according to others).

"The locality in West Bend," says the Rev. S. D. Peet, "presents no enclosure, but instead there is a very large group of animal effigies. These effigies are scattered promiscuously over the surface, nearly covering with their massive forms the 30 acres of forest in which they are situated. . . . The effigies are very distinct, some of them rising in bold relief three or four feet above the ground, and stretching out three or four hundred feet in length. They present a great variety of forms, including the effigies of panthers, wild cats, squirrels, raccoons, birds, serpents, lizards, and other animals." Near the little town of MacGregor (Clayton County, Iowa), about 500 feet above the river rises the most imposing group of mounds to be found west of the Mississippi. Ten of them represent mammals and three birds. The former vary from 79 to 109 feet in length, and from two to three feet in height. The special kind represented cannot be distinguished in either class. They are all the fruit of the artist's fancy.

It is easy to see that it would be impossible to enumerate even the many mounds which are being discovered every day; we shall therefore content ourselves with pointing out some of the most remarkable.

The Ohio alligator must assuredly find a place among these. It is erected on a hillock about 100 feet high. The head, legs, body, and tail stand out boldly on an elevation varying from three to five feet. The body measures 205 feet, the legs 20 feet, and the tail 100 feet in length.

A mastodon is met with a short distance from the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi. It reaches a length of 135 feet. The elevation imitates the form and proportions of the animal so accurately that it seems impossible the designer should not have known of it at the very least while the tradition concerning it was still fresh. The mastodon lived during the quaternary epoch through-



MAN MOUND, WISCONSIN.

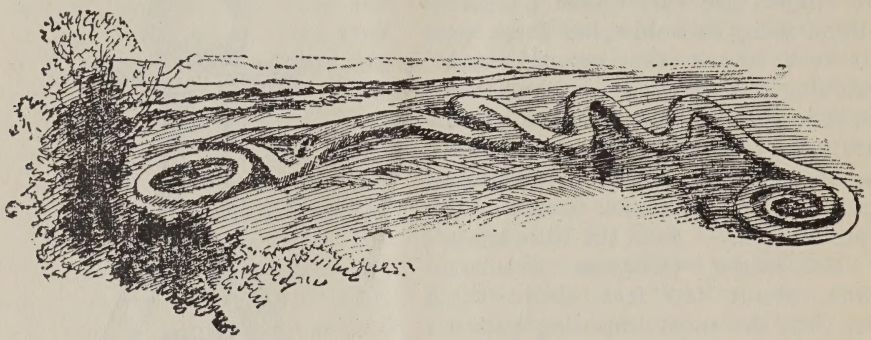
out North America, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, but we cannot tell the date either of its appearance or disappearance, and it cannot, therefore, help us in fixing the time the mound was built.

But the most celebrated of these effigy mounds is the serpent erected on a hill overlooking Brush Creek (Adams County, Ohio), and which belongs to-day to the Peabody Museum. The coils of the serpent give a length of 700 feet; in the mouth is an egg represented by an elliptical mound, the large axis of which measures 160 feet. It is impossible not to be reminded, without,

however, attaching an exaggerated importance to the fact, that Cneph, one of the Egyptian gods, is often represented as a serpent with an egg falling from his mouth. A cemetery used to surround the mound. "The inhumations," Putnam wrote me, "belong to three different epochs. Those on the surface may be attributed to the Indians. As regards the others, it is difficult to formulate definite conclusions."

The serpent plays a great part with all primitive peoples. In American mythology it figures not only on the mounds, but also on the monuments of Jalapa and Chichere Itza, as well as on those of Cuzco — the witnesses of the splendor of the Incas. It also figures on lowly earthenware vessels, on pipes, stones, and shells, and the eagerness displayed by successive generations to be buried near Serpent Mound is another proof of their veneration for the reptile, or of the fear with which it inspired them.

Sometimes the mounds are formed after inanimate objects, such as the cross on the shores of Lake Michigan, and another, a Greek one this time, in Ohio, 28 yards long with a large central basin six feet deep. There is a mound on the Scioto which represents a boat, and measures 52x29 yards. A little farther on the explorer sees groups which he may regard as tomahawks or pipes, as the fancy takes him. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.



SERPENT MOUND, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

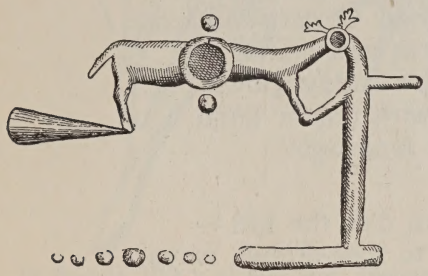
CANALS.

If we stand puzzled, almost incredulous, before some of the figures we have described, carried out by the natural powers of these people aided only by some miserable implements of stone and perhaps copper, our amazement is redoubled when we find them cutting canals to irrigate their fields and perhaps even to establish water communications, a speaking sign of the existence of a dense and commercial population.

These canals are found in several parts of the vast territory occupied by the Mound Builders. They are systematically conceived and executed with a great intelligence of the difficulties of the ground and doubtless, too, of the wants of the people. Earthquakes in some parts and almost everywhere the daily increasing progress of agriculture have levelled the banks, but it is still possible to recognize them, and one series of canals, putting the Mississippi in communication with several lakes, has been traced over a stretch of 70 miles.

They were still more numerous in Arizona, and accompanied by reservoirs where water was kept to be utilized in years of drought. One of these basins, elliptical in form and measuring 200 x 100 feet, is situated in the valley Los Muertos.

The canals constructed by the inhabitants of Rio Salado irrigated 250,000 acres. The Mormons, after



Man and Elk Mound, Wisconsin.

establishing their settlement at Mesa (Maricopa Co.) found the remains of an important irrigatory work, and were even able to utilize part of it in their own works. In Arizona, too, a canal has been remade between banks due to those unknown constructors. Mr. Walker mentions a canal in Florida which went from Horse Shoe Bay towards the lakes, and at Pine Island near Charlotte, another is known to extend over a length of 14 miles.

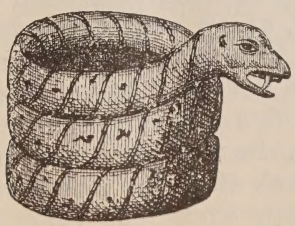
"Who were the constructors?" asks Mr. A. E. Douglass. "It is a question even more difficult to settle. There is no record of any such a work in any local tradition or in any history we now possess." Mr. Kemworthy had already partially answered this same interrogation. He established by some very strong arguments that (and we hold the same view) these canals were never dug by the Indians.

Neither can we say that these canals are due to the race that built the mounds; so little conclusive are the proofs of this identity that some Americanists hardly believe the canals anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards. But in this again I think they are mistaken.

The canals were navigated with boats, but there is no objection in this to the hypothesis of their construction by the Mound Builders. There is every reason to believe that they had a knowledge of navigation and made boats by hollowing the trunks of trees. Recent discoveries have shown the existence of palafittes on the great Northern Lakes; there must have been boats to allow communication with the inhabitants.

Such are our present notions: before seeking to penetrate deeper into the question of the origin of the Mound Builders we must study the pottery and ornaments, which are their unexceptional witnesses.

To be continued.



By the Christmas Fire.

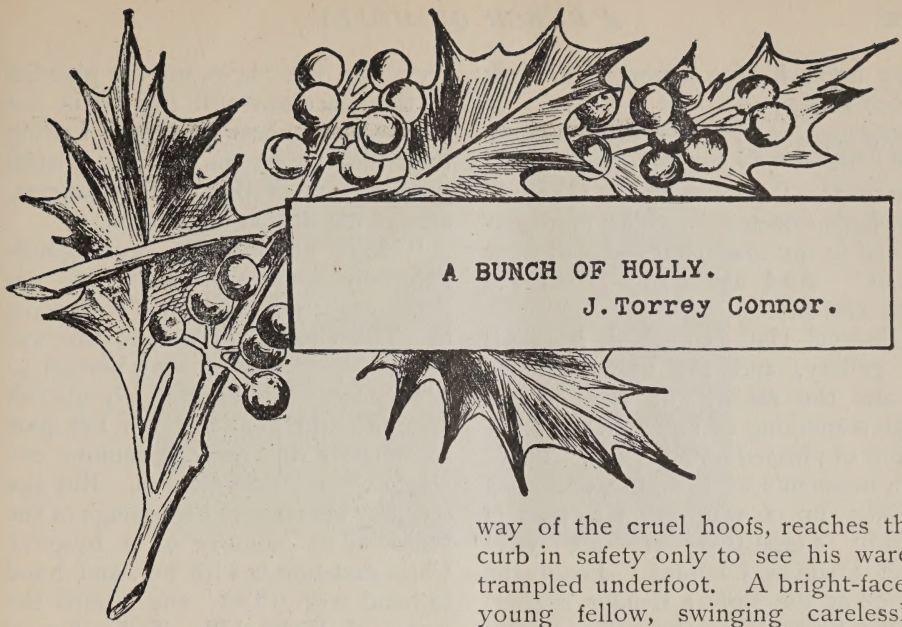
E. Matheson.

A Penny for your thoughts, sweet wife,
Across the sparkling winter rime,
With tongues that clash in merry strife,
The bells ring out their Christmas chime.
In silence by the hearth you stand,
Amidst the Yule-fire's ruddy glow,
While Memory turns with tender hand
The page we folded long ago.

You watch the footpath o'er the hill—
Our path which led to rose-strewn ways:
Dear heart, do lovers walk there still?
And whisper secrets nowadays?
Do lads and maidens thither roam,
Unmindful of the drifted snow,
To carry Christmas holly home,
Or search in pairs for mistletoe?

They said our bough seemed hard to find
Upon a certain bygone day,
Because we loitered far behind
The laughing groups that came our way.
But when the wintry sunset died,
And Night hung up the Christmas moon,
We two went homeward, side by side,
With hearts that beat one old, old tune.

Now, sons and daughters bend bright heads,
My dear, above your easy-chair,
And stoop to kiss the silver threads
Upon the darkness of your hair.
You say Life's winter has begun—
Ah, well, Its keenest winds may blow:
I keep, thank God, the love I won
That Happy Christmas years ago.



A BUNCH OF HOLLY.

J. Torrey Connor.

It flames like a signal fire among the dark green leaves, away up on the topmost ridge of Holly hill. The tall pines whisper overhead — whisper of departed summer days. They gossip of the birds that nested in their branches, of the bright-winged insects that fluttered above the sweet wild roses, of the song the brooklet sang. The nests are empty now, the leaping brook is fettered, and the wild rose is shorn of its summer bloom. But the brave holly lights a festal torch amid the wintry desolation, to welcome the coming of Christmas-time.

"Here's holly berries, nice 'n red. Holly berries, on'y 10 cents a bunch!"

The piping cry rings out above the noise of the city street. Suddenly there is a clamor of warning voices, as a frantic horse plunges through the ranks of pedestrians, turning them to the right and left. It is over in an instant, and the throng presses on; but the little holly merchant, who has scrambled out of the way of the cruel hoofs, reaches the curb in safety only to see his wares trampled underfoot. A bright-faced young fellow, swinging carelessly through the crowd, pauses at sight of the sobbing urchin sitting on the curbstone.

"How's this, my lad?" he asks, in a kindly tone.

The boy points to the crushed basket lying at his feet. "Me an' Ted picked 'em yest'day, on Holly hill, an' I come along with gran'pa t' sell 'em. Now they's spiled, and I can't buy no Chris'mas presents ner nothin!"

The young man pokes thoughtfully at the basket with his cane, unheeding the curious glances of psssers-by.

"Seems to me this bunch is pretty fair," he says, critically, holding one up to view; and dropping a shining quarter into the astonished youngster's hand, he goes his way.

"I'll send it to Lois," he mutters. "Perhaps it'll bring me luck — who knows?"

Doubtless the brown-eyed girl who opens the parcel knows, for she smiles as she lifts the bunch of holly from its dainty wrappings, and kisses the

wee note, hidden among the dark green leaves.

"Wear these to the Christmas Festival to-night, that I may know if I may hope,"

she reads. "Foolish boy! He could not have selected anything more unsuited to my dress, but — I will wear them." And again she kisses the note and smiles.

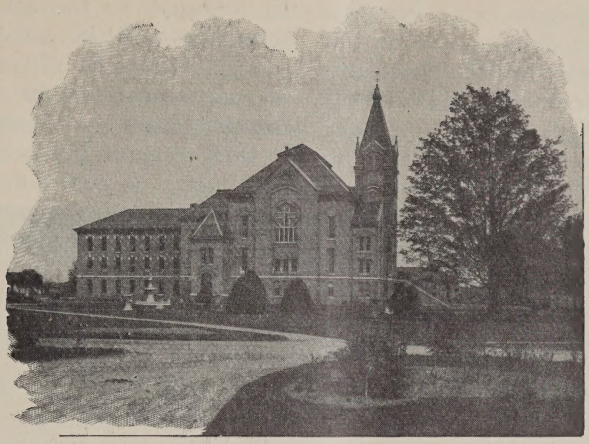
Festival Hall is packed, from pit to gallery, and the vast audience awaits the raising of the curtain with something of impatience, something of pleased anticipation. There is a moment's hush, as the orchestra strikes up a witching air that is faintly suggestive of — ah, yes! The Spanish Cachuca. From the wings at the right a slender, scarlet-robed figure issues, bounding lightly to the centre of the stage. Like the tinkling of fairy cymbals the notes sound on the air, and the dancer sways rhythmically to the measure, circling, poising through the mazy figures. A flash of white arms above the sunny head, and click! click! sound the castanets, while wilder grows the refrain, and like a scarlet flame, wind-blown, the slight figure flickers to and fro. As she bows to the storm of applause, a brown-eyed girl in an upper box flings a bunch of holly at her feet.

With the token in her hand she seeks the dressing-room, the plaudits of the spectators still ringing in her ears. The chorus girls are waiting their turn to go on, and the wistful gaze of one of them, the youngest, arrests the dancer's attention.

"Here, child," she says, good-naturedly, tossing the holly into the hands eagerly outstretched to receive it. The chorus girl's eyes are wet as she presses the glowing berries to her breast. She is strangely distrait to-night, and goes through her part so listlessly that her companions exchange wondering glances. But she sees not the tinselled trappings of the stage. The memory of a by-gone Christmas-tide is with her, and hand in hand with "Ted" she climbs the slope of Holly hill. Ted's honest eyes are gazing into her own, oh, so tenderly; Ted's earnest voice pleads with her to share his humble lot. Somewhere she has a spray of holly that he gave to her that day — dry and withered now. How long it seems since she went forth into the cruel world, far, far from Ted's love and sympathy!

His last words were: "Yer will come back t'me, Jennie, lass, an' yer'll always find me waitin'."

And like a happy refrain is the song that Jennie's heart sings again and again: "I'm coming, Ted."



WASHINGTON HALL. NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

DRAMATICS IN AMERICAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

At Notre Dame University.

OWING to the greater interest with which college athletics have come to be regarded by the general public, comparatively little is heard of the work done by college dramatic societies. But this fact should not be taken as an indication that the dramatic side of college life is overlooked or treated only in a desultory manner.

In Catholic colleges, particularly, stage representations have been often notable, both from the artistic and instructive standpoint. Societies devoted to this purpose form one of the most enjoyable phases of college life, and under capable management are the means of giving students much valuable experience as well as contributing greatly to their enjoyment,

At Notre Dame such societies are numerous,— in fact, too much so — for they have no working connection and consequently the best talent of the institution has until very recently been divided. Another still greater disadvantage of this condition is that each society, owing to the many others, has the opportunity of giving only one, or very infrequently, two performances in a year, and of course cannot make the progress which more frequent appearances would render possible.

The Thespian Society, composed of students in the junior and senior years, has, however, done some good work in the past. "Robert Le Diable," "Louis XI.," "William Tell," "Richard III.," and "Damon and Pythias," have been among their productions of recent years. As a rule the performances were very success-

ful, but almost without exception open to the objection of unevenness, one or two excellent people in the leading parts, with very inferior support. Among other Notre Dame societies deserving of mention for their meritorious performances are The Philodemics, the Columbian Society, the Philopatrians and the Philomatheans.

Although much may be said in praise of these societies at Notre Dame — and I think conditions are parallel in many other institutions — the observer who is really interested in the progress of college drama sees many things that must be remedied. In addition to the scarcity of performances and the usual disparity of the cast, which is in itself enough to mar a performance, the style of plays commonly in vogue must be changed. In their general perspective they are prototypes of one another,— heavy tragedies, leaden-colored romantic dramas, which even great actors would hesitate to attempt without perfect support and accessories.

To obviate these difficulties, to gather together under one standard all the best talent in the University, and if possible to secure really artis-

University Stock Co., Notre Dame.

tic results, an organization called the University Stock Company was formed near the close of the year by Rev. William E. Maloney and the writer. The managers were successful in securing a perfectly balanced company of young actors, who, after one performance, quietly took their place at the head of the University societies. Light comedy and legitimate drama is to be their forte, and the coming year will, no doubt, bring forth results eminently worthy of note.

A word concerning Washington Hall, probably the most perfectly appointed college theatre in the country. It seats 1500 people and is fitted with all modern appliances, both behind and before the footlights. The paintings and decorations of the interior are beautiful. On the walls and ceiling are 11 panels in oil representing great musicians, dramatists and poets, together with allegorical figures of comedy, tragedy and the sister arts, by Signor Gregori of Florence, Italy.

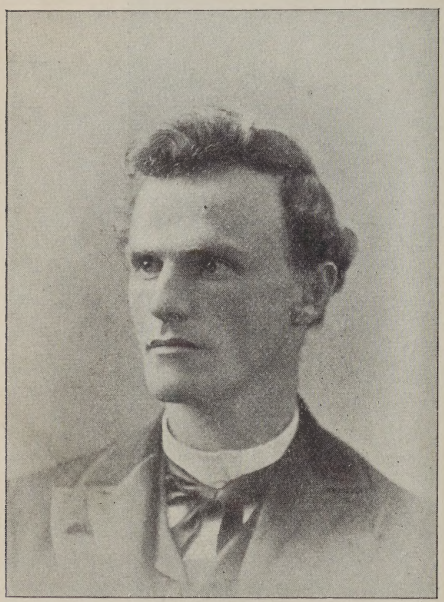
STAGE AND PROSCENIUM, WASHINGTON HALL, NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

At Boston College.

One of the brightest pages in the history of Boston College is that on which is inscribed the progress of dramatics in the institution. Away back in the sixties, while the college was still in its infancy, the custom of staging two plays annually was inaugurated, a custom which in succeeding years has been faithfully observed.

Here, as in all Jesuit institutions of learning, dramatics receive considerable attention; not that a love for acting in itself may be cultivated, but rather as a part of an admirable system of training for which Jesuit colleges are famous—a training which seeks to develop every faculty of the student.



MR. JOSEPH H. WILLIS.
Dramatic Instructor, Boston College.

Years of patient research, combined with a wide practical experience among young men, have taught the Fathers that the study of the classic plays of the language have a refining influence upon the mind of the student; but more than this, they have taught that by acting the play in public, by portraying the character as he conceives it, the student acquires a ready self-command, a grace and a quiet dignity which no amount of precept could instil.

In Boston College, therefore, the plays enacted during the year are studied in all the classes, and those who have shown special talent in this line are selected to assist in the presentation.

Female characters, by a rule of the college, are not portrayed upon the college stage. Where such a character appears in the play, the lines are either dropped entirely, or assigned to a male character, and the whole line of action is made to consist with the change. Thus "Hamlet" has been played without an "Ophelia" and "The Tempest" has been staged with a "Mirandus" in place of "Miranda."

One of the earliest triumphs recorded was the presentation, in 1869, of Richard III., with John B. F. Emery in the role of the "Hunchback King." In this cast also were such well-known men of today as Rev. Wm. Brett, S. J., Revs. Arthur T. Connolly and John I. Lane, of Boston, Dr. Wm. A. Dunn of Boston, and Edward A. McLaughlin, Esq., clerk of the Massachusetts Legislature. During the next year "Coriolanus" was staged, with James R. Murphy, Esq., in the title role. Among the other prominent actors of this and succeeding years were Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, of the Boston Cathedral, Representative Richard Sullivan of Boston, and Dr. Wm. G. Macdonald.

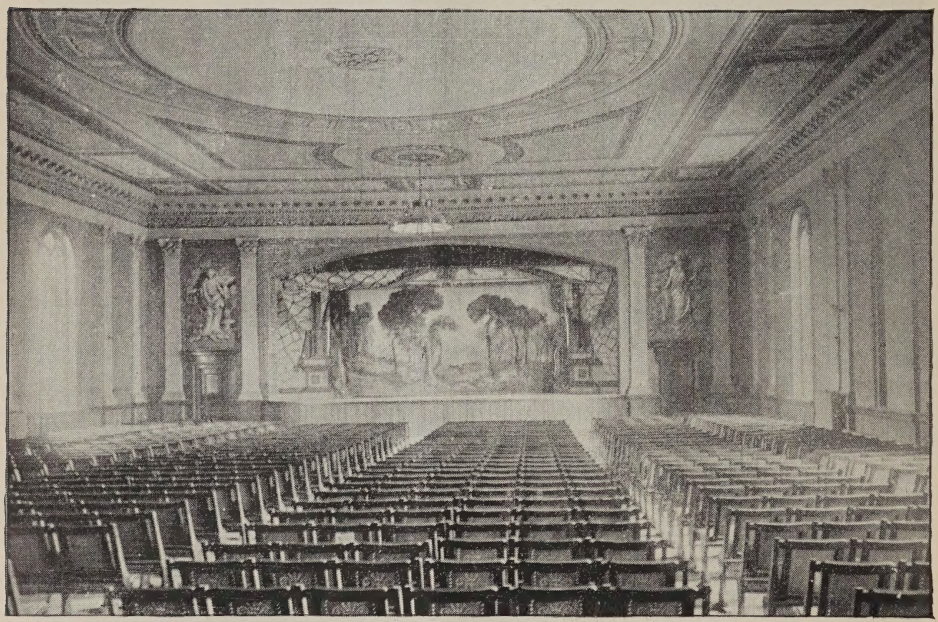
During the eighties Rev. Walter J. Browne, rector of St. Peter and Paul's

Boston College Students in "The Tempest."

church, South Boston, then a student at the college, played a clever "Falstaff," with James F. Aylward, Esq., an ex-alderman of Cambridge, as "Hotspur." Jeremiah G. Foley, Esq., and John J. Leary won many encomiums during this decade as "Shylock" and "Launcelot Gobbo" respectively, while Bernard M. Sheridan in "Sebastian," and Vincent S. McDonough in "Coriolanus" received flattering notices.

The most noted performances of recent years have been "King Lear," with Augustine D. Malley as "Lear," "Macbeth," with John P. Gately in the title role, "King Robert of Sicily," with Thomas F. Sullivan as the haughty king, and "Henry V.," the Commencement Play of 1895, with William J. Hasson as "Henry."

One of the most difficult performances ever attempted at the college was "The Tempest," presented last



Boston College Hall.

Without doubt the best actor who has ever appeared upon the college stage is Mr. Joseph H. Willis, the present dramatic instructor at the college. As "Richmond" in "Richard III.," and in the title role of "King Robert of Sicily" he scored great successes; but his grand portrayal of "Hamlet" in 1889, and again in 1890, attracted wide attention, and gave Boston College a high reputation for dramatics which she has ever since been careful to preserve, and, if possible, to enhance.

Christmas. This play, which had not been staged in Boston since 1856, calls for immense spectacular effects, which the superb stage-setting and complete equipment of the large stage in College Hall made it possible to produce.

To Rev. T. Barrett, S. J., Mr. Carroll J. Boone, S. J., and Mr. Joseph H. Willis, who have at different times directed the college performances, much of the credit for past successes is due.

Patrick Sarsfield Cunniff.

At Ottawa University.

An institution with almost 500 students on its rolls has no slight task in supplying all the wants of its miniature world. Instruction, of course, is the essential, and must be attended to before everything else, but recreation and amusement also count considerably. Dulness and monotony are dangerous foes to study; the mind craves for variety and occasional distraction, and one of the most agreeable means of satisfying this craving is to be found in the innocent pleasure afforded by dramatic entertainments.

In Ottawa University the Dramatic Association ranks among the oldest and most important student organizations. It dates back almost to the foundation of the college, fifty years ago. For a long time its course ran anything but smoothly, and it had a severe struggle for existence. Its scenery was scarce, its hall inferior in size and arrangement, and the resources at its disposal slender. But with the building of a large new wing some 15 years ago, the Dramatic Association took a new lease of life, and the progress since has been rapid and continuous. A spacious hall, with all modern improvements, and thoroughly supplied with first-class scenery, was set aside for its use, and has been the scene of many plays, which in correctness of interpretation and thoroughness of presentation need not fear comparison with any similar efforts of the amateur stage. Several entertainments are given each year — musical, scientific, and literary — but there is always one chief play upon which

special care is bestowed, and from the result of which is judged the success or failure of the dramatic season. And so the students of Ottawa University have benefited themselves and delighted their friends by the presentation of such literary and dramatic masterpieces as "Richelieu," "Pizarro," "William Tell," "Death of Wallenstein," "The Rivals," "Alfred the Great," "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," etc. It has always been made a point to choose a play which united, in as high a degree as practicable, dramatic fire and literary beauty. Thus, while the interest of the audience was sustained, and the elocutionary abilities of the actors developed, the drama became a school, where force of expression and elegant diction were acquired by a pleasant and natural method.

In 1881 the Ottawa University Dramatic Club presented Sheridan Knowles' "William Tell" in several of the cities of Massachusetts. The effect of the play was greatly enhanced by selections from Rossini's great opera on the same subject, and everywhere the criticisms were highly laudatory.

This year the play chosen was "The Upstart," a translation of Molière's famous comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The success was pronounced, and the Dramatic Association scored as great a triumph in comedy as it had previously in tragedy.

CECILIAN SOCIETY, OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

Two other organizations lend valuable assistance to the Dramatic Association in its efforts to provide pleasure for the students and their friends. One is the Cecilian Society, better known as the college band, and the other, the Choir and Glee Club. Ottawa University Band stands

without a peer among similar college organizations in Canada, and is unsurpassed even by the military or civilian bands of the country. At a grand competition held some years ago in Montreal, and open to all the bands in Canada, the second prize was awarded to the representatives of Ottawa University, and competent judges declared that in delicacy of selection and in the correctness with which they executed classical compositions of the most difficult kind, the college musicians surpassed all others.

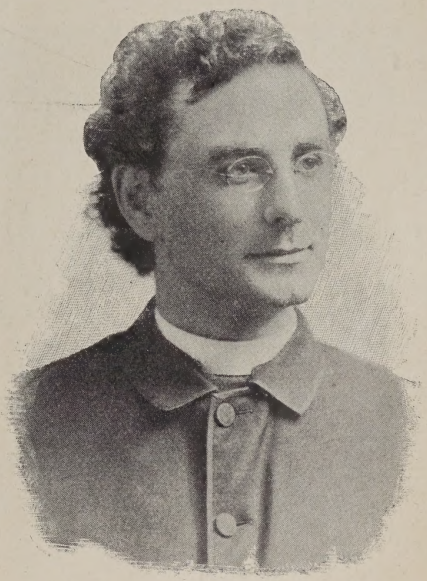
The University Choir and Glee Club is deservedly popular. Perhaps no other college society contributes so largely to the general enjoyment. Every species of vocal music falls within its province, and no evening's entertainment is complete without some selections from the glee club.

It is a mistake to imagine that a university training can be obtained in its fulness from text-books and lectures. He who would derive the full benefit from a university must put himself thoroughly in touch with the different phases of student life. They have all a broadening and ennobling influence on the mind — but none more so than properly conducted college dramatics, which mould the heart, correct the taste, and elevate the sentiments of those who are subjected to their happy influence.

M. F. FALLON.

At Holy Cross College.

"Action, action, action" the words of the eloquent exemplar, Demosthenes, seem, with each succeeding year, to make a deeper impression on the students of Holy Cross; hence it is that the efforts of each ensuing dramatic society almost invariably eclipse the achievements of its predecessors. The advantage, both physical and intellectual, accruing from elocutionary exercises, has prompted, besides the regular class of elocution, the formation of a dramatic society whose object is the development of the dramatic ability of the students. An editorial in the college paper, *The Purple*, illustrates



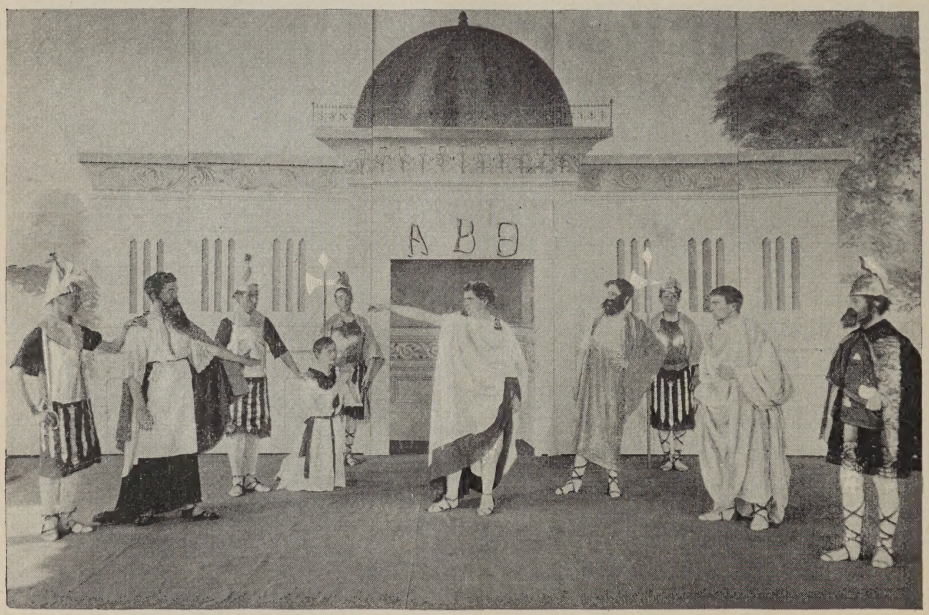
MR. TERENCE J. SHEALY, S. J.
Author of "Sybilla" and "Eutropius," produced at Holy Cross College.

well the true motive of student dramatics when it tells us: "The study of a masterpiece of Shakespere may be made as highly conducive to the training of the mind as the study of a play of Æschylus or Sophocles, or the analysis of a speech of Cicero. Besides, dramatics will not rest with the mere study of the plot and character; they aim at living, feeling, and acting the character studied. And herein lie many advantages. To copy high ideals of character — for

we take for granted that only the best plays will be put in the hands of the students — must needs be healthy, and the impressions taken away good and ennobling."

Within the past two years, Holy Cross Thespians, whose star is ever in the ascendant, have achieved great successes. Just before Christmas, in the scholastic year of '93–'94, the Day Students' Club presented "Sybilla," a beautiful Latin play, written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Terence J. Shealy, S. J., the Moderator of the society. The charming story and lesson contained in the play, the skilful acting, the magnificent costumes, and the adaptation of Latin songs to popular Irish airs made the production a most interesting and instructive one. It was the first Latin play ever presented at Holy Cross; and shortly afterwards, by special request, it was repeated in a city theatre.

In April of the same year, the college dramatic society appeared in the more difficult and heretofore unattempted rôles of one of Shakespere's plays. The selection was "Julius Cæsar," and the production was an unqualified success, due to the perseverance and painstaking labor of the members of the cast, and to the untiring zeal of the Moderator, Rev. Charles C. Jones, S. J.

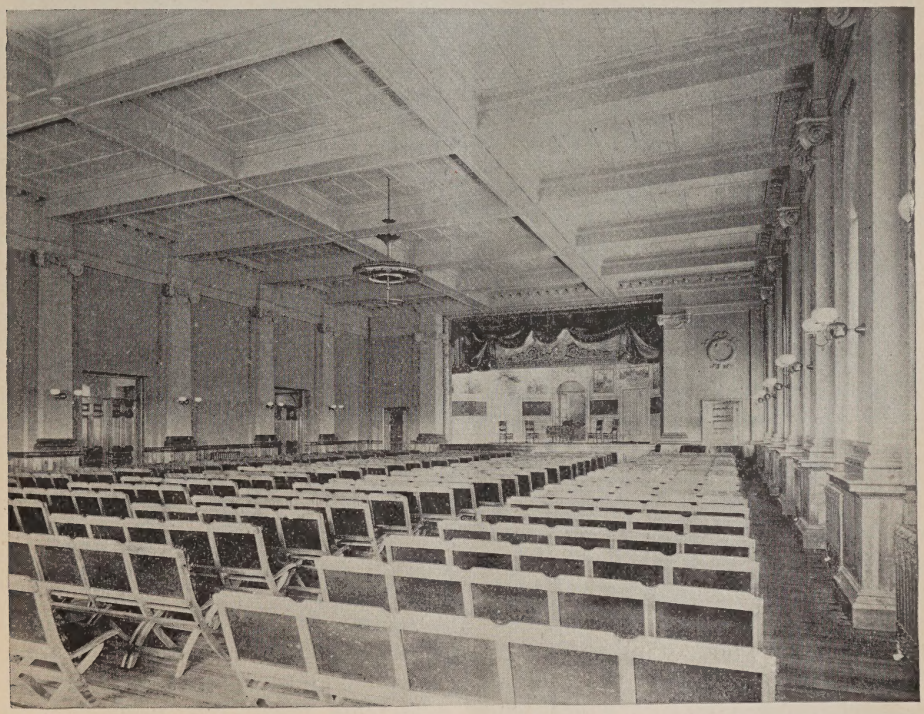


SCENE FROM "EUTROPIUS," AS PORTRAYED BY HOLY CROSS STUDENTS.

The brilliant production of "Julius Cæsar" was undoubtedly the means of crowding the auditorium of the Worcester Theatre last February, where, as had been previously announced, Shakespere's "King John" was to be presented by the Holy Cross Dramatic Society. Though the piece is a difficult one, and one that demands the ability of profes-

sional actors, the young tragedians showed themselves equal to the task, winning the admiration and praise of all spectators.

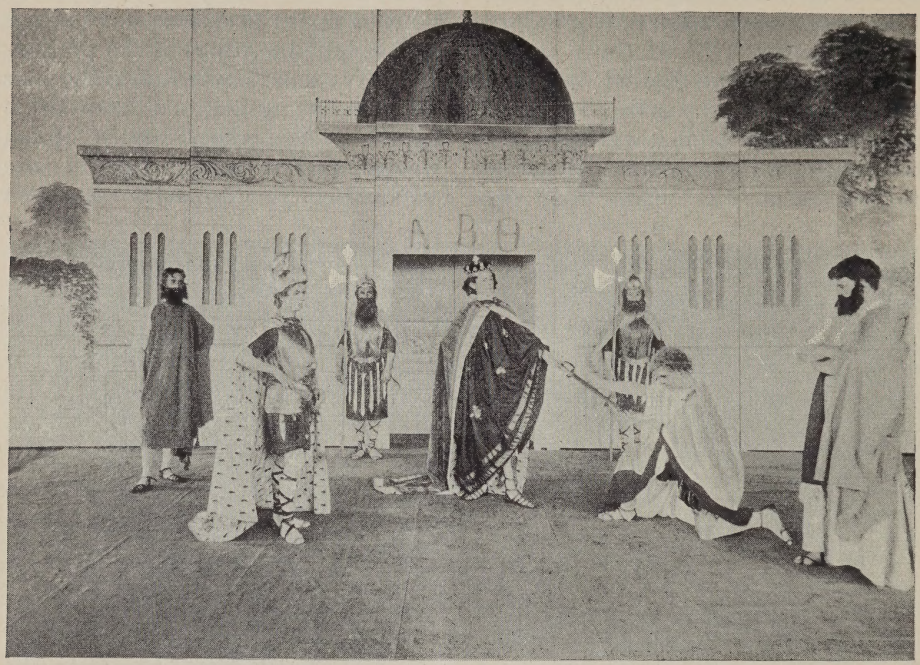
With the completion of the new college hall a vigorous impetus was given to college dramatic circles, and the college world wondered when the announcement was made that the



Interior of New Hall, Holy Cross College.

class of '96 would present a Greek play in the new hall. The announcement found a few cynical scoffers; but Mr. Terence Shealy, S. J., the author of the play, and his class of rhetoricians, with the hearty coöperation of Mr. Patrick M. Collins, S. J., their teacher of science, set to work with determination, and in June of the present year they gave "Eutropius," the first modern original Greek play ever presented on an

American stage, and the grandest achievement of Holy Cross students. Want of space prevents us from giving a detailed account of the production. We must content ourselves by citing a few quotations from press reports. One paper styles it an "unqualified success; one of the best amateur performances ever given in Worcester." By another it is termed a "triumph in Greek," and "highest dramatic success, which gives to Holy Cross an added prestige among the colleges of the country." From another critic's report we cull: "A social, institutional, musical, dramatic, and scholastic success to be reported by the use of many superlatives. . . . The presentation of a play in Greek to the entire satisfaction of an audience, including



SCENE FROM "EUTROPIUS," THE HOLY CROSS PLAY OF 1895.

many who have devoted years to the study and even teaching of classic literature, must be granted to be the subject of congratulation to all concerned. . . . The compliments and congratulations which the young actors have received from widespread sources may well serve to inspire anew the pride of Worcester in the institution thus brought into favorable notice among the scholars of the country." Some of the Boston papers were no less emphatic in their appreciation, and the universal encomiums upon the students' efforts in this particular play will act as an encouragement and impulse to aim at even greater perfection in succeeding productions.

MICHAEL J. EARLS.

At Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

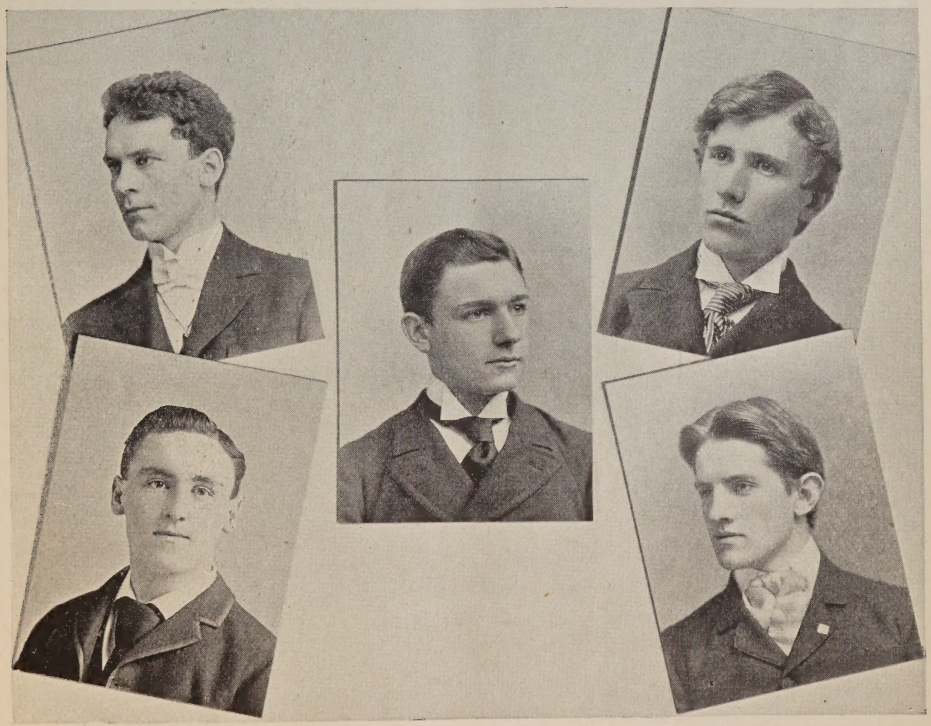
At Mt. St. Mary's a lively enthusiasm has long existed for dramatics. A well equipped stage and efficient costumers render the production of any play possible. The management of the dramatic entertainments is vested in an association under the auspices of the senior class, and the yearly program is made out at the beginning of the scholastic term. The plays produced are well diversified in their nature, consisting of classical drama, up-to-date comedy, comic opera, minstrel and vaudeville entertainments, etc. The season commences at Thanksgiving Eve and ends Easter week.

A glimpse at the favorite playwriters of the Mt. St. Mary's students will give an idea of the state of dramatics at the college. The Irish comedies of Dion Boucicault, military plays of Stedman, Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedies and Shakespere's plays are always popular. Occasionally some student or professor writes a play and has it produced, generally upon a local theme.

Success has always been attained, whether the character of the play were grave or gay; but there have been several eminent productions which deserve special mention.

Among these are the "Colleen Bawn" given by the Purcell Lyceum in '91, the "Mikado" in '92, the minstrel show of '94, and the annual Shakesperean play which has been a feature of the college year since 1890. The "Mikado" was the first of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas given at the college. It was an immense success, as was also the "Pirates of Penzance" which followed it. As these operas call for many singers, and as singing is the forte of all students, the popularity of this species of entertainment is easily explainable.

Classical comedy is particularly cultivated. "The Rivals," "Heir-



MT. ST. MARY'S DRAMATICS.

WM. RICE, '95 (KING JOHN).
A. S. MALONE, '95 (FALSTAFF).
LAWRENCE MCBRIDE (SHYLOCK).
D. BEHEN, '94 (HUBERT).
WM. CASHMAN, '93 (CASSIUS).

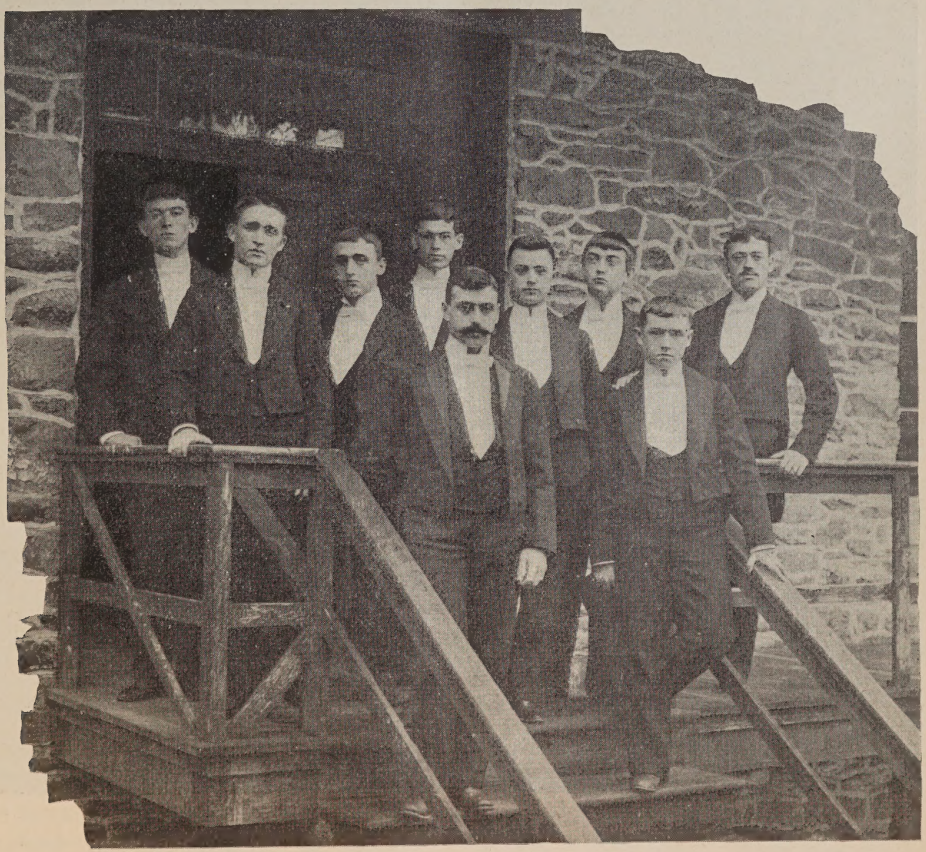
MT. ST. MARY'S STUDENTS IN "THE COLLEEN BAWN."

at-Law," and "The Scheming Lieutenant" have been produced lately with an appreciation that evinced the actors' keen sense of the author's rare, healthy humor. The great dramatic event of the year, however, is the Shakesperean drama. The time devoted to the preparation of other entertainments is small, compared with the work put into the rehearsals of the Shakesperean productions. Mt. St. Mary's has been fortunate in ever having in her professional staff a teacher of English who, himself revering the great Elizabethan, instilled his reverence into the students. First there was the poet, George Miles, the able critic of "Hamlet," who was unceasing in his efforts to introduce young men to the imperishable beauties of the master's dramas; and now, equally fervent in his admiration, there is Professor Lagarde, through whose efforts the annual Shakesperean play is made a great success. The "Merchant of Venice," produced in '91, was the result of the professor's enthusiasm, and in succession came "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "King John," and this year "King Henry IV." The methods of the leading *dramatis personæ* are worthy of notice. From the moment the cast is selected they begin diligently to rehearse, and besides at-

tending thoroughly to the histrionic part, they make a study of the poet's genius and, if possible, go to see the interpretation of some prominent Shakesperean exponent. The fruit of this is very apparent; the audience is better reached, and the intimate acquaintance formed by the students with the great dramatist is wonderfully effective in instilling a love for the greatest literature into their minds. The interpretation of leading roles has always been masterly. The Shylock of Mr. McBride is still a vivid recollection, and the splendid Brutus of Mr. Wm. Kerrigan, his magnificent Hamlet, Mr. Wm. Cashman's Cassius, Messrs. Rice and Behen's King John and Hubert, and Mr. A. S. Malone's strong rendition of merry, rascally Jack Falstaff in the play of '95 cannot soon fade from the records of the "Mountain" dramatic association.

The acquaintance the student makes with the dramatic literature of his language, and the familiarity he acquires with acting are the objects sought at Mt. St. Mary's in this phase of her college life, and next to the college athletics, the dramatics are the most enjoyable feature of the academic year.

FRANCIS P. GUILFOILE.



ORCHESTRA, MT. ST. MARY'S DRAMATIC CLUB.

A Message for Cleopatra.

CARMEN'S VOW.

G. L. DE CIDONCHA.

T was late in the Andalusian summer. The quaint white city of Moorish origin, basking amid the hills and stretches of country under the dazzling blue of the sky, was stirred into animation by the breezes that sprang up as the afternoon waned, superseding the lethargizing heat and glare of midday.

Fernando Gallardo's wife lay dreamily back in her cane seat on the house-terrace. Now and then she fluttered her immense fan with lazy grace. Several ring-doves about the cote alighted near her, pattering familiarly around her chair, their crests tipped on one side, and their bright eyes fastened on her expectantly. She tossed them some crumbs from the tray of sweet-biscuit on the Japanese stand at her side, and looked languidly on, as the birds, after disposing of the feast, strutted off into the flower-beds, leaving their many-fingered tracks in the soft earth.

A rustle of robes behind her brought a gleam of satisfaction to Feliciana's countenance.

"How good you are, Carmen," she said gaily, "to take pity on my solitude. I feel like myself again, with you here. Positively, my dear, I was in danger of moping myself into wrinkles."

"Was it so bad as all that?" laughed the newcomer, in merry badinage.

The two friends kissed each other on both cheeks and settled themselves for a chat.

"Wait a moment. Antonio shall bring ices," and tinkling a diminutive bronze bell, Feliciana gave the order to the man-servant who answered her summons. "Now, Carmen, begin and tell me everything. Who came with you?"

"Aunt Encarnacion left me here on her way to make some calls. The carriage will come for me by-and-by. Where is Fernando?"

"In Cadiz, at the bull-fight."

"Of course — I had forgotten. It is Espartero to-day."

"Yes, Fernando was as enthusiastic as though it were the first, instead of the twentieth time, he was to see Espartero in the ring. So tiresome of him!"

"You used to be ardently fond of the sport yourself. How is it you condemn it now?"

"I do not. I like it well enough when it is near home. But it is not pleasing to put up with two hours in a stuffy train, and arrive with a dusty face, my flowers wilted, my lovely white veil awry, and my gay costume limp and crumpled."

"A desolate condition, graphically depicted," laughed Carmen.

"And true," affirmed Feliciana, "or would have been, if I had been so silly as to go. I suppose Enrique has gone also?"

"Very likely — indeed, probably," was the absent reply.

When Antonio, white-gloved, brought the ices, there was a note

on the salver. At sight of the inscription in a handwriting, too familiar to her to be forgotten, Carmen controlled a slight start, and with apparent unconcern, helped herself to the tube-like edible wafers that also serve the purpose of straws, and are more agreeable.

Feliciana perused the missive two or three times, knitting her brows perplexedly. Then she laughed, and Carmen could not forbear an inquiring glance.

Feliciana replied to the unspoken question with indolent raillery.

"There is no need of your thoughts wandering leagues away. Gonzalo Olivares is not in Manilla."

The wafer that Carmen held crackled to pieces between her fingers. But as that is a way wafers have, it could hardly be considered an evidence of agitation.

Feliciana, who had paused to note the effect upon her friend of her abrupt announcement, was disappointed. She had thought that, taken unawares, Carmen would have shown some sign of the secret she suspected her of harboring.

"Not only that," she continued, "but he is in this town, and, moreover, in half an hour he will be in this very house. It is awkward, Fernando's being away, but of course I shall receive Gonzalo all the same. I cannot turn off my husband's old friend — and my own," she added.

Carmen was not a psychologist, but she felt sure that what seemed an after-thought had, in reality, been the leading thought in Feliciana's mind.

"Then your being here," pursued Feliciana, "will satisfy the most punctilious exactions of etiquette. I declare, an Andalusian woman might as well be a female Turk, for all the liberty she has!"

Carmen smiled indulgently, and Feliciana was provoked.

"It is evident you are not interested."

"What? in you?" Carmen arched her eyebrows.

"Well — in Gonzalo, then."

"I am not," was the superbly serene reply.

A pause ensued, majestic on Carmen's part, aggrieved on Feliciana's. She pushed her ice from her, petulantly.

"It is melted," she pouted.

"Did you expect it to wait for you while you talked?" briskly retorted Carmen. "I have finished mine, and it was very refreshing."

She went over to the broad parapet and looked at the passing crowds beneath, so typical of the street life of the old Spanish town. Vehicles or teams were seldom seen in the square below, and notwithstanding the constant transit of pedestrians, weeds thrust themselves persistently up between the stones of the pavement.

Among the motley stream of all ranks and distinctions that passed under Carmen's post of observation were a couple of priests in the flowing garments and broad-brimmed hats habitual to their class; a vendor of images, his burden cleverly balanced on his head; an underteacher ushering his flock along, the pupils falling out of file one by one as they arrived at their respective homes; a knot of bareheaded girls, tailors' apprentices, each one of them with flowers coquettishly tucked in her sleek hair; an occasional gypsy-lass, decked out in smart colors, and jingling enormous rings in her ears as she importuned men and maidens to hear their fortunes; plenty of young gallants whispering pretty words to the girls on their way; staid members of the town council

in their tall hats, their self-important bearing plainly implying that the stones under their feet should feel flattered by their condescending tread.

While Carmen occupied herself abstractedly in noting the scene below, Feliciana rang for a servant to remove the remains of the light repast, and desired the visitor to be shown to the terrace on his arrival.

"It will be pleasant up here; do you not think so, Carmen?" she asked, going to the girl's side.

Carmen nodded an indifferent assent. "The storks are ready to pray," she observed, looking up at the tower of St. Dionysius' church, where, outlined against the sky, a number of these birds stood poised on one leg at the edge of their nests, slowly flapping their wings. They always did this as evening drew on, uttering doleful cries, and as the hour usually coincided with the *Angelus*, the townspeople were given to saying that the storks prayed.

The heavy knocker of the house-portal clanged. Then the entrance-grating, opening from the street into the hall and court, which were both bowered in luxuriant tropical plants, creaked as it swung back on its hinges.

"Gonzalo!" murmured Feliciana.

"The storks are praying," said Carmen, calmly.

As Gonzalo Olivares stepped out upon the terrace, the bells of St. Luke's pealed out, and instantly those of St. Dominic's, St. Dionysius', St. Michael's, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's, and as many more churches joined in solemnly and rhythmically.

Carmen betrayed no consciousness of Gonzalo's presence, and stood with bended head. A faint smile played about Feliciana's lips, but she dutifully restrained it, and, lowering her eyes, prayed the *Angelus*, Carmen and Gonzalo uniting in the responses.

The pæan died out gradually, as bell after bell ceased swaying. The great bell of St. Dionysius was the last to stop. The mournful voice of the storks sounded once again, as they dropped out of sight into their nests. The flaming glory of the westering Spanish sky, unrivalled in gorgeousness and brilliancy by the most vivid fancies that ever artist has portrayed, faded into hues, first mellow then sombre. The hush of eventide reigned overhead. And in startling contrast, the world beneath burst into zestful action. Lights flashed out, and the hum of life and motion swelled upward.

As soon as she had pronounced the Amen, Feliciana turned to Gonzalo, who came forward and received her warm greeting. She was excessively annoyed by Carmen, for that young lady, throughout the interview, infused as much frigidity into her demeanor as was compatible with good breeding.

They stayed on the terrace until Feliciana said she would not risk her guests taking cold in the dew. The light and warmth of the drawing-room to which they adjourned made it incumbent upon Carmen to be more sociable,—though the conversation was still principally carried on by Gonzalo and Feliciana, the handsome doctor giving full and detailed replies to his hostess' numerous inquiries about his year's experience in Manilla.

It was a relief to Carmen when Gonzalo took his departure, and her manner, in spite of her desire to seem unconcerned, made her satisfaction quite apparent.

"Carmen," expostulated Feliciana, "it would almost have been better to be downright rude, than to have been so cuttingly glacial toward Gonzalo."

Carmen preserved a discreet silence.

"Carmen, I think you are very unkind."

"Am I unkind to you?" demurely.

"Well, you are to Gonzalo."

"He is not you," Carmen rejoined.

"But I want you to be kind to him," plaintively.

"I should not trouble myself to be unkind to him, nor kind either." Carmen spoke collectedly, but there was an omnious something in her tone that warned Feliciana not to press the subject further.

As Carmen leaned back in the corner of her carriage on her way home, she said to herself,—

"I wonder why Feliciana married Fernando."

At the same moment Fernando was saying to Feliciana,—

"I wonder why Carmen did not marry Gonzalo."

"I do not know," replied Feliciana. "She never told me."

"At one time," Fernando regarded his wife keenly, as she stood before the glass contemplating her own fair countenance, and arranging the fluffy love-locks that shaded her forehead. "I thought it was you Gonzalo had set his heart on winning."

Feliciana intercepted her husband's glance with the reflection of her own in the glass. It seemed to convey to him all the answer his words called for.

He drew her down to his knee. "Do you know," he said, "it occurs to me they would make an excellent couple. What do you say?"

"I say you are a foolish boy," gently disengaging herself from his clasp and rising. "Come to dinner, Fernando."

No one but Carmen Romero herself knew why she had rejected Gonzalo Olivares' suit 18 months before. She had allowed him to walk by her side in Victory Square or the Alameda, when, with her girl-friends who had given her the outside place in the row, that Gonzalo might approach her, they had found life as melodious as the music of the birds; she had worn his flowers over her heart, half-hidden in the silken meshes of the magnificent veil that fell gracefully from her hair around her form; she had passed many an evening in the grated window on the ground-floor of her home, while he stood outside, and in low and tender accents repeated the wondrous tale that is ever fraught with sweetness. Then the day of her awakening dawned. She was spending a few hours with Feliciana, and both were poring over the latter's treasure-trove. Some one called Feliciana from the room. Left alone, Carmen discovered, stowed away amongst broken fans, dried flowers, and twisted notes, a letter in Gonzalo's handwriting. She was not proof against the temptation that seized upon her. She read the letter. Even as she committed the ignoble action she entered on her term of expiation. The letter was written and signed by Gonzalo Olivares, and was almost a counterpart of many that she herself had received from him. She slipped it back into its place among Feliciana's keepsakes. The undeniable duplicity of her lover and her bosom-friend lodged deep in her

heart like a venomous arrow. There was a good deal of the stoic in Carmen. Her friends said of her that she was of the stuff martyrs are made of. Not so. Presumably tortures would not have elicited a groan from her. But her heroism would have been the child of pride; and martyrs are born of humility.

It was characteristic of Carmen not to divulge the knowledge she had acquired. She kept up her friendship with Feliciana unflaggingly. Without a word of explanation she returned to Gonzalo his letters and souvenirs. His attempts to communicate with her were unavailing. He met only with repulses. If he paced the street in front of her house, she did not appear at the window. At walk she placed herself between her friends so that she could not give ear to him. When he wrote, his letters were returned unopened. When Feliciana tried to break through her reserve, Carmen silenced her with —

"If you ever mention him in any way to me again, it will be an end of the friendship between you and me. I have nothing to say of him, nor do I wish to know anything concerning him."

Not long after, Feliciana was betrothed to Fernando Gallardo, and they soon married. Gonzalo went to the Philippine Islands. Now he had returned, and Feliciana had named him as coolly as though the past had never been. Carmen congratulated herself that it at least proved she had successfully guarded her secret.

Dr. Olivares was gladly welcomed home by his friends, for among them all he was a favorite. He was an inveterate worker as well, and gave little time to pleasuring. He abounded in wealthy clients, but made the abodes of the poor his especial field of labor, and was their benefactor and friend in a grandly simple fashion that loathed ostentation. Carmen heard frequently of his skill and perseverance, for her brother Enrique was loud in his admiration of the young doctor.

If Gonzalo and Carmen met on the street he would lift his hat with grave deference, but made no advances toward speaking to her.

Sometimes they met at Feliciana's, but the conversation was invariably on general topics.

One evening he sat listlessly touching chords at the piano.

"Sing!" demanded Feliciana.

And he sang Gustavo Becquer's *Las Golondrinas* (The Swallows).

The final stanza of that wail of despair pierced Carmen's forced insensibility:

> But, kneeling in silent absorption,
> As Heaven at its shrine we adore,
> As I, oh, believe me, have loved thee,
> None ever will love thee more!
> None ever will love thee more!

Gonzalo's brown eyes turned upon Carmen full of pain and reproach. She would have been no woman had she failed to comprehend that he had sung to *her*.

Towards the close of autumn a pestilence was prevalent in the city, chiefly among the poor. Dr. Olivares was as untiring as intrepid in battling the demon of disease. He spent days and nights in the infected districts without according himself needful repose. As a natural consequence of his disregard of self he contracted the malady, which brought him to the gates of death.

When Gonzalo was smitten, Carmen was visiting friends in Cadiz, and she did not hear of it until her

return some days afterward. She went directly to Feliciana's.

As usual, when the weather permitted, Feliciana was on the terrace. Her eyes were swollen from weeping. Carmen's own eyes were dry, but her voice was hoarse with emotion, as she asked, —

"Is it true?"

Amid a flood of tears, Feliciana gave vent to her pent-up indignation.

"Yes, it is true, you cruel, wicked girl! He is dying, *dying*, — do you hear me? You wouldn't let me talk to you about him, so, without it, I did the best I could to bring you together again, but you have been obstinate, — you have, *he* has not. I do not know why you drifted apart, nor does he. I suppose *you* know, and I hope you think you were justified in sending him to his death, for that is precisely what you have done! Your scorn has made him so reckless that he has not cared what became of him and has stayed in those infected hovels till he has fallen ill himself. Not even you could have prevented his accomplishing his duty nobly and faithfully, but you could have held him back from throwing away his life. Much and often as you have wounded him, he is yet as true to you as he was that day when I returned to him the letter —"

"What letter?" Carmen went up to Feliciana and deliberately shook her. "What letter? Speak!"

"One he had asked me to deliver to you. I mislaid it, and for two or three days I hunted in vain for it. Then, when I found it, and went to you with it, you would not let me speak a word. I shall never forget Gonzalo's look when I gave it back to him. From that day, when his last hope was frustrated, he has not cared for the life you have made so worthless to him. I am sure he would not have minded if the natives at Manilla had killed him. But they did not want to kill him. Nobody does but you. Even those barbarians loved Gonzala Olivares, as everybody does, except you."

Carmen had sunk back on a chair, half-stunned by the revelation that had come to her. Now, when it was too late, she recalled the fact she had hitherto overlooked, that there had been no name given in that letter she had found in Feliciana's possession long ago. It had been for herself, and only entrusted to Feliciana's keeping.

"Fernando is nearly crazy," sobbed Feliciana, "he thinks Gonzalo has no equal. Hark!" She sprang to her feet as from the belfry of St. Michael's the carrying forth of the Viaticum was announced.

The children on the street chanted to the impressive tune of the bells:

Sal-ga Dios! Ma-lo es-tá!
Quién lo quie-re a com-pa-ñar?

Let God come forth! One is ill!
Who will bear him company?

On the sunny terrace two women with anxious hearts awaited the concluding sharp strokes that should proclaim the sex of the dying, — two strokes were it a man, three for a woman.

"One! two!" counted Feliciana. She flew to the parapet.

Fernando was rushing hatless across the square in the direction of the church.

"It is for Gonzalo!" moaned Feliciana, burying her face in her hands.

Carmen flung herself on her knees in agonized appeal.

"Great God of mercy, give him

back to me! I cannot bear it — I *cannot* live without him! Give him back to me, oh, most gracious Father! and I promise faithfully to be henceforth the contrary of all that I have been. I have been false; I will be true. I have been proud; I will be humble. I have been unforgiving; I will be charitable. I have erred; I will atone. In pity accept my vow, oh, holy heaven! and give him back to me!"

Throughout the hour that transpired before Fernando's return, they bore each other silent company, Carmen crouched in anguish on the floor, Feliciana walking restlessly to and fro.

Fernando entered the house, and Feliciana hurried down to him.

"Oh! Fernando, I saw you go. Tell me quickly! Was it not Gonzalo?"

"No, it was a neighbor of his. Gonzalo is just past the worst. The doctor has great hopes of him now."

To Fernando's amazement his wife caught him around the neck in an impetuous embrace. Then she hastened to Carmen.

When Carmen went home she left with Feliciana a few written words for Fernando to take to his friend. It was a very humble little note, but it carried vigor to the sick man, and put a new purpose into the life that he took up again with a gladness that had long been a stranger to him.

Thus Carmen entered on the fulfilment of the vow she had made in her hour of ordeal on the terrace.

UNDER THE SNOW.

D. J. Donahoe.

Under a robe of snow
In the winter night she sleeps;
Over her face the fair stars watch
And the moon sweet vigil keeps.

The wind in the waving pines
Sings dirges sad and low,
But she hears no sound from her hollow bed
Under the folding snow.

The voice of the weeping wind
That she loved so well to hear
Comes now in vain with its mournful strain, —
No voice may reach her ear.

The moon its virgin light
Spreads vainly over the snow, —
She'll never rise from her dreamless couch
In the mouldering turf below.

But I walk in the night alone
And I hear the wind as it grieves,
And I look on the moon, where it sends its rays
Through the pine-tree's whispering leaves;

I see the blazing stars,
I feel in my soul their glow, —
And I know that my true love lieth not
Under the sheltering snow.

CHRISTMAS IN CANTON.

CANTON at Christmas is full of the glitter and gladness of the sun; it is like a modern Christmas card. The trees are green, the gardens, balconies, and tables are full of roses, heliotropes, and chrysanthemums. As the days are filled with the sun, so are the nights with the moon. At sunset on Christmas eve, heaven and earth are touched with reds, greens, and yellows which would delight the minds of those who think in paint. The curious wooden junks, with their pointed brown sails and streaming scarlet pennants, move out mysteriously, manned by their yellow crews in blue cotton jackets and scanty pigtails. The birds begin to settle softly into the sighing trees on the shore, twittering lightly, a hundred at a time. The river, boats, and houses look like a sketch on the pearly inside of an old shell; the natives, moving about in their æsthetic robes, and in their tranquil way, seem well in keeping with their background. On the foreign settlement, which is a little island called Shamin, tennis is in full swing on the public lawn; a few of the inhabitants are strolling on the bund; others are illuminating the little church with flowers. Here are some fine avenues of trees; and walking under them, as one looks up they seem to have caught the feet of swiftly-coming night in their dark masses; while the half-weird light from the west is streaming on their trunks. The night spreads from the trees to the river, and fills the earth with its presence.

Now we catch sight of the Christmas moon among the trees, where, here and there, a leafless tree writes winter on the sky in the old crooked characters. On the river they beat out the watch, making a rhythmic flow of wooden music; and in the neighboring yard there is the gobble of a Christmas turkey. Our path under the trees has become a stream of shadows. It is Christmas eve, and we are far from home. Memories flow over our souls as the shadows over our heads; light and dark, dark and light, dancing and passing, and yet, touching us too deeply for tears.

The moon looks upon a city which is a museum only to us until we get some heart interest in it, through knowing the joys and sorrows of some few people among the million encamped here in these low gray-brick houses, so closely packed together. In the chaos of plain tiled roofs we can distinguish the tip-tilted roofs of temples, mandarins' houses, tea-houses. These roofs are higher than others, and ornamented often with carved and gaudily-painted woodwork. Some roofs are made of glazed tiles, which shine in the moonlight, and all have skylights of oyster-shells. Here and there are spreading a few sacred trees, which are believed to be the local habitation of airy nothings. High above the low-built houses tower great square erections, looking gloomy as ancient keeps; these are the pawnshops, the chests of old clothes.

All over the city one notices high bamboo structures with tiny huts on

top, and which are the watchmen's towers. The watchman who spends the night up there is supposed to be on the lookout for fires, and to give the alarm at once with his gong. On every roof are steps, and on every step a jar full of water, to be used in case of fire. On most roofs there are wooden frames used for drying anything from a herring to a pair of trousers. Down between the houses are innumerable alleys, from which a hoarse murmur arises, and whence the lights of hurrying lanterns are beginning to gleam: these are the streets. There is a city also on the water; thousands of boat-homes rise and fall on its muddy moonful tide. They look like fleets of old roofed-over cradles, whose interiors are gay with yellow light, red and green paint, little mirrors, brass water-pipes, trays, teapots, and all the household gear of a nautical home. When their cheery lights fall on a shadow, they show like golden stairways into its depths. There are swan-like guard-boats, with their clumsy cannon, and groups of triangular flags — their gaudy paints subdued by the moon. There are house-boats anchored out in the stream, whose brilliance seems to overflow into the quiet night; and through their venetians one catches a glimpse of the glittering mirrors and lamps within; the crimson stuffs, and the polished black furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl. On the decks and roofs lounge Chinese gentlemen, dressed in silk and embroidery, smoking their silver pipes, and doubtless felicitating themselves that they were born in the Middle Kingdom. Hundreds of water-pedlars, perched in the stern of their punts, move in and out everywhere, crying their wares, which are piled up in front of them round a lamp — fruit, crockery, sugar-cane, etc. Here and there gunboats are stationed, which were built for the Chinese in England or Germany. These often fly a flag in honor of the sailors' goddess from their main-royal masts; and their modern ship-shape surroundings have left the tars as grossly heathen as in their war-junks. Away in the distance are the white Cloud Hills in their "own deep quiet." On these hills tea is grown, and the dead of the city buried.

The foreign population in Canton, though larger than one would suppose, is after all only a slight incrustation. On one bank of the river there are four mission compounds with their chapels and schools; in one compound is a large hospital. There is also a magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral, which rises, a fine conception in masonry, above the inferior conceptions of the natives. There are two or three steamers lying up by the foreign settlement, which itself looks like a little bit of Europe moored by the Asiatic city. Though only about one mile round, it contains the residences of people of many nationalities — European, American, Indian, Japanese — and their various flags flaunt above its foliage. It was once a sandbank, conceded thus to the English and French. Now it is a park-like place, with lawns, gardens, and avenues; and to an eye which has been wandering over the native city, its houses, with their balconies and porticoes, look like white caskets. But what strikes one most on entering it from the turbulent native streets is its deep peace. Here a foreigner — a lady especially — may live for years and never hear the

sound of a wheel, a postman's knock, or a street organ.

But how much better are these conditions than those under which the merchants lived who traded here for the tea which was to fill the antique pots of our great-great-grandmothers. They were confined to a block of native houses on the river-bank, and never allowed to go a step beyond these narrow limits, so that they suffered badly from want of exercise. One of them tried to keep his blood from stagnation by riding a little native horse up and down the narrow yard behind the block. He emerged to this exciting feat every afternoon at about four; and he found after a time that a restaurant keeper whose premises overlooked the yard was letting seats at so much a head to spectators, who came from all parts of the city to see the performance.

But China is no longer the great tea-shop for Europe and America; the Western barbarian with his sharp nose has scented the teas of other hills; and the conceited shopman of the long pigtail and blue robe has lost his best customer, though he is patronized by that inveterate young tea-drinker, Australia.

Listen! It is midnight, and yet there are cocks crowing everywhere. Involuntarily, one murmurs:

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

The bird of dawning, however, singeth every night in China. How few here in this great Asiatic camp will celebrate that birth tomorrow!

There are wandering lights gleaming from the upper windows of the houses on the Settlement. The mothers are stealing around with basketfuls of toys and sweets, waited on by broadly smiling "amahs," as they fill the stockings of their pale darlings, asleep under the mosquito nets. In the early dawn we notice how the foreign steamers have burst into tufts of green foliage during the night; and we observe coolies going from house to house with bundles of white-enveloped Christmas cards, which the house-boy will pile on the morning tea-tray and take in to the sleepy recipient. It is so pleasant, too, to get them in this far-off land, we even read the words.

The morning lengthens until the white-robed Chinamen ring out the church-going bells over junks and temples. From many a native home faithful families are turning out to wend their way through unsympathetic streets to their chapels. These chapels have wooden partitions running down the middle, on one side of which the men assemble, and on the other the women. The women and girls have on bright blue garments, with glittering and many colored butterflies embroidered on their shoes, and heavily-scented flowers stuck in their black glossy hair, with its gold and silver hair-pins and jade-stone ornaments.

Meanwhile, picnic parties have gone out on land and water. A favorite place is the White Cloud Hill. The party starts in a long line of sedan chairs with green calico covers. Tiffin is laid on the mind of some trustworthy head "boy," and on the backs of sturdy coolies. The Chinese "house-boy" is a capital caterer for a picnic because he has no idea of picnic style: he lays the tiffin table in the hill temple as nearly as possible just as he would lay it in the dining-room at home. The party in chairs wends its way through the narrow, tumultuous

streets and through the gloomy city gate out into the open country. One may imagine that now every one would breathe freely and enjoy the scenery. But no! First of all, an overpowering odor poisons the enjoyment; it is caused by the manure which the thrifty Chinaman lavishes upon his fields. Then the chairs wind through a crude South-African-like village; a little later they pass by a leper village, some of the inhabitants of which sit by the wayside begging; and then by the "City of the Dead," a place where there are hundreds of coffins awaiting a lucky day for burial.

When the ascent of the hill is begun, the sight of graves everywhere tends to depress the spirits. On the lower levels, ragged villages and reeking paddy-fields; on the higher, graves and temples. Such is Chinese country. Yet one gets used to graves, and as the bearers mount the steps made in the hill, one's spirits mount too. Just in front, in the bosom of the rounded heights, is a group of trees; and half-hidden among them, like a carved jewel, is the temple we are making for. The steps begin to get steeper, and one feels that everything now depends on the legs of the hindmost coolie. At length we arrive on the broad green shelf on which the temple is built. On one side of it is a gorge, through which flows an untutored mountain youth, as Wordsworth would call it, now crooning in some quiet spot, and then chafing against rocks which Nature, wild and mischievous everywhere, has thrown in its way. We are to tiffin in this temple; and should one have fears of hurting the religious feelings of its devotees, such fears may be dismissed at once. The man in charge is smiling blandly, and, indeed, tiffin has already been laid in the guest-room by the "boys." Reverence, the deep-eyed child of Love and Fear, does not dwell with Superstition in heart or temple.

After tiffin, the party throws its wraps into the sedan chairs and sets out to walk to a temple nearly at the top of the hill. They gather sprigs of tea in blossom, and look down on gray Canton, crouching on the banks of its broad stream. The temple at the top is known as the "Monkey Temple." Here there is a large image of a monkey clad in the full robes of a Buddhist priest; he is worshipped by all the devotees who visit the temple. The story is that he was converted under the preaching of a disciple of Buddha, and without waiting to take the steps usual in the evolution of Buddhists from monkeys, he became straightway an esoteric saint. The terraces of the temple are crowded with lovely flowers.

It is time to turn homewards. People get into their chairs, and the long line of green-covered sedans winds down the mountain path on its way back to the Settlement.

"The pale purple evening" is upon us as we walk up and down flower-edged balconies weaving a sparkling and sombre tissue of Christmas thoughts. It is just cold enough to be excuse for a fire; firelight and sunset light are falling on a group in the drawing-room and on the pushed-away tea-table, with its cloth cross-stitched by Chinese girls in the Italian convent. Cooks begin to be busy in their cook-houses, and boys in the dining-rooms; while their mistresses, unless unusually fussy, go out to stroll among the poetic lights on balcony or bund.

The silver moon is rising among beds of white cloud-camellias blowing softly in the clear sky, and while the unconcerned million around us are thinking their common-place thoughts we begin to dress for the Christmas dinner. Papa puts on his best evening coat; mamma laces her bodice blue; and little Dorothy is having her brightest sash tied, for even she is to dine to-night. The houses on the Settlement begin to overflow with light. The hostess is in her drawing-room in graceful gown, awaiting her guests. What an interesting room it is: fantastically carved black wood, lovely old embroidery, curious and delicate china. So pretty, too: such gracefully designed chairs in bamboo, such artistic things from Japan, the land of bric-ä-brac; and here in "far Cathay" behold American comfort; deep chairs, heavy curtains, soft rugs, and a moon-lamp covered with a Japanese shade throwing tinted light on the polished floor. There is not a book in the room but albums of photos or autographs, and yet one feels that there is entertainment in its curio-filled recesses for days. There is no rumble of wheels; but the guests are arriving. Chair after chair is borne to the door by coolies in uniform; their burden is set down gently; a slender figure floats into the hall, murmuring her Christmas greetings to her host as he offers her his arm. The men arrive in companies often, present themselves to their hostess and retire — there are so many men out here! The head-boy, in a long blue silk jacket, freshly shaven head, and black satin shoes with turned-up toes and high wooden soles, throws back the folding doors. The few favored men for whom there is a lady offer their arms, the young and insignificant follow *en masse*. The table looks as if a picnic party of flowers had wandered up and dispersed itself among the crystal and silver. Some recline upon the cloth; others lean from the shining battlements of the centre-piece; others have seated themselves in low crystal bowers, or hidden away in the snowy folds of the napkins.

In the mission-houses, too, there are Christmas dinners, and — whisper it! — plenty of good things, if in plainer style. All the members of one mission like to gather together; and some come to the gathering from lonely country stations where they have seen no white person for months; all that, however, is forgotten under the genial smile of Old Christmas. But out here, as elsewhere, there are hearts in which there is no joy tonight; the lonely, the unpopular. There are few of these, however. Canton is a place full of good hearts — good even to the unpopular. This old mart of tea — the intellectual and social cup — is full of sympathetic courtesy. And so in the homes of consul, merchant, missionary, and clerk, merry parties surround the flowery tables, wear their cracker crowns, and half forget that they are in the far East (or possibly thankfully remember it). A few hours later, the wreathed circle with hands crossed and clasped sings *Auld Lang Syne*. Thoughts go away to friends who were with us last year — for China is a place of change — and as they are going farther still to our nearest and dearest, they are suddenly recalled by the hearty climax of the hand-shaking; then the circle breaks, and with it the charm — every one feels that Christmas is over.

THE REAL RULER OF RUSSIA.

S. Millington Miller, M. D.

T MOUNT Airy, a suburb of Philadelphia, in the grounds of an old colonial mansion, there is what may be picturesquely described as an arboreal freak. Far back in Revolutionary times the original owner planted a Larch tree near his house and on either side a Spruce and a Norway Fir. Thirty years ago, his grandson set out a Wistaria vine at the roots of the Larch. Timidly and blindly it groped with its delicate creepers, until, taking hold and courage in the same breath, it wound round and round the tree, as is its wont, in close, snaky folds. At a height of ten feet, where the trunk branched, its arms slipped off, some stormy day, and falling against the great branches of the Spruce and Fir, clutched and enveloped them. Having thus secured a fresh hold on younger material, the vine set to work to squeeze its old support to death, just as the boa strangles its prey. The Larch died slowly; leaves and highest twigs first; then large branches; then the trunk itself; until the folds of the Wistaria pressed so close against one another as to form a tight spiral cage for the old tree.

Today, what remains of the Larch is a mere shell with rotten contents. Some day the whole relic will disintegrate into dust. But meanwhile, the Wistaria decks itself each spring with its violet-hued, odorous clusters, and hides the crumbling dead hulk of its whilom supporter with a fantastic veil of fairy-like fragrance and beauty.

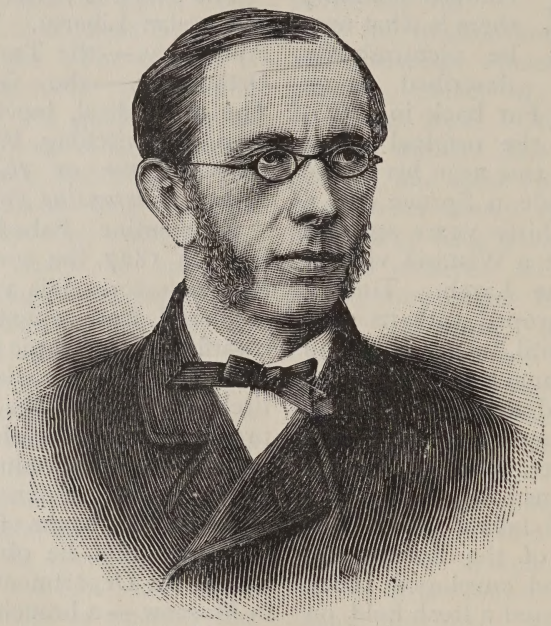
The simile is perfect. The Larch is Russian Liberty. The Spruce is Autocracy, — the Tsar. The Fir is Orthodoxy, — the Greek Church. The methodical, inevitable, soulless, adroit, bewitching Wistaria is the *Ober-Procuror of the Most Holy Synod, Constantine Pobedonostseff.*

Constantine Pobedonostseff was born in 1827, the son of a University professor. His youth and early manhood were spent in the dry, dwarfing air of logic and casuistry. The acme of his boyish sports was a tireless search for the bond between premise and conclusion. Later he received a flimsy education in Law and Universal Science at the Law School on the banks of the Fontanka. On graduation, he obtained a position in the Department of the Senate in Moscow — a branch of the service since abolished. But his favorite science was not neglected, and he obtained permission to deliver lectures at the University on Civil Law. These lectures were later embodied in "A Course of Civil Law," which he published and which went through three editions in the next three years. The translation of Mr. Gladstone's "Bulgarian Horrors," and the "Question of the East," of "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas A-Kempis, and of Thierset's "Christian Principles of Family Life" completed his literary services.

Through the good offices of the

Grand Duchess, Helena Pavlovna, M. Pobedonostseff was appointed tutor to the then heir-apparent Nicholas Alexandrovitch, and to his brother, the former Tsar. This was the turning point in his life,—his tide and at its flood.

Alexander formed a strong partiality for the man who had such a cut-and-dried system of religion and



M. Constantine Pobedonostseff,
Ober-Procuror of the Most Holy Synod.

polity: a ready answer for every question. The Crown Prince died in 1865 and the Grand Duke was declared heir to the throne. In 1866 he invited his instructor to remain two years longer about his person; had him later appointed member of the imperial council; and in 1880 nominated him to the position which he has ever since retained.

Let me for a moment withdraw my reader's attention from the capital of mysterious Russia to the shallow banks of the slow Nerbudda in the Narsinghpur District of India. To Birman, a convenient spot on its sand dunes, flock, in the middle of December, 200,000 pilgrims — Brahmins, beggars, traders, lepers and all manner of deformed folk with dreadful sores and pitiable malformations.

Every now and then, a howl arises from the thickest of the throng. It is a *Jogi*, absolutely naked, smeared with ashes from head to foot, filthy to a degree which beggars description. His thick matted hair hangs down his back. In his hands is a stick. A bell is fastened to its end, which he strikes to attract attention. Again and again the wild howl issues from his lips. It is the name of a god to whom his life is dedicated. His self-imposed duty is to utter this name so many thousand times a day.

The women crouch round him and touch their lips reverently to his feet. Any trader will gladly give him all the food he can eat. But while his life lasts, the *Jogi* will live shelterless under a burning sun, and through bitter, freezing nights; unclothed, hungry, despising comforts, shunning his kind, intent only on ever howling the name of Shiva. He lies on spike beds; he swings head downwards over slow fires; he stands all night in the river; neither fool nor idiot, this man of iron will lives on in complete self-abnegation, his one purpose to glorify his god by calling his name.

M. Pobedonostseff is the spiritual *Jogi* of Russia. Personally a thin, dry, bloodless, emotionless ascetic, plain, prosaic, and uninteresting as "Dominie Sampson," he dresses with a clerical sameness. His conversation is full of emphatic commonplaces and dry unction. His habits are scrupulously methodical. His books, pamphlets, documents and letters are all arranged in apple-pie order. He has a ready-formed opinion on all topics reliable so far as Russia is concerned; otherwise random. His features are pinched, his glance is cheerless, his manner jerky. He has none of the ease of the man of the world. The one deep channel of his shallow nature, his one idea, is Orthodox Autocracy.

He never makes or takes a joke. He never has been known to laugh. He eschews luxury, even in the guise of art. He is abstemious in his habits, simple in his tastes, affable and courteous to all. When he smiles his *vis-a-vis* suffers from the creeps. One notices his "unhuman incisors." Another shudders at his formidable tusks. A third can only detect two colored ridges of sharp ivory with a single, distinctly lonely, mandible.

He never enters a salon, but he has a Mercury or two who do. "Like Heimdall he can hear the wool grow on the sheep's back, and the grass sprout up in the green meadows." Orthodox profligacy in his eyes is infinitely preferable to the morality of Evangelical Christianity. The carefully closeted skeleton of every Russian minister is at his beck and call. He puts breath into their dried bones and they come forth in terrible array. The most powerful of the Tsar's advisers is afraid of him.

He is absolutely incorruptible. He is utterly sincere and single-minded. Injustice he recognizes and corrects, or tries to correct, promptly. The most heartrending appeals of tormented Stundists pass through his ears without speaking to his brain. He believes that what he does is right and for the best. He is the only genuinely Russian statesman in the Empire. He is not a man. He is a machine.

The narrowness of his views make him fixed in aim, firm in purpose. He has twice saved Russia from constitutionalism. Once in 1881, when Loris Melikoff had an approved charter in his possession, and a year later when Ignatieff was on the point of introducing it under the name of Parliamentary Government.

His Orthodox Church is a mass of glittering forms, — the rhythmical swaying of censers, the embroidered and storied magnificence of chasubles, the march and countermarch of the cassocked and circlined and cottaed acolytes; the pageantry of standard and crucifix, the shrill intonations of a foreign tongue. His Most Holy Synod labored zealously

in 1887 to solve the questions of the quality of olive oil to be used in the church lamps, and the length of an orthodox wax candle.

Narrow, intense, methodical, mechanical, sincere, heartless, adroit, M. Pobedonostseff has constructed his polity somewhat in this fashion: One church which shall tolerate no rivals. One autonomy of power — a Tsar; two principles and yet one fact. No liberty of thought. Liberty means the right to disagree, hence revolution, or lesser lack of unity. No clericism, no personal rights, no feudalism. One Altar-Throne at which all shall kneel.

Criticise it as you may on altruistic and humane grounds, M. Pobedonostseff has created and maintains a clean, logical, successful policy. The Russian nation is a unit, the rudiment of its education, to know the Tsar; its motto, "Let ignorance be bliss."

Mr. W. T. Stead tripped over some of the wires of M. Pobedonostseff when on his visit to Russia to write up the Tsar, and the English language is not fruitful enough of epithets properly descriptive of his opinion of the real personality of the Ober-Procuror. The story which Ugolino told in the "Sea of Everlasting Ice" after he had wiped his lips on the scalp of his murderer, can hardly compare with Mr. Stead's diatribe on the unfortunate head of the Most Holy Synod.

LOBANOFF.

But when one grows calm and is able fully to understand this singular man (and Mr. Stead is not the only one in the ranks of the horrified), it will be found that there is an "increasing purpose" underneath and behind his outrageous and persistent persecutions of Jews and Stundists. He has gigantic plans for Russian progress. He fosters momentous and far-reaching Pan-

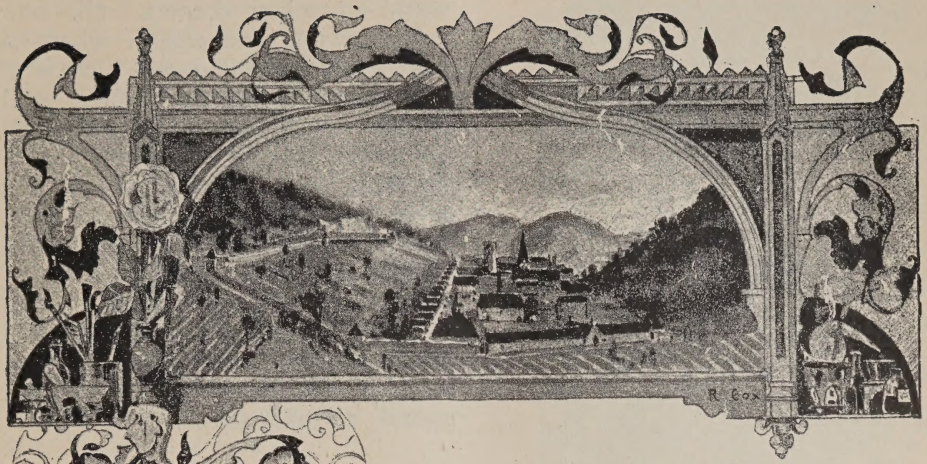
Slavic projects. What he has done and is doing is, so to speak, conscientiously performed, as the best and quickest means to a great end. — an evil done that good may come of it. In other words, M. Pobedonostseff has a strongly antithetical character; which is not by any means superficial; which will repay patient analysis; and which in its profound and genuine impulses, struggles only after what he regards as the greatest good of a mighty state.

One day M. Pobedonostseff was incautious enough to write a letter to Chestakoff, then minister of naval affairs, in which he spoke of Alexander III. as a "very weak man." Upon the death of this minister of marine, the Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the late Tsar, and admiral of the navy, gained access to his correspondence and came across this letter. He showed it to his brother, Alexander III., and a coldness sprang up between that sovereign and the Ober-Procuror, which always existed afterwards. The breach thus opened in Alexander's time is likely to widen into a catastrophe fatal to Pobedonostseff.

Recent advices from St. Petersburg indicate that M. Pobedonostseff is growing more and more a *persona non grata* to the reigning sovereign, Nicholas II. The present Tsar is giving every promise of being a liberal sovereign. Pobedonostseff is a relic of orthodox autocracy. Nicholas II. has already taken action calculated to circumscribe, if not to abolish the power of the dreaded Third Section, and will in time, no doubt, introduce into his country a modified form of that liberalism which formed the day dreams of Loris Melikoff and Ignatieff. Pobedonostseff will go down to history as an ascetic and a persecutor.

IGNATIEFF.

The Widow's Christmas Eve.



Brother Basil.

BERNARD MORGAN.

LONG ago, before Dante could lisp or Cimabue's mother was born, there lived a young man in Florence who felt within him the hidden strivings of art. He would sit for many hours together seeking to discern the forms that shaped themselves dimly in his soul, but when the reverie was passed from him his hands lay idle at his side, and the thoughts he would express grew still as a sleeping echo. His young manhood was thus melting away in fruitless endeavor, when one day he asked God to show him if only for once the inner fairness of created things. And his prayer was answered in this wise:

The dawn of a new desire opened in his heart, and soon he had said good-by forever to his old

world of misty dreams. His new home was a monastery, where a desert lay all around, and a circle of little hills shut out the desert. And Brother Basil was even more sequestered than his convent, for in his face and manner there was something which seemed to hide him in his hiding-place even as the undergrowth hides the violet in the thickness of a forest. Thus it came to pass that after two years Brother Basil's presence among the brethren was felt as a faint odor rather than seen as a bodily shape.

And yet there were times when one or other of the monks caught the look of flame and ecstacy on Brother Basil's wan face, and when they saw him walking among the flowers of the monastery garden, whereof he had sole care, they would hush their voices while he passed, with his eyes upon the earth and his arms folded on his breast. And if a brother came unawares upon him while he tended his flowers, he would pause to marvel at the tenderness wherewith Basil touched his fragrant charge, and how his fingers would linger among the slender stems like a young mother's hand around the limbs of her first-born, and how the look on his face grew warm with love when it rested on the rose of Sharon, and the light of his eyes grew softer than the first light on the morning cloud when he turned his head lest his breath might taint the whiteness of a lily. For God had granted his wish, and Basil saw the inner beauty he had longed for and could read a meaning and a message on the face of every tiniest blossom.

But God had given only half his gift.

Another year passed and another spring breathed upon the earth, but now the circles under Basil's eyes were grown deeper and darker, and his habit hung in looser folds about him. And it came to pass that one day the father prior entered Basil's cell with a long scroll of white vellum, whereon was written the Song of Songs, which he gave to Basil that he might adorn the margin with the painting of flowers. And Basil, knowing now that God would fructify his art, knelt for a whole night in prayer before beginning his labor of love.

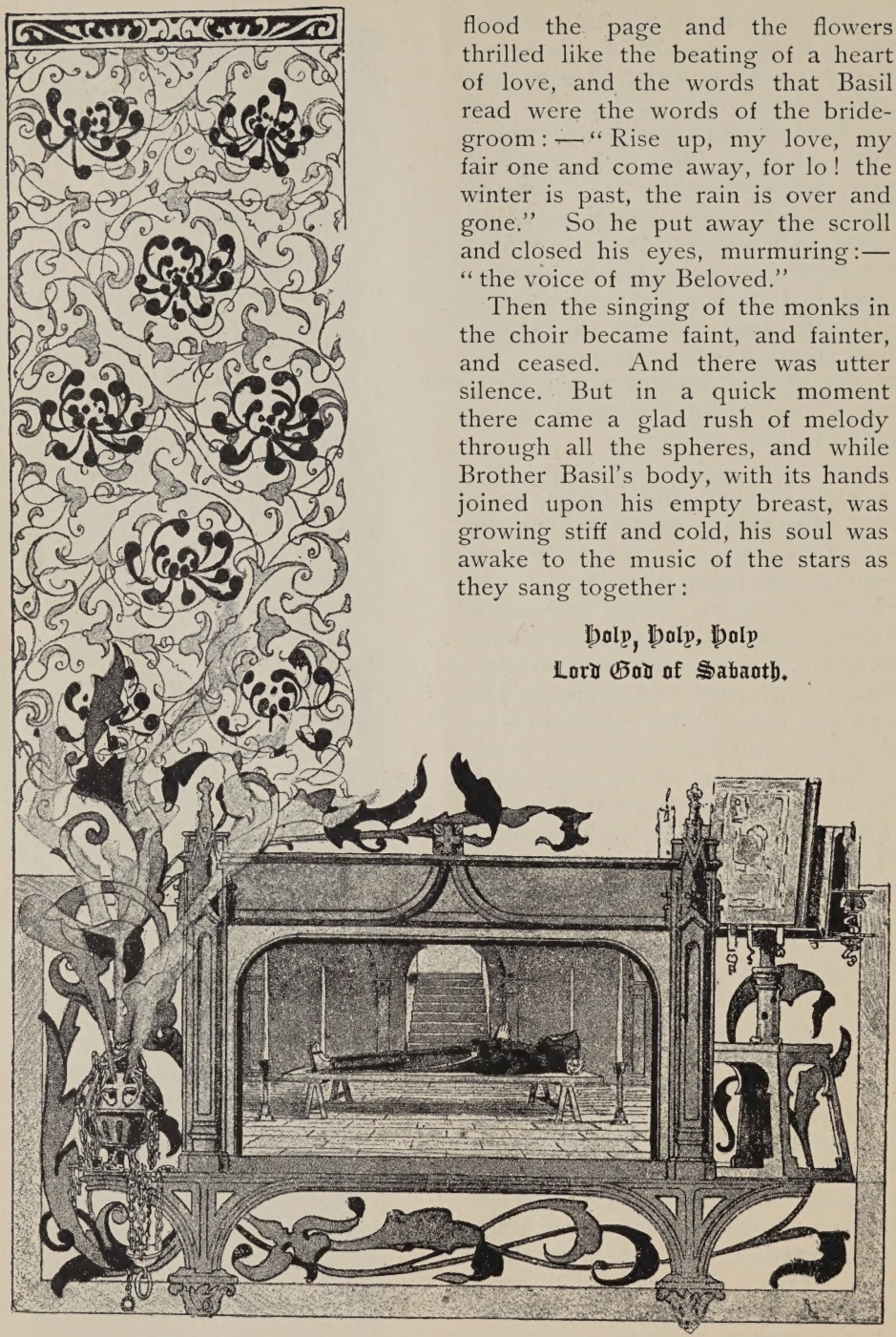
So he wrought while spring sweetness changed to summer gladness, and the flowers of his garden grew one by one along the virgin fringe of the Song of Songs, and when autumn came it brought no death for them, nor any autumn thereafter. But soon it went round among the brethren that Brother Basil's stall in the choir would know him no more.

The morning came at last which would have no morning to follow it in Basil's earthly life. The chanting of the monks reached the cell of the dying brother, rising and falling like the murmur of the sea on an endless shore. Basil listened intently that he might, as was his wont, join in the office with his brethren, but the only words that reached his ears were "Pray for him," and "deliver him," and "give him rest," and he knew that it was a godspeed for his journey. Then he asked the brother that watched by him, for the Song of Songs, that he might see it again and thank God. And when he opened it his eyes fell on a part where roses and lilies grew twiningly like a lattice; the sunshine of a heavenly summer seemed to

flood the page and the flowers thrilled like the beating of a heart of love, and the words that Basil read were the words of the bridegroom: — "Rise up, my love, my fair one and come away, for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." So he put away the scroll and closed his eyes, murmuring: — "the voice of my Beloved."

Then the singing of the monks in the choir became faint, and fainter, and ceased. And there was utter silence. But in a quick moment there came a glad rush of melody through all the spheres, and while Brother Basil's body, with its hands joined upon his empty breast, was growing stiff and cold, his soul was awake to the music of the stars as they sang together:

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God of Sabaoth.



WHAT THE CROUPIER SAW.

MARY F. M. NIXON.

I AM a *croupier*. Always? Well, no, perhaps not; but what I used to be does not matter. I have been a croupier long enough to forget other things.

Croupiers have no feelings. They would be in the way. I have stood here saying, "*Rouge! Noir!*" with perfect calm when women were fainting and men cursing.

Often one hears a sharp report, and *voila!* a man lies dead upon the floor. Vulgar, is it not, to spoil one's pleasure? Blood makes an ugly stain upon a marble floor. Everything is marble here, even men's hearts, especially a croupier's.

I despise people when they make a fuss. I have seen men play and then cry like children that they lost. The women are braver. They never cry. We see all kinds of women here; women who play for fun and those who are in deadly earnest, to whom the revolution of that wheel means death or life. Then there are the women who come with others.

One sees strange sights, stranger people. You hear of the heroism of men upon the battle field. The bravest deed I ever saw done was by a woman, and in this gambling hall.

Tell you of it? Well, yes, if you like. It was when I first came here from Monte Carlo. I was bored here, for this is a neat, respectable gambling-place, where they play low stakes, one or two francs.

I watch the people and can always tell just what they play, and whether they are used to it or not.

This day it was very quiet, and I saw them the moment they came into the room — bride and groom they looked to be. He was a great, tall, dark fellow, a superb specimen of physical strength, with a passionate mouth, but a splendid chin which should have redeemed it. She — well, she was what you would have expected him to fancy: a tiny woman, with a tangle of golden curls, and wide-open blue eyes, heavily fringed in brown — the sort of dependent little creature that a man worships all his life; the kind that draws out all the good in a fellow because she loves and believes in him.

He teased her to play, and at last she consented, though reluctantly.

She clapped her tiny gloved hands when she won, as she always did, and soon she had doubled all he gave her. She poured the little pile of silver into her *porte-monnaie* with a laugh as clear as a silver bell, saying, "I know when to stop."

He was still playing, and did not stop until she drew his stakes away and said:

"Come, Phil, we must go." Then he yielded to her smile and they moved away. I smiled grimly to myself. I knew he would return. The man was bitten fiercely; the gambling fever was in his blood.

I was right. In half an hour they were back, and he won steadily. Once she snatched his twenty-franc piece from the red and put it on the star. It won, and she had her hundred francs. He was like a madman and struck her on the back, not

meaning to hurt her, but because he was beside himself with joy.

She shrank from him a little and grew pale at his loud laugh.

"Come away, Phil; indeed you've played enough," I heard her whisper.

"In a minute," he said, shaking off the little hand laid so gently on his arm.

"Don't play any more, Phil; please don't," I heard her say.

"Just once more," he urged, "and then I will go."

"Oh, Phil! I'm *so* tired, please take me home. Don't leave me here alone," said the pleading voice.

"Just a minute, Dolly," and he came back to play.

"When I show you this (her finger on her wedding-ring), you will come with me, won't you?" (Page 1364.)

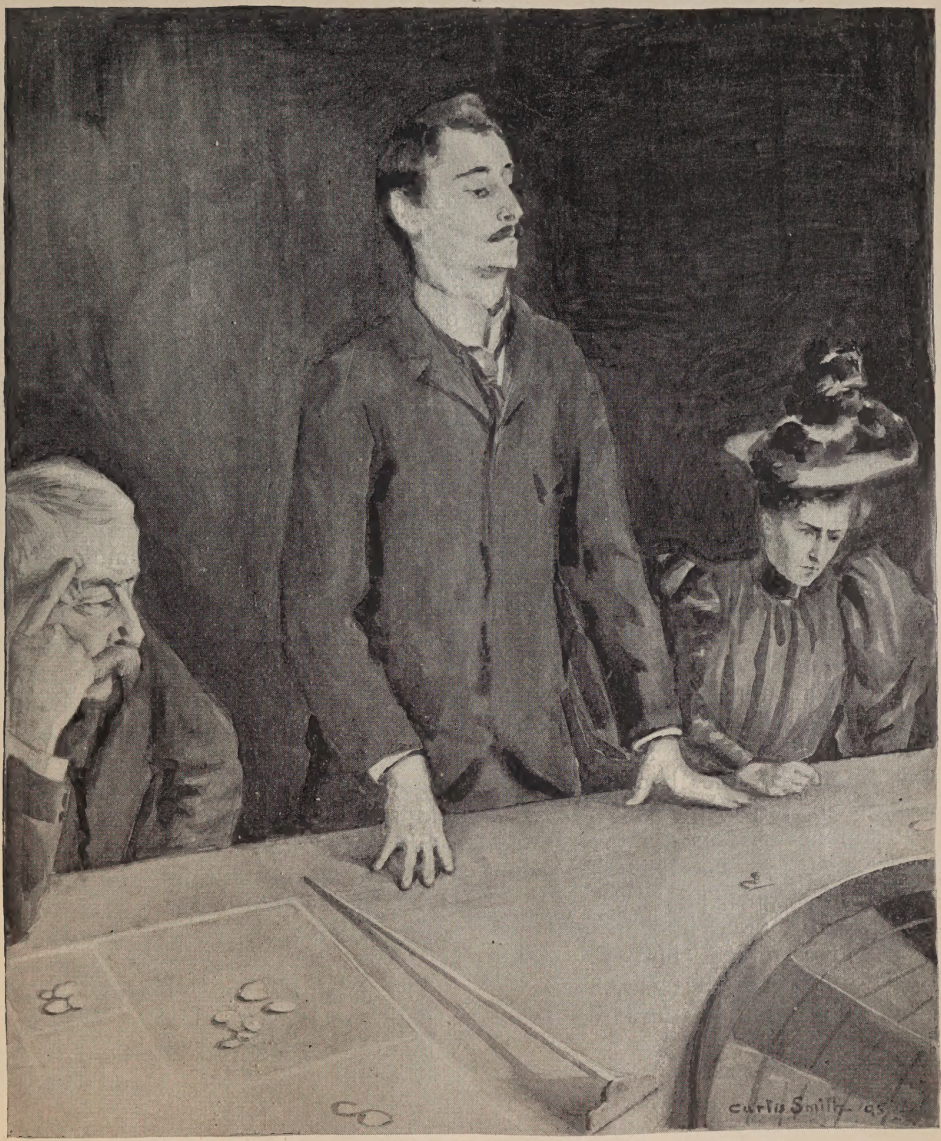
Her eyes flashed, and with a swift movement she snatched his stake and swept his money away from him.

"Hang it! I would have won!" he cried fiercely.

"Oh, Phil!" was all she said, but her tone, so hurt, so surprised, recalled him to himself.

They walked away a few steps and I could hear them talking.

There she stood — alone. About her surged the crowd — a motley one. Curious looks were cast upon the fair young English girl. One man spoke rudely to her, but she heeded not. She did not hear him. She heard only the beating of her heart. Across her face swept every emotion. Such a proud little face! I read it like a book.



"I am only a Croupier! Commençons nous! Rouge! Noir!" (Page 1364.)

Cut to the quick she was that he should openly neglect her; wounded pride, annoyance, affection, all were battling within her.

But the woman's love, which is stronger far than pride, conquered — I saw her turn and look at him — and the heart-break crept into her face. Others were looking at him, too, for he was playing high — one hundred, two hundred franc stakes, and losing everything.

She murmured to herself, "Oh, Phil! I didn't think you would have done it!" Then she drew off her gloves and upon her pretty, slender, jeweled fingers, I saw a wedding-ring. Perhaps she remembered the "for better or for worse" with which that ring was placed there, for she kissed it furtively, then came swiftly to him. "Phil," she said, one hand upon his sleeve.

He turned, not quite deaf to that voice yet. He was like a man in a dream, his ruddy face white and drawn, his eyes like black coals. The gambler's passion quivered in every line of his figure.

"Phil," that sweet voice full of love and pleading said again, "when I show you this (her finger on her wedding-ring) you will come with me, won't you?"

He looked irresolute.

Just then she caught my glance full of pity. She threw up her proud little head like a deer at bay. She was game to the backbone, and wouldn't be pitied by *me*, a *croupier!*

"You never refused me anything before. It is I — Dolores — who asks you. Come."

Her eyes looked into his and her great love forced him to yield. "Just this once," he said, hoarsely, flinging down a two-hundred franc note.

I saw her lips move. She prayed he would lose. She was right. It was the turning point. Had he won then he would have played on and on until the end, and then — who knows what then? If there be a God, surely He helps such souls as hers, for he lost.

"Come, Phil," she said again, and as if dazed he let her lead him away.

Then the play stopped, and as I turned to go I saw them again. He was seated upon a bench, his head on his hands, totally unmanned. She stood beside him with almost motherly tenderness.

"Poor old fellow! Never mind, you have me still," she said.

He looked up at her, and if there was ever worship in a man's eyes it shone in his.

"Yes," he said, tremulously. "Thank God I've got you still, my salvation! I don't deserve your love, Dolly, but please God, I *will*."

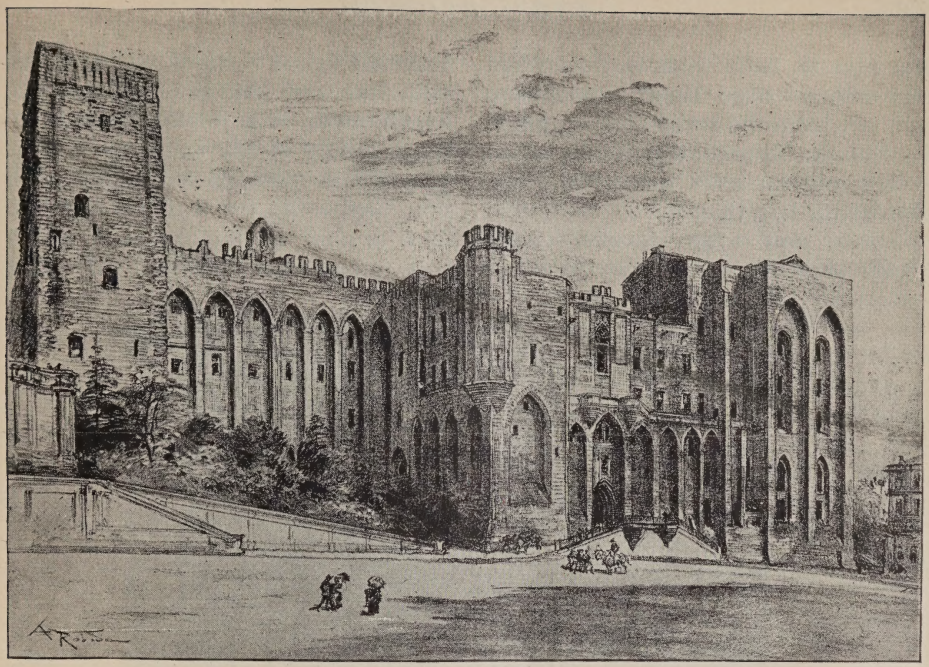
Once afterward I saw them. He looked well, and better, somehow, and she — well, I'm not good at expressing things, but I think she never forgot that half hour all alone. Some things kill a woman.

She loved him *á la mort*, and forgave him all, but I think the *joy* of loving died within her soul that day.

She seemed older and had a look in her face like a Madonna.

That is all my story, but till I die I shall remember that woman's pluck. Why did I let him play? *Mon Dieu!* how could I help it? I am only a *croupier! Eh! bien!*

Commençons nous – Rouge – Noir!



THE PAPAL PALACE AT AVIGNON.

IN PAPAL AVIGNON.

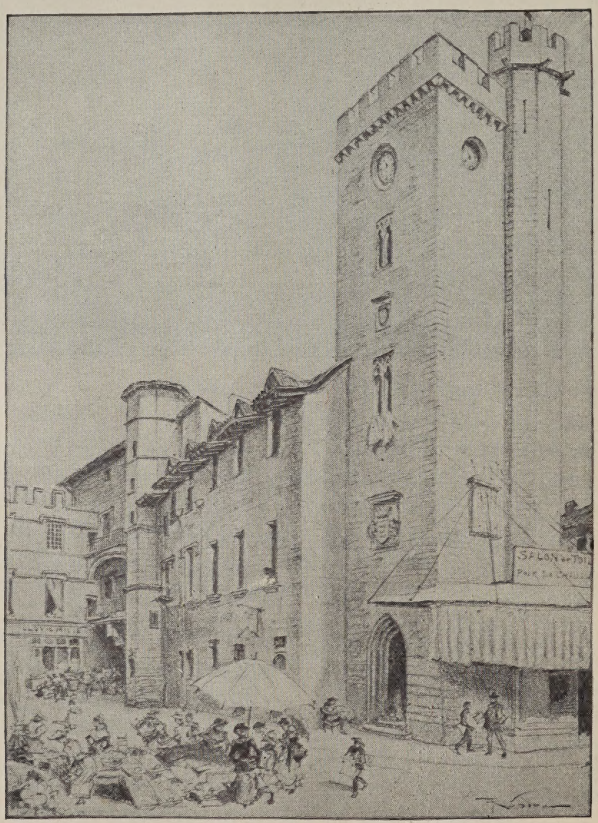
W. SIMMONDS.

A FEW years ago the present writer was watching the sunset from Monte Pincio in Rome, when he was accosted by a feverish tourist who wanted to know the best way of seeing the Eternal City in two days. He was doing Europe, and meant to do it in four weeks; stranger still, he was doing it for pleasure and instruction. This haggard traveller is only a type of the thousands who whirl along at railroad speed from one big centre to another, utterly oblivious of what they are missing on the way.

Some few weeks ago an item of news was published in the daily press which must have been eagerly welcomed by all who take an interest in preserving the historical remains of the past. The old papal palace at Avignon, which since the days of the French revolution has served as barracks and prison, is to be restored to the more dignified purpose of a great Christian museum, and will doubtless become a new Mecca for the archæologist. Unhappily, if the million dollars which are to be expended in the work were to be multiplied by 10, they could

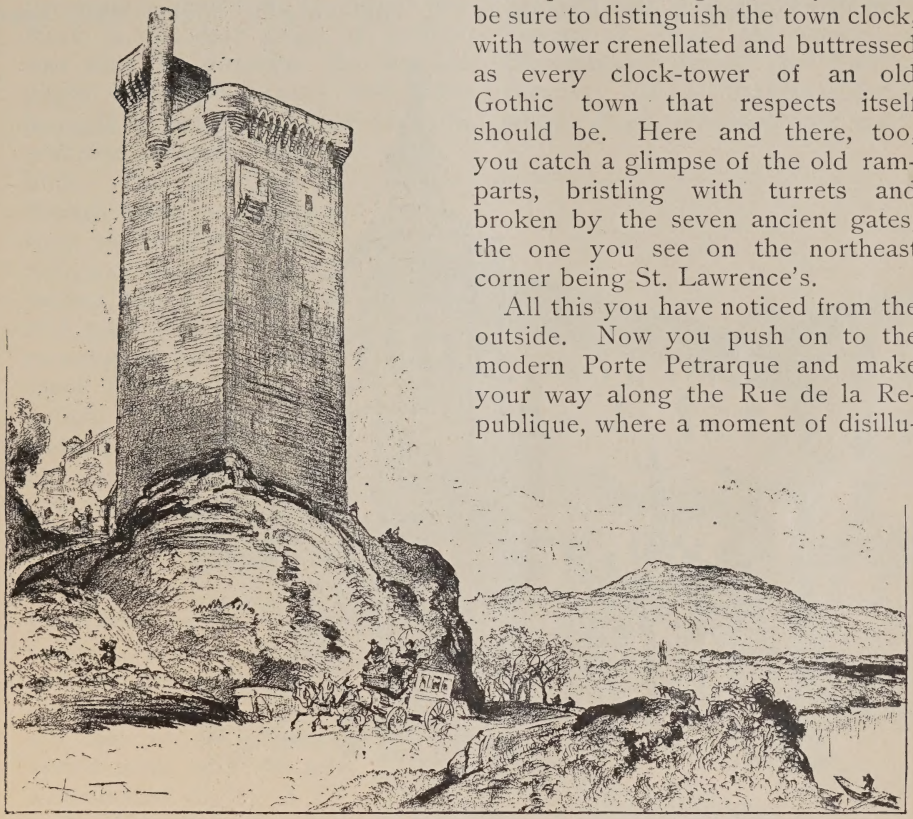
not give us back what we lost when the soldiers used their bayonets to cut out from the walls heads painted by Simone Memmi, which they afterwards sold for a few glasses of wine. But better late than never.

Have you ever travelled from Paris to Nice? If so you have doubtless had a good night's rest, and neither then nor after did Avignon enter into your dreams. And yet in all France — one might almost say in all Europe — Avignon is unique; quaint and curious old Avignon of popes and anti-popes, of Petrarch and his Laura, *l'isle sonnante*, the island of tinklings, as Rabelais called it, thinking of all the churches and convents and belfries which made it a pocket-edition (in black-letter) of Eternal Rome. Yes, you will be pleased and surprised if you turn aside for a day or two to look around Gothic Avignon, which still remains its historical self after the whirligigs of half a thousand years. Even in the distance, there is no mistaking its striking, clear-cut features for those of any other town. The huge mass of the papal palace stands out with the majesty of a patriarch — a patriarch, withal, wearing his spurs and coat of mail. And well he might, for look you across



FORTRESS OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN, AVIGNON.

the broken bridge (of which more later) and you cannot fail to see that surly stone giant, with his spiteful little window eyes fixed on the patriarch — ready to pounce on him any moment.



Tower of Philip Le Bel at Villeneuve.

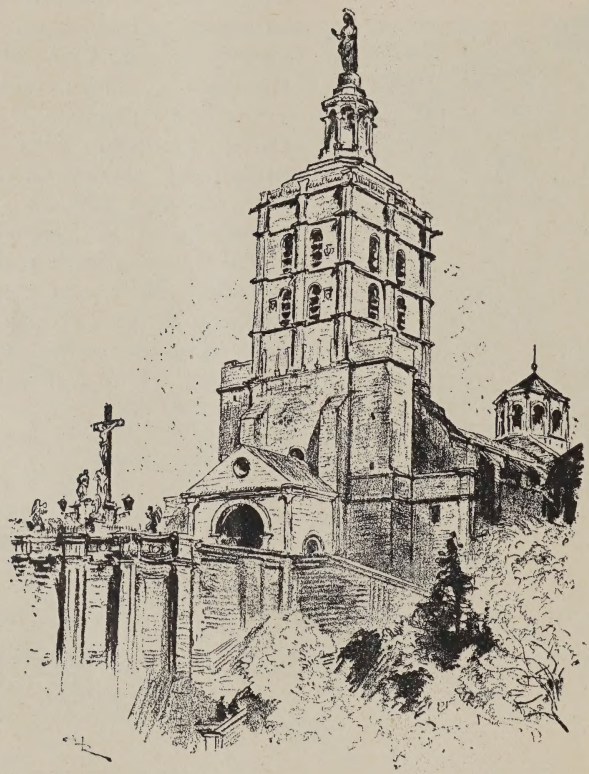
Yes, that is Philip le Bel's watch-tower — Philip le Bel, who would have liked to have the making of popes in his own right, and was not over nice in his methods. Besides, Philip was only a symptom of his epoch, and the course of history amply justified the warlike front of the old papal chateau which Froissart calls "the strongest and most beautiful castle in the world" — though, in truth, what there is of beauty in it is due rather to the softening touch of time than to any grace of architecture.

All around it rises a little sea of picturesque roofs, turrets, towers, and spires, among which you will be sure to distinguish the town clock, with tower crenellated and buttressed as every clock-tower of an old Gothic town that respects itself should be. Here and there, too, you catch a glimpse of the old ramparts, bristling with turrets and broken by the seven ancient gates, the one you see on the northeast corner being St. Lawrence's.

All this you have noticed from the outside. Now you push on to the modern Porte Petrarque and make your way along the Rue de la Republique, where a moment of disillusion awaits you. Everything here is modern, not to say *fin-de-siecle*. The strident newsboy and the busy burgher are of the usual type, but a few steps bring you to a little side street; you turn aside to escape the din and rush and — good-by for a while to the nineteenth century.

Sheer before you rises the great yellow pile, a vast irregular parallelogram of gigantic battlements stand-

ing on the sloping rock of Doms. Seven enormous towers support the massive walls, and still keep some of the crenellated crown which once ran round the whole building. For a sight of the west front you pass round to the south side under the immense buttress of the Rue de la Peyrolerie and thence into the Rue du Vice-Légat, a narrow little street, whose charming old houses on one side seem to live on the most amicable terms with their big neighbor on the other. But the view is disappointing, for this magnificent façade, which is really the most imposing side of the palace, can only be seen in profile, or in small segments from the openings of the narrow streets. At all events you can see that here, too, seven towers shoot into the air, and you know when you are told that the last of them is La Glacière, which has its story. A vaulted passage leads to the great courtyard of the castle. Severe as it undoubtedly looks, this open space is eloquently redolent of stirring memories.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES DOMS.

What a strange and chequered existence the old castle has known! Begun in 1335 by Benedict XII., the last stone of the last tower was not laid until Clement VI., Innocent VI., and Urban V., had each in turn lodged within its walls. Meanwhile one deputation after another was despatched by the Romans, praying

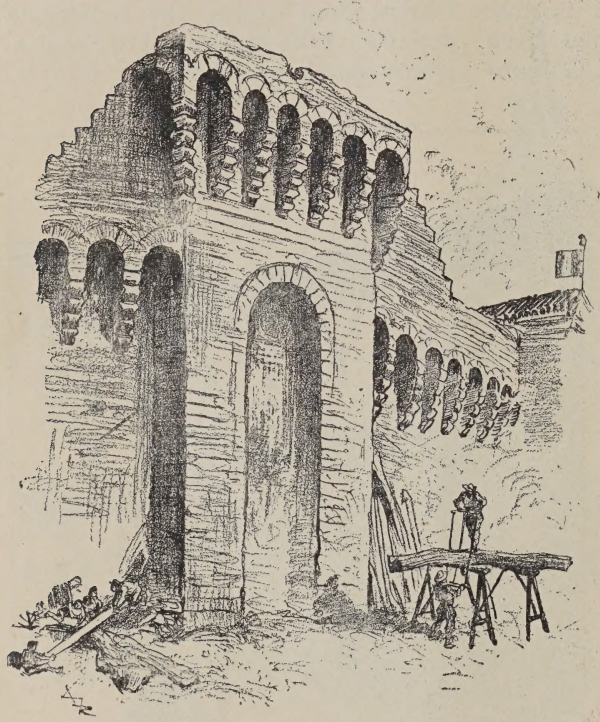
for the return of the papacy. Petrarch, who on one occasion acted as ambassador, in his petition to the Pope likened the Eternal City to a widow lamenting her spouse, and "so changed as to be no longer recognizable." In 1342, another personage, destined to leave his mark in this dark page of history, was sent to describe the terrible plight to which Rome had been brought between the Orsini Guelphs and the Colonna Ghibellines. This was Cola di Rienzi, who, on returning from his bootless quest to Avignon, succeeded in expelling the rival factions and establishing the new tyranny of his own autocracy as "tribune of the people." Nine years later Cola made another journey (in chains) to Avignon, where he remained, a well-treated prisoner, for three years. Better had it been for him had the three years been indefinitely prolonged. He was released and sent back to quiet the distracted town, but the old lust of power reasserted itself, and he was assassinated during a tumult fomented by the Colonna.

Between these two visits of Rienzi, a queen made her solemn entry into Avignon. Joanna of Naples had been accused, justly or not, of the murder of her first husband, and came to plead her case in person before Pope Clement VI. Her eloquence or her innocence procured her acquittal, and she lived to marry three times afterwards, until Charles de Duras, her cousin and heir, grew tired of waiting for his patrimony, and had her smothered between two feather beds.

But assuredly the most interesting character that ever crossed the frowning portals of the castle was the great woman saint, Catherine of Sienna, who fills so much of the history of Italy, the papacy and Christendom during the fourteenth century. Like St. Bridget of Sweden, whose death preceded her own by only three years, Catherine strained every effort of her powerful character to bring about the return of the papacy to Rome. In 1376 she was sent by the Republic of Florence as peace ambassadress to Gregory XI. at Avignon. Her first sight of the town, we are told, astonished and displeased her. The narrow streets, covered with awnings to keep off the

COURT OF HONOR OF THE PALACE.

fierce rays of the sun, could hardly contain the dense population of natives and foreigners. All varieties of types, costumes, and languages even were to be seen and heard — here were groups of German students who had come to make use of the free university established by the popes, there were processions of palmers, penitents and monks; grave doctors of divinity disputed in the open air with the followers of Wycliffe, the latest of heretics; missionaries about to leave for distant lands mingled with the crowds of idle clerks; Jews who had been expelled from other parts of Christendom found a home under the shadow of the chateau; Italians and Provençals laughed and quarrelled alternately over their cups. Catherine's immediate object in Avignon was to negotiate peace between the Pope and the Florentines, but she made ample use of her opportunity to push the other aims which consumed her soul with zeal — a new crusade against the Turk and the immediate return of the papacy to the Eternal City. The efforts made by the Avignonese to keep the papal court in their own town seemed inexhaustible, and when Catherine set out with staff and wallet for Italy on the 13th of September, 1376, the rejoicings of her opponents were as heartfelt as they were gratuitous.



St. Lawrence's Gate.

All this while, churches were being built, and convents and monasteries established in papal Avignon, and, if we may believe Daudet, the town and county throve exceedingly under the sway of the popes. But in 1377 the Romans had their will, and amid the rejoicings of Christendom Gregory XI. returned with his court to the natural centre of the Catholic world.

Then began the history of the Avignon anti-popes, and the new chateau was called to show its strength and receive its fire-baptism. Deposed by councils, deserted by his cardinals, confined first to the town and then within the castle walls, Peter de Luna (Benedict XIII.), the second of the anti-popes, held grimly to his title. The town had turned against him, and a French army had been sitting impotently for 12 years under the stout walls, when

STREET IN AVIGNON.

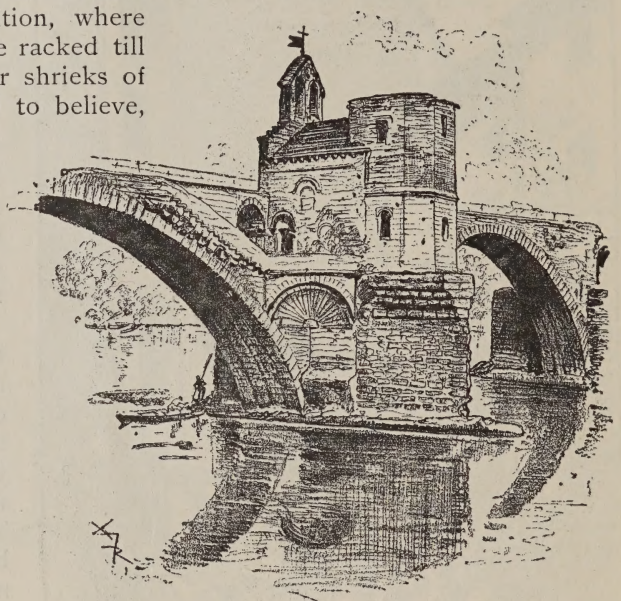
Roderigo de Luna was allowed to surrender with all the honors of war, some months after his brother, the anti-pope, had effected his escape from the castle by a secret passage.

This was in 1411, and from that time the heyday of papal Avignon was over. Excepting two abortive attempts made on the chateau by the Huguenots and Calvinists, and an occupation of it for two or three months by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. the annals of Avignon are uneventful. Under the reign of the papal legates the town grew richer and larger; though of course the churches had ceased to multiply.

Then came the horrors of 1789. Avignon and its district were divided into hostile camps, one desiring, the other opposing reunion with France. The revolutionists, led by a man appropriately nicknamed Coupe-Tête, gained the upper hand, seized the ringleaders of the other side, imprisoned them in the Trouillas tower, and a few days after the poor wretches — 110 in number — were hurled from the top of la Glacière to the ground below, where quicklime was immediately thrown over the dead and agonizing alike. Since then, until within recent years, the castle has served successively or simultaneously as barracks, prison, and archives.

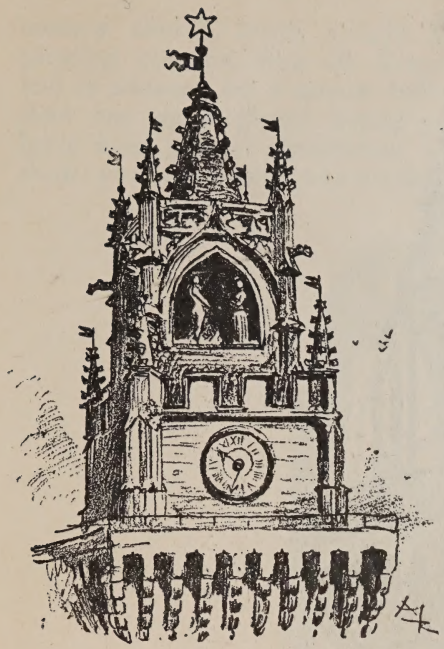
Such are some of the historical souvenirs of the old chateau. Grim enough in all truth they are, but their broidery of fable is more ghastly still. From the court you enter the castle, and pass through hall after hall, noting everywhere the destruction wrought on fresco and marble, until you are finally ushered into a gloomy room in the tower of the Estrapade. This was the torture-chamber of the Inquisition, where recalcitrant heretics were racked till the walls rang with their shrieks of agony. So people used to believe, but this is a prosaic age, and it is now known that the only executioners who carried on their nefarious deeds here were the papal cooks and their understrappers. Then you will be shown another room called the Burnt Chamber — a large banqueting-hall where Peter de Luna gathered a number of hostile cardinals for a sumptuous feast and grilled them alive! Poor Peter has enough to answer for without this, and was beyond all earthly (and, let us hope, other) fires when the room was accidentally burnt. And these things, remember, were not mere bugaboos to frighten children.

When you have seen all this and looked down the gray Gothic gallery of the Conclave you will have had enough of the palace interior for a first visit. Now for a view from one of the lofty towers. Right beneath your eye is the famous church of Notre Dame des Doms, built in the eleventh century, and in spite of restorations and additions preserving still its character of rude antiquity. The old tower, which was almost destroyed during Peter de Luna's siege, was afterwards restored, and completed only thirty years ago by a belfry, surmounted by a colossal statue of Our Lady. When you have time to give the old church a visit you will find many interesting relics — among them the handsome tomb of John XXII. and the old papal chair of the Avignon popes, now used as the archbishop's throne.



ARCHES AND CHAPEL OF THE BRIDGE OF ST. BENEZET.

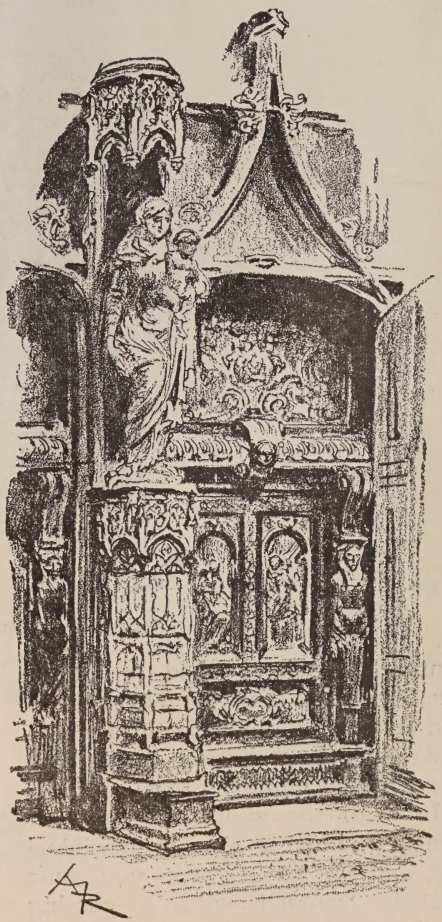
Branching out in all directions within a short distance of the church square is a perfect network of narrow, tortuous streets, which reminds you of Bologna or old Florence. Now run your eye down the Rue Abraham, the old jewry of papal times, and you cannot help seeing a tall, imposing tower with crenellated battlements. That is the venerable fortress of the Knights Hospitallers



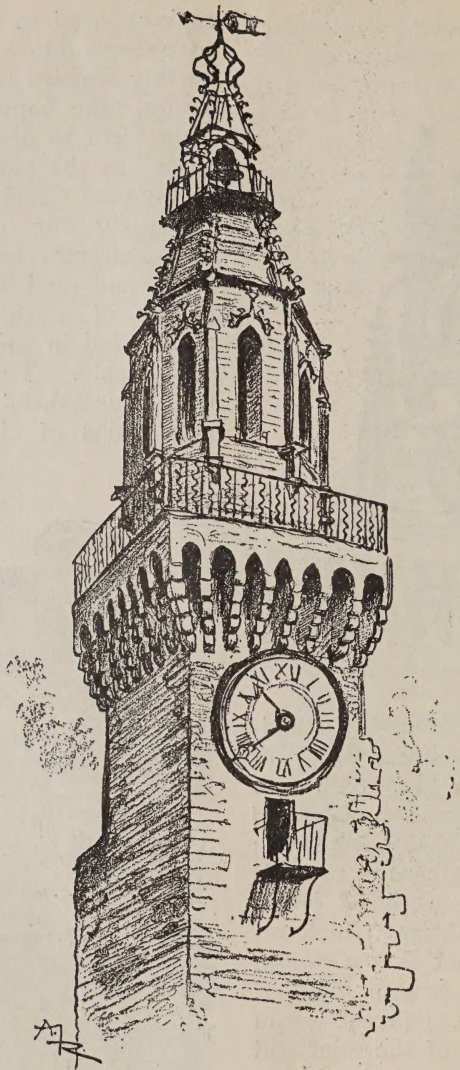
Belfry of The Hotel de Ville.

of St. John of Jerusalem — a standing witness of the great order of soldier monks, who fought so well against the Mussulman invaders of Christendom. The old bridge you noticed before entering the town is another relic of a medieval order, the Hospitaller Pontiffs, which recalls the curious fact that a pontiff properly means a bridge builder. Their bridge of St. Bénézet — you see the little chapel of the saint still standing on the ruins — took ten years to build (1178–1188), and consisted originally of 19 arches. But the floods of the Rhone, the siege of Peter de Luna and the ravages of time have played such havoc with it that there are now only four of the arches remaining.

Some distance behind the knights' tower, you notice the ruins of a church and a belfry still intact. Here the medieval guild of shoemakers used to worship, and here in pre-revolution days reposed the earthly remains of Petrarch's gentle Laura, "the happy plant that grew from birth to death within Avignon town," as the pathetic sonnet found in the poet's coffin testifies. Laura, unhappily for romance, married, not Petrarch, but the Count de Sade, and died during the terrible plague of 1348, when the Avignonese fell in thousands under the dark sickle. The neighborhood of the Shoemakers' Tower is strewn with ruins of churches and con-



Door of St. Peter's Church



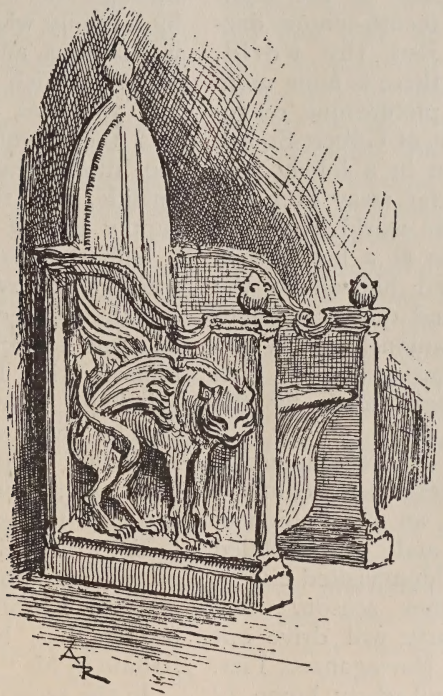
STEEPLE OF THE AUGUSTINIANS' CHURCH.

vents; they have had a better fate, however, than the old church and cloisters of the Celestines, which have long been barred and grilled to serve as a military prison.

In truth the wealth of medieval remains on every side is bewildering, and for the present you must content yourself with a passing bird's-eye-view of the most striking objects. Avignon still possesses some dozen convents and monasteries, which you can pick out with a little care. Your eye will rest with pleasure on the beautiful church of St. Peter, with its Gothic front and magnificent doors of carved oak, separated by a pillar on which stands a handsome statue of Our Lady. St. Didier, a fourteenth-

century church, forms a rude but pleasing contrast with St. Peter's, and is adorned by a quaint belfry. And one more glance before you leave your post of observation will show you the little tree-bordered square, on one side of which stands the old church of St. Symphorian, and on the opposite one, the remarkable tower which is all that survives of the Augustinian convent.

Yes, if you have not yet seen Avignon, you must do so next time you visit Europe. Its museum of Roman, Moslem and Christian antiquities will interest you. You will doubtless find the papal castle looking as stern and imposing as ever from the outside, but within the marks of vandalism will have been removed as far as may be, and the immense building, after all its vicissitudes, will have become a treasure house of Christian relics.



THRONE OF THE AVIGNON POPES.

GILBERT STUART.

FRANK H. SWEET.

MONG all the distinguished figures with which the last half of the eighteenth century dazzled the world, there is none more picturesque or remarkable than that of Gilbert Stuart, the painter. Born in a lonely part of Rhode Island, far away from the din and stir of the world, and at a time when art was at a low ebb in America, he raised himself to the notice of kings and queens, and to the intimate companionship of Washington and the rare group of men and women brought forth by the Revolution.

At the head of Petaquamscott Pond, in the Narragansett country, there still stands an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed, and low-portaled house, which is seldom visited except during the summer season, when occasionally a party will drive out from Newport or Narragansett Pier. This birthplace and early home of Gilbert Stuart is shut in by hill and pond, and old, wide-spreading trees, and is almost forgotten by the outside world. There is little within the house to attract attention; the ceilings are low, the fire-places are wide and flaring, and the stairs steep and contracted; but the low door is opened to all who care to enter, and, for the asking, one may see the room in which the great painter was born. It has never been altered, and the place has known but few changes other than that the wheel that once ground snuff for the many, now grinds corn for a sparsely settled neighborhood. The last time I was through the house it was occupied by a family who knew why the place was famous, and could point out the room in which the painter was born, and that was about all. But there was the crumbling old house, and the little stream and ancient trees outside, and the imagination could supply all that was needed.

Gilbert Stuart, the elder, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and a native of Perth. In 1746 or 1747 he came to America and associated himself with Dr. Moffet in snuff-grinding. The family tradition was that he was a refugee. Opposed to his father in politics, he joined the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, and after the battle of Culloden, fled to the Colonies. Soon after he had established himself in business he married Elizabeth Anthony, whose beauty has been referred to by Sabine in his "Loyalists."

In the record of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett, there is the following entry: —

> "April 11, 1756, being Palm Sunday, Doctor McSparran read prayers, preached, and baptized a child named Gilbert Stuart, son of Gilbert Stuart the snuff-grinder."

The snuff mill was run but a few years, when Mrs. Stuart came into possession of a small property, and the family removed to Newport.

In his early years Stuart was not a good student; his spirits were too buoyant, and moreover he had another love which claimed more

than a share of his attention. His fondness for drawing he could not suppress, nor did he attempt it.

At this time there was little art in America, and but few even passable pictures, and even these few were beyond his reach. Portrait painters were rare, and the best ones were obliged to support themselves by such supplementary work as herald and sign painting. Stuart persevered as best he could, gaining a little here and a little there, and being occasionally helped by the nomadic artists who came to Newport. But it was years before he could even get colors and palette to work with.

At the age of 13 his prospects began to look brighter. He received an order for portraits of Mr. and Mrs. John Bannister, of Newport, and although these portraits were not remarkable as pictures, they were good likenesses. They are now in the Redwood Library.

Three years later there came to America an artist by the name of Cosmos Alexander, who was well qualified to help Stuart in his art studies. Alexander remained in the Colonies about two years, and when he returned to England took Stuart with him, promising to put him in the way of learning all that related to his profession. This promise he would undoubtedly have kept, but unfortunately he died soon after reaching Edinburgh. Stuart was thus thrown upon his own resources, and these were slight, indeed, for he had not attained to sufficient skill in his profession to enable him to live and pursue his studies. Discouraged, he returned to America in a collier, bound for Nova Scotia.

Hard as had been his experience, he had acquired a great deal of information. He had seen better pictures than he could see at home, and had been brought into contact with men of established reputation. He felt that he was better prepared than he otherwise would have been to appear before his countrymen as a portrait painter.

That his merits were recognized at this early period is evident from the fact that he was soon called upon to paint the portraits of some of the wealthy Jews in Rhode Island, and of several prominent persons in Philadelphia. But the advantages of study in Europe were ever before his eyes, and fearing that the prospective war with England would cut off the chances of his again visiting there for a long time, he embarked on board the last ship that escaped detention in Boston harbor, in the spring of 1775, and sailed for Great Britain. His great ambition was to meet the artist, West, and, if possible, become his pupil. But his poverty and modesty restrained him, until, at last, he was forced by his very necessities to call upon West without an introduction.

There must have been something peculiarly fascinating or agreeable about young Stuart, for the great West not only accepted him as a pupil, but admitted him into his own family.

From this time his progress was rapid. He worked hard under West, and more than repaid his tutor by putting in parts of his pictures. He was a good musician, and years before had mastered a number of instruments, and had also met with some success as a composer. This love for music now stood him in good stead, for it enabled him to obtain the position of organist of a small church, and thus to add materially to his scanty earnings.

During his stay with West, Stuart painted several portraits which attracted considerable attention, so that when he set up for himself he was already on the road to fame. A letter written by one of his friends at this time has the statement: "Stuart has taken a house at £150 a year rent, in Berner's street, and is going to set up a great man." The fact that Mr. West and Sir Joshua Reynolds had sat to him helped in no inconsiderable degree to bring him into notice. Even now he demanded and received a price for his pictures only exceeded by the sums paid Sir Joshua and Gainsborough.

For a time Stuart lived in splendor. Money rolled in upon him, and he spent it as lavishly, never giving heed to the morrow, nor caring what became of his earnings. Daily his rooms were thronged with visitors, who thought it a privilege to sit to him, and who were ready to pay anything that he thought proper to charge them. At these sittings he was always entertaining. Dr. Waterhouse said of his colloquial powers:

"In conversation he was inferior to no man among us. He made a point to keep those talking who were sitting to him for their portraits, each in his own way, free and easy. This called up his resources of judgment. To military men he spoke of battles by sea and land; with statesmen, on Hume's or Gibbon's History; with lawyers, on jurisprudence or remarkable criminal trials; with the merchant in his way; with the man of leisure in his way, and with the ladies in all ways. When putting the rich farmer on his canvas, he would go along with him from seed time to harvest; he would descant on the nice points of a horse, an ox, a cow, sheep or pig, and surprise him with his just remarks on the process of making cheese and butter, or astonish him with his profound knowledge of manures, or the food of plants. As to national and individual character, few men could say more to the purpose as far as history and personal observation would carry him. He had wit at will — always ample, sometimes redundant."

Stuart had a splendid house and lived expensively. He began giving dinners and invited forty-two persons to dine with him. These were men of talent in some professional lines — painters, poets, musicians, droll fellows, actors, authors, etc. After dinner he said to these friends, "I can't have you all every day, but I will have seven of you to dine with me each day in the week, and I have contrived it so that the party shall vary without further trouble. I have put up seven cloak-pins in my hall, so that the first seven who come in may hang up their coats and hats; the eighth man, seeing them full, will go away and probably attend earlier the next day. Then it is not likely that any of the party of one day will come on the next, nor until the time for the forty-two be expended." This compact was understood, without further trouble of naming or inviting.

"I tasked myself to six sittings a day," said Stuart. "These done, I flung down my palette and pencils, took my hat and ran about and around the park for an hour, then home, got ready for dinner, approached my drawing-room with the certainty of meeting as clever men as could be found in society; and, what added to this comfort, I knew not what or who they might

be until I saw them, and this produced a variety every day without any trouble."

But this novel mode of entertaining only lasted about six months; then the party was broken up, some going into the country, some out of the country — John Kemble, Irish Johnstone and others.

Soon after he had established himself Stuart married Miss Charlotte Coates, daughter of Dr. Coates of Berkshire. For a time the family were violently opposed to the match, on account of his well-known reckless habits, but finally withdrew their opposition.

He still entertained royally, and was almost as famous socially as he was professionally. It became a fashion among the nobility to have pictures by Stuart. He painted the portraits of his majesty, George III., H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Kemble, Colonel Barré, and many other celebrated characters. He also made a professional visit to Dublin, and in Paris painted a portrait of Louis XVI.

But although he was well employed, he began to grow uneasy and restless. His long absence from home made him discontented. He had an intense desire to paint the portrait of Washington, and this wish becoming all absorbing, he at last threw up his orders and engagements and sailed for America.

In New York he was received enthusiastically. He had gone abroad a poor youth to win his way in the world, and he had come back a painter without an equal in America. Orders poured in on him from every side, and had he laid by but a tithe of the sums he received, his savings would have been an ample provision for the future; but he was as fond as ever of society, and loved to entertain and to be entertained, and when at the board with his merry companions he still delighted to tell a good story and sing a good song.

Soon after his arrival he received a letter requesting him to come to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and paint the picture of the Duke of Kent; but he declined, for it was his fixed determination to paint Washington at any sacrifice. Removing to Philadelphia, he took a house on the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets. The building is still standing, with some alterations. Here it was that he painted his first portrait of Washington, and it was only when he was too much overrun with work and his time was too much taken up with callers, that he removed to Germantown, where the ruins of the building in which he painted may still be seen.

Stuart's house on Chestnut street was daily the resort of many prominent and fashionable people. Philadelphia was at that time unusually attractive. Congress met there, and the society of the place included representatives of the best people from all parts of the Union and from many foreign lands; and it was there that Mrs. Washington gave those delightful entertainments which have been described in the "Republican Court." Stuart knew almost every one, and it was his good fortune to have for his sitters the lovely women who gathered around Mrs. Washington, and the soldiers and statesmen who were the tried friends of the President. In the gay assemblages that were of almost nightly occurrence, he frequently took part, and in a manner creditable to himself; whether it was a musical party, or a social gathering, or a ceremonious

entertainment. He played on many instruments, his voice was flexible, and his wit quick and sparkling. Here he painted many of the beautiful portraits that have come down to us, — Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Bingham, the Marchioness D'Yruja, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, and many others. And it was here that he painted portraits of Washington and Jefferson, and many distinguished men of the period.

From Philadelphia, Stuart removed to Washington, and from Washington, in 1805, to Boston. Here he resided during the remaining years of his life, painting and entertaining, as improvident and careless in all matters relating to his own affairs as ever, and as indifferent to opportunities that were frequently offered him to increase his gains and extend his reputation.

SYMPATHY.

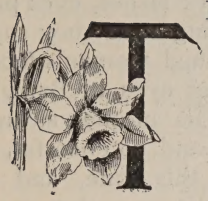
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A golden oil upon Life's creaking wheels,
Bidding the noisy cycles soundless turn ;
Love's unguent on each smarting seam and burn,
Blessing the wounds its gracious balsam heals ;
A perfect strain of harmony which steals
Into the jarring discords of our earth,
'Till ev'ry soul its soothing sweetness feels,
And melancholy brightens into mirth.

Sans sympathy — a man can never prove
A true apostle of the One whose tread
Broke not the bruisèd reed, nor (in His love)
The smoking flax crush'd or extinguishèd.
He who would image Christ must ever be
Filled with a Christlike genial sympathy.

MADAME LA DUCHESSE.

BESSY BOYLE O'REILLY.



HEY formed an exclusive little clique in the great shop, unfamiliar to the rushing bargain-hunter, for their nook was high up in the upholstery department.

The ceaseless clamor of the obstructed streets surrounded them. In and out all day long passed the crowds. Impatient calls for the cash girls echoed down the counter aisles, mingled with loud-voiced commands from imperious floor-walkers. Turmoil and din seemed the very breath of the place.

In the midst of the noisy confusion theirs was one of the rare spots of rest, where complaints never arose, and where the same faces appeared over the counter day in and day out, with the same system and methods, in spite of the constant change around. Their very environment served to cut them off from the others,— heavy portières shutting out the more vulgar traffickers, and veiling them in the charm of mystery, rich lace curtains, screens on which hung samples of satin and velvet, with gay-colored handkerchiefs of Madras, — while here and there were pyramids of downy cushions.

The ruling spirit of this curious clique — its cause and unit-maker, was — the duchess. Not that her title was one of birth — it simply stood in their crude imaginations for her more unique personality — her firmer poise among them as a married woman. It was pretty Nan Ferguson who first bestowed the name after a delighted reading of Chimmie's adventures, and the term was thought to lend such an air of stateliness to their circle that it was unanimously adopted.

Such a duchess! Plump, supple, small yet imposing, her moist black hair barely touched with gray, energy, purpose and kindliness written in every line of the piquant face, she sat behind the counter, a royal vender of tassels and fancy cords. Those bright little French eyes of hers — an epitome of the wholesome racy character — were ever on the alert watching and guarding the silly-pated young girls around her. And they, far from resenting her surveillance, would have felt lost and unnoticed without it, for did not the care of a duchess invest each one of them with more importance, and exalt them into that region of extreme respectability where chaperonage was the custom?

There she sat, knitting an endless gray stocking during the frequent pauses, in her familiar gown of blue, homely perhaps in texture, but perfect in cut and finish, with the fresh old-rose bowknot at her throat, and above all, the supreme touch of the toilet, the large solitaire that gleamed and glistened on her hand. That solitaire diamond was, after the duchess herself, the pride and boast of the department. It blended so readily with the luxurious surround-

ings, with the velvet and satin and silk, it seemed to dignify each fortunate member of the clique.

All of them were devoted to the duchess. There was not one there who could not treasure up some kindness of her doing. When slow, pale-faced Jeannie Dow, filling a sample order, once slashed pell-mell into a rich piece of tapestry, the duchess took on herself the brunt of the severe young floor-walker's tirade. When Mary Bourne, the only girl of the band who longed for the greater publicity of a street floor counter, in a fit of abstraction undercharged a customer, and word came from the central desk that she herself must make up the deficit, it was the duchess who proposed a collection of dimes and who slipped the gift unobserved into Mary's satchel. Nan owed a far deeper debt of grattitude, for what other save a firm, motherly hand could have led the girl out of the entangling fascinations of a handsome scamp?

Little Henriette, the parcel wrapper, fairly worshipped the duchess. Years before, the child had taken part in some operetta, and song-bird that she was, she could not resist warbling now and again stray snatches of the chorus and bits of melody. Feeling how it eased her task, the duchess tacitly encouraged the small prima donna. "*Taisez-vous, ma petite,*" she would whisper, warning finger on lip, whenever the well-known steps of the floor-walker drew near, and just in time the chirping notes would be hushed.

Every one loved the duchess, and, because she held sway in all hearts, her son, the young duke presumptive, the pinched-cheeked Barry — for the husband of Madame la Duchesse though like herself a Celt, was from the opposite side of the channel.

Barry was lord of the corduroys. He was a tall, slim lad, prophetically thin, with large pale blue eyes encircled by very dark lashes, eyes put in with a dirty finger as they say, beautiful in a refined woman's face, but ill-bred looking eyes in Barry's meagre visage. His mother, sitting there so vivacious and so cheerful, a bright smile to this one, and a sprightly nod to that, as each turned to her for encouragement, would all the while be stealing furtive glances at the stooping shoulders of the boy, watching him patiently measure and cut, lift out the cumbersome rolls of velvet and open his stores for the curious, never-contented purchasers. It was Barry's habit, when not engaged, to sidle over to Nan's counter and sheepishly finger her cushions and scarfs.

"I just wanted to see if you'd — got in any more stock — any more pretty things," he would stumble out in his bashful fashion, as he shifted from one weary foot to the other. Fresh, buxom Nan, bubbling over with life and spirits, trig and stylish, with a heart as big as the Duchess's own, was always kind to the awkward fellow, in spite of dark frowns from the floor-walker, who having recently cast a covetous eye on Nan's charms, jealously warded off other swains.

"Why to be sure, Barry" — and she would push forward a stool with seeming unconcern — "we've in quite a number to-day."

Then chatting in her crude young voice, she would cheer up the lad, fading almost from hour to hour. Though her tone was hardly one of refinement, and her ideas and notions would no doubt appear poor

and commonplace to even an average cultivation, Nan's words and Nan's ways were the sole stimulants he craved.

Poor Barry! He did not realize that his pitiful life had trembled in the balance and had sunk downward — that darkness was swiftly closing in on the halting journey he trod. As his cheek became more pinched and hollow, and the hand that threw back the clammy locks of dark hair — his mother's hair — grew fragile as a child's, the duchess would follow him with yearning look, and Nan turned aside with a lump in her throat whenever she saw that look in the older woman's face. Each evening, alike in the cold alertness of the dark winter hours, or the more sluggish warmth of summer, mother and son walked back to their home together through the dense streets, amidst the crowd of wage-earners all journeying in the same direction — away from the work and turmoil of the town. And the quick, alert footsteps would tarry and lag to keep pace with that slouching gait — void of its natural energy — and with all buoyant vitality gone forever. And when the toilers reached the fresh, airy room where the father, with eyes as hollow as Barry's, passed his ineffectual life, and Barry sank down beside him happy in the thought of a few hours' respite, the duchess — an invigorating breath to the maimed ones — cheery and stirring, would shake up the heated pillows and bring out her brightening bit of news; then — a touch here and there to freshen some new sprig of flower or green in the quaint crockery vase, a shake to the muslin curtains, and the little home appeared far grander in her eyes than the gaudy glare of the store.

It was customary on pleasant Sundays for the duchess and the young duke presumptive to wander out toward the country. The true native life of the fields and woods they never reached, and indeed they were such city birds that a waste stretch of meadow, tall whispering pines, and not a roof in sight, would have been a bleak wilderness to them. So, instead, they feasted their eyes on prim gardens and rows of gaudily painted villas, each bearing a name fit for a mansion.

During such a jaunt Nan once passed them, all flutters and ribbons, twirling her sunshade in happy embarrassment, for beside her walked the severe young floor director, a tell-tale rose in his buttonhole. That evening Barry was more listless than ever. And when the next day Nan appeared in such good spirits and jollity as could not be suppressed, and hummed and well-nigh laughed outright as she rolled up the new bales of silkoline, all the world seemed so joyous and it was so good to be alive, Barry caught the lustre of a jewel on her hand, a diamond like his mother's and as large, so brilliant that its gleam stung tears into the pale blue eyes.

The clique, however, rejoiced in its new acquisition, another bit of aristocracy to treasure, not to speak of the fascination and excitement of a romance all their own.

"You are tired today, *cheri*," said the mother in a voice whose sympathy never failed to soothe.

"Did you notice Nan's ring, *ma mère*?" asked the boy, wistfully.

"Truly? I saw no ring," cried the mendacious little woman.

Yet, early next morning, while Barry still slept, she hurried away to her usual corner before the din

and clamor of the day had started. Soon in came Nan, red-cheeked and happy, in her wake the enraptured floor-walker, who leaned over the tantalizing counter, to the dire confusion of the scarfs and knick-knacks, and chatted and laughed with the coquettish girl.

Where was that awe-inspiring dignity and sternness now? Whither had the daily scowl of importance fled? Little Henrietta shambling in, stood gazing in wonder at the suavity of her enemy, which Nan observing, she with a bashful nudge dismissed him. Then the duchess called over the blushing girl.

"Nan, *ma petite*," she said, with her sweet French accent, and lovingly raising the conscious left hand with its new adornment, "that he is a good young man I know, and you are going to be so very happy. It was yesterday that Barry noticed it — Barry, my poor Barry. Oh Nannie! am I presumptuous if I beg of you not to wear it in the store? Ah, *cherie*, believe me, I know to the fullest extreme how glad you are in your treasure, how just now at first you rejoice yourself to look at it and think of him;" — and a tear fell on the token of her own bethrothal years before — "but my poor boy — so miserable because of it. It is not for long I ask the favor — not for very long — hélas, it can't be long," with a sharp catch in her voice.

"I'll never put the stupid thing on again," cried Nan, while the sympathetic arms went out to the touching pleader; and Barry, finding the girl's slim fingers bare that morning, drifted back into his old content.

So a long, hot summer approached, and the days went on their dreary monotonous round, save that first one and then another of the toilers dropped out for the two Elysian weeks of the year. Behind the portières and the hangings they would gather listlessly round the windows for some stray breath of air, fresh as it could be in the crowded, feverish town, and the sick boy could always be found at Nan's side. To him she appeared some vaporish cooling sylph in her light muslins, only far more bewitching than a hundred ethereal fairies.

It was at this time, in the heavy, stifling heat of July, the surprising news was spread among the clique that their pride and distinguishing symbol existed no longer, that no sparkling diamond now adorned the hand of the duchess.

Nan's heart instinctively told her its sad destination; and she it was who called a meeting at which the floor-walker was pressed into contribution along with the others, — into valiant service too, for who except one so eminently staid and sedate could be trusted to search through ill-famed pawn shops?

A few weeks later and Barry was missing from behind the piles of corduroy. Though the advent of a new young man could not fail to rouse a pleasant glow of anticipation among the throng of youthful spinsters, still Barry's departure was felt. Then before many days the mother too dropped out, and the colony realized it had ceased to exist as a household, — that chaos had come, since no duchess was at their head ruling them with the sceptre of obedience. Little Henriette wearily wrapping up bundles ceased her contented warble, for there was no gentle spy on the lookout now to whisper, "*Taisez-vous, ma Henriette*;" witless Jeannie's tears fell in ruinous pro-

fusion over the tinseled plushes. Even silly-pated Mary Bourne denied herself adored sweetmeats to invest the pittance in flowers, sent to the absent ones through Nan.

Then, one morning, almost before they were aware of it, there was the duchess back again in her accustomed corner, putting her small kingdom to rights after the usurpation of a stranger, rolling the edgings and tasseled trimmings on their separate racks in the old deft fashion, looking, save for the sombre black gown and a certain dimness in the quick bright eyes, just the same racy woman as before. Many were the sympathetic glances in her direction, but none were bold enough to confront that grief with lip consolation — for the poor little duchess was no longer a wife — no longer a mother.

When she had slipped out for lunch, with a heart pang passing the bales of corduroy, a hasty consultation was held, and on her return, when recommencing the work of the morning — folding and smoothing and setting to rights — any labor to keep the tired brain from thinking, little Henriette slipped behind the counter, and in her bird-like voice piped up:

"Dear Duchess, we are all so sorry;" and she held toward her a tiny box where on the velvet cushion lay the bright memorial of her happiest days; and the duchess stooped and kissed the trembling lips of the child, her tears falling too, and all the girls pretended not to see, save stupid Jeannie Dow, who blubbered out loud and hid herself in disgrace.

And then when impulsive Nan ran over with an additional offering of white and purple asters, which the floor-walker had dashed out to purchase at the expense of his lordly situation, and the little weeping woman tried to give one of her old sprightly nods to thank them all, and Nan slipped the loved ring on the quivering finger, the colony felt that, in spite of sorrow and change, its own duchess had come back again to guard and watch over it.

DECEMBER.

Mary Bassett Clarke.

I am not dead, I can not die
The old year whispered with a sigh —
I pause to write a deathless name,
Sometimes with joy, sometimes with shame,
Upon the waiting scroll of fame,
And when I turn again to you,
Ye look, and nod, and call me new.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

The rumors that have been afloat well nigh since the date of his arrival in America have at last been verified in the elevation of Monsignor Satolli to the dignity of a prince of the Church. Pope Leo's faith in the duration of his reign until many cherished aims and projects were accomplished was well illustrated in his deferring until now the bestowal of the Cardinal's beretta upon one whom he holds very dear, and upon whom those on the inside knew the Pontiff intended before his death to bestow the highest marks of his esteem. Besides being a special evidence of personal predilection, however, the Cardinalate means to Monsignor Satolli the just recognition by the Church of learning the most profound and of services the most eminent both at home and abroad. One of the most prominent ecclesiastics of the world in any capacity, he stands in several the unrivalled exemplar of the foremost requisites for the governing of the modern Church. These are his high theological attainments, his personal temperament, which combines judicial characteristics of a striking order with a mind unafraid to take a radical attitude when necessary, a wide experience with the solution of Canonical and disciplinary problems, and an intimate personal acquaintance with conditions and questions vital to the social welfare of millions, outside the immediate area of the Church's traditional territory. Such qualifications are bound to have an important influence in the choice of a successor to Leo XIII., and it cannot be but that the Holy Father has given in this new distinction to the American Delegate a strong indication of his personal desires in regard to the outcome of the next Conclave. In the event of such a forecast proving true, the American Church may congratulate itself upon having given to Cardinal Satolli a considerable amount of his vast experience, and of practical insight into the wisest methods of procedure in the varied and broadening necessities of polity and attitude towards the great social questions of the day, which will confront the next occupant of the chair of St. Peter.

The subject of Canadian Annexation is always interesting, whatever the views expressed. It is one of those moot questions upon which much can be said in favor of and in opposition to its consummation; and so, whether we have the idea strongly advocated by Mr. Goldwin Smith and his agreers, with arguments drawn from the configuration of the adjacent territories, and the considerations of commercial, mineral, and continental development arising therefrom, which these advocates weave into a plea and prophecy of a common destiny for the two countries; or whether we see the whole matter set aside on mostly loyal or historic grounds in such an able article as the *Montreal True Witness* recently published, we cannot but feel our attention deeply aroused. Though the issue is not one of paramount importance to peo-

ple on this side the border, since whatever benefits may accrue from annexation, if such a thing is ever accomplished, will for the most part fall to our Canadian neighbors, the scheme involves points of thought and discussion which have far more of a practical than an academic interest for Americans. And, looking at the outcome from a more dispassionate standpoint than can well be expected from Canadian writers, Americans, who think upon the subject at all, will feel that sentimental objections, however exalted, patriotic, or well directed on either side, cannot in the end avail to avert or even to retard very long the union of the two countries, if such union be deemed by both to have more mutual advantages than could be retained by a continuance of separate national existences.

In spite of the apparently good case which the *True Witness* makes against annexation in behalf of all classes of Canadians, there is a justifiable suspicion that as concerns at least two of the classes specified, its opinions are not fully and completely representative. When it states that the thousands of French Canadians who have made homes for themselves in the United States look upon Canada as their real home, it wholly overlooks the extraordinary activity manifested, especially in later years, by these same French Canadian immigrants, to become American citizens, and their movements to secure vote-power in several states, by banding together in clubs affiliated with one of the leading American political parties. Among these Americanized Canadians, and they comprise in New England the leaders of their race, the desire for annexation is held almost to a man.

Again, as regards a vast number, — we might confidently say all — of those Canadians of Irish descent, who have left Canada for the United States (and their number is legion) it is too much to expect that they will agree with the *Witness's* declaration that "Canada has been as good a home to the Irishmen here as ever America was to those who settled there." From the city of Quebec alone, in the past generation, the number of Irish Canadians, compelled, in quest of livelihood, to seek American cities, has been far up among the thousands, an exodus that could never have obtained if Canada had been as good a home to them as America proved to be. Neither of these classes of Canadians can, we imagine, endorse the sentiments expressed in the journal from which we have quoted. They have experienced the advantage of annexation in their own individual cases; and they will undoubtedly advocate its extension to the fellow-countrymen they were obliged to leave behind.

Bossism in Maryland, political corruption in New Jersey, and free silver in Kentucky, were the three principal causes which turned these three solidly Democratic States over to the Republican party in the late state elections. The Republican press flatters itself unduly when it explains the party's success on any other grounds. The three instances cited were not victories for Republican principles, but the local Democracy's expression of disgust at the manner in which party politics had been conducted. The result in Maryland and Kentucky is admittably transient, but in New Jersey

the effect is very likely to be permanent, as the majority for the Republicans, considering the size of the state, is phenomenally large, and hardly anything but a violation of public trust by the successful party can induce a counter-revolt back into the ranks of Democratic states.

American elections are yearly becoming more and more eccentric. There is little besides local and transitory issues and sentiment considered, and the reasons for one party's success over another have less and less to do with the avowed principles and platforms of either. Thus Tammany's triumph in New York County after its crushing humiliation a year ago, and despite the success of the Republican ticket in the state, is not to be accounted for except by the current dissatisfaction of voters at the rigid enforcement of the excise laws by the Republican police commission, a regime which converted thousands of German-American votes temporarily in Tammany's favor. The total result of the late elections, therefore, despite the seeming ascendancy of Republicanism throughout the country, is in reality only another evidence added to those already given in recent elections, of the tendency of all existing parties to disintegrate and surrender to their political opponents simply for purposes of revenge or rebuke against their own leaders.

A great many Catholics labor under the delusion, honestly, no doubt, that the Pope, released from the care and government of territorial possessions, is freer and mightier as the spiritual head of his own church, and a greater moral and arbitrative force in the world at large. We have heard Catholics of excellent standing and influence deprecate on these grounds the agitation for restoring the Temporal Power, substantiating their opinions with glittering and specious generalities of argument and fact. Catholics infested with such views on Papal Rule should ponder seriously the letter addressed by the Holy Father to Cardinal Rampolla, after the recent demonstrations in Rome on the 25th anniversary of that city's Spoliation. In strains as eloquent and convincing as they are simple and pathetic, the dethroned and imprisoned Leo depicts to his secretary, and through him to the whole world, the straits to which both the Papacy and the Italian kingdom have been reduced by the nefarious and misguided acts of a quarter century ago. Waiving the personal insult felt at the glorification of the overthrow of the sovereignty he represents, the venerable Pontiff courageously unmasks the miserable sham blazoned to the world under the pseudonym of Italian Unity, and proves that the real aim of the revolutionists and of those who follow up their policy today is not the unification of Italy so much as the destruction of the Papacy as a spiritual power.

"If they put their hands to battering down the walls of the civil metropolis," writes the Pope, "it was done that they might the more easily make a breach in the sacerdotal city, and to carry out their design of attacking close at hand the spiritual power of the Popes, they began by battering down that earthly rampart."

And with what result to Italy has this been done? The Pope continues: —

"The acquisition of Rome was proclaimed to the Italian people as the dawn of salvation and the presage of future prosperity. We will not inquire whether events have verified the promise as far as material blessings are concerned; but certainly its complete acquisition has morally divided Italy in place of uniting it.

Cupidity of every kind grows more eager, immorality and the weakening of religious faith are increasing under the shadow of the public laws, breakers of laws human and divine are multiplied, and the ranks of raving extremists sworn to subvert the foundations of civil and social order are growing in numbers and strength.... For 25 years Rome has seen the opponents of Christian institutions and beliefs masters of the situation. The vilest doctrines are everywhere disseminated, the person and ministry of the Vicar of Christ are insulted with impunity, free thought is opposed to Catholic dogma, and the Masonic seat to the Chair of Peter. And they have recently made a pretence of giving the sembiance of right and stability to this disastrous concurrence of ideas and acts, by a sanction of a new law seconded by clamorous manifestations, openly directed by a sect who are the enemies of God. Is this the triumph of the cause of Italy, or is it not rather the forerunner of its apostasy?"

Following this masterly arraignment of the present moral and religious situation in Italy, the Pope pithily considers the question of Papal independence, condensing in a few convincing sentences the most practical proofs of its absolute necessity. He writes: —

"And amid the multiplication of so many evils which cannot be allayed, the war upon that Divine institution, in which the highest hopes and the most secure remedy should be found, grows worse; we mean the Church and its Visible Head, who was deprived, along with his civil principality, of that autonomy none the less becoming the Pontifical dignity than necessary to the freedom of the apostolic ministry. In vain they will have recourse to legislative expedients; no kind of judicial provisions can ever confer real independence without territorial jurisdiction. The condition they may affirm that they have guaranteed to us is not that which is due to or is needed by us; it is not an effective independence, but apparent and ephemeral, because subordinate to the will of others. This kind of independence, they who gave it can take away; what they decreed yesterday they can rescind tomorrow. And was not the abrogation of what they call the guarantees of the Pontiff in these very days demanded by one party, while it was threateningly menaced by the other?"

Coming boldly to the public mind while yet the echoes of the infamous jubilation are resounding through the Eternal City, this letter of Leo's is like the handwriting on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar, a terrible and truthful accusation and warning to those who have sacrilegiously set themselves up in the realm of the Church and deflected to their own purposes her ancient rights and privileges. Leo's voice cannot much longer be heard in defence of the Church and her patrimony, but if he had not hitherto expressed himself on the question of the Temporal Power, or never will again, this letter makes clear to all the world the utter irreconcilability of the Papacy to the Italian government on any other basis than the restoration of Papal independence. The closing paragraph contains at once the promise of a kind father, and the severe threat of a prophet:—

"If, turning a docile ear to us, the Italians keep in touch with their hereditary traditions, and with the consciousness of their true interests have the courage to throw off the Masonic yoke, our mind will be filled with the highest hopes for this dearly loved land of Italy; but if the contrary should happen, it grieves us to say we can only foresee new dangers and greater disasters."

It seems like a travesty of civilization that a great state should convene a special session of its legislature for the purpose of passing an anti-prize fight law, and yet remain inactive at the actual perpetration within its borders of such a crime against humanity as the torturing and burning to death of a negro rapester. Such is the spectacle which the great state of Texas calls the advanced modern world to witness, at the end of the nineteenth century. Both events are the occurrences of the same month, and they place the community wherein they have happened in the most unenviable character possible to man or nation, that of stickling for the form, while perverting the spirit of Chris-

tianity, morality, and civilization. No matter how foul the crime of which the unfortunate was guilty, there can be no justification of his inhuman murderers. Though he committed a grievous offense against God's law and the decrees of society, he was but blindly following his brute instincts, whereas his summary executioners, in the character, ingenuity and prolongation of the punishment meted to him, deliberately surrendered every sentiment and semblance of humanity, and lowered themselves to the malignity of demons. It is a shame and a disgrace to the fame of any state organized under the laws of Christianity, and no hypocritical energy preventive of the encounters of mere prize bruisers can avail to wipe the stain of burning an offender at the stake from the Texan shield. If Governor Culberson really desires to achieve a creditable celebrity in the eyes of the American people, and of the civilized world at large, he will spare no effort to bring the miscreants in question to justice, and use his influence for the enactment of legislation which will effectually stamp out what unfortunately seems a growing mode of retaliation against negro criminals in the South.

It is refreshing and hopeful to turn from the barbarous and demoralizing sight of a human being roasted alive by professedly Christian American citizens in Texas, to the act of another sovereign Southern state, divided against the commission of an illegal act of retribution against a prisoner.

The South Carolina Constitutional Convention has adopted an article providing that in case of a prisoner lawfully in the custody of any officer being seized and taken from said officer, through his negligence or connivance, by a mob, and at their hands suffering bodily violence or death, the said officer shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be deposed from office, and be ineligible to hold any office of trust or profit within the state.

Although this does not go far enough, providing punishment only for the officers and none for the lynchers, it is at least indicative of an awakening public feeling against mob law, and a long step in the right direction.

On another point of great importance to the morality of the state, South Carolina has taken advanced and commendable ground. This is her course in preservation of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. In spite of Senator Tillman's approval and advocacy of divorce laws, the Convention has adopted, by an overwhelming majority, an anti-divorce clause, forbidding the legislature from enacting any laws favorable to the annulment of the contract between man and wife. This is the grand, unique distinction South Carolina has enjoyed among the sisterhood of states up to the present time, and it is matter for congratulation that public sympathy within her borders is strongly fixed in the determination that she shall not lose it. It is with pleasure we accord space to the following justly self-laudatory extract on the subject from one of the leading papers of the state: —

The Columbia Register says:

"Thank God that South Carolina will continue to have the proud distinction she has had throughout her history of being a State where men pay scrupulous heed to the divine mandate, 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' The fact that South

Carolina is alone among the States of the Union in obeying that command does not make her course any the less right. . . . The home is the foundation of social life and the mainstay of morality. That State is safest and highest and best where the home life is purest. The lack of divorce laws in this State has made people careful how they took upon themselves the matrimonial bonds, for they could not easily throw them aside if they found them galling. There is no place on God's green earth where the home life is purer than in South Carolina, and the absence of divorce laws has been not a small factor in making that so."

The fame of the Maid of Orleans is steadily on the increase since the Holy Father stamped her saintly life and unspotted heroism with the glory of the title of "Venerable." At her native village of Domremy a large basilica is in course of building, where prayers are to be offered up and masses sung daily for French soldiers throughout the world. The edifice is a national monument to her memory, the money for its erection being collected throughout France by *La Ligue des Soeurs de Jeanne d'Arc;* the members of which are young girls who undertake to collect *Joan of Arc's penny* from rich and poor, for the finishing of the building and the maintenance of the services. A special interest attaches to this basilica in that it is erected on the site of a chapel built and endowed by two great-nephews of Jeanne d'Arc — Etienne Nordal, Archdeacon of Toul, and Claude du Lys, curé of Greux and Domremy — a fact verified by inscriptions and fragments of the chapel which have lately been dug up. It is stated by her confessor, Fr. Pasquerel, that Jeanne sent by him her dying message to Charles the Seventh. "Say to the king our master from me, 'will he please to have chapels built where people may pray for the souls of those who die in defence of their country.'"

It is nearly two months since the formation of the Irish National Alliance in Chicago, and yet war has not been declared on England, nor have the Irish Nationalists in Parliament done aught towards following up the truculent zeal of their American compatriots. This inactivity, in face of the alluring prospect of a successful invasion of the British Empire, is to the last degree reprehensible. It must be that Mr. Justin McCarthy and his party are, as their opponents say, pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter, or ere this, under the stimulus from Chicago, they would have fatted England's kites with the flesh of the royal family and scattered Lord Salisbury's whiskers to the four winds. Is it possible that this latest attempt to revive insurrection and gore-spilling is to follow so many of its equally well-advised predecessors to an untimely ending? Can it be that Irishmen and the majority of their American brothers and cousins have interpreted the meaning of the Chicago convention in the same mistaken way as *The Glasgow Scotchman*, which shamelessly slanders the scheme of the Alliance as "an unblushing attempt for fleecing foolish Irishmen"? Perish the thought! The paper which could thus vilify the actions and intent of such a patriotic, single-minded, well-balanced body of men should be swept out of existence at the very first onslaught of the coming Revolution. It had the baseness and temerity to say of the convention: —

"It is not so much a desire to see Great Britain attacked, as it is to extract money from Irishmen in America. There are men who live upon this sort of thing, and apparently they hope in this case to get a good living out of it. The beginning and the end of the movement is

the subscription and the executive. The money is to be got in from a wide area, but it is to be centred in the hands of very few. No doubt some dollars will be obtained; perhaps many dollars. There appears to be no limit to the gullibility of Irishmen in the United States on this point."

It is to be hoped that no patriotic Irish American, by reason of such imputations, will delay the advent of the day of physical force or the triumph of the revolutionists by withholding his hard-earned American money from the promotion of their great scheme.

Meanwhile Mr. Timothy Healy, backed by rich and influential friends, it is said, is to put a great deal of speculation-made money into an Irish newspaper, to advance the cause of Ireland, as he sees it. And, as Mr. Healy, when desirous of taking a view of his country's future, generally looks for it in a mirror in which naught but his own self-satisfied countenance promisingly meets his vision, we may judge in advance of the effect of this new engine of personal egotism and dissension upon the already too much distracted hopes and aspirations of his countrymen. As Mr. Healy's well deserved expulsion from the executive of the Irish National League is to be followed by his banishment with his leading colleagues from the Parliamentary Committee, when the House of Commons resumes its session, the cause of Home Rule in the new paper is undoubtedly to be subordinated to bitter recrimination and abuse of the Nationalist majority. Healy is not of the stuff of martyrs or patriots. His career indicates a fatuous impulse, conscious or otherwise, to wreck his country's cause, unless his own ideas of the way to win it are carried out. His journalistic enterprise, inspired and started in this blind and narrow obstinacy, can for awhile do great harm to Ireland's real interests and prospects. Ultimately, however, if it does not previously die of inanition, as newspapers sometimes do, it will be the very means of annihilating Healy and Healyism from Ireland's politics.

Vicious journalism always reacts upon itself and the measures it espouses. Mark our prophecy.

In the first of a contemplated series of historical articles on Catholicity in the United States, in the *Revue Encyclopedique*, M. Jacques de Consanges, the well-known French writer, shows, for the most part, a remarkably clear insight into the Irish character and the influence which it has had upon the growth of Catholicism in America, as manifested in the work of the leaders of the American Church. Speaking of the robustness of the Celtic nature, its brilliant imagination, its eloquence, ardor, tenderness, and generosity, the writer asks: "Are not these the traits of the American church? And is it not this suppleness of intellect that has permitted Cardinal Gibbons to accomplish the work that he has made his own, of having made known the church to the American people, of having demonstrated the harmony that exists between the doctrines of the church and the liberal institutions of America?"

The labors of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, and other prelates in demonstrating the essential union of Catholicism and Democracy, are referred to as follows: —

"Was not Democracy born with the church? Did not the church teach to our own age the ideas of equality and of pity that it now claims as its own? . . .

"What they wish, these bishops preach in

their lives. It must be confessed that the church in America finds itself in a particularly favorable situation for this experiment. It has no antecedents; in spite of its hundred years of existence it is in process of formation, it is creating its own traditions, and the Gibbonses, the Keanes, the Irelands, are its ancestors; but, above all, it is composed of the people, and these [bishops] are not only missionaries, but the most active and enlightened of citizens."

Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, is at great pains to deny in a recent article that Catholicism is gaining ground in England, though he admits with a profound sigh that doctrines once regarded as distinctively "Romish" are now being taught on every side in the Church of England. The worthy dean's logic is defective. If "Romish" doctrines are being taught, surely "Rome," in one way or another, must be gaining ground. Or does the dean's metaphysics admit the possibility of something gaining and losing, or remaining stationary at one and the same time? A great many modern philosophers and scholars are subject to that charge. "Mayhap the dean be one on 'em."

In our Christmas number, a year ago, reviewing the development of DONAHOE'S during the year then ending, we pointed out its phenomenal growth in circulation and advertising patronage, and the reasons for this flattering progress. As the reader may remember, we ascribed our continuous successes to our policy of furnishing our readers the fruit of the best thought and study of representative Catholic writers, and of others whose views do not antagonize truth, and for lighter matter, the most readable short literary sketches and stories, together with the attractive illustrations which current popular taste demands.

We are happy, at the close of another year of steady and sturdy advance, to renew our declarations of ever-increasing circulation and influence, and to assign both to the same cause, namely, the publication of a Catholic monthly, conforming in all its departments to every requirement of the highest type of a popular American magazine. Our course for the year about to begin will be identical with that we have to the present adopted. The policy of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will continue to be firmly Catholic without being merely catechetical; broad without being weak in principle; unflinching in defence of Catholic truth, without being uncharitable to honest dissenters; sympathetic with the advancement of the people, without being unjust to the rights of any. On this platform we confidently ask the support and patronage of the clergy, of Catholic families, and of the general public. Our list of contributors will be found in one of our pages at the end of this volume; and we invite our readers to peruse the names there given, as the surest guarantee that our policy will be well and faithfully carried out. We have but a single request to make in return. The lines we are pursuing necessitate liberal and generous support on the part of our readers and advertising patrons; and our appeal must fall on willing, interested, and responsive ears. We therefore earnestly ask that all subscribers meet their indebtedness promptly, and that they, as well as non-subscribers, may avail themselves of the liberal inducements offered elsewhere in this book for placing or continuing their names upon our rolls. If this request is heeded, DONAHOE'S will lead the magazine world next year.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Roman Christmas.

There used to be a wonderful joy in Rome at midnight 'twixt Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, when Pius IX. was sovereign. All day the bells had rung in merry tune, from booming strokes that thrilled from the campanile of some great basilica, to the tingle-tangle from little convent belfries.

Prudent people who meant to see the night out enjoyed a dreamless sleep in the evening, until a cautious knock at eleven o'clock pierced slumber, like a clap of thunder, and recalled scattered senses to a consciousness of crash, peal and jingle. There was a supper of hot coffee, and pan-giallo, a Christmas cake stuffed with plums and almonds; and then fur cloaks were donned, for the streets of Rome in December are cold with the incisive chill of southern winter. The outer world was bright with starlight lanterns and torches, and crowded with muffled forms, inhabitants of every civilized and semi-civilized land, bent on devotion, or adventure, or both. From all the large churches came sounds of music, and the leathern curtains lifted to admit worshippers let out streams of light to mingle with the general brilliancy.

San Carlo in Corso was a quiet church for one's Christmas Mass. It was quite still except for the shuffling of feet and scraping of chairs while the people were getting placed. A long procession of priests and boys passed through the nave to the high altar, carrying tall flaring candles, and singing very sweetly. One looked about a little at the crowd of dark figures, at the young priest in black robes leaning against one of the great red pillars, his face beautiful like that of a saint; at the youth in shaggy skins, looking like the young shepherd he was. Then mass began; the birth of the world's Saviour had just taken place and we were the first worshippers. Again out upon the Corso, among the good-natured, friendly crowd. The Gesù was splendidly illuminated, and all the appointments were gorgeous. Who among the beholders saw the day not far distant when the great crucifix on the College should be shattered, and all those preachers of Christ Crucified scattered in many lands!

San Luigi dei Francesi on the Piazza Madonna was a great centre of interest on Christmas night. The illuminations and the music were beautiful, and drew the soul to devotion. Thrown into full relief were Domenichino's frescoes of St. Cecilia's life and death, and clearer than in daylight was the copy by Guido of Raphael's Cecilia, the picture of a born singer. There among his priests and penitents, his great flock of spiritual children, was in those happy days the saintly Monseigneur Jules Level, who was, like the first Christians, a converted Jew. The lamp of sacrifice burned pure and clear at San Luigi on Christmas night.

Most characteristic of Roman customs was the scene at Ara Cœli on the Capitoline Hill. The miraculous *Bambino*, adorned with jewels, was

displayed in a scene of the Nativity skilful and artistic in effect. To this church the people loved to come, and the lights revealed many quaint figures enjoying the realistic scene of our Lord's birth. The great sombre church had grim corners where the shadows of tombs and monuments made gloom, but the gold ceiling and the mosaics flashed in the light of innumerable candles. One could have stayed long at Ara Cœli well contented, but the small hours were passing, and more remained to be seen. At Santa Maria Maggiore, at five o'clock the *Santa Culla*, the cradle of the Child Jesus, was to be carried in procession, and crowds of Christmas pilgrims went there to venerate the wonderful relic and to listen to the singing of pastorals by the exquisite voices chosen for the occasion. It was a sublime and lovely sight as one entered the majestic basilica, where each separate beauty was made clear in a steady-tempered light. It is a wonderful thought for Americans that the beautiful panelled roof is gilded with the first gold brought from the New World and given to Pope Alexander VI., by Ferdinand and Isabella.

The frieze of mosaics, the pavement with its delicious tints of violet and crimson, the gorgeous side chapels, all were beautiful in the soft light of candles. One Christmas night the Borghese chapel was an object of fresh interest, because it was said that the sweet Princess Gwendoline had appeared there not long before and relieved the grief and anxieties of a poor woman. Her tomb was visited afterwards as the shrine of a saint, for the Roman people were all ready to canonize "their mother" as they called her.

There is a pathetic custom at the funeral of Roman nobles. A chamberlain goes to the great door of the church after the requiem is ended, and tells the coachman who is waiting with the family carriage that his services are no longer needed. When this announcement was made at the funeral of this dear lady, the vast crowd waiting outside, on seeing the coachman break his staff of office and drive sadly away, burst into tears and sobs, and fell on their knees to pray for their benefactress. So it was no wonder that easy credence was given to the story of the vision, and that many a Roman, and stranger, too, lingered in the Borghese chapel.

At five the people venerated the *Santa Culla*, impressive beyond any representation of the Childhood of Christ, however skilful. As they went home for a short rest before the joys of Christmas Day should begin, dawn struggled with artificial lights, and people were beginning to wish each other *buona festa* and *felicissimi auguri*, wishes that used to come true when Pius IX. was sovereign of Rome.

A Field for Feminine Influence.

In *The Ladies' Home Journal* for November, the editor tells us that in the collegiate games of football last year 46 lives were lost in four months. In Spain, during the year 1894, only 12 men lost their lives in bull fights, and the editor adds that no national sport in any other civilized country has such a death-list as football played in the United States. No account is given of minor disasters, such as fractures and disfigurements.

In a pleasant address to women

made by Miss Frances Willard last spring, she referred to the brutal scenes enacted at a late game of football, and drew a striking contrast between the fury shown by men on that occasion with the sweet tranquillity on the faces of the women in her audience.

Alas, the influence of those sweet faces enhanced by the charms and arts of millinery is quite as much a part of collegiate games of football as the prowess and roughness of the combatants. If the young women showed disapprobation by staying away from the games, there would be a speedy reform of the methods practised on the field. I heard of a young girl at one of these great games who, in the excitement of the contest, sprang from her seat and cried, "Kill him! kill him!" meaning the one who was down. Probably she felt heartily ashamed a minute later, and regretted the action bitterly, but it was only an extreme expression of the morbid excitement caused by witnessing struggles for physical superiority.

It is to be hoped that the influence of young women will in future be used for a reform in the way of playing football. Unless spectators and combatants unite in purifying the spirit of the contest, a noble and healthful sport will be lost to our young men. Parents, professors, and the hand of the law combined will prove too strong even for young America. EMMA FORBES CARY.

Books for the Day.

The Columbian Reading Circle gives a comprehensive list of works on social and economic questions. The few books named below are given as a suggestion to read the whole report in the Catholic World of October.

"The Pope and the People," edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J., should come first, because it gives ten encyclical letters of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., upon social problems.

Among French books are "La Question Ouvrière," by Abbé P. Ferst; "Le Pain pour tout le Monde," by Vicomte de Montaignan; "Le Mal Social, ses Causes, ses Remèdes," by Don Sarda y Solvany, three vols.; Francesco Nitti's work on Catholic Socialism has been published in English by Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., in London.

Among separate articles published in reviews are "Leo XIII., on the Condition of Labor," by Cardinal Manning, Dublin Review, July, 1891, "Labor and Capital," Rev. William Barry in Dublin Review, April, 1893, "The Indictment of Dives," Lilly, New Review (Longmans, Green and Co.), December, 1893, and "Communism and Christianity," October, 1894, New Review.

There is a sign of progress in the good temper and courtesy now shown in discussion by moderate men of all parties. A patient hearing marks one step towards mutual understanding.

Once I laid my hand on the faucet of a hot water pipe, intending to stop a sound of violent hissing by letting out the water. "Don't do that," said a bystander better informed than myself; "there's a man down below mending a pipe, and he will be boiled alive if you turn out the hot water." Much like this sad alternative seems the question of social economics. Relief of pressure at one end of the system means death at the other.

Christmas in North Germany.

A characteristic trait of the German is his intense love for celebrating festivals, and of all the days in the year Christmas is the one most generally kept. In fact, the celebration extends throughout the week, ending only on New Year's Day. The preparations usually commence in the first week of October, when the women begin to hold secret sessions and clubs, where they do fine needlework and fabricate most lovely and wonderful presents. Every girl is expected to make something with her own hands for father and mother, grand-parents and favorite relatives. The boys, too, are often busy with wood-carving, sawing or turning; and all this work done in secret has the charm that children always find in mystery.

On the first Sunday of Advent children find in the hall, or on the staircase, one twig of a fir-tree, on the second two, the number increasing each week, or candles may be used instead of twigs. On every Sunday of Advent the children learn passages from the Bible prophetic of Christ's coming, and hymns for the holy season. The week before Christmas is quite as exciting as the festival, for it is spent making decorations for the tree, which is locked up in a room, safe from profane touch. Nuts are gilded, large nets cut from gold and silver paper, and white lilies made with a flood of gold pouring from their cups. The little ones see none of these preparations but the older children spend happy evenings in doing the pretty work.

Then comes the great baking of the dough prepared two weeks before Christmas. It is re-kneaded, and rolled out, cut into forms, decorated with almonds, and finally sent to the baker. The excitement is great when it comes back, for each child makes some figure in dough, and wishes to make sure that it is all right. I always made a St. Joseph and Holy Mary, and when they came from the baker's I used to eat them and then cry for hours because they were lost beyond recall. The women are very proud of this cake, which is only made at Christmas, and they make such quantities that they invest in that alone a little fortune.

The celebration of the Tree takes place on Christmas Eve. The day was dreary enough for us children, because every one was busy, maids cleaning, and father and mother arranging the tree and the tables for each child and guest, holding presents and two plates, one of cake, apples, and nuts, the other filled with candy. On that day alone of all the year, the German child has as much candy as he wants. At four o'clock we had chocolate, and then we dressed and went to the graveyard to decorate the graves of our dear ones with a Christmas tree, or a wreath or large cross of fir branches. When we went home, we waited in a dark room for the summons to the tree. A bell called us when all was ready and we rushed in, servants and all, to the brilliant room. But we were not allowed to look at our presents until we had all joined hands and danced around the tree and sung one of our Christmas hymns. Then there was a rush to find our tables. I do not remember a single time when I was disappointed; on the contrary I found more than I expected. Each member of the family used to write a list of wishes about six weeks before Christmas. I remember writing down

one year 60 different wishes, and they were all gratified on Christmas Eve. The evening passed in admiring each other's presents, and ended with a great dinner, which in my home consisted of carp, roasted hare, and a tremendous tart of marzipan, a kind of candy for which my native town is celebrated.

On Christmas Day every one went to church, and then came home to prepare a Christmas for the postman, the baker, the fishwoman, and all those in fact who served the family at regular intervals during the year. Each received a Christmas cake and an article of clothing or some money. The week was spent in visiting our relatives and friends, having a dance at this house and games at that one, until New Year's Day. Then there was a trial of skill to be the first to wish a happy New Year to our parents and this pleasure ushered in a final day of general rejoicing.

M. G.

The Lands of Pleasure and Pain.

STEPHEN ANDREW JENNINGS.

DOWN in a mystic valley
Near the gleam of the setting star,
Where the bloom of the spirit lilies
Wafts redolent odors afar.

Dwells the Prince Imperial Theos,
Lord of the Mystic Plain,
The guard of the limitless border
'Twixt the countries of Pleasure and Pain.

And he is the grandest spirit,
That lives in the spirit land,
A merciful one and tender,
Who ruleth with softened hand.

And no one may enter his country
'Cross the borderland of fire,
Unless he payeth the passage
From the boon of his heart's desire.

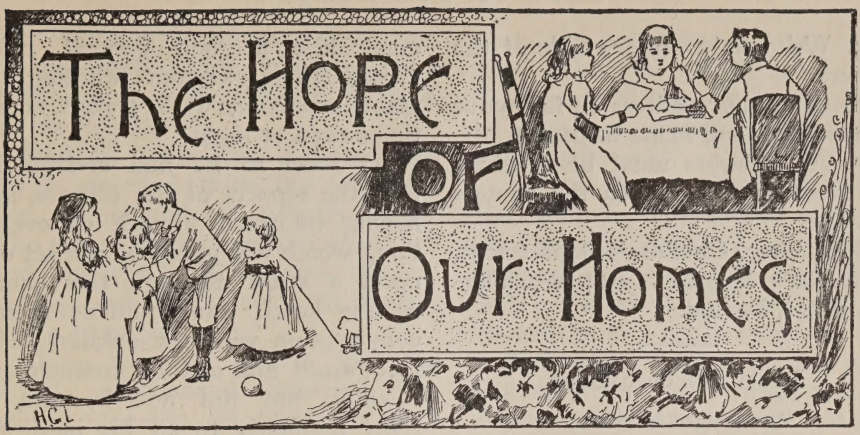
And the passage is "Self" encalcined,
By an emberless yearning above,
The gift of the ashes of sacrifice
That loves with a spirit love.

And I've lived on that magical border
This many and many a year;
And I've roamed o'er that magical country
With never the thought of a fear.

And I've sat on the topmost pinnacle
By that amber-lit country of play,
And gazed on the far-a-way sorrows
Yet yearned for the sorrows alway.

For there seems to be in that Painland,
A wonderful magnet for me;
To be with the saddened ones ever
And suffer their sad misery.

So I've asked my prince, my own Theos,
To breathe on the border of flame,
And give to me egress and ingress
When I call on his mystical name.



PRIZE CONTEST.

CHRISTMAS OFFER TO READERS OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

But little more than a week remains in which our young people can avail themselves of our prize offer of

TEN DOLLARS

for the best short Christmas story of 500 words. We have a great number of contestants already in, but on December 1st, when we shall close the competition, we would like to have heard from every boy and girl in the list of our family subscribers. Some of the efforts received are astonishingly clever, and argue well for the talents and application of our little folks. But as usual, many really good efforts, through inattention to the prescribed rules, will have to be set aside. We cannot understand how so many can apply themselves to the real work of thinking out and writing the story, and then fail to comply with the simple requirements governing the contest. As a caution to those who yet remain to be heard from, we will print for the third time the rules which shall be positively followed in deciding the winners, and we warn our young writers that no story which disregards these conditions will be considered. The labor of reading and judging so many hundred compositions is too taxing upon the editor of the department to permit any thought to be given careless or indifferent contestants. So then, read over very carefully the following requisites, and see that yourself and your manuscript complies with them fully: —

1. No contestant must be more than 15 at the last birthday.

2. The story must be absolutely original, and must not contain more than 500 words.

3. No copied story, or one that gives evidence of having been written or dictated by a grown person will be considered. We have an infallible rule for detecting this sort of contribution.

4. Writing, grammar, spelling, punctuation, and neatness of manuscript will be taken into account as well as the story itself, in awarding the prize.

5. Write only on one side of the paper.

6. Give your address in full, your age, school, and name of pastor.

7. All answers must be received by December 1st, when the contest closes.

8. Address Children's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington street, Boston.

Let's Do Our Best.

AILEEN MARIE MCDONALD.

Let's do our best — we're not all called
To give of bounty's measure,
Yet none so lowly but can add
To some one else's pleasure.

A cheering word, a kindly smile,
A hearty handshake tendered,
Has often soothed a broken heart,
And life the sweeter rendered.

Take courage, then, my soul and live —
To mankind do thy duty,
And this will prove a solace true,
Will constitute thy beauty.

And when the reck'ning day is near,
Thou wilt not know of sorrow,
For thine will be a crown of joy
On that eternal morrow.

The King and the Sentinel.

Ferdinand II., the Bourbon, was king of the Two Sicilies in 1837. He enjoyed the reputation of being a good soldier, and, in order to keep up this reputation, he took every opportunity of showing his army that, although he was king, he was as well acquainted with military regulations as any of his officers.

Among the many anecdotes related of him is one of an adventure in which he figured at a muster camp in Sicily, and the circumstance has given origin to a holiday celebrated on the eighth of May. Some regiments were encamped in the vicinity of Palermo, and King Ferdinand, like a good general, often visited them without warning, to make inspections of the troops, sometimes even at night.

As soon as he had arrived, he took the reports of the officers, and having informed himself of everything which was going on, he set out upon a stroll through the camp, cane in hand. He would enter into conversation with the soldiers, who recognized him as their commander-in-chief, but did not hesitate to reply familiarly to all his inquiries, as his manner was perfectly free and unostentatious.

Many times he did not disdain to assume the roll of a corporal, entering into inquiries which even the officers would not consider of any importance; and he used to say that in affairs of the barracks he had nothing to learn. It happened one night that he had wandered a little beyond the camp, and found himself near the powder magazine, a huge circular building surrounded by a wall, and guarded on all sides by sentinels. The king went forward under the very wall; but the sentinel who ought to have been there to shout the usual, "Who goes there!" was not to be seen. Ferdinand seized the opportunity, and crept slowly along the wall as far as the sentry box. Here he found the soldier fast asleep, with his musket leaning against the corner of the box.

Without losing a moment, the king got possession of the gun, drew out the charge, and replacing the weapon as before, crept quietly away. The soldier awoke shortly afterwards, and taking his gun to resume his rounds, instantly discovered by its weight that it was unloaded and proceeded to recharge

it. Muttering a congratulation upon his discovery and the reparation of his carelessness, as he thought, he took up his march.

Half an hour later, a figure suddenly emerged from the darkness and approached the powder house. The sentry discovered the approach and shouted, "Who goes there!" at the same time aiming his musket at the stranger.

There was no answer and the figure approached nearer. The soldier repeated his challenge in a louder tone of voice, and again receiving no answer, warned the stranger to halt before he fired upon him. This had the desired effect, and a well-known voice said: "It is the king!" He was in fact so near that the soldier easily recognized him, and, at once assuming a position of attention, made the customary salute.

Thereupon the king told him that he should put him through the manual, which he proceeded to do. After several minutes he reached the command of "Aim!" and ordered the soldier to aim at his head. The latter obeyed, and held his gun firmly in position. But when his Majesty, in a ringing voice, cried "Fire!" the soldier suddenly raised his musket and discharged it into the air. The feelings of the king at the sound of the report may be easily imagined.

However, he managed to control himself, and questioned the soldier as to the circumstances. The latter frankly confessed that he had fallen asleep from fatigue, and explained the manner of his discovery that his musket was unloaded.

On his return to the camp, Ferdinand ordered the corporal of the guard to call in the sentry from his post, and had him brought before him. The king taking the soldier's hand said: "You shall never again be a sentinel; from this moment you are a corporal!"

As this event happened on St. Michael's day, Ferdinand petitioned the Pope, Gregory XVI., and obtained from him the sanctification of the day, on which he had miraculously escaped from a great danger.

And until 1860, every year, on St. Michael's day, the troops were reviewed by the king in the morning, and for the rest of the day were set at liberty from all duties.

Although the downfall of the Bourbons in Sicily in that year put an end to this ceremony, the present government still celebrates the eighth of May as a holiday.

ANTONIO MELI.

Safe in Thine Arms.

HOMAR F. SAYNT.

Safe in Thine arms, Sweet Saviour, let me rest,
And place my weary head upon thy breast.
Like John, the well-beloved, I would recline,
Protected by Thy fostering care benign,
And by Thy loving tenderness caressed.

My grievous sins to Thee I have confessed,
And pardoning me Thou hast become my guest;
Speed fast the time when I shall dwell as Thine,
Safe in Thine arms.

By Death's last dreadful trials sorely pressed,
When Hell will strive to gain my soul's conquest,
I look to Thee for help, and when 'tis mine,
Tho' Death and Hell their terrors may combine,
I'll fear them not, but sweetly sink to rest
Safe in Thine arms.

A Little Girl's Definition of a Magazine Article.

Greta, whose mamma is a contributor to the periodicals of the day, thus defined an "article," when interrogated by her little brother. "An article is a letter you write to an editor. He does not answer it, but pays you for it, if he likes it."

Don't Shorten Your Names, Girls.

It IS not proper to take the public into one's pet name, and until women realize this fact they will not have made that advance they are continually claiming.

"Ellen Brown" is a much more dignified person than "Nellie Brown." Those who know her well, of course, know that she is a dignified young woman, even when she signs her communications, "Your loving Nellie." But the world will not realize it.

But not only in the public world do diminutives unfit a woman for her work, but also in the semi-public life of private individuals. A private woman writing to a dressmaker or butcher should not call herself "Sallie" or "Carrie" but Sarah or Caroline. When a woman in private life writes for publication or acts as secretary for a club she should exercise the same reserve.

It is seldom that "ies" find fame and are long remembered. Helen of Troy was never Nellie to the public. Penelope never allowed any one but Ulysses to call her Pen. Anne Hathaway was "Nan" to few people besides Master William Shakespere, and Joan of Arc would never have been a great name in history had she allowed herself to be generally known as Jennie.

Daniel Webster at School.

Daniel Webster was in 1796 a member of Phillips Exeter Academy. A few days after Mr. Webster had entered Exeter academy he returned to his boarding-house one evening in a very despondent mood and told his friends there that the city boys in the academy were constantly laughing at him, because he was at the foot of the class and had come from the backwoods.

The next day Mr. Nicholas Emery, who was then an assistant in the academy, urged Webster to think of nothing but his books, and added that all would yet come out right.

The advice was heeded, and at the end of the first quarter Mr. Emery, mustering his class in a line, formally took the arm of young Webster and marched him from the foot to the extreme head.

At the end of the second quarter, when the class was mustered, Mr. Emery said,—

"Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap."

The boy obeyed, and, thinking that he was about to be expelled from school, was sorely troubled.

The teacher soon dispelled the illusion, for he continued —

"Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class. And you, young gentlemen, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him here again."

They never did see him in the classroom again, but the day came when the eyes of the nation beheld him.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

A noble list: George Washington,
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison and James Munroe,
John Quincy Adams — and below
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn.
Martin Van Buren next we learn;
Then William Henry Harrison,
Whom soon John Tyler followed on.
And after Tyler, James K. Polk;
Then Zachary Tayler ruled the folk
Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came;
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.
And James Buchanan then appears,
Then Abraham Lincoln through those years
Of war. And, when his life was lost,
'Twas Andrew Johnson filled his post.
Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes
And James A. Garfield each had place,
And Chester Arthur — and my rhyme
Comes down to Grover Cleveland's time.
Then Harrison four years did reign
And now we've Cleveland once again.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

[There is much that even Catholics do not know regarding the Church of Christ, its history, its services, its ceremonials. To an intelligent man, believer or unbeliever, there can be no more interesting subjects. The story of the Church is a romance of fact, human and divine. The significance of the ceremonials, by which it commemorates Christ's acts and impresses His truths, are vital with reason and with beauty, when understood. To the work of spreading this information, this department is devoted. Readers are invited to ask any questions regarding the Church upon which they are not fully informed. We desire every reader of DONAHOE'S to be prepared to answer any question about his faith that may arise in his experiences in the world. Inquiries must reach this office before the first of the month to be answered in the next issue. Questions asked later than that date cannot be answered until the second month following. Address all letters to "Editor, Catholic Question Box, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass." As a guarantee of good faith, every letter must give the full name and address of the writer, which will not be published. In future no unsigned letters will be answered.]

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—With each issue of DONAHOE'S the popular interest in our "Question Box" is growing. In the large number of queries coming each month to our desk, we are obliged to select what seems to be of most general interest for our readers, as also what seems of most importance in relation to the affairs and thought of the day. This will explain to many the non-appearance of their questions, and we hope they will find in the questions we answer information that will be of value to them on current and general topics. We would gladly answer all, but we have not the space. So we must make a choice.

K. F. inquires: 1. What position does the Church want to hold in Italy? 2. Before Italian Unification, did the Pope as political Sovereign govern that portion of Italy known as the Papal States? 3. Do you believe that the Church should rule in affairs of State that are foreign to religion? 4. Why do Catholics say the Pope is "in chains," when the Italian government guarantees him full freedom in Rome?

1. The Church wants to hold in Italy her former position of freedom from any secular government, that she may be able to communicate freely with all the nations in fulfilment of her mission: "Go and teach all nations." She claims as a necessary condition to this liberty, the possession of her own temporal domains, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope. She wants to hold in Italy the position held by the Congress of the United States in this Republic, where the District of Columbia is under the jurisdiction of no state, but is the place whence Congress can without any interference make laws for all the nation, the supreme judiciary interpret these laws, and the President execute them. Of all people in the world, Americans should best understand the Church's position by analogy with their own central government at Washington.

2. Yes.

3. In this question we object to the word "foreign." Affairs of state should not be "foreign" to religion. Like science and faith, state and church should be in harmony, both working to the development and well-being of men. Yet each has its own domain, and to-day in practical life we find that both work best when each works along its own line in peace and understanding with the other. One can and should help the other. And since the object of both is to the aid and betterment of men, there is nothing antagonistic in their relation rightly understood. Neither is there any reason why Leo XIII. should not be a statesman as well as a churchman. In fact, he is to-day the greatest

living statesman as well as churchman. He shows to the world how to work for the temporal and eternal interests of mankind. Why, then, should he not be able to rule in affairs of state as well as in church? Why can not he be mayor of Rome and President of the Catholic Church, as well as Grover Cleveland be mayor of Washington and President of the United States?

4. The "guarantees" of Italy for the past 20 odd years are worthless. The mob rules when it wills. The desecration of religion, the insults to Pius IX. living and dead, the monument to Bruno, the glorification of Garibaldi and his red-shirted brigade, the deification of wholesale robbery and butchery, tell too well the meaning of Italian "guarantees" when the Pope is concerned. Italy could not keep her promises, even if she would. Again, the Pope is "in chains," as any one of principle prefers to stay in prison, rather than to admit that might makes right, or to surrender the possessions handed down through a thousand years.

L. D. asks: Can we pray for our Protestant friends who are dead?

Certainly we can and should. Some people have a mistaken notion that Catholics believe that only those who are Catholics can be saved. A few uninstructed people may take that as the interpretation of the maxim that "outside the Church there is no salvation." One may be joined to the Church in spirit, while apparently not belonging to it. All depends on the heart, and only God reads the hearts of men. Then again, even those who knew the Catholic Church to be true, and refused to become members of it, may repent in dying and be saved. The Church condemns no one, but hopes salvation for all. So should we, and consequently, pray for the departed who have died outside the Church, hoping that in God's mercy salvation has come to them.

J. A. J. writes: We say that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin. Please explain.

Mary was preserved free from original sin, because God destined her to be His own Mother. This privilege for Mary is called her Immaculate Conception. No other child of Eve has had this privilege. Mary's own Son, Jesus the Christ, was conceived in her womb by the power of the Holy Ghost, and had no man for His father. But Jesus is God, and does not come under the law of sin. Mary, however, was a human creature, and was subject to the condition of all the children of Adam. But God made an exception in her case. This is Catholic doctrine, and an article of belief. The 8th of December is a holyday of obligation established in honor of Mary's freedom from original sin. John the Baptist and Jeremiah the prophet were sanctified before their birth. We who have been baptized were sanctified and cleansed from original sin in our baptism. But Mary never had sin for a single instant on her soul. In the moment when God made her soul, He united it to the body that was to be the companion of that soul, and in that moment of her Conception, God made Mary absolutely spotless. God could do this, because He is all-powerful; He did it, because it was right to do it for her who was to be the mother of His own Son, the God of perfect sanctity.

Thomas writes: I think the doctrine of original sin absurd and cruel. Why should I be born in sin, when I had no means of doing right or wrong?

The doctrine of original sin is frequently misunderstood. It simply means what we inherit from our father Adam. Adam was placed by God in a supernatural state, having gifts and graces for his soul, and constituted a child of God, and an heir of heaven. When Adam sinned he lost all these graces and privileges. Remember his human nature had no right to claim these. They were God's free gift. Now, having lost them, Adam could not transmit them, for no one can give what he has not. God was not obliged to give them back, but He did give them back to Adam, when he repented, but only for himself. And He gives them back to each individual on the fulfilment of certain conditions. In the present dispensation, the condition is baptism. So to be born in original sin means to be born without the supernatural gifts that Adam received before his fall, and which he lost for himself, and for us too. Adam's condition was peculiar: As the father of all, his obedience or disobedience had bound up in it the benefit or the misfortune of all.

W. H. asks: What is meant by a bishop's visit ad limina.

This means that archbishops, bishops and inferior prelates, who have quasi-episcopal jurisdiction with a distinct territory, are obliged at stated times to make a visit to Rome, and to submit to the Holy Father a report concerning the churches confided to their care. The time when these visits must be made varies according to the distance from Rome. The bishops of Italy must make their visit every three years; while those of the United States are to go every ten years. The object of these visits is to hold the bishops in intercourse and immediate relation with the head of the Church, and the centre of unity, and to enable the Pope to have an accurate knowledge of the condition of the Church in all parts of the world.

American wants to know: 1. What is the position of a cardinal in the Church? 2. What are his duties? 3. How many cardinals are there? 4. How are cardinals appointed? 5. What is a cardinal "in petto?"

1. A cardinal has the right of precedence over bishops, archbishops, primates and patriarchs. He is inferior only to the Pope.

2. The chief duties of the cardinals are to assist the Pope in ruling the Universal Church, and at his death to assume the guidance of the Church, until they elect a new Pope. These duties pertain to the cardinals as a corporate body. But they are also as individuals invested at times with special prerogatives.

3. Pope Sixtus V. in 1587, placed the number at 70, and so it is at present. This number, however, is hardly ever reached. The 70 may be divided as follows: six cardinal-bishops; 50 cardinal-priests; and 14 cardinal-deacons. But the words bishop, priest and deacon are not here to be assumed in the ordinary sense of the words, as the majority of cardinals may be bishops, and the only ones called cardinal-bishops are those who hold the six Roman sees of Ostia, Porto, Frascati, Sabina, Palestrina, Albano.

4. The cardinalate is not a sacrament, like the priesthood, and so requires no especial matter and form. All that is needed for the creation of a cardinal is the will and word of the Pope. After his appointment, there are certain insignia of office that the cardinal will receive: the red hat, the assigning of a title, and the placing of the ring on his finger.

5. Sometimes when the Pope creates one or more cardinals in Consistory, he considers it prudent to keep the name or names in his own breast, i. e. "in petto." When he considers it expedient, he will divulge the name, and then the cardinal's appointment dates not from the time his name was made known, but from the day of his creation "in petto."

Calif wants to know the meaning of nuncios, internuncios, and apostolic delegates.

Ambassadors are at times sent to some eminent person or to some province to administer spiritual affairs. These represent either the Holy Father personally or the Apostolic See. If these ambassadors or legates are sent to the courts of emperors or the more powerful kings, they are called nuncios. Such are the legates to Austria, France, Spain and Portugal. Belgium and Bavaria, too, have nuncios. If the legates are sent to courts of lesser rank or to cities that have no court, they are called internuncios. Such are in Holland and Brazil. A legate to republics is called a delegate apostolic. Such is Mgr. Satolli. The American legation was established Jan. 24, 1893, and ranks among the highest legations.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Biography.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, have issued recently two short lives of Gladstone and Bismarck, the former from the pen of Henry W. Lucey, the latter from that of Chas. Lowe, Both men written about have had much to do with the shaping of events during the latter half of this nineteenth century, and both are with the close of the century nearing the close of their lives. The writers have brought enthusiasm and love of their subjects to their tasks, and they give an entertaining sketch of two well-filled careers. Both Gladstone and Bismarck are of more than ordinary interest to Catholic readers, because of their intimate relations with and violent opposition to Catholic interests, and of what appears to be, whether it is or not, a change of heart. In the sketch of Bismarck, we would warn the Catholic reader not to accept any theories or platitudes regarding Rome and her motives. It is strange that the non-Catholic mind can so seldom see aught but scheming and cunning in every movement that emanates from the Supreme Pontiff. Still the Church lives; Gladstone no longer thunders against the Vatican, and Bismarck has gone to Canossa.

Religious.

"PLAIN FACTS FOR ALL OUTSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH," by Rev. R. H. Walsh, is a reprint of a work published some eight years ago. The questions are always new, and worthy the attention of thinking minds: the mission of Christ, His Church, the marks of that Church, and the possessions of those marks by the Roman Catholic Church alone. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

Frankly we do not like a book written in the style of "GOVERNMENTS AND POLITICIANS," by Charles Marcotte. It is too vehement. It is the loud and blustering argument of a lawyer who would convince the jury more by noise than by legal acumen. We do not mean to deny to the author the merit of the knowledge he displays, but we feel that books written in the spirit of this one serve but to provoke opposition, rather than to conciliate enemies. Whatever of vehemence may be allowed to the spoken word, a calm and dignified presentation of facts and arguments will alone find favor with a reading public.

A new CATECHISM seems to many persons desirable. But it is scarcely practicable. The last Plenary Council of Baltimore established a catechism for universal use in the United States, and whatever may be the defects of that little book, the advantages of uniformity are too great to be easily foregone. Nor, under present circumstances can a change be made without the sanction of the Ordinary. We have received from Chas. Wildermann, New York, a catechism which is used in German classes and bears for the German edition the imprimatur of Archbishop Corrigan. The

English translation indicates the book to be very simple and well adapted to the capacity of teachers. There is no one who has taught children, but will agree that a text book that is not beyond their years is a veritable blessing. The larger number of this good book might well be used in advanced classes, even where the most of the scholars study the Baltimore Catechism.

"League Devotions and Choral Services" from the Apostleship of Prayer, New York, is a beautiful and useful book, adapted for Leagues of the Sacred Heart. Directors, Promoters, and Associates should all have a copy of it. They will find that it contains everything required for their devotions. Over 48 hymns to the Sacred Heart are added to the prayers and directions. The price is within the reach of all, and we hail with satisfaction the effort of many of our Catholic publishers to place their books in the hands of the many.

A little book intended to manifest the meaning of the Mass and the great solemnity with which the Church surrounds this adorable Sacrifice is a reprint from an old volume. It is entitled "An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." It has been edited and revised by Bishop Howley of West Newfoundland. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.

"The Sacramentals of the Church," by Father Lambing, needs no word of praise from us. When the articles brought together in this book first appeared in the "Ave Maria," and the "Ecclesiastical Review," they deserved approbation. Any one who seeks information on the sign of the cross, holy water, stations of the cross, palms, ashes, candles, and kindred subjects has it at hand in this small book. It deserves an extensive and rapid circulation. New York: Benziger Bros.

The little things of life influence us greatly for good or for evil, for happiness or unhappiness. The importance of little words and smiles and counsels is conveyed to us in Ella McMahon's translation of "Golden Sands." This is a book always welcome and always profitable. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

"In addition to the formal Imprimatur given to the excellent work of Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F., entitled, 'The Spiritual Exercises of an Eight Days' Retreat,' we wish to commend this book in a special manner to the reverend clergy and religious, as well as to the pious laity, as a safe guide in those important matters which concern the soul's dearest interests." A book receiving such a recommendation from Archbishop Kain of St. Louis, should win at once its way among those for whom it is intended. These meditations combine a fund of doctrine and an admirable simplicity of style. They will provoke thought in the pious reader, as meditations should do. They can be used either for retreats, or for ordinary meditations, or even readings. A spirit of true piety and of earnestness to convey nourishment to souls pervades this book. The price is very reasonable. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.

Fiction.

Two names that are being associated together now are Rider Haggard and Wm. Le Queux. And rightly so, since the latter, a new writer, has more than any other author entered the wild and imaginative domain of the former. The lover of the fantastical, the weird and the mysterious, will be carried along as on wings from the Omen of the Camel's Hoof to the display of the Crescent of Glorious Wonders, and the possession of the Great White Diadem. Africa is the scene of "Zoraida," and Moslems and Christians, bandit chiefs and honest traders are strangely intermingled in the ever-shifting kaleidoscope, from floating sea to parching desert, from living Algiers to the desolate Sahara and beyond. The writer lacks the precision of detail, the perfection of plan, and the perfect symmetry of parts displayed by Frank Stockton in "Captain Horn," but his material is abundant, his style captivating, and his imagination boundless. New York: Fred. A. Stokes Co.

An interesting study would be to trace the development of F. Marion Crawford from his first book, "Mr. Isaacs," accidently written, and now republished by the Macmillans, to the latest effort of his too facile pen, "Casa Braccio." "Mr. Isaacs" is a tale of India, and has the fascination of that land of romance. The author imparts his own intimate knowledge of scenes and customs, and weaves a pretty tale, that ends all too sadly. "Mr. Isaacs" will entertain for an hour, and while it lacks the later insight and more extended development of human motives evinced by the author, it will please Mr. Crawford's countless admirers.

Stanley J. Weyman, from the obscurity of a London barrister, has emerged into one of the most widely read novelists of the day; and from a hard struggle with poverty into an affluence attained by only a few favored authors. Mr. Weyman is one of the lions of the hour, and he owes his position to hard work, and to the choice of his subject. His writings evince the care of the jeweler who polishes the rough stone into light and beauty. He has chosen France as his scene, and Henry of Navarre for his hero, and the prime minister Sully for his stage manager. His recent book, "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France," indicate the author's progress in fiction, and proves the old adage, *Labor omnia vincit.* A dozen short stories make up the volume. They are all entertaining. An American lays down the book thankful that he is not under a government where the petty vices and the great sins of Henry's court can prevail. But softly, cor-

ruption and venality and luxury are not the heritage of monarchs and monarchies alone. Republics, too, have been crushed under their weight. The publishers have done their work well, and have added abundant illustrations to the text. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"THE DELECTABLE DUCHY," stories, studies, and sketches by "Q," is a panorama like to many illustrated lectures. Some of the pictures are colored, some plain, a few droll, and still another sad, while from time to time a view is shown for which we seek in vain the meaning. "The Paupers" and the "Legends of St. Piran" we found the most entertaining. The book is in the manner of etchings, which for a while were somewhat in vogue. Much of the material is good, but lacks development. New York: Macmillans.

The value of historical novels is an open question. Sir Walter Scott has his followers and his imitators. Many a historical novelist is archaic; many a one is dry and repellent; many a one impresses upon you his utter disregard for the truth of time and place. If we might estimate the attitude of the public towards the historical novel, when the story is charmingly told, we have a proof of a strong popularity in the writings of S. R. Crockett. "THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS" had its first edition exhausted on the day of publication. The quaint and simple way in which Mr. Crockett tells over again the history of adventure taken from the papers of Wm. Gordon of Earlestown in Galloway will win any reader. This is not a novel to skim over. You must be patient with the Scotch dialect, and absorb the incidents of the times, as a German sips his liquors. Then a glow and warmth of delight will pervade your mind, and the book will not exhilarate, but content you. The modest hero grows on you, until you realize all unexpectedly, that while apparently in the background, he has been a hard and successful worker. And we could wish that modern fiction had more like Maisie Lennox, gentle, calm, and true, with all the depth of a woman's faithful soul. New York: Macmillan & Co.

"WHERE HIGHWAYS CROSS" is a simple story of woman's faith in a husband who is a thief, of the kindness of a lonely man, his love, and his sacrifice. The tale is a thoroughly good one. It will do no harm, and you are glad to find the two chief characters noble and upright. But the author, J. S. Fletcher, lacks the skill to do other than to present a "plain, unvarnished tale." Modern readers like a little excitement and romance mingled with the most matter-of-fact stories. The Macmillans bring out this volume in their neat and tasteful Iris Series. New York: Macmillan, Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

When you have read "JOAN HASTE," you will ask yourself if Rider Haggard has abandoned the realm of excitement and thrilling adventures wherein he revelled. There is little here to remind one of the author of "She," and "The People of the Mist." It is commonplace enough in its incidents, apart from an accident to the hero. It is a cruel book. There is not a noble character in it. Those who might be noble become immoral, and the heroine marries a madman, and then dies by his hand to save her betrayer. One of the old men is very wicked; the other very weak. There is a vapid mother, a cold and calculating daughter. Then the book is too lengthy. Words, words, words, and a hundred pages at least might well have been spared. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Joel Chandler Harris has collected many of his stories hitherto published in the newspapers, and in his "MR. RABBIT AT HOME," a sequel to "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country," he gives us a chain of stories, which, oddly enough, will please boys and girls equally well. It is certain that adults read these stories of Mr. Harris, a possible explanation being that their droll portrayal of human nature and their pure English are sufficiently attractive to compensate for their lack of depth. It is habitual to class these "Brer Rabbit" stories with the "Mowgli," tales of Kipling. But the two are essentially different. Kipling with his marvellous individuality has given us "child stories," that contain action, feeling, pathos, for the delectation of adults, thrilling tales redolent of the forest breath, and with glowing descriptions of nature as it is in the tropics. But the average child would have a sorry time of it with anything so far over his head as the Jungle tales. Mr. Harris writes for children, and his style, unique and excellent of its kind, has made his works their standard stories, replacing the antiquated fairy tale with godmother attachment, and the various forms of writing for little folks. It is not too much to say that these tales mark the beginning of an epoch in juvenile literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Catholic reader is always pleased to hear of a new volume by Eleanor C. Donnelly. This amiable writer has given us recently a series of short stories, of which the first, "Petronilla," gives the title to the book. The spirit of religion pervades these sketches, and the influence which an individual has for good is clearly marked in them. The eight stories are pervaded by an uplifting and childlike faith, and written in a simple, pleasing style. Petronilla's inquiry of the young minister who is seeking for light: — "Might it not come all the sooner, if you went to meet it, and did not pass it by?" is a very practical one. We can recommend this book as suitable for premiums in our Catholic schools.

Historical Drama.

"WASHINGTON, OR THE REVOLUTION," a drama by Ethan Allen, embodies in the form of dialogue facts of history from 1770 to 1789. At the time of its publication, this book received favorable notice from friends of education and private individuals, as well as from the press. Its worth is in the manner in which it presents the dry facts of history, and the interest it gives them in the crisp and racy conversation of the characters introduced. The book is in no way intended for the stage. New York & Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

Miscellaneous.

The second of the promised booklets in Katherine E. Conway's Family Sitting Room Series is at hand from the Pilot Publishing Company, Boston. It is entitled *Making Friends and Keeping Them*. This is no string of chapters revamping platitudes derived from studying the numberless essays on friendship that have preceded it. It is a fresh and wholesome contribution to the popular literature upon the relationship of friends, the best way to make and to hold them; and the impression vividly conveyed to the reader is that the writer is speaking from the actual experiences of her own life, which, by the way, has been singularly well cast for the preparation of a book upon the subject treated. Miss Conway's style is sweet, winning and strong. Her matter is of the very essence of practical wisdom and common sense. There is a pithiness of gentle philosophy throughout the book which will make a hundred at least of its sentences remembered and quoted. Though addressed to women, the advice given is appropriate to both sexes, and no one can read this little book without much clearing up of erroneous impressions regarding the true offices, and mutual conduct of people standing to one another in the happy, consoling, and withal critical relationship of friends. To many after a first perusal this book will become a real treasure of counsel and guidance, and will no doubt save many of its readers from the painful consequences of an ill-advised friendship, or from carrying on a true friendship in an ill-advised way. Its appearance at the present time is especially fortunate, since both its matter and make-up adapt it most favorably for an acceptable gift. Among the Christmas books of the season, Miss Conway's "Making Friends and Keeping Them," should be far up among the most popular. We have also received a copy of the same writer's "A Lady and Her Letters" now in its second edition, after a speedy exhausting of the first. It is enlarged and has an appendix of superscriptions, addresses, etc., valuable to those having to write to persons in various walks of life and enjoying distinctions of title, etc. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co.

Mr. Bernard Corr has conferred a valuable service upon New England Catholic history by his compilation of the memorable events, addresses, poems and personages connected with the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee Celebration of the most Reverend Archbishop of Boston in May last. The volume, which bears the title of "Souvenir of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams," is appropriately bound in purple and forms a book of 160 pages larger than octavo size. It is an accurate transcript of all the principal jubilee exercises, from the Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral on the morning of the anniversary proper, May 16, to the closing commemoration at the banquet of the Y. M. C. A. B. C. in Boston College Hall on the evening of May 22. There is a frontispiece portrait of His Grace, specially taken for this book, and, interspersed through the accounts of the week's festivities, are pictures of the clergymen who were prominent in completing the jubilee arrangements. All the addresses made at the religious and festal observances of the week are recorded in full, and there are lists of the clergy and laity who participated in the series of joyous events. The volume is published by James L. Corr and Co., of Boston, who will doubtless exhaust several editions of the work, as the interest in its issuance has been widespread, by reason of its value as a history of the most notable event in New England Catholicism.

Prang's Christmas Art books are the most exquisite things in this line we have seen in many a day. They comprise, among other appropriate souvenirs, a series of beautiful pictorial calendars, and several flower-books, graced with the most delicate tints, figures, and choice poetical selections. The list of them so far as received is as follows:

Calendars, "Flower Fairies," "Imperial Chrysanthemum Calendar," "Violet Calendar," "Our Poets' Calendar," with pictures of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes.

Flower Books, "Lilies of the Valley," by Katherine L. Connor; "Roses, Roses, all the Way," by Bessie Gray; "A handful of June Pansies," by Bessie Gray, "Violet Time;" "A Posy of Sweet Peas," by Bessie Gray.

"SIX BRITISH AUTHORS," with pictures of Shakespere, Tennyson, Browning, Burns, Wordsworth and Byron, selections from their works and scenes from their lives. The character of all these publications is thoroughly American, the designing, lithographing and printing being done in this country. Boston: L. Prang Co.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

What excuse is there for not getting strong and well? Paine's celery compound, the world's great remedy for nervous weakness, can be obtained at any druggist's in any city or any country town. One can get a heartier, healthier appetite, purify the blood and increase its power of feeding the nerves and tissues by taking Paine's celery compound.

It is the greatest invigorator in existence. Convince yourself of the fact. Try it.

Testimonials for publication are taken quite at random by the present proprietors of this great remedy.

The letters are never "doctored."

Titles are never placed before the names of untitled people. Honest but obscure men are never said to be "honorables." Everyday kind of men who have been made well by Paine's celery compound are never paraded before the public as "The Great Mr. So-and-So," or "The Wonderfully Successful Mr. This-and-That." Cases of ordinary sickness are never elaborated into hideous, impossible diseases.

When it happens that the mail brings a heartfelt letter from such a man as State Treasurer Colvin of New York, or Mr. Carlisle's private secretary, or Edmund Russell, or Mayor McShane of Montreal, or Rev. Fr. Ouelett, or Commodore Howell, or Mr. Gillam of Judge, or Ida Lewis, or ex-Minister to Austria John M. Francis, or any other widely known man or woman who expressly wishes others to be benefited by his or her experience, the proprietors of Paine's celery compound gladly give such unsolicited testimonials to the press.

But one person's health is as valuable as another's, and in publishing the testimonials of people whom this great remedy has made well and strong, no particular emphasis is put upon such person's official standing.

The world is made up of what Abraham Lincoln called "the plain people." It is they whom Paine's celery compound has most benefited.

Here is a letter (verbatim) just received from Louisa Pierce of Melette, South Dakota:

"I used Paine's celery compound first for rheumatism, and found that it helped me very much. I have since used it for nervousness and kidney trouble, and have received very much benefit from its use, and consider it one of the best of remedies. Mr. A. Cady's people use it and think they can hardly get along without it in the house. I know of several others that have used it that I am not acquainted with, but one other lady, Mrs. Ondell, used it for nervousness, and it made her well."

There is the testimony of thousands. Paine's celery compound makes people well!

Paine's celery compound was first prepared by Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college. Ever since its first appearance it has been the one recognized nerve and brain invigorator among medical men. Its constant use by physicians, where an active nutriment is urgently needed, speaks volumes for its efficacy in diseases of nervous origin.

Strength, buoyant spirits and freedom from pain comes with its use.

Many men and women who recommend Paine's celery compound do so in what, to others, may sometimes seem extravagant words. But Paine's celery compound has made them well!

Donahoe's Magazine.

EXTRA.

A NOTABLE BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION.

SKETCH OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

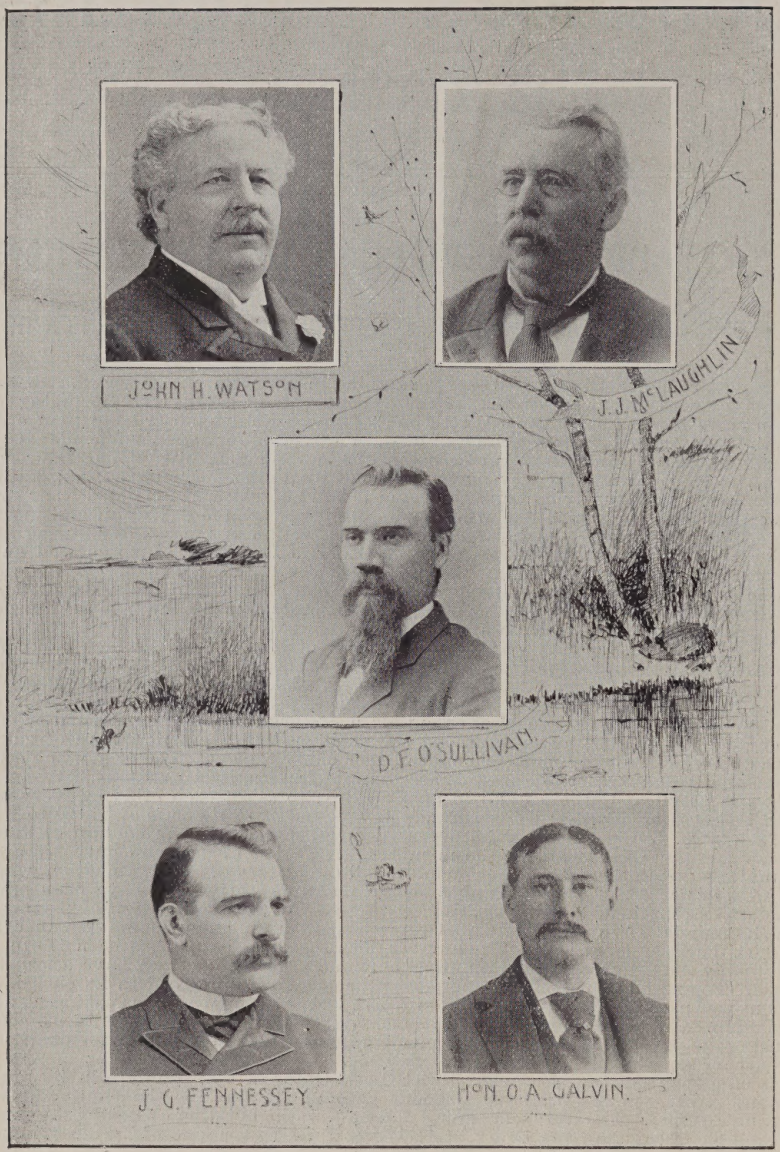
THE growth of beneficiary fraternal organizations in all parts of America has been one of the notable features of our social life for the past quarter of a century. Springing from the desire, innate in man, of being united with one's fellow-man in a closer bond than ordinarily obtains, and applying such union to its best uses, in providing for a man's dependents after his death, many of these organizations have accomplished untold good by uplifting their members in a social, moral, and natural way during life and by giving aid, support, consolation, and encouragement to their surviving families when the hand of death has claimed their provider. Among the beneficiary organizations whose noble work has been most helpful and most generally recognized among the Catholic population of this section of the country during almost a generation has been the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. Incorporated under the laws of the state of Massachusetts, in the interest of the Catholic people, it has successfully carried on its work of bringing the system of Mutual Insurance within the reach of those who would otherwise be unable to secure for their relatives or dependents the benefit of a policy of Insurance, payable upon the death of the insured.

The Order stands now as the most practical exponent of the benefits which result from an honest presentation of facts in relation to co-operative insurance and of the success which follows so worthy a purpose when this is supported with zeal, and its details administered with economy. The Order, as the name implies, is distinctively Catholic in the composition of its membership; it combines the two great essentials necessary for a large and popular organization of our people — a unity of faith among the members and a practical plan of mutual life insurance upon the safest and most economical basis of assessment. The primary objects of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters are to unite fraternally all persons, between certain ages, who are practical Catholics and in good health; to assist each other by every means in power in sickness or distress; the assurance of a payment of the sum of $1,000 to a widow, orphans, relatives, or dependents of the deceased members; and the promotion of Fraternity, Unity, and Christian Charity among the members. All other objects and purposes are subordinate and included in these leading principles, and the history of the organization, whether in times of weal or periods of depression, has shown that these principles have been practically developed and strengthened during each succeeding year of the organization's existence.

Since its foundation in April, 1879, the Order has paid out in endowments the sum of $650,000 raised under the assessment plan. The number of assessments issued has been 120 to April 1, 1895, and to-day the Order is without an unpaid claim, except such as may have accrued within two weeks. To extend its usefulness and power for accomplishing good in its chosen line, an amendment was passed to the constitution in April, 1894, making women as well as men eligible to membership. The result of this departure has added thirteen new courts of women to the Order during the past year, comprising 600 members, exclusive of the women members admitted by the courts of male members, already in existence.

The headquarters of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters are in Boston, at No. 18 Kneeland street, where they have spacious accommodations for the transactions of the organization's affairs. The handsome house and hall, in the building owned by the Knights of St. Rose, a higher branch of the Order, at 17 Worcester street, is one of the most commodious and attractive dwellings owned by any organization.

The officers of the organization have been men of great practical ability, and earnestly devoted to the progress of the Order. Through their persevering labors in the up-building of their society, they have placed the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters on a solid, substantial footing, with a prospect of future growth and influence second to no similar body of men. The founder and first High Chief Ranger was Denis F. O'Sullivan, Esq., whose labors in perfecting the organization extended from July 29, 1879, to April 19, 1882, when he was succeeded by Hon. Owen A. Galvin, whose well-known executive ability was devoted to affecting the change of the manner of assessment from the level to the graded system, a work which he advocated in a personal tour of every court of the Order, and which has contributed in a great degree to the present prosperity of the organization. The other past High Chief Rangers, James J. McLaughlin, Esq., of Americus Court, Boston, John H. Watson, Esq., of Essex Court, Salem, and Capt. Jeremiah G. Fennessey of Boston, were chosen for their special aptitude for the duties of their position, and by their unflinching interest in the Order's development, and their industrious efforts, its membership and standing have been materially advanced. The present board of officers consists of High Chief Ranger James J. McLaughlin, who was recalled to the office so acceptably filled by him in the past; High Vice-Chief Ranger Hon. John P. Dore of Sherwood

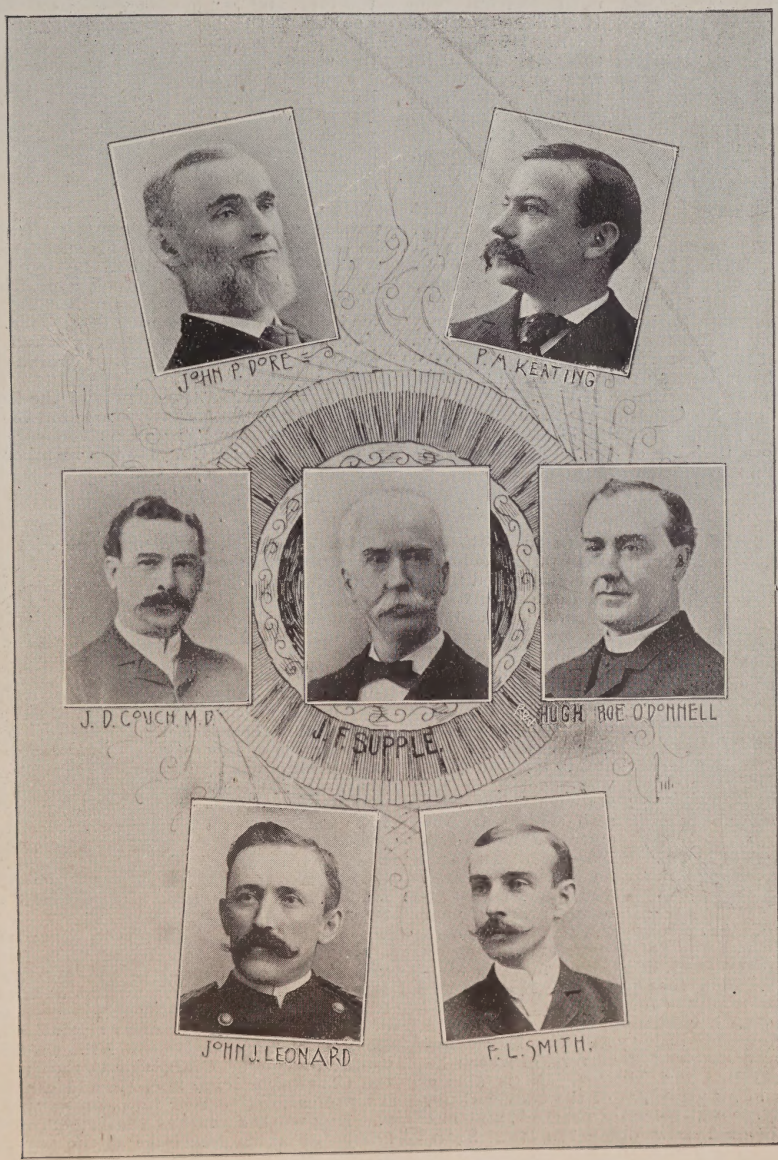


Court and chairman of the board of Street Commissioners of Boston, High Secretary-Treasurer James F. Supple, a charter member of Columbus Court, who has most successfully administered the office he now holds since April, 1887, High Medical Examiner, Joseph D. Couch, M. D., of Benedict Court, Somerville; High Inside Sentinel, Fred L. Smith, of St. Thomas Court, High Court Chaplain, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of Williams Court, High Senior Conductor, Patrick M. Keating, of St. Joseph Court, High Junior Conductor, Capt. John J. Leonard, of Gallagher Court, Springfield. The reputation of these gentlemen is a sufficient guarantee of the safe and able administration of the highest offices in the organization, and cannot but beget confidence and interest in those who have not yet affiliated themselves with the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. The present popularity of this rapidly extending Catholic Order shows a strength that foreshadows a future greater in result and more effective in the field of its chosen labor. It is evident that its usefulness will grow with years, and that experience will but add to its power of doing good. The knowledge that the stability of this Order, as in

others of the kind where the insurance is practically limited to the time covered by the assessment, will rest upon the confidence of its members, has caused the Order to enter upon a project new to many, but a necessary addition to the financial system of any Fraternal Beneficiary Order.

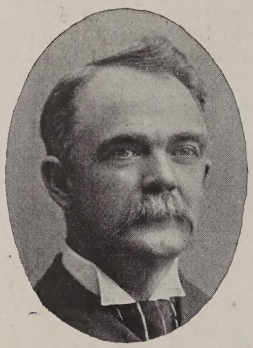
It is creating a Reserve Fund sufficient to meet any probable increase of death claims, whether by epidemic or accidents. This is a direct assurance that the future of this Order will not rest upon sentiment, but upon a solid financial basis. It will thus have a fund sufficiently large to withstand any extra strain which the Order may be called upon to meet, and, in case of accident or epidemic, meet the outlay for such without resorting to an increase of the number of assessments.

In an Order animated with a desire to excel, to draw towards it every improvement which security dictates, it is only reasonable to assume for it a future strong in funds, large in numbers. The Order enters the path of the future with confidence intensified and happily with nothing to mar its progress in the mission upon which it has entered.

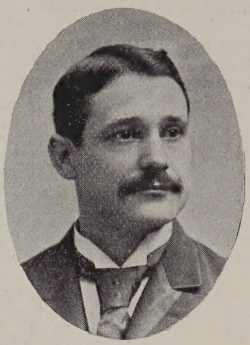


PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN OF BOSTON.

As a chapter of jubilee edition we present our readers with the following sketches of some of the most prominent Catholic gentlemen in the professional and commercial life of Boston: —



THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK, one of Boston's best known business men and public spirited citizens, was born in the town of Grafton, in this state Dec. 17, 1844, and was educated in the public schools of Hopkinton, graduating from the High School of that town. He came to this city when he was only eighteen years old, and went to work for E. D. Bell & Co., retail dealers in dry goods. He also worked for other dry goods concerns in this city and New York, and in 1872 became engaged with the firm of Brown, Dutton & Co. The firm of Brown, Durrell & Co., of which he is a partner, is to-day doing the largest business in the line of wholesale hosiery and fancy dry goods in the city of Boston. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association, has been president of the Catholic Union for two years, is a trustee of the State Training School at Northfield, and an incorporator and trustee of the Catholic Summer School. He is also a member of the Charitable Irish Society and many other organizations.



THOS. O'CALLAGHAN, the subject of this sketch, is one of the most successful and best known carpet men of the country. His place of business is on Washington street, 558–562, in the heart of the business portion of the city, and is undoubtedly the best located carpet store in Boston.

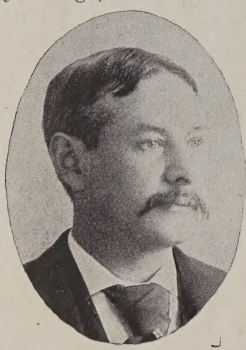
Few men in any line of business have made such wonderful progress in the short space of nine years as Mr. O'Callaghan.

Hard work and natural ability are the characteristics which he possesses, and to which his success is due.

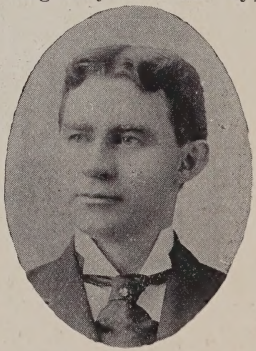
Born in Harvard, Mass., he came when quite young to this city, took a position in a small carpet store, and soon became one of the best esteemed salesmen in the city.

Mr. O'Callaghan has recently taken up the wholesale carpet business, of which he has made a great success.

He is also one of the owners of the furniture and carpet house recently started at 739 Washington street, and known as the concern of Geo. P. Staples & Co. He is a member of the Merchants and Clover Clubs.



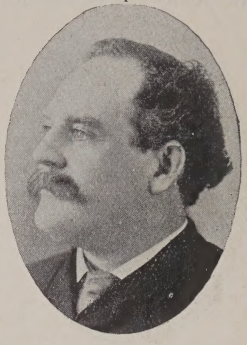
HON. OWEN A. GALVIN, born in Boston 41 years ago, was educated in its public schools and graduated from the Boston University law school in 1876. He opened an office for himself in 1881, after spending many years with the Hon. Charles T. Donnelly, under whom he began the study of law, and in the same year was elected to the state legislature. He also served in the state Senates of 1882-1883–1884. In 1886 he was appointed assistant district attorney; and a year later, when Hon. George M. Stearns resigned, Mr. Galvin was appointed district attorney by President Cleveland, displaying marked ability while he held that position. He was the Democratic nominee for mayor of Boston in 1889, receiving a handsome vote. Mr. Galvin has been long identified with the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, of which he has been High Chief Ranger. He is also a member and ex-president of the Clover Club. He has a large and growing practice, and has recently opened new offices in the Sears Building.



MR. JAMES F. SWEENEY, one of the most prominent of the young lawyers of the city, is a native of Maynard, Mass. He attended Boston University Law School, was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in January, 1888, and immediately began the practice of law in Boston, where his career has been singularly successful. He has been associated in business with Hon. Owen A. Galvin since 1889. Mr. Sweeney has always retained his residence in Maynard, was a member of the school board there for seven years and was elected to the legislature of 1894 as a Republican from that district. He is an active and popular member of several of the representative social organizations of Boston, such as the Boston Athletic Association, the Clover Club, the Catholic Union, the Charitable Irish Society, and others. In his professional career he is an earnest, persevering worker, and has the esteem and confidence of all his associates at the bar, and in private life.

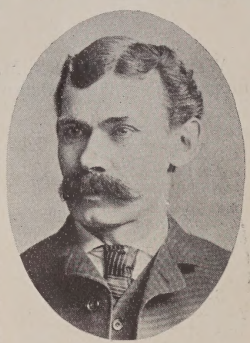
CHAS. V. DASEY, the well-known steamship agent, has been a resident of Boston all his life. After graduating from the public schools he was employed in the wholesale cloak business, later entering the counting-room of Joseph Iasigi & Co., Mediterranean importers.

Some 15 years ago Mr. Dasey engaged in his present business of ocean travel, his office being one of the most successful in New England. He makes a specialty of booking to Africa, India' Australia, and South America, in addition to his regular European trade. He controls the general agency for New England of special lines of steamers to the Azores, Madeira, and Portugal, and is consulted for special information regarding travel. He was one of the original members of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, is an ex-president of the Charitable Irish Society, a member of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Mass., New England Free Trade League, and other prominent bodies.



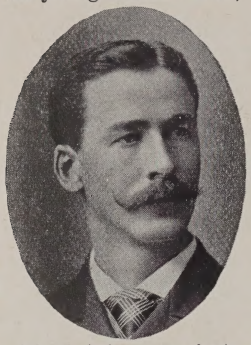
CHARLES FENWICK DALTON was born in the town of Sandwich, Mass. Inspired in his youth to seek a field of larger opportunities, he came to Boston in 1869, and secured a position with the wholesale grocery house of L. G. Pratt & Co. In 1871 this firm was succeeded by Boyd, Leeds & Co., and with the change Mr. Dalton was selected as travelling salesman in the New England territory. His success in this position was instant and permanent; and largely through his efforts, Boyd, Leeds & Co. rapidly advanced to the ranks of the leading wholesale grocers of Boston. In 1886, on a reorganization of the firm, he was admitted as a partner. Mr. Dalton delights in devoting his leisure moments to encouraging and contributing to works of charity and religion. He is an active member of the Young Men's Catholic Association, the Catholic Union, the Wholesale Grocers' Association, and many other social and religious organizations, in all of which he takes a lively interest.

JOHN F. DEVER was born in Boston May 22, 1853, and is a graduate of the Mayhew Grammar School. He has always taken an active interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of his native city, and in the positions of honor to which he has been elected in the state and city governments he has proved a faithful public servant. He has been prominently identified with the Young Men's Catholic Association since its inception, and is also a member of many other organizations. In 1880 and 1881 he represented Ward 20 in the House of Representatives, and in 1892 and 1893 was elected to the Board of Aldermen from the Tenth District. He was reëlected for 1894 and 1895 on the general ticket, and his popularity was attested by the handsome indorsement which he received from the voters of the entire city. He has for many years occupied a responsible position with the New England Piano Company, 200 Tremont street; and with his public duties and his private business he is, indeed, a very busy man. Mr. Dever is a married man, and has a family consisting of wife and four children.



MR. THOMAS F. SWAN, wholesale and retail dealer in wall papers of every description, at No. 13 Cornhill, is recognized among the merchants of his adopted city as a gentleman of the highest integrity and business ability. Mr. Swan is a native of Ireland and came to this country with his parents when but an infant. He graduated from the Quincy Grammar School and then entered the house of J. L. Sewell & Co., where he learned the business which he is at present engaged. In 1877 he started in business on his own account, and has had a most successful career. His trade grew continuously, until now he conducts one of the largest wholesale and retail wall paper stores in this city. His stock comprises all styles and grades of goods, so that every kind of a taste can be satisfied by a visit to his store. Not only does his immense stock include papers of American manufacture but also importations from England, Germany, France, and Japan. His store is a model of its kind, located centrally and in a very accessible part of the business district, and is fitted with all the modern conveniences for his large and increasing trade.

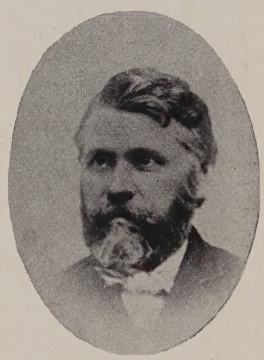
MICHAEL F. LYONS, one of our most successful young business men, is a native of Wakefield, Mass. Educated at the common and high schools of that town and the Boston Latin School he entered the employ of the well-known drug firm of Theodore Metcalf Co., Boston. In 1886 Mr. Lyons graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, since which time he has had the supervision of the prescription department of their principal store at 39 Tremont street. Mr. Lyons, now a director of the Theodore Metcalf Co., a member of the Catholic Union, and the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, is a brother of Rev. J. J. Lyons, of Malden. The Theodore Metcalf Co. has acquired and always maintained the reputation of being the leading and most reliable house in their line in New England. The purity and quality of the drugs and chemicals employed are determined by chemical analysis, and every facility provided for preparing medicines in strict accordance with physicians' prescriptions.

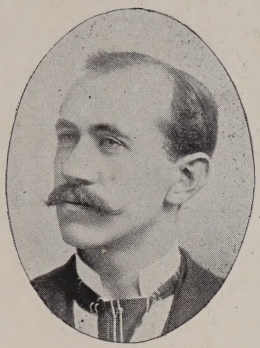


WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN, attorney at law, was born at Stoneham, Mass., Feb. 20, 1868. In his youth he attended the Stoneham High School; after graduating in 1885, he entered Boston College, where he received several medals for proficiency in studies. While at college Mr. Sullivan was very prominent in all athletic events, especially in base ball. He attended the Boston University Law School, and in 1890 graduated from that institution with highest honors in a class of 70. In December, 1889, he was admitted to practise at the Suffolk Bar, and a few months later commenced the practice of his profession, becoming associated with Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, the well-known lawyer. He remained with him until the beginning of the present year, when he opened an office at No. 56 Pemberton Square where he is rapidly acquiring a very lucrative practice. Mr. Sullivan is a member of St. Patrick's C. T. A. S. of Stoneham, Sons of Veterans, Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, and K. of C.

WILLIAM A. DUNN, M. D., one of Boston's most successful physicians, an honored graduate of Boston College and of the medical department of Harvard University, was born in Boston. In 1875 he was house surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, having been previously an assistant of the famous Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, whom he assisted in his great work on Consumption. He was professor of chemistry at Boston College in 1876; same year assistant surgeon of Second Brigade M. V. M., later becoming surgeon of First Cavalry Battalion; visited Europe 1878 for study and medical investigation; visiting surgeon at Carney Hospital 1884; a member of Boston School Board for six years; president of Alumni Association Boston College 1887–1888; appointed by Mayor Matthews trustee of Boston City Hospital 1892 for five years; member of the University, Puritan Clubs, Boston Athletic Association, and one of the founders of the Clover Club. Dr. Dunn has published and reported several papers on medical subjects.

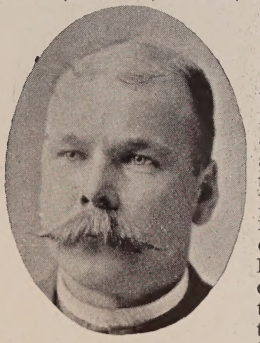
WILLIAM SUMMERS PELLETIER was born in Boston, and is well known to those who attended the Old Cathedral, as being long connected with the Sunday school and the Young Catholic's Friend Society. He was also the first superintendent of the Immaculate Conception Sunday school, and for many years had charge of the Sunday school at the Marcella Street Home, one of the city's institutions. He was one of the original members of the corporation of the "Union Institution for Savings," in 1865, a trustee, and for the last eight years its treasurer. He was one of the founders of the Catholic Union of Boston, a member of the Roxbury, and, after annexation, of the Boston School Committee. At the formation of the Young Men's Association, he was chosen by the Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., its founder, to read the original constitution and by-laws for acceptation by the members gathered in St. Valentine's Chapel, and has ever been ready to contribute towards the good work of the association.





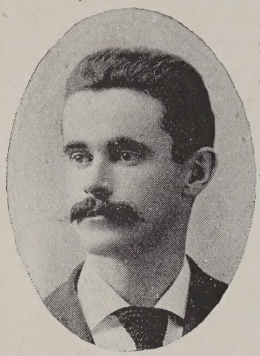
PROMINENT among the seed and agricultural dealing merchants of Boston is the firm of Gilbride & Grey, whose extensive store, fully equipped with an entire stock in trade, is situated in the heart of the market district, at No. 49 South Market street. The head of the establishment, Mr. Michael B. Gilbride, combines years of business experience with the special faculties requisite to make this particular line of trade a success, and the steadily increasing patronage of the best agriculturists which his firm enjoys is the surest indication of his aim and capability to cater to every need of the farmer, the flower-grower, and the owner of a lawn. His store furnishes all the seeds and implements used on many of the finest estates at Newport and Beverly Farms. Mr. Gilbride is a native of Boston, and was educated at St. Mary's Catholic School and Boston College. His political successes have placed him in both branches of the legislature after a term of two years as a city councilman. At present he represents the Third Senatorial District in the upper branch of the legislature.

WILLIAM P. WALLACE was born in Halifax, N. S., April, 15, 1849, where he spent his early life. In 1863 he came to Boston and entered the printing establishment of Rand & Avery, where he remained until 1888, having charge of the illustrating department when he retired. He then engaged with the Boston Photogravure Co., at 27 Boylston street, which finally became the plant of the Hub Engraving Co., which in 1891 Mr. Wallace was instrumental in organizing. To advancing the prospects of this firm, Mr. Wallace has given his undivided attention and best efforts, and it is largely due to his zeal and enterprise that the firm has advanced to the foremost rank among the engraving firms in the city, and established for itself a high reputation for illustrating and engraving. Many of the cuts used in this magazine are the work of the concern of which Mr. Wallace is the head. He is a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association, and is also connected with other social and charitable organizations, in all of which he is interested.



ADELARD PHANEUF was born in St. Hyacinthe, Canada, in 1850, and was educated in the seminary of that city. His parents came to Boston in 1867, and he went to work as a mason, having served his apprenticeship with a well-known contractor. In 1880 Mr. Phaneuf started in business on his own account, and has been very successful, having contracted for some of the largest buildings in this city, including the Boston Athletic Association and the extension to the Carney Hospital in South Boston. The magnificent Bijou and Gaiety Theatre on Washington street, of which Mr. B. F. Keith is the owner, which has just been completed, was built by Mr. Phaneuf, and his work on the building won the praise of the architect as well as the owner. Mr. Phaneuf is a life member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College; and among the other societies with which he is identified are the Catholic Union, the French Society of Boston, and the Royal Society of Good Fellows.

DR. WILLIAM J. GALLIVAN is a Boston born boy, and, although he is yet a very young man, has won deserved success. After graduating from the Lawrence Grammar School in 1879 and the Boston Latin School in 1884, he entered Harvard University, where his course was marked by brilliancy and steadfast devotion to books. He graduated in 1888, and four years later received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Harvard Medical School, since which time he has been in practice in South Boston and has met with much success. In December of last year he was elected to the Boston School Committee for a term of three years. Besides the Young Men's Catholic Association, he is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Boylston Medical Club, Charitable Irish Society, Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, Knights of Honor, and Knights of Columbus, and he is on the staff of visiting physicians of St. Mary's Infant Asylum. His home is at 743 Broadway, South Boston.

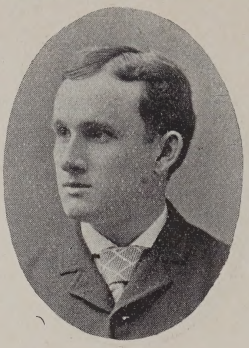


MR. MICHAEL J. MURRAY, lawyer, was born June 18, 1867. He attended the public schools of Fitchburg, finishing his course in the High School in 1886. He entered the Law School of Boston University, where he was graduated with honors in 1889. Admitted to the Worcester County Bar, he began the practice of law in Fitchburg, whence he remained until Jan. 1, 1891, when he removed to Boston, where he has since been singularly successful in building up a lucrative practice, being the senior member in the law concern of Murray, Connolly & Lyons.

Mr. Murray, always a stalwart Republican, represented the city of Fitchburg in 1888 and 1889 in the legislature, and was chairman of very important committees, being the youngest man that ever held a House chairmanship.

In 1892 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis, and in 1894 he received the Republican nomination for the School Committee of Boston.

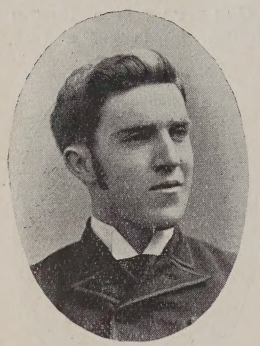
He is a member of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, the Catholic Union, and the Boston Athletic Association.



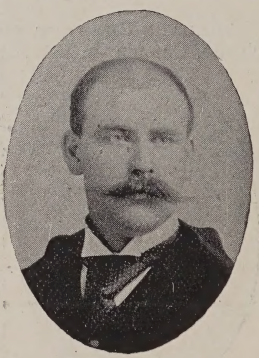
M. J. CONNOLLY, lawyer, was born in Waltham, in 1865, and when not a year old his parents moved to the city of Beverly. He attended the public schools there, graduating from the High School in 1883. He next entered Boston College and afterwards Holy Cross College, from which he graduated in 1887. He then entered the Law School of Boston University, and in the winter of 1890, was admitted to the Essex Bar, graduating from Boston University in the following June with the degree of LL. B.

Mr. Connolly began the practice of law in Gloucester, where he remained until 1893, when he removed to Waltham, where he has since continued in active practice. In May, 1894, he became a member of the law firm of Murray, Connolly & Lyons, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

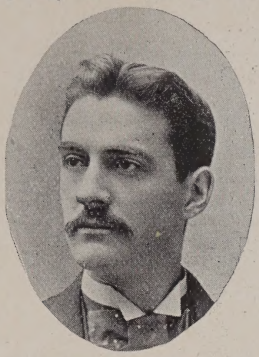
He has never entered politics, devoting his attention exclusively to his profession, in which he has already made an honorable mark, with a bright and lucrative prospect ahead of him.



J. P. LYONS, lawyer, was born in Watertown, Sept. 17, 1868. He attended the public schools of his native town, and was graduated from the Watertown High School in June 1886. He afterwards attended the Law School of Boston University, from which institution he was graduated in 1890 with the degree of LL. B. He was selected by the Faculty as the orator of the graduating class. He has since that time practised law in Watertown and Boston, being associated in this city with the law concern of Murray, Connolly & Lyons. He is a well-known figure in the courts, and among others has represented the town of Watertown as its solicitor. He is a Democrat in politics, and has acted as chairman of the Democratic town committee in his native town. In the trial of jury cases he has met with considerable success. Among the younger lawyers of the Massachusetts Bar, Mr. Lyons holds an enviable position, and in the social side of life is an agreeable and popular companion.

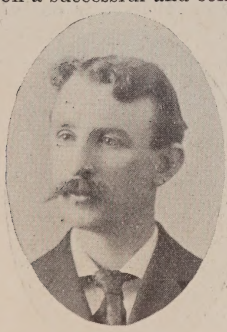


THOMAS F. STRANGE, attorney at law, was born in Manchester, N. H. When quite young his parents moved to Boston, and he was sent to the public schools, where he received his early education. He attended the Boston University Law School, graduating in 1882, and receiving the degree of LL. B. Mr. Strange was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1883, and at once commenced the practice of his profession. During the late Governor Butler's term of office, Mr. Strange was appointed commissioner of insolvency, and in the following year was elected to the same position by the voters of Suffolk county. In 1891 he was elected a member of the School Board for the term of three years, and in his work upon the committees he has at all times displayed the same ability which he has shown in his profession; he was reëlected in 1894 for the term of three years. He is a a leading member of the Knights of Columbus, and is grand Knight of Redberry Council. He is a life member of the Young Men's Catholic Association.

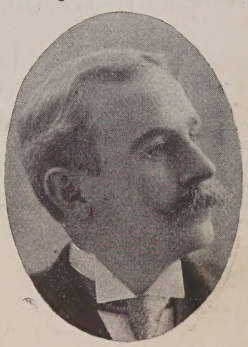


DR. EDWARD J. PALMER, a successful young dentist, at present located at Boston Highlands, was born in Boston, attended the public schools, and is a graduate of the High School. After leaving school he entered the Boston Dental College in 1887, where he remained for the regular course, graduating in the class of 1890. He is an active member of many of the leading dental associations of the city, among them the Massachusetts Dental Society, Boston Dental College Alumni Association, and the New England Dental Society. He is at present an instructor in clinical dentistry in the Boston Dental College. In the past five years Dr. Palmer's office has been located at 376 Dudley street, and in that time he has succeeded in establishing a large and constantly increasing practice among the residents of Boston and the surrounding towns. Dr. Palmer is prominently connected with Mt. Pleasant Council of the Knights of Columbus, and is also a popular member of several leading social bodies.

F. FREDERICK DRISCOLL was born in Boston Dec. 10, 1851, and educated in its public schools. He was apprenticed to the gilding business, afterwards working in the principal art rooms of Boston. In 1879 he entered the wholesale beef business as book-keeper for the firm of S. F. Hoogs & Co., of which firm he is now the junior partner. In 1882 he opened the wholesale and retail house, 76 Blackstone street, and has carried on that business successfully up to date, numbering among his customers a great many Catholic institutions and rectories. In January, 1891, he entered into business with his father-in law, S. F. Hoogs, under the firm name of S. F. Hoogs & Co., at 44 Merchants Row, where they receive beef direct from Chicago, and have one of the most successful commission houses in our city. Mr. Driscoll is a member of the American Legion of Honor, and was Chief Ranger in the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. He was elected a member of the first Democratic city committee of Everett, where he resides.



MR. MARK B. MULVEY, who is carrying on a successful and constantly enlarging business as a painter and decorator, is one of the bright young men of his district. He was born in Boston in 1868, and, after a very successful tuition in the public schools, took up his present occupation, in which he promises to compete successfully with the older established firms in his line. Mr. Mulvey's tastes and abilities have led him into politics to some extent. Being of a very active and energetic temperament, he has devoted himself since attaining his majority to the political affairs of his district, and was rewarded for his interest by being selected at the last election to represent his ward in the state legislature, where his course has been highly creditable. He is also connected with some of the fraternal organizations of the city among others the Knights of Columbus and the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. Mulvey's business address is 39 Walden street, Roxbury.

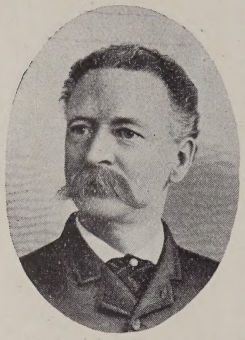


FRANK B. CONLIN, one of Boston's most enterprising and successful portrait and photographic artists, was one of the early members of the Association.

He was born in Boston May 5, 1860, and educated in the public schools. In 1880 he entered his present profession. His patronage assumed such proportions that he now occupies three floors at 53 Temple Place, with special facilities for the production of high-class portraiture. Among his patrons are many of the clergy of New England. One of Mr. Conlin's noteworthy productions was the portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly which hung in Tremont Temple at the memorial meeting, and of which James Jeffrey Roche, in an editorial, conceded to be the best portrait extant of the dead poet.

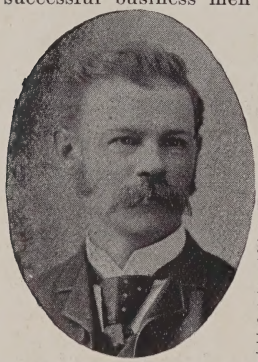
He received a commission from the United States government for three military portraits for the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me. The portraits of Colonels Strachan and Bogan in the Ninth Regiment Armory also bear testimony to his artistic abilities. He is a member of the Catholic Union and Y. M. C. A. of B. C.

HON. THOMAS J. GARGAN is a truly representative man in the abilities and qualities which make a man signally conspicuous among his co-religionists, his professional associates, and his fellow-citizens at large. An eloquent and powerful advocate, an able public executive, a cultured and estimable gentleman, his career in his native city of Boston has been crowned with brilliant successes of various kinds. He graduated, in 1873, from the Boston University Law School, with the honors of an LL. B., and from the start his progress to eminence among the leaders of the Massachusetts Bar has been steady and uninterrupted. His versatile talents have won him many public honors at the hands of his fellow-citizens, conspicuous among which is his present position on the Subway Commission of Boston, a place for which he prepared himself by an inspection of the transit systems of the principal cities of Europe, undertaken at the request of the mayor of Boston. His patriotic devotion to his native America and to the land of his forefathers has caused him on many public occasions to raise his eloquent voice on behalf of both. To-day his powers and influence are in their prime.



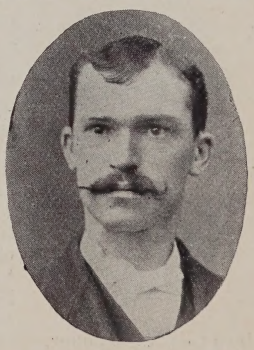
JAMES A. REILLY, D. M. D., one of the most successful and widely known dentists of Boston, was born in England Dec. 25, 1854. His parents emigrated to this country while he was still an infant, locating in Lowell, Mass. He attended its public schools and later Boston College. In 1878 he entered the Harvard Dental School, and was graduated in 1881 with honors. Dr. Reilly began the practice of his profession in the West end of Boston, but at present is located at Hotel Boylston, 62 Boylston street, corner of Tremont. His practice is an extensive and lucrative one, embracing many of the religious houses of Boston and vicinity, notably the convent of Notre Dame, Berkeley street, Mt. Carmel, and others. He is a steady contributor to the dental periodicals, and is active in all the leading dental organizations. In 1892 he was elected president of the Harvard Dental School Alumni Association. He has always taken an active interest in musical matters, and at present is director of music at the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston. Dr. Reilly is a member of the Catholic Union, Harvard Odontological Soc., Mass. Dental Soc., Clover Club, Charitable Irish Soc., K. C., and others.

JAMES S. MURPHY stands high among the successful business men of his native city. After graduating from the classical department of the Charlestown High School in 1886, he entered commercial life, and as a very young man was a partner in the firm of Silsbee, Fowler & Co., spices and dyestuffs. After two years he established the firm of Silsbee & Murphy, which had a prosperous career under his management for 20 years. When the great spice and mustard house of Stickney & Poor became a corporation, Mr. Murphy was chosen a director, and in 1891 succeeded Rufus B. Stickney as manager and treasurer. Outside business life, Mr. Murphy has been an honored and efficient servant of the people, holding important chairmanships on the Charlestown and Boston School Committees, on both of which he served for several terms. He has also held honorable positions on the many social organizations to which he belongs. He is an able and eloquent speaker and a gentleman of broad culture and progressive thought.



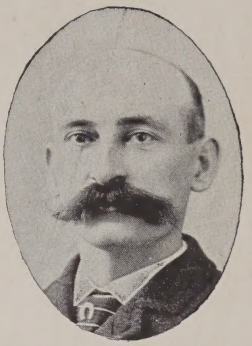
HUGH H. COLLINS, who is associated in business with his brother Michael, is one of Boston's successful young business men. He received his early education in the Comins and Sherwin Grammar Schools, and after graduating from the latter school he entered the employ of William Wills, one of the leading plumbers in the city.

The two brothers served their apprenticeship with the above-named concern; and after remaining with him for some years, they embarked in business on their own account. At first they conducted the plumbing business at 2475 Washington street, where they were most successful; and their business constantly increasing, they bought out their former employer, William Wills, and for some time managed the two stores. In 1880 the firm of M. & H. H. Collins moved to more commodious quarters at 121 Dudley street, where they have a large and well-established business, in which they employ a number of skilled mechanics to fill their contracts both small and large. Mr. Collins is a member of several associations.

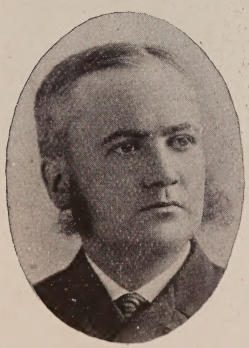


JOSEPH S. O'GORMAN was born at Cohasset, Mass., in 1849, and is a graduate of the Eliot School of Boston. He entered the firm of Gately & O'Gorman, publishers and booksellers, in 1883, and at present has places of business at 611 Washington street, Boston, Mass., 157 Westminster street, Providence, R. I., 133 Front street, Worcester, Mass., 1325 Elm street, Manchester, N. H., 47 Middle street, Portland, Me., and 516 South Union street, Burlington, Vt. He is also connected with the firms of Gately, O'Gorman & Lynch, 560 Essex street, Lawrence, Mass., O'Gorman & Williams, 50 Day street, Fitchburg, Mass., and Gately, O'Gorman & Wark, 41 No. 11th street, Philadelphia. He is a member of the Catholic Union of Boston, Knights of St. Rose, Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, Auxiliary of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association, and Society of St. Vincent de Paul. He is a trustee of St. Mary's Infant Asylum, and of the Working Boys' Home. Mr. O'Gorman was a delegate to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893, and a member of its Advisory Council. He is the author of short histories of Canada, Ireland, and Scotland, and of a Digest of the Laws of the United States.

SOME time you may build a residence, church, school, hospital, or other structure. Before deciding upon a design it will be for your interest to consult with one of the most successful architects of the city of Boston, Mr. Charles J. Bateman. After graduation from the old Boylston School in 1864, Mr. Bateman commenced the study of architecture, serving seven years with one firm, and acting as foreman draftsman for another till 1876, when he opened an office on his own account. He was city architect for two terms. Mr. Bateman is a thorough superintendent of works. His trustworthy methods are shown by his many autograph testimonials. Among his prominent buildings are the Carney Hospital, Boston College, St. Cecilia's Church, St. Catherine's, Charlestown, St. Francis de Sales' School and residence, St. Mary's School, Waltham, Little Sisters of the Poor Building in Roxbury and Somerville, the Sisters' Hospital in Holyoke, Church and Convent at Keene, N. H., the receiving tombs at Arlington and Mt. Benedict Cemeteries, and the Working Boys' Home.



JOHN B. FITZPATRICK is one of the best known men in Boston. He served four years as a member of the Common Council, and was appointed as an officer of the Supreme Judicial Court by Hon. John M. Clark, sheriff of Suffolk County, about 18 years ago, being the first Catholic to hold that important position. He served 12 years as a deputy sheriff, resigning two years ago, to enter the real-estate and insurance business. He is president of St. Joseph's Conference, St. Vincent de Paul's Society; member of the Catholic Union, Charitable Irish Society, Knights of Columbus, and many other organizations. He has developed quite a large business in his new line, and is located in Adams Building, 23 Court street. He is a self-made man in the best sense, and inspires confidence and trust in his business and social relations.



HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD, who is at present prominently before the public as the only Democratic congressman from New England, is as energetic and successful in his business career as in the political arena. He was born in Boston Feb. 11, 1863, and few young men of our city have been so highly honored. He received his early education at the Eliot Grammar, English High, and Boston Latin Schools and Boston College. After pursuing a short course at Harvard College, he accepted a clerical position at the Boston Custom House, where he remained two years, and then launched out into the real-estate and insurance business. In politics his first public office was as a member of the Common Council in 1892. His worth and ability sent him to the state senate and at the last election caused him to be chosen as a representative of the people in the National House.

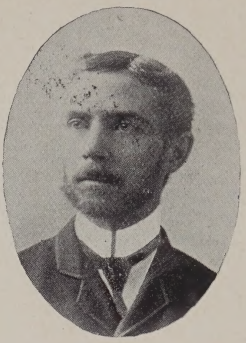
JAMES ATHANASIUS MCDONALD, M.D., though not a native of Boston, has spent the best part of his life here. Born in Charlottetown. P.E.I., his early education was received in the Prince of Wales and St. Dunstan's Colleges, in that province; and coming to Boston, he entered Harvard Medical School in 1862, graduating therefrom in 1866. He has always practised his profession in Charlestown. He was a member of the legislature of 1866; of the Charlestown School Board, from 1869 to 1873; of the Boston School Board after Charlestown's annexation, for the term of three years, and from 1886 to present time. He was surgeon of the 9th Infantry M. V. M., for four years, and is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Harvard Medical and Gynæcological Society. On the School Board he is the only member having three committee chairmanships; viz., Text Books, Drawing, and Truant Officers. He was married to Miss Annie Sprague in 1869, and has four children living. Dr. McDonald's repute as a physician is deservedly high, and his practice is very extensive.

HON. HENRY F. NAPHEN was born in Ireland, and received his education in our public schools, at Harvard University, and the Boston University Law School.

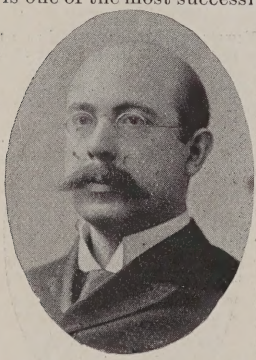
He obtained the degree of LL. B. from Harvard University, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1880. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Boston School Committee for three years, and in 1885 and 1886 he was a member of the state senate.

Among the measures he introduced was that empowering all courts of record to grant naturalization, and the act against opium joints, under which the large number of those places were prosecuted and abolished.

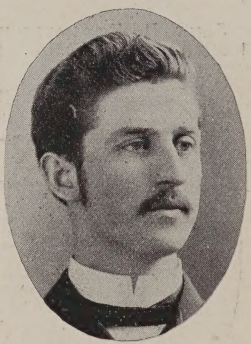
He was for two years a member at large of the Democratic State Committee. He is vice-president of the Working Boys' Home, and was one of its incorporators; a director and clerk of St. Elizabeth's Hospital; vice-president of the Orpheus Musical Society; member of the University Club; non-resident member of the Democratic Club of New York, and a member of several prominent social, charitable, and fraternal organizations.



JOHN D. O'CONNOR, the well-known printer, is one of the most successful men in his chosen avocation in the city. After leaving school he served an apprenticeship of six years with one of the oldest and best known printing-houses in Boston, the Eastburn Press, then located on State street. He continued in their employ until 1889, when he was admitted as a junior member of the firm. They have one of the largest and best-equipped printing establishments in Boston, doing all kinds of book, job, and newspaper printing, and employing none but skilled workmen. Their establishment is situated at 165 Devonshire street. Mr. O'Connor is interested in the leading social and fraternal organizations of the city, being one of the most prominent members, for many years, of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston College, and of the Cathedral Sanctuary choir. He is at present one of the board of directors of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and treasurer of that corporation.



JAMES E. HAYES, attorney at law, was born in Charlestown Aug. 10, 1865. After graduating from the Prescott Grammar School, he entered Boston College, from which he graduated with the highest honors in June, 1885. After leaving college he taught school for several years in the Frothingham School in Charlestown. He was admitted to the bar in July, 1891. Since that time he has been very successful in his practice, his office being at 27 School street, his partner being John H. O'Neil of Somerville. In the fall of 1892 he was chosen by the Democrats to represent Ward 3 in the House of Representatives, and was reëlected last year. His party associates showed their appreciation of his ability by electing him, at the opening of the present session of the legislature, as their leader during the session. Besides being a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association he is also state deputy supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus for Massachusetts.



MICHAEL T. CALLAHAN, steel and copper-plate engraver and printer, was born on old Fort Hill. After graduating from the Quincy School he was indentured to an engraver in the commercial branch of the trade, and, after an apprenticeship of ten years, launched out as a finished workman, as superintendent of one of the largest concerns in Boston. His ambition to control a trade of his own was gratified by his finally building up a good business at 30 Bromfield street, where he is doing some of the finest commercial and domestic work in this city. He was commissioned to prepare a memorial to Archbishop Williams, on the occasion of his silver jubilee, and he is at present engaged in a similar work for the golden anniversary. Outside his profession Mr. Callahan is well known upon the rostrum and the stage, and is at present serving a fourth consecutive term in the City Council. He is a prominent member of the Charitable Irish Society, the Y. M. C. A. of B. C., Clover Club, K. of C., Royal Arcanum, and many other social organizations. He is an old volunteer and entertainer for charitable causes.

JOHN J. MADDEN is a well-known resident of the Roxbury District, where he has resided for more than 40 years. He was born in that section of the city, and after graduating from the Grammar School he went to work, and to-day, by industry and perseverance, he is one of the most prominent residents of that section. In 1884 he was elected to the state legislature, and his faithful service was recognized by a reëlection the following year. He served for years as president of the Children's Aid Society of St. Francis de Sales on Vernon street, and he has also filled the position of past Chief Ranger of Friendship Court, Catholic Order of Foresters. For the past 14 years Mr. Madden has been engaged in the roofing business, in which he has been very successful. The roofing of many private and public buildings in the Roxbury District was done under his direction, and the number of large contracts which he receives is a sufficient guarantee that he employs none but skilled workmen. Office 1390 Tremont street. Residence, 36 Linden Park street.

THOMAS SPROULES, a self-made, successful master painter of Roxbury, was born in Ireland in 1844, and came to this country at an early age.

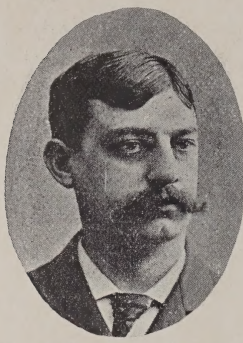
He is actively interested in a number of organizations, and devotes much time to church affairs. He is ex-president of St. Mary's Infant Asylum. At present he is Prefect General of the Married Men's Sodality at the Mission Church.

He is president of the Roxbury Real Estate Association, ex-president of Ward 22 Improvement Association, M.C.O.F., and a member of the Overseers of the Poor, of which he has recently received his fifth appointment. His associates, recognizing his valuable services at the time of the "Stony Brook" overflow, presented him with an elegant gold-headed cane. He is a life member of the Boston College Young Men's Association, the Catholic Union, and the Irish Charitable Association.

Mr. Sproule's place of business is located at No. 2 Texas street, corner of Tremont.

ONE of the best known young business men of Roxbury is Bernard L. Watson, funeral director and undertaker, of 39 Warren street. He was graduated from the Dudley Grammar and Roxbury High Schools, and after taking a course in anatomy and organic chemistry, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of aromatics, deodorizers, disinfectants, etc., he received a diploma from the United States College of Embalming for proficiency in the science, and he supplemented the theoretical knowledge thus acquired by practical work under one of the leading undertakers of Boston. He is now actively engaged in business for himself, with a well-equipped establishment and competent assistants, who are in attendance at all hours of the day and night. He is a prominent member of many Catholic organizations, including the Boston College Association, of which he is a life member, the Catholic Union, Knights of Columbus, and St. John's Literary Association.

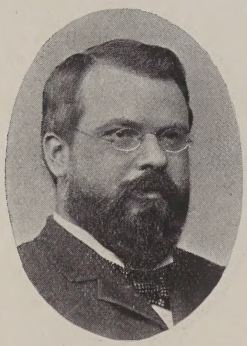
JOHN J. QUINN is the young and popular manager of the Hanover Furniture Company,



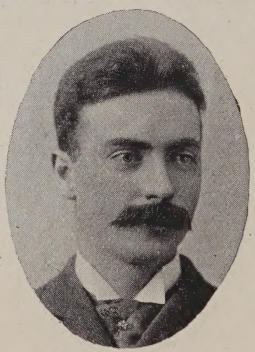
one of the leading furniture establishments of the city. His enterprise has caused him lately to renovate the building from cellar to attic. Never before has this concern had such an elegant stock to select from. They have just received their spring stock of parlor suits, and it would be hard to find elsewhere such a good selection of colorings and styles. Their chamber sets are of the very latest designs, and they have 25 new patterns on one floor. They have also one of the largest lines of refrigerators and baby carriages that is shown by any house in the city; and are the general agents for the Magee, Hub, Glenwood, Highland, and Plymouth Foundry ranges, carrying the largest line of ranges that can be found anywhere in New England. Besides the above goods they carry a large line of carpets, mattings, oil-cloths, bedding, etc., etc. Credit is given to reliable parties, and goods are delivered free within ten miles of the State House.

JOHN H. WATSON, one of the foremost insurance men of the state, ranks high among the Catholics of prominence in the diocese. He was born in Roxbury in 1850, and, after passing with conspicuous success through the various grades of the public schools, moved in 1865 to Beverly Farms, where he has since resided, and where for years he assisted his father, the prominent contractor and builder, in business. Shortly after the organization of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, Mr. Watson entered into its membership, and on account of his ability was soon chosen among its officers. After occupying various subordinate positions in the order, he was elected its High Chief Ranger in 1886, serving in that capacity for two years. Mr. Watson is also an active worker in the temperance cause, being for several terms president of the Essex County Total Abstinence Union. In politics he has always been an ardent Republican. Mr. Watson's business office is at 54 Devonshire street.

JOSEPH A. WILLIAMS was born in Boston, in 1856. When a child his parents removed to Gloucester, Mass., where he received his education, being a graduate of the public schools of that city. At the age of 21 years Mr. Williams entered the employ of a New York wholesale jewelry firm, and five years later, the employ of a Providence house, and was one of the most successful travelling salesmen in his line. In the fall of 1884, he decided to enter business on his own account, and has since conducted a successful establishment, at 323 Washington street, his line being watches, diamonds, jewelry, etc., of which he carries a large stock. He is a diamond expert, and is frequently called out to appraise goods in this branch of his business. The making of Knights of Columbus charms, jewels, etc., is a specialty with him. Mr. Williams is a member of Boston Council K. of C., and has been a resident of the suburbs of Boston for the last 22 years, his present residence being at Cambridge.

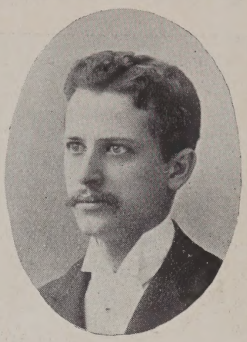


HON. EDWARD J. FLYNN, of Boston, was born June 16, 1859. He was educated in the public schools and in Boston College, graduating in 1881 as valedictorian of his class. He entered Boston University Law School, graduating in 1884. He took a special course in the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in the fall of the same year, and immediately began the practice of law in this city. In 1885 he was a member of the lower branch of the state legislature, and was reëlected in 1886 and 1888. In 1886–1887 and 1888 he was a director of the East Boston Ferries. He was elected a member of the Governor's Council in 1889, and reëlected for the two years following, being the youngest man that ever sat in that body. In 1893 Governor Russell appointed Mr. Flynn fire marshal of the city of Boston. Mr. Flynn is a member of the Harvard Law School, and was president of the Boston College Alumni Association in 1892–93. He is at present president of the Charitable Irish Society.



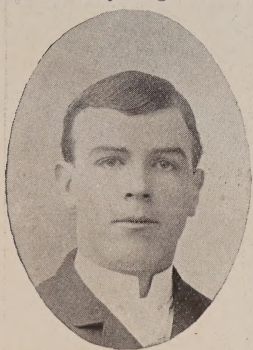
THOMAS A. O'NEIL is a Boston boy. He attended the Quincy Grammar School, where he showed proficiency in his studies, graduating with high honors. He is also a graduate of the English High School. Upon leaving school entered the crockery and glass business in the employ of W. F. & J. H. O'Neil, of Boston, the Trenton China Co. of Trenton, N. J., and the West Penn. Glass Co. of Blairsville, Penn., successively. He afterwards started in business on his own account, and by perseverance and strict business methods has established an extensive and constantly growing patronage. He handles a large variety of crockery and glassware at wholesale only. His place of business is at 37 Pearl street, and running back nearly to the east side of Congress street. Mr. O'Neil makes a great specialty of bottles that stand steaming, possessing a valuable receipt for that purpose. His stock of bottles is large, as is also his assortment of crockery and glassware in general. He is a member of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, and many business and fraternal organizations.

MR. FRANK A. KRIM, of the Metropolitan Rubber Company, 49 Summer street, Boston, who are the largest retailers of storm garments in Boston. This is a well-known fact, and one can be convinced of it by visiting their large and elegantly appointed store, where rubber goods of every description can be found. Their speciality is storm garments, including mackintoshes, cravenettes, and travelling wraps for men and ladies, boys and misses, and every conceivable style and fabric is shown in all the latest effects.



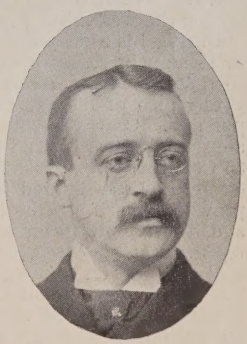
They also make a specialty of garden hose, tennis, bicycle, and outing shoes and druggist' sundries. In fact, everything imaginable is found here made of rubber. The company is composed of Mr. Joseph Cleve and Mr. Frank A. Krim. They have an extensive and constantly growing business, the result of wide experience and application. Mr. Krim is the active member of the firm, and is always alive to the latest demands in his line, and has a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

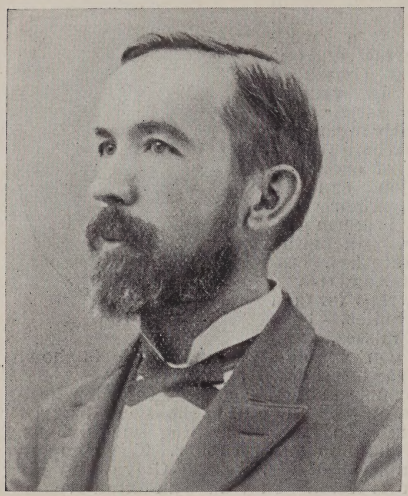
WILLIAM P. MURPHY, one of Boston's most successful young business men, was born in the Roxbury District March 30, 1871. He attended the public schools of the district, graduating from the Dearborn Grammar School in 1886, and later attending the English High School, which he left to carry on the business of his father, whom illness compelled to retire.



For the purpose of adapting himself more readily to the business in which he was engaged, Mr. Murphy attended Burdett's Commercial College for a time. When only 20 years old, Mr. Murphy took up the wrapping paper, paper bags, and twine business, lately carried on by his father, and he has met with gratifying success, dealing with many of the prominent business houses of the city. He is an active member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, the M. C. O. Foresters, Knights of St. Rose, and Knights of Columbus.

WILLIAM F. FITZGERALD, of Charlestown, was born in Boston September, 1867. He was educated in the public schools of his native city. At an early age he entered the stock brokerage business, adapting himself readily to the work. He has advanced until now he is regarded as one of the leading authorities on the production and uses of copper throughout the world. He has taken an active interest in the copper mines of Lake Superior and Montana, with several of which he is officially connected. Mr. Fitzgerald is also a director in several prominent manufacturing corporations. He is connected with the well-known banking house of Leland, Towle & Co., who make a specialty of high-grade investments, at 59 Congress street, Boston.



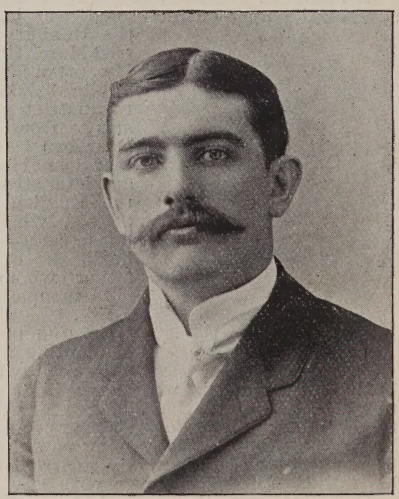


PETER B. CORBETT, of South Boston, auctioneer, real estate, and general insurance agent, was born in County Kilkenny in 1850. He left Ireland in 1864, and landed in Quebec, which was his home till 1868, when the family came to Boston. His education was acquired in his native county and in a commercial college in Boston. He learned his father's trade of stone-cutter and general mason, but gave it up in 1872 to enter the employ of W. L. Richardson & Co., booksellers of Boston. In 1886 his taste led him to the real-estate and insurance business. Accordingly, he opened an office in South Boston, and has since become one of the best known auctioneers and real-estate men in Boston. He has negotiated the sale of many hundred estates, amounting to several millions of dollars. He also manages the Boston estates of numerous non-residents and is in frequent demand as an expert in realty values. He is the South Boston representative of the most prominent life and fire insurance companies, and a member of numerous associations, the list including the South Boston Citizens' Association, the North Dorchester Improvement Association, the South Boston Building Association, the Catholic Union of Boston, and the Charitable Irish Society of Boston. He is also a member of the Knights of Columbus, South Boston Council, of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, Mt. Washington Lodge, and was state secretary of the Massachusetts Independent Order of Foresters from 1879 to 1882. He was chairman of the Citizens' Committee for the Farragut day celebration, June 28, 1893, when the statue of Admiral Farragut was unveiled at Marine Park, City Point. His present business address is 321–327 Broadway.

JOHN J. MARTIN was born in Boston Oct. 6, 1870, and educated in the public schools. At 13 years of age he began his business experience as junior clerk in the office of the late Col. Samuel Hatch, the noted auctioneer, through which position he acquired most valuable knowledge in real-estate affairs, besides securing an acquaintance among the wealthiest men of the city.

During his nine years' connection with this firm, he steadily increased his usefulness to his employers, so that he was in receipt of a salary such as few young men of his age can command in mercantile pursuits. On the dissolution of the firm he immediately established himself at his present location, No. 35 Congress street, as a dealer and operator in real estate, and has figured in many large transactions, proving himself a shrewd financier as well as quick and decisive in formulating his plans. The large resources at his command enable him to maintain a leading position among real-estate operators, and his transactions extend to all parts of New England. Aside from this, he is interested in several other outside business enterprises.

Personally, Mr. Martin is modest and unassuming. He takes no interest in the fads of the day, his chief interests, when relaxed from business cares, being a fondness for a good horse, and boating, his name being enrolled in several local clubs devoted to these sports.



A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

EUNICE D. KINNEY, M. D.

THE medical profession which in the last quarter of a century has thrown its doors wide open to the admission of women, offering them equal opportunities with men, has thus conferred incalculable benefits not only upon women, but upon humanity; for there are many kinds of diseases and complaints which yield more easily to the delicate sympathy of woman than to the sterner hand of science, and when sympathy and science are blended, the art of healing is greatly improved. Among the women who have made a conspicuous success in the medical profession, none is entitled to a higher place than Eunice D. Kinney, M. D., a sketch of whose attainments may be interesting as showing what a woman can accomplish. Circumstances did not permit her to receive an extensive education, but she was ambitious and determined to educate herself. This she succeeded in doing by her own efforts. She began first as a nurse in 1876, at the famous Butler Insane Asylum in Providence, R. I., and went from there to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where she remained two and a half years. Then, in order to obtain experience in a different line of practice, she served for a time in the Boston Lying-in-Hospital. From there she went to the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence, one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. All this hospital experience was invaluable to her, as it enabled her to avail herself of all the clinical advantages, and has been of great advantage in her subsequent medical practice. While at the Rhode Island Hospital she was one of the head nurses who started the training school for nurses at that institution. In 1882 she entered college, graduating in 1890. She was married to Hon. J. M. Kinney in 1884. At one time Dr. Kinney edited the "Nurse," and she has also contributed to medical journals. In addition to her regular practice she is connected with the Suffolk Dispensary. Dr. Kinney is a member of the New England Women's Press Association, and she lectures on medical and hygienic subjects before the Young Women's Christian Association. Besides all these activities, and the regular duties of her profession, she is much interested in, and prominently identified with, charitable work, so that she is indeed a busy woman. She has won a bronze medal and diploma for hospital bed-making at the last Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. For many years Dr. Kinney has enjoyed an extensive practice, and has won for herself an enviable place in the medical profession. Her office is at 74 Boylston street, Boston.

CLOTHING.

MESSRS. A. SHUMAN & CO., at the Shuman Corner, Boston, take pleasure in announcing to the Clergy of New England, their extraordinary facilities for the production of high grade ecclesiastical garments.

The MESSRS. SHUMAN not only have full lines of these garments ready on their counters for immediate use, but they will make to measure as well, for those who desire, at prices commensurate with the times and in touch with the requirements of their patrons, as to fabric, trimmings, and detail.

A visit of inspection is cordially solicited, with an assurance of the most careful and painstaking attention.

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